

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 1.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1887.

Whole No. 105.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*
JOHN HAY.

THE LAST MAN.

[Read at the Subscription Dinner connected with the Scranton Meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers.]

I am the famed New Zealander
Of whom Macaulay wrote,
And I have cruised around the world
In my own private boat,
A-visiting of London Bridge
And other things remote.

'Twas after I had finished with
The ruins of St. Paul's,
I turned to cross the Atlantic Sea,
In spite of waves and squalls,
To study the traces of vanished races
And see Niagara Falls.

This was the land, you understand,
That once was owned in fee
By folks who worked, and never shirked,
And worshipped Liberty—
A nation that became extinct
In the twentieth century.

From time to time strange rumors came
About their wondrous doom,
Until at last we heard no more;
So I resolved to come
And with mine own eyes see the truth,
And tell the same at home.

I steered my vessel up the Bay,
Once famous, and still fair;
A prostrate statue barred the way
That erst a torch did bear.
Its torch was in the water, and
Its heels were in the air!

I floated slowly up beside
A long deserted pier,
When at the gangway I descried
A sign, as I drew near,
Upon a sign-board old and dried:
"Boycott! No landing here!"

"Boycott!" methought I knew the word;
It was some sort of pest
That in the past, as I had heard,
Went sweeping through the West,
Scaring one half its victims dead,
And starving all the rest.

No matter! Time will disinfect
The most contagious airs;
I put my respirator on,
And washed, and said my prayers,
And, boldly stepping to the pier,
Went up the rotten stairs.

An empty town, whose dreary wastes
At human grandeur scoff!
But stay! an aged figure hastes
With many a wheezy cough,
Waving its lean and withered arms,
And wildly warns me off!

My nerves are strong, yet I confess
It was a grewsome sight,
That visage gaunt, that tattered dress,
That fiercely brandished right,
Holding a can of some strange mess
That looked like dynamite.

"Art thou the sad survivor, then,
Of all thy nation's fate?
And how didst thou escape it, when
The rest fell desolate?"
"I am," quoth he (and coughed again),
"The Walking Delegate!"

"My duty is to walk about
And see that things stand still;
I snap my fingers—men go out
From road and mine and mill.

At least they did; but now I've none
On whom to work my will.

"Gone are the days when tyrants shrank
And trembled at my talk;
The Boycott took them all away;
And now I sadly stalk,
A lonesome Walking Delegate,
With nought to do but walk!"

"It was a glorious fight, I ween,
We Knights of Labor won!
We cut the hours of labor down
To eight, six, four, two, none.
Sometimes I wish it had not been
Quite so completely done!"

"Our last great strike the continent
O'erspread from side to side;
We had to boycott everything
To gain the point denied;
And just as we were going to win,
All parties up and died!"

"But you survived," I said: "what power
So safely brought you through?
When no one more did anything,
What could you find to do?
When all support for others failed,
Pray, what supported you?"

Oh, but he grinned a ghastly grin!
"What did I live upon?
Why, I'm a Walking Delegate,
And no mere myrmidon;
Though all the world beside should stop,
My salary goes on!"

On Picket Duty.

"John Swinton's Paper," after a four years' struggle for existence and a lavish expenditure of money, has been obliged to suspend publication. One more number will be issued, on August 21, to review its work, and that will be the last. I am very, very sorry.

The poem, "The Last Man," printed in another column, I found in the New York "Leader," which published it as a sample of capitalistic doggerel used in the place of argument. It is certainly capital, whether capitalistic or not. I publish it because I consider it a bit of satire as effective as deserved. It should be added, however, that its point could be turned against the capitalists with even greater effect, and that therefore it ill becomes them to use it.

The "Workmen's Advocate," the official organ of the Socialistic Labor Party, declares that "in the Socialistic State alcohol will not find a place except for scientific purposes." On the other hand, Laurence Gronlund, the star philosopher of the Socialistic Labor Party, affirms that the Socialistic State will run saloons, —undoubtedly meaning by saloons places where liquor can be procured as a beverage. In this difference between the doctors we get a foretaste of the circus which life will become when the Socialistic State goes into operation.

One of the most impudent falsehoods which I have met lately is told by Ralph Beaumont, chairman of the national legislative committee of the Knights of Labor, in an article in the official organ, the "Journal of United Labor." Among the duties entrusted to this committee is that of lobbying at Washington to secure a monopoly of the telegraph system by the government. This project was criticised by the New York "World," and Beaumont's article is written in answer to its criticism. In support of government telegraphy he cites the government postal service, and about the latter he makes the following astounding statement:

"There was a time when the United States mail used to be transported by corporations and others, when it used to cost twenty-five cents to carry a letter three hundred miles. The government took hold of it and reduced the charge to twelve cents, then to five, then to three, and now the letter, instead of being carried three hundred miles for twenty-five cents, may be sent three thousand miles for two cents, and, if it is written on an open postal card, for one cent." Of course this is intended to convey the idea that government reduced the rates of postage which otherwise private enterprise would have kept up. But the truth is just the opposite. Private enterprise compelled the government to reduce rates which the government otherwise would have kept up. The first great reduction from the government's original rates to five cents was forced upon the government, against its will and after a severe struggle, by the private mail operated by Ly-sander Spooner. Elaborate and detailed proof of this assertion may be found in the pamphlet, "Who Caused the Reduction of Postage?" advertised among the Spooner pamphlets in another column. Evidently the State Socialists find it necessary to falsify in order to establish the superiority of governmental administration to private enterprise.

In answer to my paragraph in No. 103 E. C. Walker writes in "Lucifer" as follows: "It is to be presumed, judging by the way he argues concerning our case, that, if Mr. Tucker should be arrested on the charge of having sold a man a paper without paying a stamp tax upon it, he would not plead that such act was not illegal, for that would be a plea that it was legal, and he could not make *that* horrible averment because, forsooth, he is an Anarchist!" A very unwarrantable presumption! If I simply desired to get out of the State's clutches as speedily and safely as possible, and the plea of legality seemed the easiest way to that end, I should make it. But I should not proclaim or imagine that in doing so I had established my liberty to sell a paper untaxed, but should hold that, unless I explained at the first opportunity that my action was a makeshift of the moment, I had done what I could to establish the claim that I am not entitled to sell papers except under conditions imposed by the law. And this would be doubly the case if my plea of legality were made in good faith, not as a makeshift, but avowedly as an exemplification of my ideas, and involved a tacit acceptance by me of certain arbitrary privileges and obligations, justified intrinsically by no true principle, but granted to and laid upon all legal newsdealers by the State, including among these privileges and obligations not only those now existing, but whatever new ones the State in its good pleasure might create in relation to that special business. Now, that is exactly what Mr. Walker did in making his plea of legal marriage as a vindication of Anarchism in sexual relations. If he made it in good faith (and he declares that he did), he not only acknowledged statute law as superior to individual liberty, but he entered into a tacit compact with the State to observe all the obligations which it now lays, or may hereafter lay, upon legal husbands. This was the consideration upon the strength of which I accused him of abandoning Anarchistic ground, and this is the consideration which he never discusses in trying to refute my accusation. I hope not to be compelled to devote space again to a repetition of this point.

(RECAP)

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 104.

Yet hitherto no one has thought of seriously questioning the principle, — namely, that "*Value is the limit of Price*," or, in other words, that *it is right to take for a thing what it is worth*. It is upon this principle or maxim that all honorable trade professes now to be conducted, until instances arise in which its oppressive operation is so glaring and repugnant to the moral sense of mankind that those who carry it out are denounced as rogues and cheats. In this manner a sort of conventional limit is placed upon the application of a principle which is equally the principle of every swindling transaction, and of what is called legitimate commerce. The discovery has not hitherto been made that the principle itself is essentially vicious, and that in its infinite and all-pervading variety of applications this vicious principle is the source of the injustice, inequality of condition, and frightful pauperism and wretchedness which characterize the existing state of our so-called civilization. Still less has the discovery been made that there is another simple principle of traffic which, once understood and applied in practice, will effectually rectify all those monstrous evils, and introduce into human society the reign of absolute equity in all property relations, while it will lay the foundations of universal harmony in the social and moral relations as well.

144. II. — Suppose it costs me ten minutes' labor to concoct a pill which will save your life when nothing else will; and suppose, at the same time, to render the case simple, that the knowledge of the ingredients came to me by accident, without labor or cost. It is clear that your life is worth to you more than your fortune. Am I, then, entitled to demand of you for the nostrum the whole of your property, more or less? Clearly so, if it is right to take for a thing what it is worth, which is theoretically the highest ethics of trade.

145. Forced, on the one hand, by the impossibility, existing in the nature of things, of ascertaining and measuring positive values, or of determining, in other words, what a thing is really worth, and rendered partially conscious by the obvious hardship and injustice of every unusual or extreme application of the principle that it is either no rule or a bad one, and not guided by the knowledge of any true principle out of the labyrinth of conflicting rights into which the false principle conducts, the world has practically abandoned the attempt to combine Equity with Commerce, and lowered its standard of morality to the inverse statement of the formula, — namely, that "*A thing is worth what it will bring*," or, in other words, that it is fitting and proper to take for a thing when sold whatever can be got for it. This, then, is what is denominated the Market Value of an article, as distinguished from its actual value. Without being more equitable as a measure of price, it certainly has a great practical advantage over the more decent theoretical statement, in the fact that it is possible to ascertain by experiment how much you can force people, through their necessities, to give. The principle, in this form, measures the price by the degree of want on the part of the purchaser, — that is, by what he supposes will prove to be the value or benefit to him of the commodity purchased, in comparison with that of the one with which he parts in the transaction. Hence it becomes immediately and continually the interest of the seller to place the purchaser in a condition of as much want as possible, to "corner" him, as the phrase is in Wall street, and force him to buy at the dearest rate. If he is unable to increase his actual necessity, he resorts to every means of creating an imaginary want by false praises bestowed upon the qualities and uses of his goods. Hence the usages of forestalling the market, of confusing the public knowledge of Supply and Demand, of advertising and puffing worthless commodities, and the like, which constitute the existing commercial system, — a system which, in our age, is ripening into putrefaction, and coming to offend the nostrils of good taste no less than the innate sense of right, which, dreadfully vitiating as it is, it has failed wholly to extinguish.

146. The Value Principle in this form, as in the other, is therefore felt, without being distinctly understood, to be essentially diabolical, and hence it undergoes again a kind of sentimental modification wherever the sentiment for honesty is most potent. This last and highest expression of the doctrine of honesty, as now known in the world, may be stated in the form of the hostatary precept, "Don't be too bad," or, "Don't gouge too deep." No Political Economist, Financier, Moralist, or Religionist has any more definite standard of right in commercial transactions than that. It is not too much to affirm that neither Political Economist, Financier, Moralist, nor Religionist knows at this day, nor ever has known, what it is to be honest. The religious teacher, who exhorts his hearers from Sabbath to Sabbath to be fair in their dealings with each other and with the outside world, does not know, and could not for his life tell, how much he is, in fair dealing or equity, bound to pay his washerwoman or his housekeeper for any service whatever which they may render. The sentiment of honesty exists, but the science of honesty is wanting. The sentiment is first in order. The science must be an outgrowth, a consequential development, of the sentiment. The precepts of Christian Morality deal properly with that which is the soul of the other, leaving to intellectual investigation the discovery of its scientific complement.

147. It follows from what has been said that the Value Principle is the commercial embodiment of the essential element of conquest and war, — war transferred from the battle-field to the counter, — none the less opposed, however, to the spirit of Christian Morality or the sentiment of human brotherhood. In bodily conflict the physically strong conquer and subject the physically weak. In the conflict of trade the intellectually astute and powerful conquer and subject those who are intellectually feeble, or whose intellectual development is not of the precise kind to fit them for the conflict of wits in the matter of trade. With the progress of civilization and development we have ceased to think that superior physical strength gives the right of conquest and subjugation. We have graduated, in idea, out of the period of physical dominion. We remain, however, as yet in the period of intellectual conquest or plunder. It has not been questioned hitherto, as a general proposition, that the man who has superior intellectual endowments to others has a right resulting therefrom to profit thereby at the cost of others. In the extreme applications of the admission only is the conclusion ever denied. In the whole field of what are denominated the legitimate operations of trade there is no other law recognized than the relative "smartness" or shrewdness of the parties, modified at most by the sentimental precept stated above.

148. The intrinsic wrongfulness of the principal axioms and practice of existing commerce will appear to every reflecting mind from the preceding analysis. It

will be proper, however, before dismissing the consideration of the Value Principle, to trace out a little more in detail some of its specific results.

The principle itself being essentially iniquitous, all the fruits of the principle are necessarily pernicious.

Among the consequences which flow from it are the following:

149. I. — *It renders falsehood and hypocrisy a necessary concomitant of trade.* Where the object is to buy cheap and sell dear, the parties find their interest in mutual deception. It is taught, in theory, that "honesty is the best policy," in the long run, but in practice the merchant discovers speedily that he must starve if he acts upon the precept — in the short run. Honesty — even as much honesty as can be arrived at — is not the best policy under the present unscientific system of commerce, if by the best policy is meant that which tends to success in business. Professional merchants are sharp to distinguish their true policy for that end, and they do not find it in a full exposition of the truth. Intelligent merchants know the fact well, and conscientious merchants deplore it; but they see no remedy. The theory of trade taught to innocent youths in the retired family, or the Sunday school, would ruin any clerk, if adhered to behind the counter, in a fortnight. Hence it is uniformly abandoned, and a new system of morality acquired the moment a practical application is to be made of the instruction. A frank disclosure, by the merchant, of all the secret advantages in his possession would destroy his reputation for sagacity as effectually as it would that of the gambler among his associates. Both commerce and gambling, as professions, are systems of strategy. It is the business of both parties to a trade to overreach each other, — a fact which finds its unblushing announcement in the maxim of the Common Law, *Caveat emptor* (let the purchaser take care).

150. II. — *It makes the rich richer, and the poor poorer.* Trade being, under this system, the intellectual correspondence to the occupation of the cut-throat or conqueror under the reign of physical force, — the stronger consequently accumulating more than his share at the cost of the destruction of the weaker, — the consequence of the principle is that the occupation of trade, for those who possess intellectual superiority, with other favorable conditions, enables them to accumulate more than their share of wealth, while it reduces those whose intellectual development — of the precise kind requisite for this species of contest — and whose material conditions are less favorable, to wretchedness and poverty.

151. III. — *It creates trade for trade's sake, and augments the number of non-producers, whose support is chargeable upon Labor.* As trade, under the operation of this principle, offers the temptation of illicit gains and rapid wealth at the expense of others, it creates trade where there is no necessity for trade, — not as a beneficent interchange of commodities between producers and consumers, but as a means of speculation. Hence thousands are withdrawn from actual production and thrust unnecessarily into the business of exchanging, mutually devouring each other by competition, and drawing their subsistence and their wealth from the producing classes, without rendering any equivalent service. Hence the interminable range of intermediaries between the producer and consumer, the total defeat of organization and economy in the distribution of products, and the intolerable burden of the unproductive classes upon labor, together with a host of the frightful results of pauperism and crime.

152. IV. — *It degrades the dignity of Labor.* Inasmuch as trade, under the operation of this principle, is more profitable, or at any rate is liable to be, promises to be, and in a portion of cases is more profitable than productive labor, it follows that the road to wealth and social distinction lies in that direction. Hence "Commerce is King." Hence, again, productive labor is depreciated and contemned. It holds the same relation to commerce in this age — under the reign of intellectual superiority — that commerce itself held a few generations since — under the reign of physical force — to military achievement, personal or hereditary. Thus the degradation of labor, and all the innumerable evils which follow in its train, in our existing civilization, find their efficient cause in this same false principle of exchanging products. The next stage of progress will be the inauguration of Equity, — equality in the results of every species of industry according to burdens and the consequent accession of labor to the highest rank of human estimation. Commerce will then sink to a mere brokerage, paid, like any other species of labor, according to its repugnance, as the army is now sinking to a mere police force. It will be reduced to the simplest and most direct methods of exchange, and made to be the merest servant of production, which will come, in its turn, to be regarded as conferring the only true patents of nobility.

153. V. — *It prevents the possibility of a scientific Adjustment of Supply to Demand.* It has been already shown that speculation is the cause why there has never been, and cannot now be, any scientific Adaptation of Supply to Demand. (35, 36.) It has also been partially shown, at various points, that speculation, or trading in chances and fluctuations in the market, has its root in the Value Principle, and that the Cost Principle extinguishes speculation. It will be proper, however, in this connection to define exactly the limits of speculation, and to point out more specifically how the Value Principle creates it, and how the Cost Principle extinguishes it.

154. By speculation is meant, in the ordinary language of trade, risky and unusual enterprises entered upon for the sake of more than ordinary profits, and in that sense there is attached to it, among merchants, a slight shade of imputation of dishonesty or disreputable conduct. As we are seeking now, however, to employ language in an exact and scientific way, we must find a more precise definition of the term. The line between ordinary and more than ordinary profits is too vague for a scientific treatise. At one extremity of the long succession of chance-dealing and advantage-taking transactions stands gambling, which is denounced by the common verdict of mankind as merely a more specious form of robbery. It holds the same relation to robbery itself that duelling holds to murder. Where is the other end of this succession? At what point does a man begin to take an undue advantage of his fellow-man in a commercial transaction? It clearly appears, from all that has been shown, that he does so from the moment that he receives from him more than an exact equivalent of cost. But it is the constant endeavor of every trader, upon any other than the Cost Principle, to do that. The business of the merchant is profit-making. *Profit* signifies, etymologically, *something made over and above*, — that is, something beyond an equivalent, or, in its simplest expression, *something for nothing*.

155. It is clear, then, that there is no difference between profit-making in its mildest form, speculation in its opprobrious sense as the middle term, and gambling as the ultimate, except in degree. There is simply the bad gradation of rank which there is between the slaveholder, the driver on the slave plantation, and the slavedealer, or between the man of pleasure, the harlot, and the pimp.

156. The philanthropy of the age is moving heaven and earth to the overthrow of the institution of slavery. But slavery has no scientific definition. It is thought to consist in the feature of chattelism, but an ingenious lawyer would run his pen through every statute upon slavery in existence, and expunge that fiction of the law, and yet leave slavery, for all practical purposes, precisely what it is now. It needs only to appropriate the services of the man by operation of law, instead of the man himself. The only distinction, then, left between his condition and that

of the laborer who is robbed by the operation of a false commercial principle would be in the fact of the oppression being more tangible and undisguisedly degrading to his manhood.

157. If, in any transaction, I get from you some portion of your earnings without an equivalent, I begin to make you my slave, — to confiscate you to my uses; if I get a larger portion of your services without an equivalent, I make you still further my slave; and, finally, if I obtain the whole of your services without an equivalent, — except the means of keeping you in working condition for my own sake, — I make you completely my slave. Slavery is merely one development of a general system of human oppression, for which we have no comprehensive term in English, but which the French Socialists denominate *exploitation*, — the abstraction, directly or indirectly, from the working classes of the fruits of their labor. In the case of the slave the instrument of that abstraction is force and legal enactments. In the case of the laborer, generally, it is speculation in the large sense, or *profit-making*. The slaveholder will be found, therefore, upon a scientific analysis, to hold the same relation to the trader which the freebooter holds to the blackleg. It is a question of taste which to admire most, the dare-devil boldness of the one, or the oily and intriguing propensities and performances of the other.

158. But, you exclaim, why should I sell at cost? How am I to live as a merchant without profits? Never you mind. That is not the question now up. Perhaps the world has no particular use for you as a merchant. We will take care of all that by and by. Just now all that we are doing is to settle the nature of certain principles. We shall want some merchants after all, and will pay them just what they are equitably entitled to. Do you want more? I shall now be understood when I say that the Cost Principle is merely the *mutual abandonment, on all hands, of every species of PROFIT-MAKING, — each contenting himself with simple EQUIVALENTS OF COST in every exchange*. It will be perceived, too, that the term *speculation* is used as synonymous with *profit-making*, when it is affirmed that *that* has hitherto defeated the Adaptation of Supply to Demand. With the cessation of profit-making there is no longer any temptation to conceal from each other any species of knowledge bearing upon that subject. At that point gazetteers, catalogues, and statistical publications of all sorts spring into existence, giving exact information upon every point connected with the demand and supply of labor and commodities and the production and distribution of wealth.

159. VI. — *The Value Principle renders Competition destructive and desperate*. The general subject of Competition will be more fully considered under another head. (202.) The consequence here stated follows in part as a necessary result of the preceding one, the want of Adaptation of Supply to Demand, and in part from the robbery of labor by the system now in operation. In the existing state of things there is an apparent surplus of both commodities and laborers, and the result is that men and women who are able to work, and willing to work, are not able to find employment. Hence, to be thrown out of occupation by competition is a frightful calamity, always implying distress, frequently destitution and wretchedness, and sometimes absolute starvation, while the fear of such a catastrophe is a demon which haunts continually the imagination of the workman, afflicting him with a misery hardly less real than the occurrence of the calamity itself. It is the tendency and direct effect of competition to throw out the inferior workman from every occupation, and to supply his place by the superior workman in that particular branch of industry. This tendency, direful as its consequences are in the existing state of things, is nevertheless a right tendency, and society ought to be organized upon such principles that it should have full play — to an extent far beyond what it now has — with no other than beneficial results to all. It is perfectly right that the inferior workman should be thrown out of any employment to make room for the superior workman in that employment. To retain the inferior workman in any occupation, while there is in the whole world a superior workman for that occupation, who can do the same work at less cost, and therefore upon the Cost Principle at a less price, is bad economy of means, — as bad as it is to employ an inferior machine or process after a superior machine or process has been discovered, — and any system or set of relations which works out bad results from such appropriate substitution of the superior for the inferior instrument must be itself essentially bad.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 104.

He interrupted his warm caresses only for demonstrations and to entreat her to return to life, which, in accordance with the wishes expressed by her, he would make sweet for her, reverential in the future of earthly pleasures filled with all the felicities of starry and seraphic dreams.

"Quite sure!" murmured the palpitating woman, as she revived, questioning him with her looks, which sparkled like the first stars of the evening.

And to prove to her the need of his promises, on his knees, wandering, embellishing with variations the old eternal expressions of love, he imposed a check on the increasing impetuosity of his ardor, he purchased, with a timid suitor's courtship, the signs of favor which usually, without such long preambles, he took by assault cavalierly.

But their sham prudence, their hypocritical pretence of reserve, did not last long, and soon, electrified by the furtive touching of their cheeks, inflamed by the mingling of their breath and the meeting of their incandescent glances, they yielded entirely to their passionate desires.

For a fortnight after this violent reconciliation, their criminal love was perpetuated in a possession disturbed by no person and no event, but rather favored both by persons and by things.

Newington, summoned to the other end of the county with the troops for urgent operations, had left, refusing Bradwell the honor of accompanying him. He punished him thus for his scandalous conduct on the battle-field; and, if "the friend of Miss Marian" escaped a court-martial, Richard owed it to the implacability displayed by him at last, which atoned for his moment of sentimental aberration.

A fortnight followed of damnable delights, spiced, refined, extravagant, during which the thought of the Irish girl haunted Richard's mind only at infinitely short and inappreciable intervals, in the fleeting shape of an effaced image, except once, when it was impressed upon him more distinctly, almost tangibly.

In view of the castle windows a convoy of emaciated prisoners, bent with fatigue and inanition, filed between ranks of soldiers; and Bradwell, who was roaming about the apartment in a frightfully enervated condition, gazing at the red rays of the setting sun, while Lady Ellen was dressing for dinner, — Bradwell, whose mind, broken like his body, moved in a sad, slow, and yet wandering way, thought he saw Treor's granddaughter in the group which the guards were maltreating.

He restrained an exclamation of pity which would have been caught by the Duchess, who had noiselessly entered the room and advanced close to him without his perceiving the rustle of her dress. She had planned a surprise for her lover, to excite his admiration. He stared at her, and then broke out into applause and praise and thanks. She presented a divinely adorable appearance in a Louis XV. costume incomparably coquettish in style and cut outrageously low in the neck, and her satin skin was shown with great effect by numerous artificial marks placed upon her neck and face. She looked younger by ten years.

With her half-closed eyelids, accented with a pencil stroke, with her carmine, half-open, provoking lips, with her rows of teeth parting in a smile pointed like a rose-bud by the vermilion tip of her tongue, which lay like a serpent under roses, the irresistible Duchess eclipsed without difficulty the mournful and gloomy face of the prisoner marching below, bent like an octogenarian, and who, Richard convinced himself, gave simply an impression of Marian, but was not she, or anyone really resembling her.

And Lady Ellen kept daily in store for him these superb surprises, renewing herself by ingenious incarnations, — today a gallant Marquise Pompadour; yesterday a mystical silhouette caught sight of in the depths of a cloister, a Gothic figure taken from a window, an innocent lady of the ages of chivalry who delighted in the tales of the troubadours; tomorrow the formal face of the court of Elizabeth, with the stiff waist, and the form imprisoned in heavy and close folds, and perhaps in the same day the lively *manola* of the Prado, at ease in her loose-fitting bodice, a pomegranate or jasmine blossom in her hair, and a cigarette between her laughing lips.

Thus bewitched, if by chance, — a circumstance more and more rare, — at the suggestion of a fact or a word, the image of Marian outlined itself, a shadow hardly seizable by Bradwell but partially awakened from his dream, annoyed and disturbed, he straightway drove away the troublesome apparition, running, in case it persisted, to take refuge, like a frightened victim of hallucination, a cowardly deserter of the heart, in the atmosphere, in the lap, in the always open and always hospitable arms of the Duchess!

There he would forget both the abandoned girl and the Duke, though reminders of the latter nevertheless arose everywhere, in the high official portraits ornamenting the halls, in the title of Duchess with which Lady Ellen was daily saluted before him and which he himself gave to his mistress when he spoke of her to others.

Thus he lay, languishing and enervated, in the continuous moral torpor of drinkers who have plunged into a succession of intoxications, awaking suddenly only at the news that Sir Newington would return within a week. The forces of the rebels having been annihilated in the country under his orders, the Duke was returning to take up his winter quarters at Cumslen-Park, where he would reside without leaving again unless called away by new and unforeseen events.

Infatuated with his easy exploits, having had to subjugate only weak and demoralized bodies of men, he was looking forward to celebrating his laurels by the resumption of festivities, and especially to receiving from Lady Ellen "the crown to which he most aspired," the highest reward which he coveted, — the marks of her wifely affection.

In his correspondence, entirely explicit on this point, he insisted on it from one end to the other with the heavy grace which characterized him, and, probably writing after drinking, in the fumes of the liquor which flowed at the triumphal banquets, he formulated his desires without disguise, without dissimulation, and with an uncouthness, assurance, and impropriety of expression which revolutionized Richard, stirred his gall, and poisoned his blood with a murderous rancor.

Returning the abhorred letter which Ellen had handed him to read, quivering under the outrage, really sickened in a sincere rebellion of his whole being, he showed a face so wild, which betrayed such a resentment of his rival in the past, such a hatred of him for the pretensions which he uttered concerning the future, that the Duchess, precipitating herself, blushing, on his breast, swore to him that never should the boor, the clumsy and brutal soldier, touch her, or even repeat to her in his moments of lust one of the infamous phrases there written!

No, he should breathe the subtle perfume of her hair only while imprinting a paternal kiss on her forehead, and he should be permitted no other liberty, she affirmed, than a commonplace kiss on her gloved hand.

But Richard considered even this embrace, this touch of the lips, as an invasion of his rights, and his jealousy was exasperated when his father, the moment of his arrival, paid ardent court to Ellen, twenty times more gallant than on his departure, put in a mood for conquest by his association with victory, over-excited by the superb and brilliant beauty of the Duchess, who was more charming and seductive than ever.

The neighbors of the castle were present at a military dinner given the same evening, at which, with animation, bluster, and swagger, they emptied as many bumpers as they had won victories over the enemy, whose forces consisted of a few small detachments remaining in the country and which they crushed, being ten or twenty to the enemy's one. They proposed as many noisy toasts as each of these gilded officers ascribed to his comrade, in order that the comrade might recognize in turn an equal number to his credit, and the whole laced, bedizened company, clucking their war stories, showing off pompously, bursting with vain-glory, showed in regard to Sir Bradwell such an indifference, rendered more noticeable by the praises with which they overwhelmed Newington, that Richard, seized ten times with the sudden temptation to quarrel, restraining himself on account of the Duchess, who enjoined him to be calm, withdrew, after the repast, into the solitude of a disused hall, where he could, however, watch the Duke, following the play of his features as he talked with Lady Ellen.

Twenty times more he was about to rush forward to disturb their interview, because, in his view, Ellen did not close it soon enough, but rather endured it without the impatience which he supposed her to feel, or even, one would have said, with some satisfaction.

But suddenly her attitude became reserved instead of gracious, and she held herself upon her dignity, while the Duke, on the contrary, became more and more inflamed, as, looking out from under his bushy contracting eyebrows, he darted lustful glances at his wife, of which Ellen appeared brutally heedless.

Clenching his fists, Richard marched directly towards the group, reddening, the blood humming in his head, congested, and staggering, his legs as weak as a drunken man's.

Although her back was towards him, the Duchess heard him coming, and to avoid the irreparable scandal of an inevitable scene between father and son, prompt, smiling, she turned directly round, and, leaning on the arm of her lover, led him into another room, leaving the Duke stupefied at this desertion, and appeasing Richard with these whispered words:

"You consent to his disappearance, do you not?"

"Yes!" said Bradwell, shuddering; and at that moment he would doubtless have killed the Duke with his own hand.

After some minutes, leaving Richard, whom she sent to his apartments, promis-

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies
Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 13, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Spooner Publication Fund.

Previously acknowledged	\$35.50
James Thierry	2.00
L. Ashleigh	2.50
Total	\$40.00

A Spirit More Evil Than Alcohol.

The authority of learning, the tyranny of science, which Bakounine foresaw, deprecated, and denounced, never found blunter expression than in an article by T. B. Wakeman in the August number of the "Free-thinkers' Magazine," in which the writer endeavors to prove, on scientific grounds alone, that alcohol is an unmitigated evil, a poison that ought never to be taken into the human system. My knowledge of chemistry and physiology is too limited to enable me to judge of the scientific soundness of the attempted demonstration; but I do know that it is admirably well written, wonderfully attractive, powerfully plausible, important if true, and therefore worthy of answer by those who alone are competent to answer it if it can be answered. Such an answer I hope to see; and, if it arrives, I shall weigh it against Mr. Wakeman's argument, award a verdict for myself, and act upon it for myself,—if I am allowed to do so.

But it is plain that, if Mr. Wakeman's party gets into power, no such privilege will be granted me. For, after having asserted most positively that this "verdict of science" can be made so manifest that it will become "a personal prohibition law, which no person in his senses would violate any more than he would cut his own throat," in which case its compulsory enforcement will be entirely unnecessary except upon persons out of their senses, Mr. Wakeman goes on to say that it is the duty of the lawyers (of whom he is one) to see to it that the manufacture, sale, and use of alcohol as a beverage shall be outlawed, proscribed, and prohibited just as arsenic is, and that, like arsenic, it shall be sold only as a labeled poison. Rather a summary way, it seems to me, of cramming science down the throats of people who like a glass of claret better! "Ah!" some reader will say, "you forget that this compulsory abstinence is only to be enforced upon people out of their senses, probably hopeless sots who are a public danger."

This consideration possibly would afford a grain of consolation, had not Mr. Wakeman taken pains in another paragraph to leave no one in doubt as to the meaning of the phrase "in his senses." It is not applicable, he declares, to any drinker of alcohol who claims to "know when he has enough," for "that very remark shows that alcohol has already stolen away his brains." His position, then, is that the law of total abstinence will enforce itself upon all men in their senses, for no man in his senses will drink alcohol after hearing the verdict of science; but that men who drink alcohol, however moderately, are out of their senses,

and must be "treated, by force if necessary, as diseased lunatics."

Was any priest, any pope, any czar ever guilty of teaching a more fanatical, more bigoted, more tyrannical doctrine?

Does Mr. Wakeman imagine that he can restore men to their senses by any such disregard of their individualities?

Does he think that the way to strengthen the individual's reason and will is to force them into disuse by substituting for them the reason and will of a body of savants?

In that case I commend him to the words of Bakounine: "A society which should obey legislation emanating from a scientific academy, not because it understood itself the rational character of this legislation (in which case the existence of the academy would become useless), but because this legislation, emanating from the academy, was imposed in the name of a science which it venerated without comprehending,—such a society would be a society, not of men, but of brutes. It would be a second edition of those missions in Paraguay which submitted so long to the government of the Jesuits. It would surely and rapidly descend to the lowest stage of idiocy."

The mightiest foe of the human mind is not alcohol, by any means. It is that spirit of arrogance which prompts the conclusion of Mr. Wakeman's essay, and which, if encouraged, would induce a mental paralysis far more universal and far more hopeless than any that science will ever be able to trace to the spirit of alcohol.

A Back Town Heard From.

The Winsted "Press" makes a long leader to ridicule the Anarchists for favoring private enterprise in the letter-carrying business. It grounds its ridicule on two claims,—first, that private enterprise would charge high rates of postage, and, second, that it would not furnish transportation to out-of-the-way points. An indisputable fact has frequently been cited in Liberty which instantly and utterly overthrows both of these claims. Its frequent citation, however, has had no effect upon the believers in a government postal monopoly. I do not expect another repetition to produce any effect upon the Winsted "Press"; still I shall try it.

Some half-dozen years ago, when letter postage was still three cents, Wells, Fargo & Co. were doing a large business in carrying letters throughout the Pacific States and Territories. Their rate was five cents, more than three of which they expended, as the legal monopoly required, in purchasing of the United States a stamped envelope in which to carry the letter entrusted to their care. That is to say, on every letter which they carried they had to pay a tax of more than three cents. Exclusive of this tax, Wells, Fargo & Co. got less than two cents for each letter which they carried, while the government got three cents for each letter which it carried itself, and more than three cents for each letter which Wells, Fargo & Co. carried. On the other hand, it cost every individual five cents to send by Wells, Fargo & Co., and only three to send by the government. Moreover, the area covered was one in which immensity of distance, sparseness of population, and irregularities of surface made out-of-the-way points unusually difficult of access. Still, in spite of all these advantages on the side of the government, its patronage steadily dwindled, while that of Wells, Fargo & Co. as steadily grew. Pecuniarily this of course was a benefit to the government. But for this very reason such a condition of affairs was all the more mortifying. Hence the postmaster-general sent a special commissioner to investigate the matter. He fulfilled his duty, and reported to his superior that Wells, Fargo & Co. were complying with the law in every particular, and were taking away the business of the government by furnishing a prompter and securer mail service, not alone to principal points, but to more points and remoter points than were included in the government list of post-offices.

Whether this state of things still continues I do not know. I presume, however, that it does, though the adoption of two-cent postage may have changed it.

In either case, the fact is one that triumphs over all possible sarcasms. In view of it, what becomes of Editor Pinney's fear of ruinous rates of postage and his philanthropic anxiety on account of the dwellers in Wayback and Hunkertown?

"The Cause of Interest."

It is an oft-repeated and not entirely meaningless saying that "time justifies all things"; but it was left for Henry George to make the wonderful discovery that "time" bears the undivided responsibility for the existence of economic interest, against which silly people vainly argue. It is certainly a novel and original idea that "the element of time is the sole cause and justification of interest," and we shall take pleasure in giving it a brief examination,—the more so because we have hitherto failed to elicit from Mr. George any more definite and intelligible reason in favor of interest than that it is "a product of a product, wage of wages."

"If apple trees," writes Henry George, "were common property, and apples picked in the summer and stored up would grow all through the winter, no one would take a little apple picked this summer in exchange for a big one picked last summer. A bottle of wine made last year will exchange for more than a bottle of wine made this year." In these cases it is undoubtedly true that "a year's time would make a difference in value," but it is not true that this increase is the reward of anything else than the trouble and labor of a year's keeping of these labor products. What the defenders of interest have to prove in these instances is that, if I surrender to another the commodity I have produced, I am entitled, in addition to the exact equivalent of the surrendered commodity, and the equitable compensation for the loss of time or benefit, if any, incident to such surrender, to a greater or smaller share of that subsequent increase in its value which is the result of his care and exertion. The argument that I could have kept the product and reaped the whole reward, which Mr. George is sometimes guilty of putting forward, is in the highest degree absurd, for I should then simply receive pay for the keeping of the product and the cost of bringing it to its improved state, which I cannot demand if another has done the keeping. Mr. George holds with us that land—natural opportunities—and labor only are the ultimate economic factors, and that, land being free, labor is the only thing which is entitled to a reward. But he claims that "capital is a subdivision of labor," and that interest is a form of wages, a remote return to labor. Inasmuch, however, as labor can create wealth without the aid of capital, while capital, without the aid of labor, cannot even secure itself against the fatal tendency to diminish and dissolve, it is obvious that the "wages" to capital must in the last analysis come out of labor's pockets.

Now, it is perfectly true that labor can employ itself to far greater advantage when it is furnished with capital, and, conditions remaining as they are, he who furnishes capital does labor a service. Under freedom this service will be rendered at cost, and it generally costs nothing. But, while monopoly lasts, it will doubtless continue to be rendered at a monopoly price. Whether, therefore, idle capital has, or has not, a right to increase is a matter of minor importance. We are demonstrating, as Proudhon expressed it, the impossibility of interest, the ruinous and anti-social effect of the organization of economic forces that allows interest to exist. We show that capital increases at the expense of labor, and ultimately has to share the misery which it entails on labor by expropriating it. As Proudhon answered Bastiat, the main question is not whether interest is legitimate, but whether it is necessary and cannot be done away with to the advantage of all by a reorganization of the system of exchange. If, by disabling the money monopoly, capital can be placed at the disposal of all industrious and enterprising laborers, and interest made to disappear of itself, there is clearly no logic and no wisdom in debating the proposition that labor, under existing difficulties, after it has been defrauded of half its earnings, cannot expect to get the use of capital from those who robbed it, and profit by it, without giving capital a part of the

advantage. Is Mr. George confident of his ability to prove that the element of time will be the cause of interest under a free money system? I fear he is not, and leave it to time to justify my doubts as well as to correct his errors. V. YARROS.

In the latter part of 1884 Burnette G. Haskell warned the readers of the San Francisco "Truth" against my view of competition in the following words: "Bear in mind that the first plank in Mr. Tucker's platform is 'free competition.' And this (when competition is the cause of our misery) he declares to be a remedy! He virtually says, if one ounce of arsenic makes you ill, take two in order to recover!" In the Denver "Labor Enquirer" of July 23, 1887, Haskell furnishes a plan for the abolition of poverty, and of this plan he speaks as follows: "Our governing boards will in brief decide to regulate corporations and wealthy men, not by rope or repressive laws, not by confiscation, but by competition. The terrible force that they have used so long to grind us down to poverty, we in our turn will now use to forever secure our own. . . . The corner-stone of the capitalistic argument is the right to free competition. They claim that it is necessary and just; they fight for the right of any number of men to combine as a corporation, and enter the field as competitors. We the people do this and nothing more. We combine in our corporation, the State, and enter the field. When the capitalist class entered business, they took the risk of free competition,—really free. What matters it to us if they prated as they did, relying upon their power to keep the State out of the field or to use it simply to help on their private ends? They challenged the world, their spears clanged defiantly upon all shields, they dared to fight beneath that banner of 'personal liberty,'—now let them feel the weight of the lance and meet the shock of charging arms. We fight beneath the flag that they themselves have raised." So Haskell himself has concluded to double the dose of arsenic. I congratulate him on this evidence of growth, and hope he will "bear in mind," in order to avoid saying anything inconsistent with it, "that the first plank in" his "platform is free competition."

On Mr. Kelly's Final Statement.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I think I never forgot that Mr. Kelly believes in duties prior to promises and consequently independent of promises. Against Mr. Kelly's statement that I construed him to mean that without promises we are without obligations, I refer to what has been printed. It will show that I kept Mr. Kelly's position in view, but I contended that satisfactory conduct may result from natural good will without any feeling of moral obligation.

Moral obligation is not properly defined by explaining the single word "obligation" in the sense of philosophical necessity. For illustration, the embezzler and the assassin act in accordance with philosophical necessity. If Mr. Kelly should say that they act according to moral obligation, he would stultify himself.

I have never advocated killing the Chinese. In approaching other men, I am disposed to take the first steps at my own cost to see whether it is possible to derive mutual benefit from the relation.

Economics I regard as different from morals, and in economics I agree with Mr. Kelly.

By using the word "special" he has suggested something general, but this is not the way to prove that the basis of accord is anything more than similarity of organisms and conditions. One contract may be more special than another, but, to my thinking, a contract presumes simply contracting parties and conditions.

According to evolution and observation objective realities are changing. Then practical justice must take form according to the number and qualities of the objective realities which give rise to it at any time. I design writing a brief analysis of justice to show that this ideal is a composition of apperception and sympathy.

Mr. Kelly says that he knows of "no ego other than the combined ideas and feelings at any given time." Do the readers imagine, then, that Mr. Kelly has been discussing Egoism as advanced by Stirner and myself? Mr. Kelly's ego is utterly unlike our Ego. When Mr. Kelly wrote before about a spookish, unconditioned ego, I simply answered that the ego of which I speak is an animal. If there is one distinction which must be clearer than another, it is the distinction between the real and the ideal. The Ego of which I speak is real. I mean my own organism. Hence, as I speak

of the real, I can consistently speak of ideas as its furniture. But an Ego, or person, composed of ideas and feelings, would be mere moonshine. In "Der Einzige" Stirner says that he does not mean Fichte's ideal ego, but "this transitory I," the man Stirner.

In a matter of wrong (wringing, twisting) there are the doer and the sufferer, perhaps also a spectator. From their different standpoints various considerations may arise besides that of imprudence, which latter is among the considerations specially for the wrong-doer.

Mr. Kelly has simply mistaken my meaning in the sentence which he correctly quotes, ending with the words "he is not allowed in thought to be a standard of good for himself." I meant in the thought of the moralist; otherwise I should have written the words in different order, with punctuation. I knew that the moralist must in fact allow me to be a standard for myself; and it would not be worth while to ask the moralist to allow me to be, in thought, a standard for myself, for over my thinking he cannot dominate. I quite agree with Mr. Kelly that, as soon as a being in pursuit of his good commits acts injurious to others, it is time for them and their allies to stop him.

I do claim and know that there is a better use for friends than to sell them; and, as I feel with Stirner, I believe that I comprehend Stirner better than Mr. Kelly does. Interest in others and profit to be derived from their company mean more to us than to the moralist, precisely as morals means more to the moralist who has rejected religion than to the religionist who regards morality as an outhouse to religion.

I have not yet undertaken to reconcile Proudhon and Stirner all the way through. For such a task the first step would be to reconcile Proudhon with Proudhon. The reasons which I and Stirner can give why the young man should be given a chance to show himself are such as I doubt not Mr. Kelly would approve. We desire to find, to aid, and be aided by as many free and intelligent men as possible. What Mr. Kelly really wants to know is how I and Stirner came to have such desires. Let him interrogate the forces which created us sentient individuals, or be content with the fact. Proudhon, who exclaimed: "*A moi Lucifer, Satan, qui que tu sois, démon que la foi de mes pères opposa à Dieu et à l'église! Je porterai ta parole,*"—Proudhon would not reject our aid.

The extracts given by Mr. Kelly from Proudhon show a temperament and expression very different from Stirner's. These may be found to conceal a greater degree of agreement in purpose than Mr. Kelly has yet discovered. Take these words: "And that he who has renounced God continues to adore Justice, even though it be nothing else than the commandment of himself to himself, the principle and law of social dignity." Methinks that smacks of the intrepid Stirner. Now listen to Stirner (p. 311): "It is contemptible to deceive a confidence which we have freely called forth; but it is no shame to Egoism to allow anyone who has tried to get us into his power by an oath, to suffer by the ill-success of his distrustful artifice. If you have tried to bind me, learn then that I know how to break my fetters." Would this sentiment stain Proudhon?

In the extracts it is asked, what is this Justice if not the essence that has been adored as God? But afterward Proudhon declares war against God. May we not possibly, by a further step, have found the same essence in a still nearer form,—nothing else than the commandment of one's self to himself? If the form Justice then appears superfluous, fossilized, and an abstraction, we are advancing still to understand that of which God, and the Idea, and Rights, and Justice, were successive reflections. When I know and feel myself, I need neither God nor moral law. The Justice which Proudhon worshipped and served was an emanation from himself. Stirner has taken the sceptre of Truth and beaten it into a pruning-hook, and now Truth, no longer an idle queen, may handle the scrubbing brush and make herself generally useful.

That Proudhon used the word egoism in a way not to make it admired makes no essential difference. There are other egoists than those who take the name.

There is some rhapsody in Proudhon, and Anarchists may note also that he puts devotion to one's country along with justice. Stirner, on the contrary, will abolish all frontiers and recognize only individuals.

I draw attention to the last of Mr. Kelly's extracts,—that Justice is not a simple notion, but that "it is also the product of a faculty or function which comes into play as soon as man finds himself in the presence of man." This is very suggestive. The men, then, are the objective realities from whose presence together justice comes as a product of a function. Is not this creating justice? Simply put, this is justice,—the result of absolute individual sovereignty, or Egoism, as I and Stirner use the term.

I will now present a few further extracts from Proudhon, taken without any long search. They are to show, firstly, that as a vivacious writer his imaginative expressions are not to be seriously weighed against his logic; and, secondly, that he does express in somewhat different terms the doctrine which I call Egoism.

I swear before God and before men, upon the Gospel and the constitution. — *Problème Sociale*, p. 259.

He who by poverty has been led to steal and is punished

remains forever the enemy of God and man. — *Contradictions*, I, p. 313.

God is stupidity and cowardice, hypocrisy and lies, tyranny and wretchedness; God is evil. — *Ibid.*, p. 360.

Charity! I deny charity; it is mysticism. Vainly you speak to me of fraternity and love. If you love me, it is through interest. Devotion! I deny devotion; it is mysticism. Speak to me of debit and credit. If I am drawn to aid you, I will do so gracefully, but I will not be obliged to. — *Ibid.*, p. 228.

Humanism is most thorough theism. — *Ibid.*, p. 369.

The New Philosophy, subverting method, breaking the authority of God as well as that of man, and accepting no other yoke than that of fact and evidence, makes everything converge toward the theological hypothesis as toward the last of its problems. Humanitarian atheism is, therefore, the last term of the moral and intellectual enfranchisement of man; consequently, the last phase of philosophy, serving as a passage to the reconstruction or verification of all the demolished dogmas. — *Ibid.*, p. 22.

Philosophy is merely a deceptive method consisting in going from the general to the particular. — *De l'Ordre*, p. 58.

I am in need of the hypothesis of God to justify my style. — *Contradictions*, I, p. 25.

A headless society, so to speak, cannot live. — *Création de l'Ordre*, p. 485.

[The preceding statement was attacked by Stirner.]

But let us not blaspheme royalty, for to do so would be blaspheming humanity. — *Ibid.*, p. 311.

Wherever religion appears, it is by no means as an organizing principle, but as a means of subjugating men's wills. — *De l'Ordre*, p. 17.

Respect for contracts, fidelity to one's word, the obligation of oaths, are the fictions—the ossicles, as the famed Lysander well said—with which society deceives the strong and puts them under the yoke. — *Contradictions*, I, p. 263.

Instead of regarding the man and his fellow, the prince and the citizen, as two terms the relation of which existed independently of consciousness and constituted the real moral law, they have imagined that this law preexisted. — *De l'Ordre*, p. 69.

Morality is not a science: it is an encyclopædia. . . . For, as two forces, being united, produce a complex effect quite different from the simple effect to which each one of them could give rise, and incommensurable with this, as from the combination of two simple bodies there results a composite the properties of which were not found in either of the originals. . . .

Now, just as the decisions of reason in man received the name of idea, just so the decisions of his liberty received the name of volition, sentiments, habits, morals. Then language, figurative in its nature, continuing to supply the elements of the primary psychology, people have contracted a habit of assigning to ideas, as a place or capacity where they dwell, the intelligence; and to volitions, sentiments, etc., the consciousness. All these abstractions have for a long time been taken by the philosophers for realities, their psychology being merely a will o' the wisp. — *Contradictions*.

To be a member of a democracy it is necessary in law, independently of the quality of frankness, to have made choice of the liberal system. . . . As a variety of the liberal régime, I have distinguished Anarchy, or government of each one for himself. . . . It consists in the fact that, political functions being reduced to industrial functions, social order would result from the sole fact of business and exchanges. Then every one would be able to term himself the autocrat of himself, which is the furthest opposite of monarchical absolutism. — *Du Principe Fédératif*, p. 16.

To found the society it is necessary to set forth, not simply an idea, but a judicial act. — *Ibid.*, p. 53.

There are three modes of conceiving law, according to the point of view. . . . as a believer, as a philosopher, and as a citizen. 1, Command; 2, Expression of the relation of things; 3, The arbitral statute of the human will; theory of contract. The social system to which they give rise is not the same. By the first, man declares himself subject of the law and its author or representative; by the second, he acknowledges himself an integral part of a vast organism; by the third, he makes the law his own and frees himself from all authority, fatality, and rulership. The first formula is that of the religious man; the second that of the pantheist; the third that of the republican [Anarchist]. This one alone is compatible with liberty. — *Ibid.*, p. 53.

The social contract extends only to exchanges. — *Idée Générale*, p. 118.

They have agreed among themselves mutually to keep faith and right; that is to say, to respect the rules of business which the nature of things indicates to them as alone capable of insuring them in the largest measure of welfare, safety, and peace. Will you adhere to their compact? become a part of their society? If you refuse, you are a part of the society of savages. Nothing protects you. . . . If you swear to the compact, you become a part of the society of free men. — *Ibid.*, p. 312.

Here I close, trusting that economists will especially note the extract beginning "Morality is not a science."

TAK KAK.

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Continued from page 3.

ing to join him there, the Duchess returned to Sir Newington, and, by a clever and plausible falsehood, similarly calmed the irritation excited in him and which was turning to suspicion.

"Thank me," she said; "I do not know on the strength of what rumors Richard imagines that you have caused the execution of the troublesome Marian, with her sad heart, and he was hastening straight to you to heap the most virulent reproaches on you. I had been watching him for a moment."

"That was the explanation, then," interrupted the Duke joyfully, "of your sudden change toward me; the reason why, from being charming and delightful with me, you suddenly became more than cold, icy?"

"Frozen with fear, with apprehension of some deplorable affront, and of terror lest it should carry him to excess."

"Oh! nonsense!"

"What will check madmen in their folly?"

"You believe that he would not have respected in me his commander and his father in one?"

"I tell you that his madness is extreme. During your absence, on several occasions, he wanted to kill himself. I have taken from his hands the dagger with which Treor's granddaughter, as they have told you, tried to strike him on the battle-field."

"Perhaps you did wrong! I do not speak of the danger to which, according to you, his mental derangement exposes me; but I would rather see him dead than dishonored by this imbecile and guilty passion which is a defection, a desertion to the enemy."

"Oh! Duke, is it a father who speaks?"

"It is the indignant commander."

"Whose rigor would warrant the rebellion and the ingratitude of the son and the subordinate, if he heard you."

Bradwell had returned a second before, devoured by irresistible jealousy, and had been listening at a distance, in the shadow of the tapestries; and Lady Ellen, who was aware of it, insisted at length on Sir Newington's disposition in regard to his son.

She compared him to the Romans, capable of ordering themselves to inflict the punishment of Brutus on their own child for lack of discipline; and the proud and hard Englishman, flattered by the comparison, bristled up and confessed that he so comprehended his duty as the leader of the army.

"Oh! You fill me with horror!" protested the Duchess, energetically, inwardly applauding herself for her manoeuvre and for the avowal she had drawn out, which would intensify the virile resolution of Bradwell if he, perchance, was weakening and allowing himself to be moved by timid and foolish prejudices concerning family and a father's sacred character, whatever it may be!

But in vain she awaited the wrath which, at the same time, she tried to provoke in order to free herself from the gallantries of the soldier, whose desire was increased, on the contrary, by her generous anger, which set her off and rendered her superb, and she could not get away from him.

By good fortune, in an adjoining hall, where they were serving drinks of all kinds to the guests, growing more and more thirsty, loud and noisy calls arose for the Duke to join in new toasts, and all tongues, growing more free in speech, although physically more tired, soon decreed that Sir Newington belonged, for this night, to his companions in arms, for a last bout with the bottles, and, willy-nilly, joining with the others in this drunkards' task, priding himself on his work, ridiculously vain of this vile business, the general, surpassing his lieutenants, swallowed such quantities of liquor that at last, having put his guests under the table where they were snoring like cocks, he ended by rolling into the heap himself, completely drunk.

When he awoke, his body benumbed with cold, his temples on fire, in broad daylight, licked by his little Myrrha who, according to her habit on such occasions, refreshed his face, the first idea in his stony brain was to resume the conversation with the Duchess interrupted the previous evening, and still hiccupping, gaping wide enough to dislocate his jaws, his eyes ridiculously swollen and not at all seductive, his palate so clammy that the words adhered to it, his beard stiff and his hair bushy, he started for Lady Ellen's apartments.

But as he stopped on the way in front of a sideboard, to pour a tumblerful of water to cool the heat of his throat, an outburst of laughter and the railleries of a sprightly voice saluted him.

Fresh and blooming as the month of May, in a periwinkle toilet, the Duchess, in the act of polishing her nails, was watching him with a sly and rebellious look, her eyes gleaming with a mischievous roguery which made her seem ten years younger.

Ah! the man smitten desperately, she had the air of saying, and who drowns in his cups his reason and his forces, who slides under the table when he might be gliding into a perfumed bed, and who now, with a tormenting headache, a brain empty and heavy as lead, and eyelids weighed down by an urgent need of sleep, must think of nothing but sleeping till the next day in his silent and dark chamber, steadily and dreamlessly!

A night and a day lost at sixty years, and when he felt disposed! what a waste, what lamentable prodigality! And perhaps even tomorrow would be spent in restoring the energies consumed by this night of orgies! What imprudence! especially with a creature as fantastic and as changeable as the diabolical Duchess Ellen! Yesterday she could receive the homage of Sir Newington, seduced by his prestige as a conqueror, caught with the fumes of his glory. Woman often changes; the occasion of this good-will might never be found again; but in its place whims without number which would disappoint the Duke!

See!

The mimicry, discreet as it was, and finely but so expressively shaded, distressed completely the poor Duke, entirely discomfited, whose piteous face presented such a comical aspect that under any other circumstances Lady Ellen, not at all charitable in temperament and willingly following her caprices at her husband's expense, would have broken out into a wild, imperious laugh.

But she repressed it, reflecting that, to secure her ends, she must inflame him and fill him with desire.

She had planned everything to perpetrate the crime approved by Richard, and in a fold of the ample sleeve in which played her beautiful bare arm lay Marian's dagger, while from Treor's casemate had been coming, for some hours, to serve her projects, the sounds of the old man's violin, by turns melancholy, plaintive, passionate, furious, and fantastic.

For some days the previously quiet cell of the prisoner, whom they held as hostage in case of the return of fortune to the Irish, had been filled with music as soon as daylight appeared; and sometimes even during the night the strains were heard, but more softly, as if the fear of disturbing those asleep had muffled the voice of the instrument, lightening the bow in the old man's fingers.

To be continued.

About Abolishing the State.

Nothing strikes the average man of the present day with more exasperating force than the proposition to "abolish the State." He grows red in the face, and is at his wits' end to know what to do or what to say. The absurdity of the thing is what at first overwhelms him. He laughs; for the idea is too funny. Then, as gradually it dawns on him that his tormentor is really in earnest, he passes into a somewhat more serious frame of mind. But he is puzzled still.

"What," he asks himself, "can this fellow mean? He must be somehow off his base. And yet he is no fool. In fact, he is far enough from being a fool. And yet—and yet—why doesn't he see how absurd and foolish the idea is? I am ashamed, almost, to argue the case with him, for in a sense it is like carrying coals to Newcastle. He can't have overlooked arguments that must instantly suggest themselves to the dullest school-boy. There's something wrong! There's something wrong! I can't understand it."

And this hereditary champion of the State's everlasting continuance shakes his head, and turns, without a doubt in his mind of the strength and justness of his cause, to bring his millennial, utopian, visionary, misguided friend back to the ways of truth and soberness.

He finds himself suddenly invested with a mission. He has on his hands a serious piece of business. He is, as it were, by divine providence charged with the cure of a lunatic.

We shall see how he gets on.

It is the glorious Fourth of July, 1886.

The two friends are on a pilgrimage to Concord. They have been to Sleepy Hollow, where Emerson, Thoreau, and Hawthorne lie, and thence traveled back and seated themselves in a cool, shady spot by Walden Pond, well removed from where the noisy Prohibitionists are holding their "picnic" and preaching their crusade against intoxicating beverages.

"The worst State that ever existed was better than none," exclaims he of the new-found-mission, as he throws himself on the ground; "mankind were at least saved from cutting each other's throats."

"Probably that worst State monopolized the business," is the quiet retort. "In its hands throat-cutting, murder, became a legal pastime."

And from this start the discussion here following proceeded.

Shall we not name it a discussion between the State's Missionary and his imaginary "Lunatic"?

Let the sequel show in whose brain-cells lunacy was deepest rooted.

LUNATIC.—"I would like to ask you a question or two. You are by profession a Christian minister. Well, I am not. I am neither Christian nor minister. But I have made a somewhat careful study of that man of Nazareth whom you profess to worship, and I am greatly drawn by the commanding genius of the man. He was, indeed, a remarkable character; possibly you Christians are right in saying he was and is the most remarkable in history. But with you it is apparently a hearsay; the idea has drifted down to you from the early fathers, whose impressions of the man were undoubtedly very vivid. You take it second-hand, and grasping him, so to speak, as you would a handle, from the outside, you haven't the courage to enter in and sup with him face to face."

MISSIONARY.—"Go on."

L.—"No more had I once; or I didn't think of it. The fact being, when I was, as I supposed, a Christian, this man Jesus was no man at all, but a sort of nondescript, mysterious, creature let down from somewhere in the sky, having no vital connecting link with us people of the earth, save that he would save our souls in another world if we believed in him, or damn them in another world if we didn't. He didn't come here to stay, but just for a sympathetic call as it were; being sent by his heavenly father on the special errand but for which all earth's children would have been consigned to endless misery. For this reason it didn't occur to me to study very much into his teachings as to the present life,—our earth-life. I read the New Testament, but it was for most part words, words,—all outside work. But there came a time when, though yet a mere lad, I stepped out of dogmatic religion and, for the first time, so to speak, got an introduction to Jesus Christ, and began to understand what he was driving at. Then I saw what blind guides all these Christians had really been to me, at any rate. So I said, you are no Christians. To be Christian you must at least have some idea of the thought of the man whose name you adopt. I will show you what true Christianity is. But, as I reflected, it came to me that there was no reason for using another man's name to christen ideas and doctrines that were after all the common property of all mankind. Jesus invented nothing. He saw some things in advance of others,—very important to see, but belonging, not to him, but to human nature. In that mine of our common nature he had sought and found rich treasure, but, like the sunlight, it was treasure he could not, if disposed, set up any private claim to, for it was free gift to all seeking souls. So, why give it the appearance even of being his special private fortune, and regard him as the generous donor or giver of a life equally the property of all?

"No, it was not Christianity, then, I would embrace, but Humanity."

M.—"All this is very interesting; but where's your question?"

L.—"I'm coming to it. This was preface, you know. If I shouted my question ever so loud from the top of the Alleghany Mountains, you wouldn't hear me. I must bring you into hearing distance. 'He that hath ears to hear,' Jesus kept saying. I must in some way prepare your ears for hearing, or you would go off in wildest directions."

"You professed, I said, to be Christian. Now, what do you mean by that title? Are you Christian as I was, or as I now am not?"

M.—"Rather an Irish way of putting it. But I suppose I understand you. Both ways, in a sense. I am a Liberal Christian, and so, of course, do not lay great stress on the mere doctrinal or theological side. But I think Jesus had a divine mission, differing in sort from that of any other man; but I reject wholly the idea of his dying a substitute for the sins of the world. Every man's character is and will be his passport here and into heaven. It was the mission of Christ to reach man on his spiritual side and develop the kingdom of God within him. This, I take it, is in some sort like the idea you have. I call it the Christian idea; you the human—shall I say? So far, then, do we understand each other?"

L.—"So far, possibly; but we shall see how much farther. Thus far is nothing particular, taking it alone. It is a starting point. I leave you your theological bias of the divine, etc. It signifies nothing. I take Jesus simply as a man; what more he may have been you can speculate on to your heart's content. As a man he preached certain ideas in regard to human nature. You say you accept him as authority; you will not go back on his word. I think he struck the right vein and found good human ore,—specimens of everlasting life, so to speak. We can all do the same, if we will; richer and better ore may appear. At all events, we shall not hesitate to use this fine gold of humanity for all available purposes. I only go back and connect Jesus with it because you are committed to it, if you find he was; and that will save a perhaps needless dispute. And yet I would you could see and appreciate the truth for its own sake. And then Jesus Christ has been much maligned by the Church and his professed followers. He cuts a sorry figure in history as they display him. He is not here to defend himself. Let us take his part, while we at the same moment save the good cause."

H.

To be continued.

A Letter of Protest.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Without this being the age of "preternatural suspicion" we might well be led to suppose that you had been "hired by the enemy" to bring disgrace upon the cause of agnosticism and Anarchism by allowing such distortions of their principles as Tak Kak has presented to appear in the columns of Liberty with little or no comment from you. Can we wonder that the Church and the State are thought necessary to restrain us, if we recognize no rule of conduct save the satisfaction of our own immediate desires, if to submit ourselves to be ruled by the ideas of justice and right is to make slaves of ourselves? Is Tennyson's Philip Edgar not, as we had supposed, a base caricature of the representatives of our creed, but a true and worthy representative thereof, for he but carried into practice the ideas enunciated by Tak Kak in No. 84 in his "Egoism in Sexual Relations" (to which you not only offered no objection, but, I have been informed, failed to insert an extract from one of humanity's truest friends, Clifford, which effectually disposed of Tak Kak).

Man only knows, the worse for him! for why
Cannot he take his pastime like the flies?
And if my pleasure breed another's pain,
Well—is not that the course of Nature too,
From the dim dawn of Being—her main law
Whereby she grows in beauty—that her flies
Must massacre each other? this poor Nature!

Are we Anarchists, whose proud boast has been that we are in the van of human progress, to discard all the truths which the latter half of the century has firmly established, to leave Spencer and Clifford and George Eliot and Morley, and fall back into the acceptance of the crude half-truths perceived by the men of the last century and transported by Stirner and others of his kind into this? Men of the eighteenth century, forgive me; we are going to surpass you in crudity; we are going to decide each question as it comes up,—not as you would have decided it, in favor of what you considered the "greatest happiness of the greatest number,"—no, we shall always decide in favor of our happiness;—our happiness, did I say?—there is no *our*, no one but *me*. I am the only one. All the rest of you are only puppets for me to use as best I can. Truth and justice and liberty are spooks, and all are ghost-ridden who believe in such things, and who would regulate their lives in accordance with such beliefs.

O Liberty, what are you being published for, for what is the Proudhon Library and the Spooner Library and all the other libraries, but to aid in the propagation of the belief in spooks? You dare not in the face of your life and work openly champion Tak Kak, to whose views you in private say you give full adherence. In the face of your scathing denunciations of the "fire-bugs," the time-servers, the politicians, and the cork-screws, the advocate of the plumb-line dare not deny that there is a plumb-line.

Leaving you to your conscience, for I am sure that you have one, inherited from past generations of social beings, I have few words to say to your adherents in this controversy. Though I do not deny any man's right to write under another name than his own, still, in general, the cause of honesty and consistency is best served by having a writer responsible for all that he writes. I wish that I could bring before the readers of Liberty by means of the "deadly parallel column" the statements made by Tak Kak as Tak Kak, and those made by him under his own name. Your readers would be forced to conclude either that he is thoroughly dishonest, or that he is utterly silly, as it would be impossible for an honest, intelligent man to hold two such opposite sets of opinions at the same time.

It is a fact observed for a long time that not the founders, but the disciples, of a creed show up its absurdities in the most glaring way. The zeal which the disciples display in carrying out the master's ideas, thus bringing them to their logical conclusion, their endeavor to bring their lives into accord with them, will, if the creed contains absurdities, inevitably bring them to light. It would be highly amusing, were the subject not such a serious one, to see our poor little friend Yarros, the disciple, try to make the ideas of Tak and Tucker, the masters, accord with his mode of living and thinking. The ideas on egoism which you and Tak Kak profess to hold really form so small a part of you that you never feel compelled to bring them into consistency with your other views or with your way of living. But with Yarros it is different. He is young and enthusiastic, and must make these new ideas conform to his old ones, or the old ones conform to them. Unfortunately, the latter is what he has chosen to do, and the first signs of his moral degradation have already appeared in his letter on "Sentimentalism at the Spooner Meeting," in which he states that the cause of our admiration for Lyander Spooner is that "we entertain a hope to live and enjoy its blessings" [of the age of reason] which he worked to bring about. The inference is that, if we do not expect to live and enjoy it, there is no reason why we should honor Spooner. O egoism, carried to sublime heights! But where did Spooner's egoism come in? In,—as you quoted,—"obeying the voice at eve obeyed at prime," in subjection to "spooks." When Mr. Yarros becomes older and wiser, I think he will not be inclined to speak so disparagingly of the religious idea as he now is. The religious idea, as apart

from the special dogma or church in which it was for the time being clothed, always represented man's highest ideal, and as such is worthy of our respect. In this sense, Anarchism is a religion to us, and there is nothing improper in speaking of it as such. We are not separated by a great gulf from our ancestors. They placed their ideals in the skies; we have simply removed them to the earth, where there is more chance of their being realized.

It is not in any light spirit, but with all the earnestness of which I am capable, that I would warn Mr. Yarros that he has entered upon a very dangerous downward path, and that the sooner he leaves it, the better and easier will it be. There may come a time, distant as it now seems, when it will be impossible for him to retrace his steps. He has but to keep repeating to himself such sentences as those on Lyander Spooner, to keep before his mind his own happiness as the goal always to be reached, in order that very soon his devotion to liberty shall seem a very ridiculous thing in his eyes.

Deplorable as is the spectacle afforded us by Mr. Yarros, it is as nothing compared with that which a true disciple of Tak Kak would present. Mr. Yarros, deny it as he may, has still some "spooks," such as liberty and equity, to which he is attached, but a true disciple would have none, and those of Liberty's readers who would wish to meet him face to face need only go to George Eliot, who has well pictured him in Tito Melema, or still better go to Diderot, who has drawn him in all his ghastly hideousness in "Rameau's Nephew."

Far removed as I am in ideas of what constitutes justice and truth from such men as Dr. McGlynn, Father Huntington, and William Morris, I feel myself much more closely bound to them by that common bond of human sympathy which connects all those who are working in a similar cause,—for, however much we may differ, they as well as I are seeking to discover what is *right*,—than I do to such wretches as Wordsworth Donisthorpe, whose ideas bear a hideous resemblance to my own,—a wretch who recognizes no right but might, and argues that men are as fit objects of prey as whitebait. And yet it is of such men, we are informed, according to the new doctrine, that Anarchy expects to make her converts. My friends, my friends, have you completely lost your heads? Cannot you see that without morality, without the recognition of others' rights, Anarchy, in any other than the vulgar sense, could not last a single day?

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

[The same facts and considerations which influenced me not to renew my discussion upon this subject with John F. Kelly govern me here also. Therefore I shall not go into the merits of the question. Besides, it is needless to do so, for I conceive that the tone of Miss Kelly's article, when placed in contrast with the dignity and evident self-command which she has shown in almost everything else she has written, is sufficient indication of the weakness of her present position. Nevertheless she has made several incidental statements which call for explanation and correction. In the first place, as to the extract from Clifford. Some one's memory is at fault here,—either mine or another's. John F. Kelly sent me a letter containing a quotation from Clifford. I supposed it to be a private letter, as it related to the subject of Egoism, about which we were engaged in private correspondence. Nevertheless I asked him if he desired me to print the extract in Liberty. In his answer he expressed no preference about it, simply telling me to follow my own choice in the matter. As I had no desire to print it unless he wished it to appear, I did not print it. That is my recollection of the affair. Perhaps I am wrong. If so, I should like to be set right. In any case it borders on the ridiculous to accuse me of desiring to suppress anything of this sort after I have placed columns on columns of space in this paper at the disposal of the moralists in which to defend their ideas as they deem best. And they can have columns more if they want them, and print Clifford to their hearts' content. It is equally ridiculous to charge that I "dare not openly champion Tak Kak," though I do in private. In my comments on one of Mr. Kelly's articles I have stated my position in as unmistakable language as I could put together, and that which I declare in private does not differ from it. I do not think that Tak Kak would shrink from the submission of all that he has written, over whatever signature, to the "deadly parallel column"; nevertheless I do not know to what Miss Kelly refers. So far as I know, Tak Kak has published nothing over his own name. Where Miss Kelly finds her warrant for the patronizing tone in which she discusses Mr. Yarros is not made plain. Both she and Mr. Yarros are persons of exceptionally keen intellect; both are unusually well-read and well-

informed. Is it possible that her confident assumption of superiority is founded solely upon the fact that she is Mr. Yarros's elder—by one year? So much for incidentals. As for the main question, I am content to leave it—for today at any rate—in the minds of Liberty's readers as it stands. On the other hand, if any of the disputants have anything further to offer, I shall be equally content to listen.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Miss Kelly,—the Young and the Old.

To the Editor of Liberty:

My egoism does not prevent me from either feeling or giving expression to deep and sincere regret at the lamentable signs of intellectual feebleness and decline transpiring in Miss Kelly's curious letter. When she was "younger," she chiefly relied upon reason, logic, and facts for the support of her views; now all that is replaced by assertion, assumption, presumption, denunciation, and exhortation. This has as little effect on me as her professions of scorn and contempt for my personality, which, I may remark parenthetically, are insincere, for it is generally understood that persons held in contempt are neither paid much attention to nor "warned with all the earnestness of which one is capable."

Miss Kelly makes some philosophical observations concerning the services of disciples in general and my carrying my masters' ("Tak and Tucker") doctrines to sublime heights of absurdity in particular, in which she is guilty of a misapplication in the first place, and an arbitrary and baseless assumption in the second. Far from carrying the Egoistic doctrine to extremes, what I stated was merely the very first and fundamental assertion of the doctrine. If Miss Kelly can demonstrate that people do, as a matter of fact, or ought to do, anything for any other reason than the pleasure which they find in, or expect of, the act, she cannot possibly render her own cause any greater service than by undertaking the task forthwith. Names, however, even such as "wretch," are no argument. As to my discipleship, historical accuracy requires it of me to inform her that "Tak, Tucker," and Stirner have only strengthened and more fully developed the ideas which I had learned a number of years ago in a tongue unknown to her and from writers whose names she would much easier spell than pronounce.

I fail to discover any kinship between the "greatest happiness of the greatest number" doctrine, which was the result of a clumsy attempt at constructing an artificial system of morality, and the doctrine of Egoism, which rejects all systems of morality and makes reason the sole guide of the individual and personal happiness his only object. Nor has Miss Kelly succeeded in convincing me that the religious spirit is a thing to be cherished and respected. I have only her word for it, and, though she is so much older and wiser than I am, it is impossible for me to accept her view without proof, for which I shall be waiting.

There is no danger of my finding Anarchism ridiculous and abandoning it,—at least, no more than there is of my ever losing the pleasant habit of occasionally enjoying a glass of good, fresh lager beer. I work for Anarchy because the work is a source of pleasure to me. But on the part of Miss Kelly there is such danger. Not being able to answer the whitebait argument, she seeks refuge in the company of Father Huntington and Dr. McGlynn. Human sympathy is an excellent thing, but you can't make it the foundation of justice, as a friend of mine, then a young lady of Hoboken, showed in a very fine article entitled, "Self-Interest, Not Love, the Foundation of Justice," two years or so ago in a certain Boston paper called Liberty. Perhaps if Miss Kelly reads that, and some other things, and dispassionately considers the position of the Egoists, she will realize her errors.

V. YARROS.

Opinions of That "Wretch," Spinoza.

[Treatise on Politics.]

By the right of nature I understand the laws of nature themselves, or the rules according to which all things happen,—that is, the power itself of nature; and thus the natural right of all nature, and consequently of every single individual, extends just so far as his power extends; and therefore whatever any and every man does according to the laws of his nature, he does by the highest right of nature, and he has only so much right over nature as his power avails.

If therefore human nature were so constituted that men lived solely in accordance with the precepts of reason, and aimed at nothing else, the law of nature, in as far as it is considered as belonging to the human race, would be determined by the power of reason alone. But men are more led by blind desire than by reason, and therefore the natural power or right of men must be determined, not by reason, but by the appetite, whatever it may be, by which they are impelled to action, and by which they strive to conserve themselves. I confess, indeed, that those desires which do not spring from reason are not so much human actions as passions. But, as we are treating of the universal power or right of nature, we can here recognize no difference between the desires which spring from reason, and those which arise within us from other causes: since the latter, no less than

the former, are effects of nature, and express the natural force by which Man strives to continue in his being. For man, whether wise or ignorant, is a portion of nature, and all that by which any one is determined to action must be ascribed to the power of nature, in as far as this can be defined by the nature of this or of that man. For man, whether led by reason or merely by desire, does nothing but in accordance with the laws and rules of nature,—that is, does nothing but in accordance with natural right.

We conclude that it is not in the power of every man always to use reason, and to stand on the highest pinnacle of human freedom; and that nevertheless every one, as far as in him lies, strives to conserve his being, and (as every one has only so much right as he has might) every one, whether wise or ignorant, in whatever he strives and acts, by the highest right of nature so strives and acts. Whence it follows that the right and institution of nature under which all men are born and for the most part live forbid nothing except what is included in no one's desire and ability, that they condemn neither contentions, nor hatreds, nor anger, nor frauds, nor absolutely anything which appetite solicits. Nor is this wonderful. For nature is not bounded by the laws of human reason, which have in view nothing but the real benefit and conservation of men, but by infinite other laws, which have regard to the eternal order of universal nature, of which man is only a small part, all individuals by the sole necessity of that order being determined in a certain mode to exist and to operate. Whatever therefore in nature seems to us ridiculous, absurd, or bad, is so because we see things only in part, and are in a great measure ignorant of the order and connection of universal nature, and because we wish that all things should be directed according to the inculcations of our reason, whereas what reason declares to be bad is not bad in relation to the order and laws of universal nature, but only in relation to the laws of our own nature.

Besides, it follows that every one is so long under the right of another as he is under the might of another, and is under his own right in so far as he is able to repel all force, to revenge as seems best to him any injury he has suffered, and, in general, to live in such a way as is most agreeable to his disposition.

One man has another man in his power when he keeps him in chains, or takes from him arms and the means of defence or of flight, or inspires him with fear, or so binds him to himself by benefits conferred that the person obliged prefers complying with the humor and living according to the opinion of his benefactor to following his own impulses and convictions. He who has another in his power in the first or second manner possesses his body only, but not his mind; in the third or fourth manner, however, he possesses his mind as well as his body; yet no longer than while fear or hope continues; either of which being removed, the subject man comes under his own right.

The faculty of judging also can only so far be under the control of another as it is possible for the mind to be deceived by another. From which it follows that the mind is only so far its own master as it can use reason aright. And inasmuch as human power must not be estimated by strength of body, but by fortitude of mind, it hence follows that those are most their own masters who most excel in reason, and are most guided by it; and therefore I call a man perfectly free in so far as he is guided by reason, because in so far as he is determined to action by causes which by his nature, and without going beyond it, can be adequately understood, though he is necessarily determined to action by them. For liberty does not remove the necessity of action, but posits it.

A promise given to another, by which merely in words some one agrees to do this or that which according to his right he could omit or the contrary, remains valid only so long as his will who has given the promise does not change. For he who has the power of dispensing with his promise has not in reality ceded his right, but he has merely spoken certain words. If, therefore, he who by the right of nature is his own judge believes that from the promise given more harm than benefit would flow, he deems in accordance with the opinion of his mind that the promise must be dispensed with, and by the right of nature he dispenses with it accordingly.

If two persons agree together to unite their energies, they, thus united, have more power, and consequently have more right over nature, than if each of them were alone, and the greater the number who thus join their needs and strengths so much the more right will they altogether have.

In so far as men are brought into conflict by anger, envy, or any other feeling of hatred, in so far as they are driven in divers directions and are opposed to each other; and are the more to be dreaded the more they excel the other animals in power, cunning, and sagacity; and, because men for the most part are liable by nature to passions, men are thus by nature enemies. For he is my greatest enemy whom I have most to dread, and against whom I have chiefly to guard.

Since, however, every one, in a natural state, is so long his own master as he can protect himself from the oppression of another, and since one alone would try in vain to protect himself against all, it hence follows that as long as the right of men is determined by every one singly and belongs to every one singly, so long it is no right at all, but exists rather

in idea than in reality, as there is no security for its maintenance. And it is certain that every one has so much the less power, and consequently so much the less right, the more he has cause to be in fear. To which is to be added that without mutual assistance men can scarcely sustain their life and cultivate their mind; and thus we conclude that the right of nature which belongs to the human race can scarcely be conceived except where men have common rights and unite in the defence of a territory so as to be able to inhabit and cultivate it, to repel every attack, and to live according to arrangements to which all have consented. For the more they thus unite themselves, so much the more right have they all together; and if the scholastics, for the reason that men in a natural state are scarcely able to maintain their rights, are disposed to conclude that man is a social animal, I have no wish to contradict them or ground for doing so.

From what we have stated in this chapter it is evident that in a state of nature there cannot be any sin, or, if any one sin, he sins against himself and not against others; for by the right of nature no one, unless willing, is bound to seek the pleasure or obey the commands of another, or to consider anything as good or bad except what by his own perception he finds to be good or evil; and by the right of nature nothing is absolutely prohibited except what no one is able to do. . . . If men were constrained by the institution of nature to be led by reason, then all would necessarily be led by reason. . . . But men are chiefly led by appetite without reason, and yet they do not disturb, but follow, the order of nature; and therefore the man of weak and ignorant mind is no more bound by the right of nature to conduct his life wisely than the man suffering from disease is bound to be sound in body.

As therefore, strictly considered, sin and obedience cannot be conceived of except under a government, it is the same with justice and injustice. For there is nothing in nature of which it can be said that it belongs to one person and not to another, for all things belong to all who have the power to maintain their claim to them. But in a commonwealth, where by common right it is decreed what belongs to one person and what to another,* he is called just who has the steadfast will to give to every one what belongs to him; he, on the other hand, unjust who endeavors to appropriate what is another's.

Besides, I have shown in my *Ethics* that praise and blame are emotions of joy and grief, accompanied by the idea of human virtue† or of human weakness as cause.

Right is determined by Might alone.

* Instead of this the Anarchistic Egoist would say: "But in a voluntary association, where by common consent some general principle of property is agreed upon as most conducive to social order and therefore to the happiness of each,—as, for instance, that the laborer should be left unmolested in the possession of the fruits of his labor or whatever he freely exchanges therefor,—he is called just," etc.—EDITOR LIBERTY.

† It is evident that the word virtue here is used to signify strength simply.—EDITOR LIBERTY.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 2.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1887.

Whole No. 106.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The fourth volume of Liberty ended with No. 104. Those desiring bound copies uniform with the preceding volumes can procure them of me at two dollars each, and should send in their orders at once.

It is but a few weeks since Dyer D. Lum expressed his indignation in this paper because I accused him of sometimes arraying himself in favor of authority. Since then he has given my charge fresh justification. In an article in the "Catholic World" for August he declares that to avoid Communism and State Socialism "but two methods remain,—either to return to the moralization of capital by just laws, associating duties with rights, or proceed Niagaraward by an indefinite extension of liberty, proclaim the gospel of selfish individualism and social anarchy." By these words Mr. Lum plainly asserts that perfect liberty is a plunge over Niagara. If the editor of the "Catholic World" has put words in Mr. Lum's mouth that he never uttered, Mr. Lum should promptly expose him. But if the words are really Mr. Lum's, he merits much severer criticism than that of which he so recently complained.

In a speech before the New York Anti-Poverty Society on July 24 Dr. McGlynn quoted the advice of Jesus to the young man, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," and added: "Now, those who accept Jesus of Nazareth as their Lord and Master . . . can not dispute His word that tells us it is more perfect not to possess individual wealth, but to sell all that we have and give to the poor." If this is the case, what becomes of the free competition and the wage-system in which George pretends to believe? What becomes of McGlynn's talk only two weeks later, to the effect that he wanted no foreign Socialism, no Communism, but simply American individualism? Or, on the other hand, if the economic teaching of George and McGlynn is to be accepted, what becomes of Jesus's advice, and what of George's claim that the land-tax movement is a restoration of the Christian religion? Of two things one: either these men are possessed of no logical faculty, and so lend their rhetorical faculty to the presentation of the first thought that comes to their minds; or else they are sailing under false colors in order to win support from all classes. In either case it is unsafe to place any confidence in them as public teachers.

In the death of Katkoff, the Russian journalist who for years has been so zealous a champion of the Czar's absolutist policy, finding it even too mild, the revolution of the nineteenth century loses one of its most notoriously bitter enemies. Every one who appreciates the importance of perfect social conditions must regard such men as Katkoff as obstacles to progress, and consequently cannot put on mourning when they die. Though I have never placed a high estimate on the character of Henri Rochefort's Socialism (admiring only the brilliancy and vigor with which he has attacked its enemies), I scarcely expected that he would ever openly place his patriotism above it. But he has done so. When Katkoff died, Rochefort's journal joined with the rest of the press of France in a most exaggerated tribute of praise, simply because Katkoff hated Germany and had warmly advocated a Russo-

French alliance against that country. And when Kropotkin wrote him a letter of protest, reminding him that "for twenty-four years there had not been a single honest movement in Russia, not a single man or journal of the slightest liberality, of which Katkoff had not been a deadly enemy," Rochefort printed but one or two short extracts, and in a leader declared that Frenchmen, even revolutionary Frenchmen, must see in Katkoff, not the pitiless foe of the revolution, but the enemy of Bismarck. The famous pamphleteer's attitude in this matter suffers by contrast with that of one of his editorial staff, Benoit Malon, who blames Katkoff for the persecution of Tchernychevsky, and says, after summing up his evil career: "M. Katkoff was an inexorable reactionary; he was not one of us. Let the dead bury their dead."

Land Occupancy and Its Conditions.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Your reply of July 16, 1887, to my letter is not at all satisfactory to me. I cannot with my best endeavor harmonize your statement: "I am convinced, however, that the abolition of the money monopoly and the refusal of protection to all land titles *except those of occupiers* would . . . reduce this evil to a very small fraction of its present proportions" (the italics are mine), with your opposition to all government. The natural inference of your statement is that you are in favor of protecting the occupier of land. Who is to give this protection? who is to wield this authority? As regards the application of authority, I can see a distinction in degree only, none in principle, between the tacit, unwritten agreement of an uncultured tribe to ostracise the thief and wrong-doer and the despotic government of a tyrannical autocrat. Without authority of some kind rights cannot exist. The right of undisturbed possession, called ownership, is invariably the result of an agreement, by which all others not only abstain from taking possession, but even give assistance, socially or physically, should anyone trespass this agreement. But just therein consists the authority which the strong exercise over the weak, or the many over the few. In my opinion there can be no objection to such agreements, or laws, when they are strictly based upon equity,—nay, they are the necessary basis of order and civilization; they are, in fact, my ideal of a government. Only when they favor one class at the expense of another, when they are inequitable, can they become the instrument of oppression, and some men will find it to their supposed advantage to support such laws by fair or unfair means, most frequently by making use of the ignorance and superstition of the masses, who are known to fly to arms and shed their blood even for the most tyrannical dictator.

I understand you to favor the ownership of land based upon occupancy. You believe that under absolute individual freedom all men will abstain from disturbing the occupier of land in his possession. To this view I take exception. The choice spots will be coveted by others, and it is not human nature to relinquish any advantage without a sufficient cause. If you say, the occupiers of these choice spots *should* be left undisturbed possessors without paying an equivalent for the special advantage they enjoy, you will find many of contrary opinion who must be coerced to this agreement. Egoism, when coupled with the knowledge that iniquity must inevitably lead to revolution, will accept as a most equitable condition that in which the recipient of the necessary protection pays to the protector the value of the right of undisturbed possession; in which he returns to those who agree to abandon to him a special natural or local advantage its full value—i. e., the unearned increment—as a compensation for the grant of the right of ownership.

The defence of occupying ownership of land seems to me at a par with the frequent retort to money reformers that everybody has an equal right to become a banker or a capitalist. An equitable relation will be prevented by the natural limitation of land in one, by the artificial limitation of the medium of exchange in the other case. You may perhaps have reason to object to applying the rent, after it has been

collected, in the manner suggested by Henry George, but I fail to see how you can reasonably oppose the collection of rent for the purpose of an equitable distribution.

EGOIST.

[Egoist's acquaintance with Liberty is of comparatively recent date, but it is hard to understand how he could have failed to find out from it that in opposing all government it so defines the word as to exclude the very thing which Egoist considers ideal government. It has been stated in these columns I know not how many times that government, Archism, invasion, are used here as equivalent terms; that whoever invades, individual or State, governs and is an Archist; and that whoever defends against invasion, individual or voluntary association, opposes government and is an Anarchist. Now, a voluntary association doing equity would not be an invader, but a defender against invasion, and might include in its defensive operations the protection of the occupiers of land. With this explanation, does Egoist perceive any lack of harmony in my statements? Assuming, then, protection by such a method, occupiers would be secure, no matter how covetous others might be. But now the question recurs: What is equity in the matter of land occupancy? I admit at once that the enjoyment by individuals of increment which they do not earn is not equity. On the other hand, I insist that the confiscation of such increment by the State (not a voluntary association) and its expenditure for public purposes, while it might be a little nearer equity practically in that the benefits would be enjoyed (after a fashion) by a larger number of persons, would be exactly as far from it theoretically, inasmuch as the increment no more belongs equally to the public at large than to the individual land-holder, and would still be a long way from it even practically, for the minority, not being allowed to spend its share of the increment in its own way, would be just as truly robbed as if not allowed to spend it at all. A voluntary association in which the land-holders should consent to contribute the increment to the association's treasury, and in which all the members should agree to settle the method of its disposition by ballot, would be equitable enough, but would be a short-sighted, wasteful, and useless complication. A system of occupying ownership, however, accompanied by no legal power to collect rent, but coupled with the abolition of the State-guaranteed monopoly of money, thus making capital readily available, would distribute the increment naturally and quietly among its rightful owners. If it should not work perfect equity, it would at least effect a sufficiently close approximation to it, and without trespassing at all upon the individualities of any. Spots are "choice" now very largely because of monopoly, and those which, under a system of free land and free money, should still remain choice for other reasons would shed their benefits upon all, just in the same way that choice countries, under free trade, will, as Henry George shows, make other countries more prosperous. When people see that such would be the result of this system, it is hardly likely that many of them will have to be coerced into agreeing to it. I see no point to Egoist's analogy in the first sentence of his last paragraph, unless he means to deny the right of the individual to become a banker. A more pertinent analogy would be a comparison of the George scheme for the confiscation of rent with a system of individual banking of which the State should confiscate the profits.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 105.

160. It is now calamitous for any person to be thrown out of his particular occupation for several reasons, all of which either relate directly to the operations of the Value Principle, or indirectly to it, through the general want of the Adaptation of Supply to Demand, which is occasioned by it.

161. The principal of these are: 1. Because *when one avenue to industry is closed another is not opened*, as would be the case if supply and demand were accurately adjusted; and hence *apparently* there is not enough labor for all. In the existing order, or rather disorder of commerce, there is what is called over-production. More of a given article seems to be produced than is wanted, which is shown by the fact that it cannot be disposed of in the market at any price. With all the irregularities of existing commerce this seldom happens. The evil does not generally go beyond the reduction of price. When it does, it is because there is now no provisory means of adjusting supply and demand. The producer cannot know beforehand, for example, precisely how many persons are engaged in rearing the particular kind of fruit which he cultivates, what number of trees they have, the amount of fruit annually consumed in the city where they find their market, etc. But although the workings of the law of supply and demand are not pointed out to him beforehand, the law is sure to work, nevertheless. It is inflexible as the law of the Medes and Persians. It will punish the error, although it did not prevent it. The over-supply may happen one year, but it will not happen the second and the third years. The persons employed in that kind of production will find their way into other pursuits. In a country which should prohibit all change of pursuits, that remedy would not exist. The evil would have to go on, or be remedied by the starvation of the producer of the given article. In America, where the avenues to every pursuit are more open than elsewhere, the remedy is more speedy than elsewhere. Under the reign of Equity, the evil would not exist, because *there would be a provisory adjustment of the supply to the demand*, and, if it did occur, the remedy would be immediate, because *ALL avenues to ALL pursuits would be open to ALL* by means of that adjustment, and the general preparedness of all to change rapidly their pursuits, together with the general prevalence of coöperation. (163.)

Still there is, in the nature of things, and apart from the workings of any particular system, a limit to the demand for every article. When that demand is supplied, must not the demand for labor cease? Certainly, for the production of more of that particular article. We have seen, however, that that labor will go into different avenues, — that is, into the production of other articles. If the question is, whether all the wants of all mankind will not be so completely supplied that there will be no occasion for further labor, the answer is three-fold. First, so soon as the labor ceased, consumption would reproduce the wants and the demand. Secondly, if this were partially so, it would only give additional leisure for mental improvement and other means of enjoyment to all mankind by emancipating them so far from the necessity of labor. Thirdly, the wants of human beings are infinite. As the lower wants are supplied higher wants are developed. So soon as men and women have ordinary food, clothing, and shelter, they demand luxuries, and these of a higher and still higher class. The gratification of every taste creates a new demand. It is impossible, therefore, that the demand for human labor, and for all the labor which can be given, should ever cease. Hence there is no such thing possible as a real over-stocking of the world with labor, or the products of labor. There is no such thing possible as a real dearth of labor to be performed. With all the avenues continually open, there will then always be a demand for all the labor that any body is ready to perform, even down to the inferior and lowest grades of skill. It will be still more clearly shown, in treating of the remaining results of the Cost Principle, how, under the true system, the avenues to every pursuit will be open to every individual at all times without artificial obstacles, and how there will be at all times labor enough for all. (213.)

162. 2. Because, *when avenues are open to new pursuits, men and women are not now prepared to avail themselves of them*. This unpreparedness results from their wretchedly cramped and insufficient industrial education. This results again from speculation. Men now strive, on all hands, to monopolize those occupations which are most profitable, and hence to exclude others from acquiring the necessary knowledge to enable them to enter them. Hence there results from the value or profit-making principle a general embargo on knowledge, and the reduction of all classes to narrowness of information and general ignorance. Information in any trade or pursuit is made a means of speculation. Hence the barbarous system of seven-years' apprenticeships, and other similar absurdities. Hence, when men and women are thrown out of any particular occupation to which they have been bred and moulded, they are fitted for nothing but pauperism. Under the operation of the Cost Principle all this will be reversed. Every member of the community will be a MAN or a WOMAN, competent to do various things, — not a mere appendage to a trade, carrying from the cradle to the grave the badge of servitude in the degrading appellation of tailor, weaver, shoemaker, joiner, and the like. Now, shops are fenced in, locked and bolted, to keep out intruders and shut up the information contained in them. Trades are hedged in by the absurd and barbarous system based on Value. Men who have knowledge of any kind hoard it. They look, unnaturally, upon those who would learn of them as if they were enemies. As the result, the avenues to different occupations are everywhere obstructed by artificial obstacles. Then information of all sorts will be freely given to all. Suggestions will be made on all hands, aiding every one to enter that career in which he can most benefit, not himself only, but the whole public. In a word, all the avenues to every occupation will be thrown completely open to all, and all knowledge be freely furnished to all at the mere cost of the labor of communicating it, measured, like any labor, by its repugnance only.

163. VII.—*The Value Principle renders the invention of new machinery a widespread calamity, instead of a universal blessing*. The hostility so generally felt by laboring men to new inventions is not without reason. It is certainly true that machinery is a great benefit to mankind at large, and that in the aggregate and in the long run it improves the condition even of laboring men as a class. But it is equally true, on the other hand, that every invention of a labor-saving process is, under the present arrangements of society, an immediate individual misfortune, and frequently nothing less than ruin and starvation to a large number of individuals of that class. This result comes from the causes stated above, which render

it impossible for the laborer to pass rapidly and harmoniously from one occupation to another, and from the monopoly of the immediate benefits of the saving secured by the machine, by capital, and all these again from profit-making, or the operation of the Value Principle. It is the same with competition and machinery. Competition, even in the present order of things, is productive of far more good than evil, looking to the aggregate and the long run, while it is ruinous and destructive immediately and individually. Under the new order both will become purely harmonic and beneficent. (208, 243.)

164. This catalogue of the deleterious results of the false principle of trade might and should be extended, and the details expanded beyond what the limits of this work will allow. The reader will add, for himself, the monopolizing of natural wealth, the perversion of skill to the shamming or adulteration of every species of commodity, the waste of time and exertion in detecting and defeating frauds and cheats, the general want of economy in the production of wealth, the cost of convicting and punishing criminals, constructing poor-houses and prisons, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.

It must suffice here to affirm that out of these several consequences of the operation of the Value Principle results that complicated system of injustice, discord, distrust, and repulsion which have usurped the place of the spirit of peace, order, and social harmony, and which characterizes, in the most eminent degree, in the midst of their success, the most commercial and prosperous nations. The comparison of the present is not to be instituted however, mainly, with any condition of society prior to the commercial age, since different manifestations of the want of equity have characterized them also. The exhibition of relations of truth in human intercourse could not precede the discovery of the principles according to which such relations must be adjusted.

165. The operation of the Cost Principle reverses every one of the consequences which I have pointed out or intimated as the legitimate fruits of the principle which now governs the property relations of mankind. In the next chapter we shall return to the consideration of the results of the true principle.

CHAPTER V.

MENTAL LABOR RAISED IN PRICE.

166. The next result of the Cost Principle is one which is not less diverse from the operations of existing commerce or society, although its essential justice may to many minds be more obvious, — namely, that according to it *the more ordinary and menial kinds of labor will be usually paid best*. This result follows from the fact that all pursuits are paid according to their repugnance, and there is less in the inferior grades of labor to commend them to the taste and render them attractive. This result is qualified by the statement that such labor is *usually* paid best, because it is not always so. Severe mental labor may be more toilsome, painful, and repugnant than any corporeal labor whatever, and consequently *cost* more. This point will be more fully stated hereafter, in referring to the tax of different occupations upon different faculties. Besides, very little judgment can be formed from the present ideas upon the subject as to what kinds of labor will be regarded, under the operation of true principles, as inferior to, or more menial than others.

167. It is certain that every species of industry will be relatively very much elevated by the mere fact of being appropriately rewarded, and still more so by the consequent prevalence of more rational notions in relation to the dignity of labor. The principle here asserted merely amounts to this, — that whatever kinds of labor actually have in them the greatest amount of drudgery, from any cause, even from the whims and prejudices of society against them, and which are therefore most repugnant, will be best paid. The contrary is true now. Such labors are the most scantily paid. Consequently the more work or burden there is in any occupation, the less pay. There is such an obvious want of equity in this that the mere statement of the fact condemns it. Yet the common associations and habits of thought are so completely overturned by the idea of boot-blackening, street-cleaning, washing, scrubbing, etc., being paid higher prices than painting, sculpture, forensic oratory, and the largest commercial transactions, as they might, and probably would be, under the application of repugnance or cost as the measure of price, that the mind hesitates to admit the conclusion that such is the dictate of simple Equity. The principle of Equity is, nevertheless, clear and self-evident; and while the principle is admitted, the conclusion is inevitable.

168. The first resort of an illogical and determined opposition to this conclusion is to fly off from the principle to the consequences of the conclusion upon the condition and interests of society. These, as they address themselves to the mind of a superficial observer, are repugnant, and even disastrous to the general good. A closer inspection, however, and especially a more comprehensive conception of all the changed conditions of society which will grow out of the operation of the Cost Principle, will reverse that opinion, and furnish an illustration of the fact that a true principle may always be trusted to work out true and harmonious results. The objections deduced from these supposed consequences require, however, to be noticed.

169. These objections are chiefly the following: It is objected, in the first place, that the effect of this system of remuneration would be to banish refinement, by placing those persons having less elevated tastes in the possession of the greater wealth, and those having more elevated tastes in the possession of less.

This is substantially the same objection which is urged by aristocracies generally against educating and improving the condition of the common people. It makes the assumption that the whole people are not susceptible of refinement, which is assuming too much. The objection draws its force chiefly from the existing state of society, the prevailing great inequalities in the distribution of wealth, and the general degradation of the masses consequent thereon. The result of the operation of the Cost Principle, or of the reign of Equity, will be an immense augmentation of the aggregate of wealth, and a far greater approach to equality in its distribution. It will be, in fact, the abolition of poverty, and the installation of general abundance and security of condition. The particular modes in which these results will be attained will be referred to under other heads.

170. Consequently, in the state of society growing legitimately out of the operation of Equity, refinement, so far as that depends on the possession of wealth, will be, so to speak, the inheritance of all, and any objection, to be valid, should be taken within the circle of the new principles, — not drawn from a system of society quite alien to them.

171. Various calculations, and some actual experiments, go to establish the position that, if the laborer enjoyed the full results of his own labor in immediate products or equivalents of cost, *two hours of labor a day* would be ample to supply the ordinary wants of the individual, — that is, to bring his condition up to the average standard of comfort, — even without the benefits of labor-saving machinery or the economies of the large scale. With those extraordinary benefits the time necessary for such a result will be very much reduced; if it would not seem extravagant, I should say to one half hour's labor a day, — such being the nearest result at which calculation can arrive from such data as can now be obtained. The re-

maining time of the Individual would then be at his disposition for providing a higher grade of luxury, for mental improvement and amusement, and for laying up accumulations of wealth as a provision for sickness, old age, the indulgence of benevolence, taste, etc. Of course all calculations of this sort must be merely approximative. The terms used are too indefinite to render them more than that, even if the degree of saving, by a true arrangement of the production and distribution of wealth, could be rendered definite, comfort, luxury, etc., being always, in a great measure, relative to the individual. The estimate here stated, however, is the result of extensive investigations, made by different individuals, and in different countries, and of considerable actual experiment, the particulars of which will be stated elsewhere, and, as an approximation, it is believed that it is not very far from correct. The reason why this two hours of labor is now augmented to ten, twelve, fourteen, and even sixteen hours for those who labor, and even then without resulting in ordinary comfort, are of the same kind as those which have already been stated why others cannot procure labor at all, and such as have been shown to be the legitimate results of the Value Principle. It is, in one word, because the state of society begotten of that principle is, as has been affirmed, a state of latent but universal war, and because all war is an exhausting drain upon peaceful industry. The men and women who work have now to support, ordinarily, not one individual each, but many, including the wealthy and speculating classes, the paupers, those who are thrown temporarily out of labor, the armies and navies, the officials, and, worse than all, those whose labor is now misapplied and wasted through the general antagonism and conflict of interests. Let any thinking person take passage, for example, upon a steamboat, and find himself plied by a dozen or twenty newsboys, each urging him to the purchase of the same newspapers; let him reflect that all the passengers present might have been as well served by one boy, and that this waste of human exertion is merely one sample out of thousands of a general or pervading system of the bestowment of labor to no useful purpose.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 105.

Languishing melodies, just whispered, took wing in the darkness; they were interrupted by interludes at the end of a phrase; and if some sentinel, some spy, had fixed his ear to the door of the dungeon, the sadness of a sigh, the despair of a sob, would have been heard in the interval of silence.

Treor, in truth, who had been among the first to fall, fainting, on the battle-field, among the dead and dying, under the avalanche of blows from the blind soldiery, not seriously wounded, but suffering from a considerable loss of blood, was ignorant of Marian's fate.

Vainly had he questioned on the subject the soldiers who daily brought him his piece of bread and refilled his pitcher of water: none took sufficient pity on his misery to deign to open their teeth; and thinking that, if the dear child had escaped the hecatomb, she would be roaming in the vicinity of Cumslen-Park to endeavor to communicate with him, for several nights, at the hour when all noise was hushed, when the steps of the benumbed sentinels resounded no more on the ground hardened by the cold, he had been calling the name of his granddaughter, but without evoking any other response than that of the echo.

So, when one of his guards, appearing at last to become more human, believed he might assure him, without more details, that Marian lived, it occurred to him at once that with his violin a call could doubtless be made to reach her, who evidently was not wandering about in the darkness. He would play in full daylight, and not only would she learn in that way of his existence, of which she perhaps despaired, but he could talk with her, so much like speech were the phrases on the magic instrument modulated.

But what a mad dream for a prisoner to aspire to the possession of this violin to charm his captivity, from which they would probably take him, some morning not far off, to lead him through the mist to the foot of a scaffold, where they would hoist him without other form of trial.

But suddenly one of the soldiers, a rough fellow, who watched over him after the fashion of a hairy bear, was replaced by a recruit, a conscript, very delicate and well-bred, who showed a filial attention to the old man, and declared himself chosen by Lady Ellen to alleviate the confinement of the Irishman.

The Duchess, according to him, was not so black as Treor believed her. She shared the hatred of her race for the conquered, but only so far as they revolted, lifted their heads again, and showed themselves dangerous. She considered it cowardice, monstrosity, to strike them to the earth; she was violently angry with Sir Bradwell on account of his rage for cruelty on the battle-field, and this was the motive which now made her compassionate.

She certainly would not open the doors of the jail, but she thought it odious to accumulate torments there, to make the old man suffer from hunger, from the *ennui* radiating from the walls, from the spleen oozing from these tombs.

Hunger mattered little to the old man; his piece of bread sufficed to sustain him; he refused every addition, however modest, to his repast; he had braved the *ennui*; the spleen did not come to him from the walls, from the darkness, from the rising dampness, but from the lack of news of his brothers in arms, of his granddaughter. Was she dead, a prisoner? Were the others conquered? Was the revolution subdued?

Ah! it was nearly all up with the insurrection, alas! but after the defeat and the dispersion of the French fleet, he foresaw it. There remained the question of Marian; as to that, the soldier possessed no information.

He professed to make inquiries, but could get no information anywhere, even among the few peasants who had escaped the carnage; and when the bolts were drawn, the old man wept all the bitter tears of his heart. It was certain that only his violin could procure for him any information about his granddaughter, and he did not deem it beneath his dignity as a conquered man to solicit of his jailers the favor of obtaining the instrument.

At first the Duchess made an ostensible opposition to this request so contrary to the rules, and for which every one would censure her; then she changed her mind and gave the required authorization, planning her course if the Duke, then absent, should be angry on his return. But how could the violin, now that they thought of it, be recovered from the ashes of Treor's house, in ashes itself, an impalpable powder which the wind must have scattered to all points of the compass?

By a miracle, which often occurs in the most frightful fires, William Bloch, the soldier who so pitied the sorrows of the old man, found it, however, under the rubbish in its scorched box, touched only in places by the flames. An intelligent and providential fall of joists and plaster-work, forming a sufficient excavation, had preserved it from ruin and disaster. And as soon as it was given to him, without an instant's delay, the distracted grandfather, with a bow on which was

stretched his soul, made the vessel of wood which he humanized give forth his wail, his mortal anxiety, and his prayer to Marian to inform the prisoner if she, his adored darling, still lived.

Then, suddenly, he stopped, full of dread, wishing to break the violin, even grasping the bow in his knotty fingers, as if to break it in pieces as his accomplice in a fatal imprudence to which Marian, thus summoned, betraying her presence in the vicinity, might fall a victim.

Evidently, if she still lived and was concealing herself, it was from Sir Bradwell, from her dreadful lover who was capable of the most revolting brutalities.

But William again reassured him: he confided to him what was generally whispered about,—that Sir Richard, recaptured by the Duchess, did not trouble himself any more about the young girl, and that Lady Ellen would not let him be preoccupied.

So Treor kept up his diurnal and nocturnal appeals; but with no response save the north wind, the dogs who howled lugubriously at this music which enervated them, some fox in the far-away woods, the birds frightened away from the towers, the sad cooing of the turtle-doves, or the sullen and cross command of a sentinel to be silent, brought to him with an oath by some swearing soldier.

For a time he would be silent; then he would begin again, deadening the tones of the violin; but in this way Marian, if she were at some distance, would not hear, just as he would not hear her if she addressed to him only encouraging words made faint by space.

Then the idea came to him of the hasheesh which developed the senses, and, to sharpen his hearing, he contemplated procuring some, but immediately renounced this unpleasant project, dreading, if he succumbed to the temptation, the consequences, the allurements, the abuse, the annihilation of his energy, the destruction of his courage to endure captivity, the substitution of cowardice therefor, and the lasting stain of compromises with the conquerors.

He positively would not pursue this thought which in its results might become so detestable; but, on the other hand, his desire to communicate with Marian alone was so intense, and this would furnish him a means so efficacious, that a struggle ensued within him, and he at last yielded.

The soldier procured him the hasheesh, which he smoked at first with moderation, without any pleasure, with the sole aim of attaining the desired acuteness of perception; then he used it more largely, lavishly, to the point of mental ecstasies and disturbances, to the point of fits of frenzy in which he raved in his cell like a madman, hurling himself against the walls, which he pretended to overthrow, and falling back again, bruised and bleeding, on the straw, with an empty head and flaccid limbs: awaking at the end of twenty-four hours in a gloomy torpor, he relighted his pipe in a stupefied way and smoked himself into a new intoxication, incapable now of resisting the abominable inclination.

Aware of these crises, expected and provoked by her, the Duchess rejoiced over them, counting, for her designs, on the inert and unconscious cooperation of Treor; and this morning, when, a temptress in her spring toilet, she presented herself to the astonished vision of Sir Newington, ashamed of his night's orgies, she heard with delight the sound of the violin, wishing that the Duke would listen with her to the odd inflections, the strange chant, such as angels or demons by turns, according to its languishing expression, might have uttered in their supernatural spheres.

Newington absolutely detested this caterwauling; but since the incoherent noise pleased Lady Ellen, he tolerated it, especially as this daily absorption of the poison would certainly stupefy the old man, and lead him in the future, if he survived, to preach to the conquered definitive submission to the conquerors.

"Ah! truly, the Duke does not like this music; but it is delightful," said the Duchess, calmly, without fear of displeasing her lord and master, and without laughing; "and I could have begged". . .

"What?"

"With the thousand noises of the going and coming of horses stamping on the pavement and the orders to the soldiers in the neighborhood, at such a distance this music, at times so abominable, but which occasionally takes on softer modulations, escapes me, and I could have begged you to summon the player hither."

And as Newington looked at her, astonished at this whim, and did not at once assent, reflecting that this intruder would arrive inopportunely in the midst of their *tête-à-tête*, Lady Ellen declared that she gave up her wish, but with a pout of her red lips which poorly concealed her vexation.

"Pardon me," said the Duke, gallantly, explaining his egoistic and amorous hesitation, and he rang for a domestic to lead the prisoner in.

Clapping her soft and charming hands, the Duchess rewarded him by extending her wrist for him to kiss, praising his gallantry, thanking him profusely, like a child whose whim has been granted.

"Let them treat the person gently," ordered Newington, "and not irritate him, if he rebels at my orders!"

"Oh!" said Ellen, "he cannot have much will."

"But the susceptibilities of intoxication thus disturbed!"

"To anger?"

"It is possible."

Simulating a sudden terror, she asked:

"In that case there is, perhaps, some danger in his coming?"

"Fear nothing on my account."

"But it is on your account no less than on my own that I am uneasy."

Her alarm appeared really sincere and for the affectionate reason which she pleaded, assuming admirably sentiments far from her own and giving Sir Newington looks filled with conjugal solicitude, and almost with love, which transported him.

"No! no!" she repeated, "countermand the order; I refuse to have the old man taken from his casemate today or ever."

Newington did not consent to this countermand.

"A septuagenarian, debilitated and disarmed!" said he; "you do me little honor if you think that I fear him."

"Without arms!"

"Disarmed! You forget," she continued, "that a weapon is easily concealed in the clothes," and, as the Duke shook his head doubtfully, she added: "Look here! even I have a dagger in my sleeve; why should not the old man have one too?" She pulled out the weapon, and, unsheathing it, brandished it before her husband's chest, feigning an exaggerated attitude of threat.

"Admirable!" exclaimed the Duke, in admiration of her beauty.

She ceased her simulation of murder, being on the watch for Treor's arrival; and Newington, to reassure her completely and not prevail against her judgment by a boldness which he did not exhibit in this case, told her that, with these devils of Irishmen, distrust was the mother of safety, and that as a precaution against traps and treacherous blows, he wore a coat of mail.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, almost as if disappointed, irritated, and inclined to think that the Duke was guilty in this precaution of a cowardice and the treason against which he had forewarned himself.

To be continued.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

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Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 27, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over their signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Education at the Land and Labor Club.

The manifest determination of Henry George to avoid discussion with all who make other than absurd objections to his land theory descends from master to disciples, of which fact striking evidence has lately been seen in this city. For several months Boston has had a Land and Labor Club, consisting of the followers of Henry George and those who fancy themselves such. It has been so energetic in its propaganda as to receive the stamp of warm approval from the "Standard." Every Friday night it holds a meeting, to which the public are invited. A placard is displayed at the door, asking the passer-by to come in. Early in the Club's career it was given out in the columns of the newspapers that the purpose of the weekly meeting was educational and that discussion of the George theory would be in order.

As time went on, however, increasing complaints were heard that any disposition to advance arguments against the taxation of land values was met in no spirit of hospitality, and so it happened that on the night of Friday, August 12, Comrade Yarros, Comrade A. H. Simpson (who has lately changed his residence from Chicago to Boston), and myself paid our first visit to the Club to see if the complaints were well-founded. Our first impression was that they were not, for, after the despatch of the usual preliminary business, a member moved, in answer to the president's call for an address, that Mr. Yarros be asked to speak to the Club for fifteen minutes, and the motion was carried.

But Mr. Yarros had scarcely faced the audience when the first symptom of caution was manifested. A member rose and nervously remarked that he supposed Mr. Yarros understood that the George land theory was the only subject for discussion, and that all speeches must be affirmative or negative thereof. There was every indication of an immediate hubbub over this point, but Mr. Yarros headed it off, and relieved the anxious member, by announcing that he intended to speak solely upon the George theory and in opposition to it. Then, in a perfectly cool and dispassionate manner, he proceeded to develop some of the unanswerable objections to the land tax which he and others have repeatedly urged in Liberty. When his time expired, he had made a very effective speech.

The first response came from an apparently fair-minded gentleman, who failed, nevertheless, to further the discussion, inasmuch as he contented himself with simply reasserting the George doctrine, in blissful ignorance of the breach that had just been made in it. His remarks, however, breathed a spirit of toleration. He was followed by Mr. Simpson, who tried to keep the debate from becoming desultory by pointing out the spots where Mr. Yarros's arguments had taken effect and the necessity of repairing the damage. He then fired a shot or two himself, and sat down.

It was at this point, I think, that a young Russian took the floor and was immediately pounced upon with an inquiry as to which side he intended to espouse. As it was not a debate in which the sides were heard alternately, and as he was not fully convinced of the truth of either side, he objected to declaring himself in advance. Then the fun began. Up jumped an excited member in the body of the hall to declare his sense of outrage that outsiders should thus come in to disturb and break up the meeting, and his desire to hear Georgism and nothing but Georgism. Others echoed his sentiments, several talking at once, and finally the president ruled that a vote must be taken to decide whether the speaker should declare himself. The majority voted that he must. After a moment's hesitation the young man persisted in his refusal and took his seat. Thus it appeared that at an educational meeting of the Land and Labor Club a man still in doubt, who wishes to give voice to the difficulties that he sees in both directions in order that he may get them satisfactorily explained, must keep his mouth shut,—a method of education which savors unpleasantly of the Catholic Church. This feature of the meeting became the more amusing when it transpired after adjournment that he intended to throw the weight of his remarks in favor of the George theory.

A gentleman of more decided views then mounted the rostrum, but, being a foreigner with a very imperfect knowledge of English, he could not make himself understood. If I mistake not, he attacked the George position from the standpoint of State Socialism. I think I recognize in him a man of considerable mental power, and as a friend I counsel him to acquire a more perfect mastery of the English tongue before attempting to make speeches in it.

No such difficulty as this was encountered by his successor, a Mr. Spillane. He suffered from quite the opposite trouble. In his case there was a lamentable deficiency of mentality, accompanied by an astonishing overplus of animality. He succeeded in convincing his hearers of but one thing,—that physically and vocally he is a very active and powerful man. His speech, though not in the least argumentative, was vociferous and gesticulatory to an impressive degree. In tones that made the rafters ring and with a defiant attitude well calculated to carry terror to the heart of every craven Anarchistic Saracen who witnessed it, he proclaimed his readiness to "defend the new crusade against all comers." Mr. Spillane needs only to cultivate his mind. When he has done that, he will be the most proficient pedagogue (and demagogue) in the whole Land and Labor educational outfit.

Mr. White, the lawyer of the Club, then addressed the audience. I do not remember his speech well enough to characterize or criticise it, but feel perfectly safe in saying that it was a vast improvement in everything but voice and gesture over Mr. Spillane's effort. Still Mr. White did not satisfy the president, Mr. Garbutt, that he had permanently rescued the George theory from danger. So Mr. Garbutt transferred the presiding function to Mr. Biggs and took the floor himself.

At this point Mr. Yarros rose to ask if he should be allowed to close the discussion,—a right granted by custom and courtesy in nearly all such cases. Mr. Biggs replied that he was only temporarily in the chair and could not answer definitely, but that Mr. Garbutt would inform him on resuming the chair.

Decidedly the ablest defence of land taxation made that evening was then presented by Mr. Garbutt. It was a fair, manly, and courteous statement, offering tangible arguments with which opponents could grapple. One of them seemed so direct an answer to a paragraph which lately appeared in Liberty that I supposed it to be addressed to me, especially as it was put in the form of a question. I rose to ask the speaker if he desired me to answer the question. He replied that the question was not intended for me, but that he would like to hear my answer. I said that, such being the case, I would not interrupt him, and took my seat, intending to claim the floor when he had finished. But he was scarcely in the chair again when both Mr. Yarros and myself were cut off by a motion to adjourn, which was promptly carried. After the meeting, how-

ever, the president privately assured Mr. Yarros that, if he would come to the next meeting, he should have a chance to answer his critics.

At the next meeting, therefore, Mr. Yarros and I were on hand. The meeting began at eight o'clock. Fifteen minutes were consumed in routine business. Then the active Mr. Spillane stood up, thrust his neck forward and his hands into his pockets, and, with all the other accompaniments of a Bowery Boy attitude, moved that, "when this meeting adjourns, it do so at half past nine o'clock." Somebody else moved to amend by making the hour nine o'clock, and the motion was thus amended and adopted.

Then Mr. Garrity, the gentleman who first replied to Mr. Yarros at the previous meeting, moved that Mr. Yarros be allowed ten minutes in which to answer the replies that had been made to him. Some one moved an amendment that the time be five minutes instead of ten. President Garbutt ruled that there was no motion before the Club, as Mr. Garrity's motion had not been seconded. "Second the motion," shouted a voice. "Did that come from a member of the Club?" asked the president. A gentleman rose with an affirmative nod. The president began to put the motion, when there was an interruption. The objection was raised that the seconder of the motion was not yet a member, the Club having neglected to vote him in, though he had complied with the other conditions of membership three weeks before.

Again there was no motion before the Club. Mr. Garrity renewed his motion. This time it was seconded by a fully qualified member in good standing, but in a feeble, tearful sort of way, and with a long explanation which I could not understand. A discussion ensued. One gentleman desired to know whether it was a private or a public meeting. The president informed him that it was a meeting of the Land and Labor Club, to which the public were invited. The gentleman could not see the propriety of inviting the public and then insisting that they should hold their tongues. This brought to his feet a suave member of comfortable appearance, who said that halls cost money and meetings cost money, and that, if these gentlemen were coming there night after night (it was the second meeting we had attended out of a possible twenty or thereabouts) to discuss this question, he thought it no more than fair that they should become members of the Club and pay their membership fees regularly. I was told afterwards that this gentleman was a Catholic. The information was not surprising. It is a way they have in the church to which he belongs,—to sign the creed first and discuss it afterwards.

After all this filibustering it lacked but a few minutes of nine o'clock, and it was deemed safe to take the vote. The five-minute amendment was lost, the ten-minute motion also, and Mr. Yarros was squelched. We left the hall, satisfied that we had gone as far as we cared to in the course of education offered to the public by the Land and Labor Club.

Liberty the Mother of Order.

"If God did not exist, it would be necessary to create him," said Voltaire; and Bakounine, than whom, perhaps, the curse of religion never had a stronger assailant, vehemently declared in answer that, if God existed, it would be necessary to destroy him. Our friends, the moralists, not satisfied with existing realities, not trusting in the living forces of human nature, are determined to create, out of nothing, a variety of things which they deem indispensable to the maintenance of society. "Reason and spontaneous inclination are treacherous guides: let us proceed to create a 'conscience,' a 'sentiment of justice,' a spirit of devotion to truth and a love of duty." Though the humorous side of this vain undertaking predominates over the tragic to a marked degree, it may be well to check them by the emphatic declaration that, if those things existed, it would be necessary to destroy them,—provided, of course, that harmonious social relations and progressive development of the individual were desired. The slaves of duty are simply worshipping the eternal phantom in a new garb and under a new name; in placing abstractions above in-

dividuals and preaching the sacrifice of personal happiness to the "cause of right," they are repeating the same old refrain of man being created for the service and glory of God. And as the love of God means the hatred of men, and as the service of any "cause" whatever for any other reason than personal satisfaction derived from such service means the re-introduction of mysticism, religious lunacy, and mental paralysis, no one championing liberty and individual sovereignty can for a moment hesitate in the matter of rejecting with unqualified contempt and abhorrence any sentiment or principle contradicting utilitarianism in its broad and rational sense, or Egoism. Society exists for the individual and in the interest of the individual. "Man only knows"; the better for him! He certainly would "take his pastime like the flies," if his pleasure were only to "breed another's pain." But his pleasure being possible only on condition of suffering the others to pursue their pleasure, and as he gradually learns to appreciate the invaluable aid that coöperation with others can render him in increasing and multiplying and intensifying his own pleasures, he enters society and surrenders, as Stirner would say, part of his freedom for the sake of possessions.

Does this view inevitably lead to despotism and government of man by man? John F. Kelly "asserted and sought to prove" that the ethical views of Hobbes and Spinoza practically sanction coercion and arbitrary regulation; but he conspicuously failed to furnish any support for his assertion. It is true that both Hobbes and Spinoza were governmentalists, and it is also true that, excepting religious fanatics and Salvationists who recognize exclusively the authority of Jesus, all students of social problems, if they are unfamiliar with the *Anarchistic philosophy*, are bound to adopt some form or other of government in order to maintain social life. Monarchy, Republicanism, Democracy, State Socialism, Communism,—all these forms of control over the individual have been either tried or advocated as the least objectionable, the best known methods of creating order and harmony in the human family. But they are all entirely inadequate and impotent. They have not produced and cannot produce permanent security, peace, and harmony. Anarchism appears largely (though not wholly, for it is also the logical outgrowth of industrialism) as a result of these successive ill-adjustments. It shows their inherent weakness to reside in the element of compulsion, which invariably stimulates the rebellious propensities of men. It shows the only way to order to consist in the recognition and realization of perfect individual liberty, in voluntary union of intelligent and self-conscious Egoists, and in the determination to give each member of society his due. Anarchy, then, creates order without either blinding men by passion and prejudice or driving them by oppression. It reconciles the contradiction between the "course of poor nature—whereby she grows in beauty—that her flies must massacre each other" and the universal desirability of social life by making Self-Interest the foundation of Justice.

Whether, therefore, an Egoist will favor government or liberty simply depends upon his knowing or not knowing the doctrines and methods of Anarchy.

V. YARROS.

"Every tax," says the Providence "People," "is in the nature of a tax to discourage industry, for labor has it to pay." Is it in order to discourage industry, then, that the "People" advocates the taxation of land values?

Noms de Plume.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Miss Kelly's letter in No. 105, avowing antipathy to *noms de plume*, puts me in mind that there are others beside myself writing in this way. The *esprit de corps*, a congenial disposition, arrays me with them. Having deliberately chosen to use a *nom de plume*, I do not perceive the necessity for practically abandoning it at the suggestion of an opponent of *noms de plume*; this both for my own more immediate reasons and in solidarity with others in like case: a solidarity which I count among my instincts or characteristics. My articles are argumentative. The signature can make no difference.

TAK KAK.

Mr. Kelly Transfers His Subscription.

To the Editor of Liberty:

It will probably make no difference to you, and it will oblige me, if you will consider my monthly subscription as transferred from Liberty to the "Proudhon Library." A single copy of Liberty will be sufficient for me in future, as I can not endorse the views now put forward editorially by it, and a distributor is in effect a second publisher.

I am sorry to have to contradict your statement of the Clifford incident. When Tak Kak's note on sexual relations appeared, I sent you the extract from Clifford, stating that it expressed my views better than I could myself. You wrote asking me did I mean the letter to be personal or for publication, and virtually offering to publish it if I so wished. My reply was that, while I meant it more especially for your personal information, I should be glad to have it published if you could find space.

I have to complain, also, of misrepresentation in regard to the extracts from Spinoza in the present number of Liberty. In my discussion with Tak Kak I asserted and sought to prove that such ethical views as those of Hobbes led inevitably to despotism. Now, the ethics of Hobbes and Spinoza are practically the same, and your citations from the latter are published in such a way as to imply that he was one of the stoutest defenders of liberty, and that in consequence my argument was defective. Yet you must know that Spinoza based on his denial of natural right an argument for the necessity of the State. Of course, however, according to your present philosophy, there is no reason you should not misrepresent when you find it to your "advantage" to do so.

JOHN F. KELLY.

61 EAST SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1887.

[Of course I deeply regret that there should be any disturbance of the cordial relations hitherto existing between Liberty and so able an ally as Mr. Kelly. This regret Liberty's readers will fully share. But Liberty has always represented its editor and must continue to do so. If such representation is found by Mr. Kelly to be incompatible with his coöperation, then certainly that coöperation must cease. Whether his conclusion is based upon a rational estimate of the necessities of the situation the future will determine. For the present he alone has the practical deciding power. I bow to his decision in sorrow, bearing him no ill-will, but deeply grateful for the immense service he has rendered in the past and for any that he intends to render in the future. It would be idle to dispute whether Mr. Kelly's memory or mine is the more accurate regarding the Clifford extract. It is quite possible that his version is the true one, though I doubt it. One thing I know beyond doubt,—that I never got the idea that he cared particularly whether I published the extract or not. If his language plainly carried that idea, then at the worst I am guilty of a stupid blunder, and the main fact still remains,—that it was ridiculous for Miss Kelly to charge me with desiring to suppress anything when I have given the moralists unlimited space in which to defend their position in any way consistent with the usual rules of discussion. Nor is there any better foundation for accusing me of "misrepresentation in regard to the extracts from Spinoza." Mr. Kelly seems to think that I printed them in answer to something he had said. Not at all. I printed them in answer to Miss Kelly. She had said that Wordsworth Donisthorpe was a wretch because he recognized no right but might. I gave the extracts from Spinoza to show that he also recognized no right but might, and to indicate the absurdity, consequent upon this fact coupled with the acknowledged high character of Spinoza, of branding a man as a wretch simply because he holds this doctrine. My caption, "Opinions of That 'Wretch,' Spinoza," indicated clearly enough my purpose in giving the extracts. To this purpose it made not the slightest difference whether Spinoza's ethics led him to Archism or Anarchism. But, expressly to leave no particle of ground for such a complaint as Mr. Kelly nevertheless now makes, I called special attention to one sentence in which Spinoza showed his governmentalism, by appending a foot-note in which I contrasted the Archistic Egoist with the Anarchistic Egoist. Utterly ignoring this, Mr. Kelly now says that the citations from Spinoza were "published in such a way as to imply that he was one of the stoutest defenders of liberty." I ask the reader to carefully examine the last issue of Liberty and decide whether Mr. Kelly is right. I shall certainly misrepresent when I find it to my advantage to

do so. If I were to meet Mr. Kelly in the spirit in which he assails me, I should suggest to him that his words,— "published in such a way," etc.,—when considered in connection with the facts and with his ethics, indicate that he misrepresents when he finds it "moral" to do so. But I make no such imputation. It will take a great deal to convince me that Mr. Kelly is ever *deliberately* unfair. Perhaps this is the most appropriate place to state that, since the appearance of Miss Kelly's article in the last number, she has sent me another, which she formally announces as her final contribution to Liberty's columns. In this article are one or two references which would throw some light on Tak Kak's identity and are therefore inadmissible and improper. I have offered to print the article without these references. Miss Kelly has declined to omit them. Accordingly I have rejected the article. Barring an essay on "State Aid to Science" which she sent me some months ago and which I still have her permission to print, she will furnish no more articles for Liberty,—unless, as I hope, she may eventually exercise that privilege which some regard as peculiarly a woman's, of changing one's mind.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

A Criticism on "Taxation or Free Trade."

To the Editor of Liberty:

Free trade does not mean the abolition of taxation. The word Trade used in this connection may be best defined as "the exchange of commodities." Free trade means the removal of all arbitrary restrictions from this exchange, and the abolition of those forms of legislation which are intended to encourage as well as those which result in impeding it. That Free Trade means the removal of politics from the field of industry is scarcely a definition. The inauguration of free trade in connection with other reforms in the governing function will undoubtedly result in this removal and elevate politics from a trade into a science. Putting Mr. Kelly's two statements together, *viz.*, that "free trade means the abolition of taxation" and "the removal of politics from the field of industry," we easily arrive at the conclusion that he regards politics as a trade (or occupation), and that the particular branch of trade in which he considers politicians to be engaged is the *levying of taxes*.

Considering his next sentence, "In a word, free trade is but another name for Anarchy," the word "Anarchy" meaning "no ruler" or "the abolition of government," we are forced to the conclusion that Mr. Kelly considers the sole function of the governing or political trade to be to *tax*, and that to *tax* is to govern.

Mr. Kelly is either really ignorant as to the merits of this important question, or only pretending to be so. He is either a searcher after or a perverter of the truth. He is either a knave or a child. He is either a child who honestly but mistakenly considers a free trader to be a *free booter*, or he is a knave who is arguing in the interest of a class under the name of Protectionists, well knowing them to be in reality *free booters*. In short, I strongly suspect Mr. Kelly to be a lawyer, who is no way particular as to whether he prosecutes an honest man, or who defends a thief provided he receives his fees.

Mr. George proposes to attain free trade, not "through politics," as stated by Mr. Kelly, but through government and statesmanship, relying upon manhood suffrage, not universal suffrage, unless manhood suffrage is found to be unequal to the task.

Mr. Kelly quotes Mr. George as saying that "workingmen are right in supporting any measure that will raise wages." From the context the inference is evident to the dullest capacity that he means legislative measures; yet so anxious is Mr. Kelly to make a case against him that he says (page 6) that "as an individual murder may result in an increase of wages, Mr. George, to be consistent, should approve of such murder." No wonder Mr. George considers such puerile arguments beneath his notice. He used the word "measure," not that of "crime."

SAMUEL TOLLER.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

[It is encouraging to find at least one follower of George who is not afraid of discussion. Mr. Toller's singularity in this respect is almost enough to entitle him to attention, even if his arguments are not very acute. Consequently I hope that Mr. Kelly will reply.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Nothing If Not Eclectic.

[Workmen's Advocate.]

We understand that at a meeting of "giant intellects" at the room of the Liberal League, New York, Mr. T. B. Wakeman said that he was an evolutionary republican positivist, with Socialistic tendencies, still believing in the fundamental principles of Anarchy, or individualism.

About Abolishing the State.

Our missionary, who had set himself to the task of casting out all the devils he imagined the brain of his companion might entertain, was beginning to feel that in some way the "Lunatic" was putting him to his trumps as a Christian man and submissive follower of the Lord Jesus. What was the trouble,—with himself? He was feeling a bit strange, as if he was himself at sea. Certainly this fellow beside him had the air of a believer. Was it that he himself was the one who didn't believe? No; of course not. Was he not a zealous Christian preacher? Did not hundreds of souls look up to him as teacher and guide? He must himself take the offensive and bring his man to terms. He must keep him to the subject in hand,—the abolition of the State. No matter what Christ taught. If Christ had anything to say on that topic, it was clearly in favor of the State. What else did he mean when he said: "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's"? And when his words were uncertain, they should of course be interpreted in accord with reason and good sense! Shifting his position a little so as to confront "Lunatic" with a more determined air, he was about to say as much, and to ask for a clean-cut defence of the monstrous doctrine of No-Stateism. But "Lunatic" was before him.

L.—"You said the idea of Christ was to build up the kingdom of God *within* man."

M.—"Yes, certainly."

L.—"Then, as correlative statement, you would say that the kingdom of God was not *outside* of man."

M.—"Precisely. The true man is he who has arrived at that development where he is a law unto himself."

L.—"And so has abolished the State?"

M.—"For himself, certainly, in one sense. That is, he needs no coercion to persuade him to act right. He does so freely. But, as there are so many others who have not reached this voluntary government, who continually put our lives and property in peril, why, this man who needs not the outer law for himself is bound to support it and enforce it upon others. Hence the State!"

L.—"Then this outward kingdom you speak of, the same under Republican forms as under monarchical, is, after all, a temporary affair."

M.—"Yes, I grant you; and it will cease when all men of their own accord do what is right,—that is, when it is no longer needed. But—that is millennial; so far off that practically it is an abstraction, and it is folly to waste time over its consideration."

L.—"Then, as I understand it, you ride two horses,—outer and inner. Which do you ride most?"

M.—"To keep your figure up, I ride the outer only when it is necessary. But, all the same, this outer horse must be kept alive for emergencies. He can not, as you seem to think, be abolished."

L.—"Let me quote some familiar sentences: 'If thine eye be single, thy body shall be full of light.' 'Ye cannot serve two masters.' That is enough to remind you where Jesus was to be found. Do you know that man was a most uncompromising radical?"

M.—"I understand, of course, that he went to the root of things in his crusade against evil, his one aim being to purify the heart of man."

L.—"It is a charming story, if not a true one, about the angels singing, when he was born, 'peace on earth, good will to man,' or, as Kossuth translated it, 'to good-willing men.' At any rate, 'peace on earth.' Now, you are Christian. How much peace on earth do you Christians hunger and thirst for? What is the history of your Christian Church? One of 'peace on earth'? Look at your Christian nations today, all armed to the teeth. Ah me! what a lonely man and stranger would this same Jesus be walking the earth in these expiring days of the nineteenth century! What would he say to you, do you suppose, you a citizen of the great modern Republic? Here, between Atlantic and Pacific oceans, could you show him 'peace on earth'?"

M.—"We come nearer to it than any nation or people ever did before. We have no standing army to speak of."

L.—"You have all you need. You *believe* in armies. If you had a powerful neighbor just over the border, you would raise it without compunction to any size you deemed advisable."

M.—"We believe in self-defence."

L.—"So I do. But I noticed, when a boy, that the youth who wouldn't fight on *principle* was never molested. The boys who were the bullies and pitched into every chap right and left, respected him, saying: 'He's not our kind.' Of course, he gave them no cause or excuse. But he was gay and as full of sport as any."

M.—"That is, of course, the ideal State; but, when a people is not up to it, there is no use affecting it. Hamlet's advice, 'affect a virtue if you have it not,' was not good for general use. I don't believe in hypocrisy."

L.—"No?"

M.—"Certainly not. You say 'No?' as though you thought I lied."

L.—"I don't think you do consciously; and yet, if you examine yourself thoroughly, do you not discover that your song of 'peace on earth' has very little weight with you when you think you see fighting that needs to be done? Why not change the phrase a little and sing: 'No peace on earth until we are up to it'?"

M.—"Oh, well, you know what I mean. I take the world as it is, and try in a practical way to make a choice of evils, at the same time holding up the ideal as the end to be accomplished."

L.—"Well, then, you believe with me in the abolition of the State?"

M.—"As an ideal? Why, yes; as I said, when the State, or the government of force, is no longer a necessary evil, there being nobody who does not govern himself rightly and so molests none of his neighbors, then it falls of its own weight. Nobody wants it, nobody supports it: as you say, it is abolished."

L.—"You agree also that it is proper to do all in your power to bring that ideal down out of the clouds and make it a practical, every-day reality?"

M.—"Well—yes."

L.—"In what ways are you now doing this?"

M.—"In the general way of trying to better the outward condition of men and of turning their hearts toward righteousness and the worship of God. As I keep saying, we can only abolish the State by outgrowing it. When we don't need it, that ends the matter. But let me say here that I am using the term in the limited sense you have given to it,—namely, the organization of force. But I conceive the State can mean as well the organized administration of all common or public affairs. And government does not necessarily exclude the idea of freedom for all."

L.—"Now, let me tell you what I think. I do not think the idea millennial or impossible as you seem to do. I think the age of force is to pass away. I do not say immediately, in the twinkling of an eye. You and I will not see the dawn even of self-regulated liberty. The creation of the human race, its evolution into a free society where all acts are voluntary, or, to be more precise, where conduct is induced by right reason and full regard for the right of each and all to be free and prosperous, will be the result of how many thousand years of upward climbing who will say? The times and seasons no man may predict. But this much we all may and should aim at doing: we may strive to be true to our ideal; to make our conduct square with it as nearly as possible. In the light of this ideal we judge

the world, the country in which we live, the people we every day meet, and ourselves continually. How much or how little we individually shall accomplish it is not necessary for us to pry into. There is where faith comes in,—a sort of swift, unconscious reasoning that assures us that no least word or deed is ever in vain. It all tells, though we can not put a finger on the particular gain to the cause that has been secured. This we shall do not as a sacrifice; the yoke of Liberty compared with that of bondage is easy, the burden is light. No matter how happy the world with its kingdom without may appear, the devotees with the kingdom within shall be happier still, for he alone has found Peace."

M.—"Well, I am more interested than I supposed I could become in your side of the question,—if it is yours any more than mine. I foresee so many obstacles,—and as a practical matter—well, time will tell."

L.—"Time does nothing. It is what we do in time that will tell."

The train was coming, and the two friends went their way, to renew the subject off and on for the rest of their mortal lives. I may be able to contribute other reports. H.

The Land and Labor Party of California.

Your readers may be instructed, if not amused, by an item from the metropolis of the Pacific States, the land of salubrious climates, the land of "booms" and big grape-vines, the land where all the "isms" thrive and flourish in the open air without irrigation or subsoil ploughing. This land is the birth-place of the new party that you hear so much about, and it is from this land that one would expect to hear principles of no uncertain sound in relation to the rights of man, Land and Labor, Anti-Poverty, etc. I say "new party,"—that is, new to your latitude; but it has flourished here for twenty years. Its members, with few exceptions, are the same old crowd who gave Kearney and O'Donnell such hearty support. Many of the planks of its platform have been stolen from the "sand lot" and inserted without even trimming their ragged edges. The "Principles of the Land and Labor Party of California" well illustrate how we of the "glorious climate" reconcile apparently antagonistic principles.

They start out boldly with Jefferson's doctrine "that all men are created equal," etc.; they allege that they "endorse every word of the above declaration"; and then they contradict all they have said, and pander to O'Donnell's "thugs" by the following "principle": "that the importation or immigration of Chinese should be prohibited, and it should be the policy of the State and the people to discourage employment of Chinese in any kind of industry." This is one of their ten cardinal principles the application of which, they declare, "is absolutely demanded by the public necessities." Another attempt to fit a round stick in a square hole, leaving no vacant corners.

I would ask the followers of McGlynn and George in your jurisdiction to reconcile the "principles" of the Land and Labor party with the doctrines of the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man" which they are preaching in the cultured communities of your favored land. It would be useless to ask their followers here to discuss the question; they sing one song in this climate.

In the "Standard" of July 18 Judge Maguire of this city gives the award of the court in the matter. The learned legal defender of the Land and Labor, Anti-Chinese, "protection of public morals" party, after reciting a number of legal principles found in legal hornbooks, gives his followers who may happen to own land in "fee simple" the comforting assurance that taxation does not take their property absolutely, but allows them to retain their lands, "even when it (the tax) exceeds the market value of the property taxed; for, by paying, the owner is always privileged to retain the property." This is consoling. Under the new dispensation you can pay annually to the government the whole value of your landed property, if that government in its wisdom should consider its purposes needed such an amount. The judge fortifies his opinion by the authorities,—the tools of the trade. The decision of the Pennsylvania Court asserts that the right of taxation "does not spring from laws or constitutions, but is an inherent incident of governmental sovereignty," or, in other words, that a community is utterly powerless to live without taxation, even though the people of said community should unanimously agree to meet the expenses of their association in some other manner. The law, organic and municipal, seems to exist merely as an incident to the great fact of taxation. The judge quotes 8 Wall, 548, to show that "the power to tax may be exercised oppressively upon persons, but the responsibility of the legislature is not to the courts, but to the people by whom its members are elected." Judge Cooley is quoted to buttress the doctrines already stated. He says: "The power of taxation is an incident of sovereignty, and is coextensive with that of which it is an incident." Now we have the law of the case. The judge's article is useful in this,—that it shows the instability of property under an irresponsible government, and the judge produces the authorities to show the only way in which government is responsible. He proves that they who are running the taxing machine are independent of laws or constitutions, and are not responsible "to the courts." According to the law quoted, the power of taxation resides in and is an inseparable quality of government. It "involves the power to destroy" (Marshall) the property taxed, if it be the will of the government. And government, speaking from this standpoint, is the power which a *majority* of the voters in any community may see fit to exercise in the execution of their will, or, as it is frequently put, the "will of the majority is the law of the land," and this majority may consist of a single vote. Thus in a community of twenty thousand voters ten thousand and one voters may at any and all times determine how much nine thousand nine hundred ninety and nine voters must pay for the privilege of living on the soil upon which they may have been born. I say privilege for the reason that natural *rights* cannot exist subject to this irresponsible power of taxation inherent in government as defined by the learned judge. There are no inherent rights pertaining to persons or property that the government is bound to respect,—as far as taxation is concerned.

When the doctrines set forth in the above paragraphs are understood by the voter who has nothing to lose no matter how much is wrung from the people by the taxing machine, what a nice time the party in power will have in spending the accumulated savings of the industrious and frugal minority, which may be taken from them annually in the form of taxes to the extent of the *market* value of their *property*! When the voter is convinced that this doctrine can be carried out in practice, that the right to tax "acknowledges no limits," and that it is not "necessary that the object of the tax should benefit the party who is required to pay" his savings into the public treasury, then the great political industry of America will receive a "boom" that has not been equalled since the days of George Law. The doctrines quoted by the learned judge are not new, but I think it is the first time they have ever been cited to bolster up the framework of a party claiming that its mission is to carry out the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. It is a noticeable fact that Judge Maguire does not quote the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, or any of its amendments to support his "award of the court." His authorities are taken exclusively from that great kitchen-midden of mediæval doctrine,—the decisions of the judges of the United States courts and their congeners. The honor of discovering this "new bonanza" belongs to Mr. George, and it is a great discovery, if carried to its logical conclusion, for it may possibly be the means of compelling the American people to consider the manner in which their natural rights have been gradually taken from them by the insidious process of "judge-made law."

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY, 1887.  PATRICK J. HEALY.

Socialistic Letters.

(Le Radical.)

In his journal, "Le Peuple," Proudhon summed up as follows that which was the ideal of the pure Communists of his time, and that which is the ideal of the pure Communists of ours:

Organization of labor by the State;
Organization of banks by the State;
Administration of railways by the State;
Administration of canals by the State;
Administration of mines by the State;
Administration of insurance by the State;
Colonization by the State;
Apprenticeship by the State;
Etc., etc., etc., by the State;
Nothing by the citizen, everything by the State.

A summary which might itself be summarized in a line:
Despotism of the State, slavery of the citizen.

"In vain," continues Proudhon, "does Socialism [for even then there were Socialists who were not Communists] cry out to them that what they want is pure monarchy; they do not hear. The State, by itself, is unproductive; it does not labor. No matter; it shall be made organizer. The State is involved in debt; it shall give credit. Laborers entrusted to the State cost fifty per cent. more than they are worth; the State shall be charged with the most difficult tasks."

This life-like and sagacious portraiture of the incapacities of the State, thus contrasted with the inconceivable confidence placed in the State by the Communists, was brought to my mind the other day during the unveiling of a statue to Louis Blanc.

And I remembered that that honest man, that gentle dreamer, that harmonious artist who, having suffered a thousand privations, had uttered the most eloquent cries of anguish in the name of all the suffering,—I remembered that Louis Blanc had believed more than all others in the providence of the State, perhaps because he believed in the other Providence; I remembered that, of all the Communistic chiefs, he had been the most popular, the most cheered, the most powerful; that at certain times he had had the support of a whole people, and that he had held in his hand the helm of the State; that he had been able to command a government, he who professed that government can make a people's happiness and accomplish the social revolution, and that he had failed; that, having reformed nothing, transformed nothing, improved nothing, there was nothing left for him but to go sadly into exile to reflect upon the powerlessness of statesmen who experiment upon millions of individuals with the most seductive systems constructed by the most generous imaginations.

And—a thing to be noted, though not at all strange—it was not the Socialistic people who had given him such loud acclaim who reared a statue to him. The Communists, on the contrary, hissed, not at bottom because of his hours of weakness in the days of June and the Week of May, but because those who still believe in the governmental panacea could not forgive the failure of the Communist who had been the government.

Thus the ancient believers broke their idol when it had not given them victory; thus certain populations of the South throw their saint into the river when they are weary of parading it through the fields to get rain, and it has not succeeded in making it rain.

What is left of the system of Louis Blanc, who nevertheless filled a whole generation with enthusiasm by the words *Organization of Labor*?

Not even an illusion to lose, not even the possibility of preserving the hopes which men like Benoit Malon have not quite abandoned.

For, if the system of Louis Blanc has not been tried by its author and the secular State, it has been by that competitor of the State, that model, that mould of the State, that other State, the Church.

Louis Blanc asked the State to make itself a manufacturer, —to establish in the principal branches of industry a certain number of workshops which it should control and in which it should employ workmen "offering guarantees of morality."

The State should draw up regulations having the force of laws, and should fix the hierarchy in the workshop. By reason of the life which was to end in Communism, products would be created more cheaply; private industry would thus be led very gently to surrender, and the State would gradually become master of industry; or at least it would oblige other manufacturers and laborers to imitate its regulations, its hierarchy, its Communism in short, which would be, in its view, great good fortune for the laborers in the State workshops and the laborers in the other workshops thus "led to surrender."

Now, the ecclesiastical State has established shops,—work-rooms, monasteries.

The Church has drawn up regulations for these shops, and selected from the laboring people those which suited it best.

The Church, by reason of the life which it has regulated in common, has found a way of producing at prices before unheard-of; and, if things continued long in this way, it would gradually make itself mistress of every industry.

But the Church has by no means led the other workshops to surrender, nor has it caused them to taste the advantages of labor in common and of life in common.

It has simply ruined some of the less shrewd manufacturers. The others have reasoned as follows:

The Church produces more cheaply than we do; this is because it gets its labor more cheaply. By this competition it leaves us no alternative but to diminish our profits, which is out of the question, or to reduce the wages of our workmen, which we will proceed to do at once.

Consequence: The unfortunates who work for the Church are, perforce of regulations, statutes, and the hierarchy, in the position of weary and ill-fed slaves, and, through the fact of this competition on the part of the ecclesiastical State, the poor workers in private industries see their meagre pittance and that of their children curtailed every day.

Was this what Louis Blanc wanted?

No, for he was good, kind, and really desirous of more comfort for all.

He was deceived, as all the Stateists are deceived and mistaken. The best thing that the State can do is to do no harm, and I have not yet noted that it has ever succeeded in this, so harmful and oppressive is it in its essence.

To ask it to operate the social transformation, or even to cooperate in it, is to ask a *régime* of honesty of a Louis Philippe, clear sight of the Provisional Government of '48, honor of Napoléon, fairness of the Government of National Defence, humanity of Thiers, intelligence of Mac-Mahon, sincerity of Jules Ferry, liberty of Bismarck.

And in the lifetime of Louis Blanc the State was all these by turns, and Louis Blanc saw them at their sickening work as statesmen.

That is why we must conclude with Proudhon:

Let our young recruits fix it in their minds that Socialism is the opposite of governmentalism.

ERNEST LESIGNE.

The Reasons Why.

I am an Egoist.

I recognize no authority save that of my own reason.

I regulate my life and my relations with the outside world in accordance with my understanding and natural instincts. My sole object in life is to be happy,—I seek to avoid all pain and to gratify all my normal desires.

I cannot be happy unless I feel myself perfectly safe and secure in my possessions.

I can never be safe and free from fear of disturbance or injury until those around me are able to gratify all their normal desires, and they can never be completely happy without security.

Security can be only the result of perfect justice.

Justice consists in the recognition of equality and the rendering of equity.

Justice, thus defined, necessarily involves a condition of absolute liberty within its sphere.

Therefore, justice is the condition of my happiness as well as the happiness of all that are like me. That is to say, justice is the law of human society.

Thus I, an Egoist, recognizing no rights and no duties, become, solely and simply through prudence and a desire for security, a lover of equity, equality, and universal liberty.

But there is no credit due me for my policy. If I were strong, shrewd, and skilful enough to defy all danger; if my happiness could be achieved without the aid, coöperation, and respect of others,—I might have chosen to be a tyrant, and might have led a pleasant life, surrounded by two-legged beasts of burden. Not being superior to all creation, I involuntarily have to draw a line at men, and make terms with them.

Having wisely decided to be a modest member of society, I have by no means irrevocably surrendered my freedom. I stay in it because, all things considered, it is best for me to submit rather than rebel, but I can, at any time, reconsider my course and, risking the consequences, make war upon society. Who can say that I am under any obligation to be just? Obligation? To whom? to what?

The individual, once having entered the social compact, finds himself in the presence and under the influences of new impulses, new aspirations, new yearnings. He is changed, transformed, revolutionized. Social life becomes a necessity to him, not as a condition, but as an element, of happiness; not as a means, but as an appreciable and weighty constituent of the desired end. He learns to know new joys and pleasures; his wants multiply; his tastes change; and he comes to feel and realize that he would never, even if he could, isolate himself from his fellow-men or try to reduce them to slavery.

This process of adaptation, or socialization, of the individual, though largely unconscious, can, nevertheless, be theoretically and objectively conceived and analyzed. In thought man can separate his Ego from the mass of humanity and discuss the wants, interests, and advantages of his person apart from it. He may not be able to effect such a separation in reality, but the illusion is so thorough that it must be discussed as if it were real.

I imagine I can leave society; I think I am free; therefore I am free. I feel no obligations and no duties. I act for the sake of immediate or prospective personal benefits, and obey the voice of prudence.

Am I unreliable? Quite the contrary. There would have

been no confusion in our modern social relations if all men possessed these ideas, just as an isolated community of desperadoes would present an example of peaceful and harmonious relations. The whole mischief arises from the fact that so many build their castles in the air. Once plant yourself on solid ground, grasp and admit these fundamental realities, and you will logically and intelligently develop a principle of conduct which will make it possible for you to pronounce judgment on all things without tracing them back to first and bottom truths.

As Danton loved peace, but not the peace of slavery, so I love justice, but not the justice of moralism and idealism.

V. YARROS.

One Hundred and Eighth Olympiad.

The following editorial from "Le Radical," written by Henry Maret, is translated for Liberty because it applies, not only to the Boulanger-Ferry incident, which lately absorbed the attention of France and attracted that of the world at large, but as well to many other inanities over which this silly world, blind to its own welfare, is continually going mad:

"What is there new in Athens?"

"What? You do not know? But where did you come from? There has been no talk of anything, since the last games, but the great quarrel between the ex-archon Menon and the noble Arsamès. From one end of Greece to the other that alone fills the public mind. Some stand up for Menon, others for Arsamès. Every morning, on the Agora, they question each other about the incidents of the dispute. What has Menon answered? What has Arsamès answered? The Achæans are attentive, and vessels even turn aside from their route to stop at Piræus in order to find out how matters stand."

"But who are these people?"

"Menon is an old rhetorician, one of those lawyers with whom the people are disgusted and whom the comedians counterfeit on the stage. Arsamès is a warrior."

"And whence arises their discussion?"

"Discussion there is none, to tell the truth. Menon has accused Arsamès of dreaming of tyranny; Arsamès has shrugged his shoulders. Arsamès has on his side the great majority of citizens who would prefer his tyranny to liberty with Menon. No one yet knows how it will all end."

"And is Philip of Macedon still under arms?"

"No attention is paid to him. Why pay attention to him? Philip trembles before Arsamès."

"That is good. But tell me, does the conclusion of the debate between Menon and Arsamès interest the Athenian people?"

"Evidently, since I have just told you that they do not think of anything else."

"I do not express myself clearly. I meant to ask: will the result make the people more prosperous or more wretched?"

"These considerations do not enter into the question."

"Will the people be relieved? Will the taxes be lighter? Will you have better laws? Will the rich be less oppressive of the poor? Will you be able to get yourself a new robe?"

"Not that I know of, but we will wear our rags with pride if Arsamès triumphs over Menon. Might you be a philosopher?"

"I was one; but, after living and observing the human race, I finally came to understand that the philosopher was as useless as the rest."

"You are right; we do not like philosophers. They are people who reason about everything and *à propos* of everything. They go about the city, criticising whatever happens and finding something to object to in everything that pleases others. For our part, we like orators and soldiers, fine words and fine feathers. What is finer than two lawyers pitted against each other, pleading in turn for and against and crushing with the weight of arguments in which neither of them believes? What is more splendid than a general with a plume threatening the skies, marching at the head of a well-regulated body of troops to the sound of musical instruments?"

"All that is superb, I admit. Nevertheless bread is still dear; and among these philosophers I know some who study the ways of permitting everybody to get wheat cheap."

"That is very praiseworthy; but they are so tiresome! You will permit me to leave you. I see a very merry citizen. Doubtless he has good news. Menon must have fled before Arsamès. Long live Arsamès!"

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Liberty

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Vol. V.—No. 3.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

Whole No. 107.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

E. C. Walker reprints in "Lucifer" some highly complimentary remarks which I made about that paper in 1884. Woe is me! alackaday!

The Chinese emperor has granted a banking monopoly, and the beneficiaries of this concession are now in this country studying the national banking system with a view to introducing it into China. Poor China!

According to the "Truth Seeker" the writers for "Honesty" are principally Freethinkers. Men with long memories can recall the time when the "Truth Seeker" insisted that nearly all the Anarchists were Christians.

Hot headedly wrong, but forcible, able, and interesting writers,—such is the "Truth Seeker's" verdict upon the Australian Anarchists. Singular fact, isn't it, that wherever you find an Anarchist you find a man of brains and talent?

A correspondent desires to be informed through Liberty "how the Anarchist Reclus could, without sacrifice of principle, remain a member of the International." Because he is really not an Anarchist, but a Communist. Nevertheless his pamphlet, "An Anarchist on Anarchy," published in Liberty's Library is a good Anarchistic document as far as it goes, except in two or three statements which I have guarded against by foot-note. No one, however, who believes, as Reclus does, in the forcible seizure and common possession of all the means of production can properly define himself as an Anarchist.

Judge McCarthy of the Pennsylvania supreme court, having to pass upon the question whether under the Pennsylvania liquor law licenses should be granted in a certain county, decided against granting them because he was opposed to the law, saying in the opinion which he filed: "When laws are passed that seem to conflict with God's injunctions, we are not compelled to obey them." I'll warrant that that same judge, were an Anarchist, arraigned before him for the violation of some unjust statute, to claim that he followed either God's injunction or any other criterion of conduct in his eyes superior to the statute, would give the prisoner three months extra for his impudence.

The London "Jus" reprints the whole of my recent editorial, "Contract or Organism, What's That to Us?" introducing it as follows: "Mr. F. W. Read has undertaken the defence of taxation in these columns. We are inclined to think that, apart from the merits of the case, he has, so far as argument is concerned, got the better of Mr. Badcock, who has taken up the cudgels for Anarchy, or, as he would call it, Absolute Individualism. But Mr. Benjamin Tucker of Liberty now appears on the field, and deals some very heavy blows at Mr. Read and his principle of a State-organism. We hope he will not run away before his new assailant." I thank "Jus" for its fairness and join in its hope.

That successful defier and mortal enemy of generalization and consistency, Editor Pinney of the Winsted "Press," says that the mischief arising from the operation of the Inter-State Commerce Law, which furnishes texts for sermons against State Socialism to a certain

class of persons, proves to others (and presumably to him) merely the incapacity of our legislators to properly exercise the socialistic powers lodged in government. There would be no reasonable objection to such an explanation, if at least some instances could be pointed out where governments have proved themselves efficient and skilful in executing the tasks assumed by them. But when it is overwhelmingly demonstrated that governments always have failed and always must fail to render satisfactory service, it strikes me that the time is ripe for a generalization and a more comprehensive view of the question of governmental interference with natural currents.

Henry George's correspondents continue to press him regarding the fate of the man whose home should so rise in value through increase of population that he would be taxed out of it. At first, it will be remembered, Mr. George coolly sneered at the objectors to this species of eviction as near relatives of those who objected to the abolition of slavery on the ground that it would "deprive the widow Smith of her only 'nigger.'" Liberty made some comments on this, which Mr. George never noticed. Since their appearance, however, his analogy between property in "niggers" and a man's property in his house has lapsed, as President Cleveland would say, into a condition of "innocuous desuetude," and a new method of settling this difficulty has been evolved. A correspondent having supposed the case of a man whose neighborhood should become a business centre and whose place of residence therefore, as far as the land was concerned, should rise in value so that he could not afford or might not desire to pay the tax upon it, but, as far as his house was concerned, should almost entirely lose its value because of its unfitness for business purposes, Mr. George makes answer that the community very likely would give such a man a new house elsewhere to compensate him for being obliged to sell his house at a sacrifice. That this method has some advantages over the "nigger" argument I am not prepared to deny, but I am tempted to ask Mr. George whether this is one of the ways by which he proposes to "simplify government."

M. Harman, writing editorially in "Lucifer" on labor politics, declares that he expects no direct or positive good from any new parties that the present social and religious conditions are capable of constructing and sustaining. For the true reform party—the party that would seek to establish liberty and equity—we have as yet neither the builders nor the stones; and, if we are ever to have such a party, we must first devote our energies to the high and noble work of fitting ourselves for the position of builders and stones of the glorious temple of liberty. This is strictly true as far as it goes. But the writer disturbs himself rather needlessly by the considerations that such preparation and development require time; that "to make a man you must begin with his grandmother"; and that slavery in sex-hood makes serviceable grandmothers pretty scarce. The trouble with "Lucifer's" philosophy, which is responsible for "Lucifer's" giving the sex question such undue prominence and magnifying its importance in relation to other questions, is that it confounds the two entirely distinct ideas of a perfect man and one sufficiently enlightened to perceive the necessity of certain reforms in society and in government. The environment which will allow the production of ideally perfect men will be created by

Anarchy; and we, who are already somewhat free from mental and social slavery, can hope to give birth to more nearly perfect men and women. But to establish Anarchy nothing is needed except a little knowledge, some brains, some will-power, and a determination to stick to the plumb-line.

Hot-Headedly Wrong, Like Ourselves.

[New York Truth Seeker.]

There are quite a number of Anarchists in Melbourne, Australia, of the philosophical sort, and they publish a twelve-page monthly called "Honesty." There is no dynamite in it, but much forcible writing. Its contributors are principally Freethinkers, who have turned their attention to social subjects, and become converts to the extreme individualistic views of Michael Bakounine and Herbert Spencer. They are hot-headedly wrong, like our loved friend Tucker, but they are able, and we read them with interest.

DON QUIXOTE.

[Translated from the French of EUGENE POTTIER by BENJ. R. TUCKER.]

On seeing the ball and the chain,
The first of the heroes of Spain,
Don Quixote, ran up, lance in hand!
But Sancho for this had not planned!
The galley-guard fled; the chain's clank
Was stopped by the chivalrous crank.
—"Sir Knight," advised Sancho, the drone,
"The galley-slave's chain let alone!"

—"Friend Sancho, I go at the call.
This convict is labor, the thrall,
A tool which is eaten by rust
And eats in its turn but a crust.
Its master, compassionate gold,
Discards it when worn-out and old."
—"Sir Knight," advised Sancho, the drone,
"The galley-slave's chain let alone!"

—"I liberate, Sancho, the boy
Imprisoned in school without joy.
Though fed upon learning, no doubt,
By pedants first chewed and spat out,
A copy-book scribbled in ink,
His mind is not quickened to think."
—"Sir Knight," advised Sancho, the drone,
"The galley-slave's chain let alone!"

—"Ye slave of the barracks, unchain!
A cartridge-box serves as your brain;
A musket is your moral sense;
You're but a machine of offence.
To the trade of a cannibal bred,
They cast you, like bullets of lead."
—"Sir Knight," advised Sancho, the drone,
"The galley-slave's chain let alone!"

—"And you too, the sacristy's slave,
Your cowl do not wear to the grave.
The cloister confuses your sight
With the mildew of Faith and its blight.
Within you lymphatic Rome breeds
Diseases while you count your beads."
—"Sir Knight," advised Sancho, the drone,
"The galley-slave's chain let alone!"

—"And you, above all, Dulcinea,
Though wretched, incomparably dear,
Whom giants hold fast in their grasp
And wicked enchanters enclasp,
Your heart, which the law sits above,
Cries out for its freedom to love."
—"Sir Knight," advised Sancho, the drone,
"The galley-slave's chain let alone!"

Of chivalry you are the cream,
Said I to myself in my dream;
Pour into these giants your fire,
In spite of your cowardly squire.
For until you shall end with your sword
The era of force and of fraud,
—"Sir Knight," will croak Sancho, the drone,
"The galley-slave's chain let alone!"

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 106.

172. Again, the possession of wealth is only one means of refinement, or rather of the true development of the human being. Labor in itself is just as essential to that development as wealth. Labor without wealth, as its legitimate end and consequence, terminates in coarseness, vulgarity, and degradation. Wealth without labor, as the legitimate necessity and condition of its attainment, ends, on the other hand, in luxuriousness and effeminacy. The first is the condition of the ever-toiling and poverty-stricken masses in our actual civilization; the last is the hardly more fortunate condition of the rich. Labor is first degraded by being deprived of its reward, and, being degraded, the wealthy, who are enabled by their riches to avoid it, are repelled, even when their tastes would incline them to its performance. The rich suffer, therefore, from *ennui*, gout, and dyspepsia, while the poor suffer from fatigue, deformity, and starvation. The refinement toward which wealth conduces in existing society is not, then, genuine development. The dandy is no more refined, in any commendable sense of the term, than the boor. Wealth may coexist with inbred and excessive vulgarity. The fact is patent to all, but the proof of it could nowhere be more obvious than in the very objection I am answering. The absence of true refinement and gentility is in no manner so completely demonstrated as by selfish and wanton encroachments upon the rights of others, and no encroachment can be conceived more selfish and wanton than that of demanding that others shall work without compensation to maintain our gentility.

173. Refinement sits most gracefully upon those who have the most thorough physical development and training. The highest exhibit of the real gentleman can no more be produced without labor than that of the scholar without study. There is no more a royal road to true refinement than there is to mathematics. The experiment has been tried in either case a thousand times, of jumping the primary and intermediate steps, and the product has been in one event the fop, and in the other the pedant.

Refinement is, so to speak, a luxury to be indulged in after the necessities of life are provided. Those necessities consist of stamina of body and mind, which are only wrought out of mental and corporeal exercise. Mere refinement sought from the beginning, with no admixture of hardship, emasculates the man, and ends disastrously for the individual and the race. It is indispensable, therefore, to the true education and integral development of both the individual and the race that every person shall take upon himself or herself a due proportion of the common burden of mankind. If it were possible for any one individual to labor, for his whole life, at pursuits which were purely attractive and delightful, it is questionable whether even that would not mollify his character to the point of effeminacy.—whether absolute difficulties and repugnances to be overcome are not essential to a right education of a human being in every condition of his existence. The Cost Principle forces a compliance with what philosophy thus demonstrates to be the unavoidable condition of human development and genuine refinement. It removes the possibility of one person's living in indolence off the exertions of others. It administers labor as the inevitable prior condition of indulging in refinement, for which it furnishes the means and prepares the way. This objection, drawn from the consequences of the principle upon the well-being of society, is therefore destitute of validity. The balance of advantage predominates immensely in the opposite scale. The result which the principle works out is the elevation and genuine refinement of the whole race, instead of brutifying the vast majority of mankind and emasculating the rest.

174. The second objection is that this method of remuneration depresses the condition of genius, and affords no means of obtaining a livelihood, and of making accumulations, to those who pursue purely attractive occupations. (99.)

This objection is, in part, answered in the same manner as the preceding. Genius, as well as refinement, has its basis in healthful physical conditions, such as result from a due amount of labor and struggle with mental and corporeal difficulties. Complete relief from all necessity for exertion is by no means a favorable state for the development of genius, or its maintenance in activity. The poet who works three hours a day at some occupation which is actual work will be a better poet than the same man if he should devote himself exclusively to his favorite literary pursuit. With the knowledge of physiological laws now prevalent, it cannot be necessary to enlarge upon a statement so well authenticated, both by science and experience. Less than that amount of labor, in true industrial relations, will furnish the means of existence and comfort. Hence, under the operation of these principles, genius has its own destiny in its own hands.

175. The man of genius who should devote himself exclusively, except so far as he must labor to provide himself the means of living, to that which to him was purely attractive and delightful, would of course not accumulate, as the price of his exertions, that kind of reward which appropriately belongs to exertions of a different kind,—namely, to such as tend directly to the production of wealth. If he seeks his own gratification solely in this pursuit, he finds his reward in the pursuit itself. Probably, however, there is no species of occupation which, when continuously followed, is purely delightful. If the artist disposes of the products of his genius at all, he is entitled to demand a price for them according to the degree of cost or sacrifice they have occasioned him,—less in proportion to the degree to which he has pursued the occupation from pure delight. The correctness of this principle is now tacitly admitted in the case of the amateur, who does not charge for his works, because he performed them for his own gratification. So soon, however, as the artist, in any department of art, becomes professional, and exercises his profession for the pleasure and gratification of the public, he is forced to subordinate his own gratification, more or less, to that of those whom he attempts to propitiate, which, with the temperament usually belonging to that class of persons, is extremely irksome. In proportion to this irksomeness comes an augmentation of price. To be obliged to perform at stated times, to conform his own tastes to the demands of his employers or patrons, and the like,—all the sacrifice thus imposed enters legitimately into the estimate of price. It may be, therefore, that art pursued as a profession may be as lucrative, in a mere commercial point of view, as any other pursuit.

176. Ordinarily, however, there is a repugnance with the genuine artist to pursuing art as a profession at all. He desires ardently to pay his devotions at the shrine of his favorite divinity solely for her own sake. He feels that there is some-

thing like degradation in intermingling with his worship any mercenary motive whatever. For the gratification of this refined sentiment, how superior would his condition be, if, by expending a few hours of his time at some productive industry, which the arrangements of society placed always at his disposal, he could procure an assured subsistence, and that grade of comfort and elegance to which his tastes might incline him! There can be nothing in the vagrant and precarious condition of the devotees of art, in our existing society, to be viewed as a model, which it would be dangerous to deviate from.

177. The objection which we are now considering has been, however, already answered in a manner more satisfactory, perhaps, to those whose aspirations for the artist are more luxurious, in the chapter on Natural Wealth, under which head talent, natural skill, or genius is included. (87.) It was there shown that the subject treated of in this whole work is merely price, in its rigid sense as a remuneration for burden assumed, the only remuneration which the performer of any labor can with propriety demand; but it is not for that reason the only remuneration which he may with propriety receive, if more is rendered as a free tribute for pleasure conferred, of which the party served must be the sole judge. (93.) Hence, as the business of the artist and the genius is to confer the purer and more elevated kinds of pleasure, the whole field is open to him to compel by pure attraction as liberal a tribute as he may, provided always no other force is employed. The point of honor would concur with equity in limiting him in his demand to the mere amount of burden assumed, as if he were the most menial laborer,—an amount which delicacy and politeness toward those whom he served would lead him rather to under than over estimate. On the other hand, the same point of honor would leave to them the estimate of the pleasure conferred, while delicacy and politeness on their part would in turn prompt them to magnify rather than diminish the obligation, and bespeak from them an appreciative and indulgent spirit. In this manner the intercourse of the artist, the genius, the discoverer, or other supereminent public benefactor with the public would be raised to a natural and refined interchange of courtesies, instead of a disgraceful scramble about priority of rights, or the price of tickets.

178. In like manner there is nothing in the Cost Principle to prevent the most liberal contributions, on all hands, toward aiding inventors in carrying on their experiments before success has crowned their exertions, and the most liberal testimonials of the public appreciation of those exertions after success is achieved.

179. The third objection to the Cost Principle, drawn from its consequences upon the interests and conditions of society, is that it does not provide for the performance of every useful function in the community. More specifically stated, the objection is this: Labor is paid according to its repugnance; there are some kinds of labor which are not repugnant at all, but which, on the other hand, are purely pleasurable, and which consequently would bear no price, or receive no remuneration; but the performance of these kinds of labor is necessary to the well-being of society, and, in order that they be performed, those who perform them must be sustained; consequently they must have a price for their labor. The Cost Principle denies a price, therefore, at the same time that the well-being of society demands one.

180. This objection assumes that the labor in question will not be performed unless it bears a price, while it assumes at the same time that it is a pure pleasure to perform it. It assigns as the reason why it will not be performed, that the laborers performing it must be maintained while engaged in its performance. To assume this is in effect to assume that in the state of society which will result from these principles people will not have leisure to pursue their pleasure for pleasure's sake, and that they will be obliged to devote the whole of their time to occupations going toward furnishing them the means of subsistence. This is again assuming too much. Such assumptions are based upon the existing state of things, and not upon any such as could exist under the reign of Universal Equity. The very end and purpose of all radical social reform is a state of society which shall relieve every individual from subjugation to the necessity of continuous and repugnant labor, and furnish him the leisure and ability to pursue his own pleasurable occupations at his own option. It is claimed for the Cost Principle that, taken in conjunction with the doctrine of Individuality and the Sovereignty of the Individual, it works out a state of society in which that leisure and ability would exist. The real question, then, is whether it does so or not. If it does, then the objection falls. It is answered by the statements that all purely pleasurable occupations will be filled by such persons as have leisure, or by all persons at such times as they have leisure. Being pleasurable, they require no inducement in the form of price. Whether the operation of the Cost Principle is adequate to the production of general wealth, and the consequent prevalence of leisure and freedom of choice in regard to occupation, depends upon the correctness of the whole train of propositions which have been, and which are to be made upon the subject.

181. The next objection drawn from the operation of the Cost Principle is that it makes no provision for the maintenance of the poor and the unfortunate,—that, although it secures exact justice, it has in it no provisions for benevolence.

It has been shown that, in order that benevolence be rightly appreciated and accepted as such, and beget benevolence in turn, it is essential that equity should first have been done. Mutual benevolence can only exist after all the requirements of equity have been complied with, and that can only be by first knowing what the requirements of equity really are; where, in other words, the relations of equity or justice cease, and those of benevolence begin.

182. It is the essential element of benevolence that it be perfectly voluntary. If it is exercised in obedience to a demand, it is no longer benevolence. Apply these principles to the question of public or private charity. If justice were done to all classes and all individuals in society; if, in other words, the whole products of the labor of each were secured to him for his own enjoyment,—the occasion for charity, as it is now administered, would be almost wholly removed. Pauperism, in any broad sense, would be extinguished. Poverty would, so to speak, be abolished, except in the very rare instances of absolute disability, from disease or accident overtaking persons for whom no prior provision had been made either by their own accumulations or those of their ancestors or deceased friends. Pauperism, with such rare exceptions, is purely the growth of the existing system of commercial exchanges, tending continually, as has been shown, to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

183. With regard, then, to the few cases of disability, coupled with destitution, which may always continue to occur, it is obvious that that principle of science which intervenes to regulate the equitable exchange of products has no application whatever where there are no products to exchange. Equity is then out of the question. Equivalents cannot be rendered because there is nothing on the one side to render. Benevolence comes then fairly in play. In the same manner as the sentiment of justice is offended by the pretence of giving as charity what is felt to be due as a right, so, on the other hand, the sentiment of benevolence is offended by a claim as a matter of right to that which should be voluntarily bestowed, if at all. I have observed elsewhere that Rowland Hill would never have received the magnificent testimonial bestowed upon him by the English people, if he had seen fit to prefer a claim to it as the price of his services. Benevolence is conciliated,

therefore, the moment that all claim is abandoned, and claims having no basis in right are abandoned immediately whenever there is an exact knowledge of the limits of equity. In this manner the Cost Principle, while it does not profess to be benevolent, serves, nevertheless, as an inspirer and regulator of benevolence itself. While justice is not benevolence, therefore, the foundations of benevolence are still laid in justice.

184. In a condition of society, then, in which Equity shall first have been secured to all, benevolence, whenever the occasion shall arise, will flow forth from every heart with unmeasured abundance. The disabled and unfortunate will be the pets and spoiled children of the community. It is a mistake in the philosophy of mind to suppose that there is naturally any sense of degradation from being the object of real charity. There never is any repugnance on the part of any one to being the recipient of genuine benevolence. The tenant of the poor-house in our pauper-ridden civilization is degraded and made sensible of his degradation by the malevolence, never by the benevolent sentiment, of society toward him. He is first hated because injustice has been done him, and then hated because he is a burden to society.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 106.

But it was only a passing impression, and she immediately resumed the conversation which this avowal had interrupted.

"The point of a dagger is very sharp," said she.

"The coat of mail is very close."

"I should have no confidence in it."

"Try!"

"You say so?"

"See if your dagger will penetrate it."

"But, if it should?"

"There is no danger."

And, uncovering his chest, the Duke invited her to put it to the proof.

Strike him full in the chest! No, the Duchess did not dare; the coat of mail might be broken by the blow and the Duke be fatally stabbed; no, no, she would not expose herself to such unhappiness! And as Newington persisted in inviting her to the act, and telling her to have no fears, she still refused, half laughing, half serious.

"You do not tremble, you confront death with your habitual courage, and you would receive it, I am sure, without winking."

"It would be even sweet, given by your hand!"

"Yes, but myself! To say nothing of my suffering, I should find myself in a pretty fix if, by chance, you should die without the power of explaining how it happened, and this might cause me a thousand annoyances. Who knows? They might shut me up in prison, they might even hang me. Thanks!"

Sir Newington smiled over her alarm at this prospect; shrugging his shoulders and taking her hand which held the dagger, he turned it towards his big chest, obstinately determined that the experiment should be tried.

But, appearing completely frightened, the Duchess, with a swift effort, disengaged herself, withdrawing the weapon which scratched the surface of her husband's throat.

No, again no! she would not!

"You had better have consented," said the Duke, wiping away with his coat some drops of blood which had fallen upon his right hand.

"I have wounded you," cried Lady Ellen, apparently overwhelmed.

"Oh! just a scratch upon the surface of the skin! I shall not die of it. See, it has already stopped bleeding."

The Duchess was distressed, and irritated also at the Duke, declaring such play to be senseless. She might as easily have severed an artery and occasioned a hemorrhage which would have been followed by death.

The entrance of Treor, whom the servant summoned for this purpose now pushed in ahead of him, put an end to the lamentations and reproaches of the perfidious woman.

The old man, slightly bent, stopped on the threshold, examining with his immoderately large and brilliant, but dim eyes, the room, its decoration, and the people; then he advanced with short steps, full of hesitation. Still scrutinizing the place into which he had been brought, he half-closed his eye-lids, in order to better discern an object which he could not define, the faces of beings whom he seemed to know, but did not recognize.

Suddenly, stopping again near the door and turning his fixed and shaded eyes towards the Duke and Duchess, he asked:

"Why did they disturb me? Where have they brought me? I have come a long way; my legs are wavering and exhausted . . . up to the knees. I hope that this is at least a free country, without foreigners to oppress it."

Excessively lean, a pale, tall skeleton, with his cavernous voice, he stood upright like an apparition of death exhumed from the sepulchre, animated with breath borrowed for the occasion. And Newington looked at him with the disdain of the man in insolent health, full of blood almost bursting from the skin, and with the scorn which the weakness of such an unsubstantial enemy, ridiculous in his pretensions to struggle, inspired in this giant, in this formidable ox.

Lady Ellen, pale without any real reason, but simply from physical impression, looked at this sort of spectre with terror, disgust, and instinctive horror, and re-trenched herself behind Newington, shivers creeping down her back and all through her flesh chilled by this glimpse into sepulchral regions.

However, the scene took the turn which she desired.

The old man railed at the Duke, whom he at last recognized.

"I am not mistaken," said he, extending his arm and designating the general with his index finger; "that is the face of a tyrant; one could swear that it was Sir Newington, just as at Cumslen-Park."

Then, after a time employed in confirming himself in his hypothesis, he resumed:

"Surely the same coarse arrogance, the same hardness of features less hard than the heart, and I get a glimpse, through his eye-balls reddened with the blood which he has shed, of his detestable soul, the receptacle and horrible den of hatred and nameless cruelties."

The slow, solemn, emphatic way in which he uttered these words did more than his curse to increase the uneasiness of the Duchess, acting on her nerves and adding to her marble pallor, and Treor, struck by this singular change of color, turned his looks away from Newington to fasten them on her, and, with a satisfied sneer, he said, pointing to Ellen:

"Yes, but death stands at the side of this bloody despot,—death, delusive, alluring, adorned, but death!"

Observing the Duchess start, the soldier offered to send away the old man; but, regaining her composure, and trying, by rubbing with her glove, to bring back to her cheek the color which had disappeared, she said:

"No!"

"She betrays herself," said Treor, "by her spite at being unmasked. Ah! my Lord, take care that she does not come too near, that she does not touch you!"

This was too much for Lady Ellen; this phantom frightened her at first simply by its unearthly aspect and by its voice such as one hears in a nightmare; but she might have overcome this painful sensation but for the dread that she now felt of the sort of divination with which the old man seemed endowed.

Was he going to denounce her? Would he perceive the insignificant wound inflicted on Sir Newington and reveal to him its mortal gravity, and would the Duke order the arrest of the poisoner, or else strangle her himself? She recalled the extraordinary lucidity of Miss Hobart, distinguishing, in her hasheesh crisis, words uttered a long distance off, and she feared that, with a double sight like that of the silly young girl and with his ear also sharpened, he might become a terrible accusing witness against her.

The flush which had returned for an instant to her face vanished, and Treor, who observed every indication of emotion on the part of the Duchess, pointed out this phenomenon to Newington.

"See! the roses of the cheeks are shedding their leaves," cried he; "look at the whiteness of the shrouds which are spread out where the perfumed petals flourished . . . and note how her engaging smile is transformed into an atrocious grimace!"

"It is enough, is it not, my Lady?" asked the Duke.

She tried to conquer her increasing embarrassment and insist that this exhibition, on the contrary, interested her; but prudence suddenly bade her to cease to restrain her fear.

"And you yourself," said the old man, addressing the Duke, "your red face, like the setting sun, is growing pale, and the twilight of the tomb dulls your skin, while the hand of death is already pulling at the corner of your lip."

Very plainly these were the first symptoms of the poison introduced into his flesh, and they commanded the retreat of Lady Newington, under pain of being obliged to help the Duke, to call for the assistance of the servants and the physicians,—that is, to surround the victim, in his death-struggle, with embarrassing and perhaps dangerous witnesses.

So to the remark of her husband the Duchess replied that, in truth, the spectacle at last began to weary her; that she desired music, not the farce of lugubrious ravings, and Newington ordered the old man to hush, turn his heels, or play.

"Let your violin sing!"

"*A De Profundis*?" asked Treor: "that is the piece for the occasion;" and, in spite of the opposition and command of Newington, he intoned with his sepulchral voice the funeral psalm and accompanied it with the sinister chorus of his instrument.

A terrifying prelude, which depicted with a gloomy completeness the death of a fearful sinner, burdened with iniquities. Then sighs of relief, joyous whispered sounds, rose from under his bow to describe the contentment experienced by the whole mass of terrorized, tyrannized wretches on account of this death.

A heart-rending, penitent wail succeeded this stifled joy of the oppressed,—the lamentable, despairing cry of a soul writhing in the clutches of Satan, and comprehending in its refined and enlarged intelligence the extent and unutterable horror of the tortures reserved for it and bearing no proportion to the crimes covered with which it is descending into hell.

He improvised with a master hand, bending over the violin which he warmed with his breath; one would have said that he was talking to it, swaying with it in such contortions that it seemed as if his neck and shoulders would be dislocated, and designing with his bow in space a hypnotizing series of lightning flashes.

The instrument wept, moaned, hurrahed, roared, and prayed by turns. All the sufferings, all the anguish, all the horrors experienced by the sinner descended into the cycles of chastisement, he expressed with languor, with remarkable truthfulness and power, and from the narrow structure of frail wood seemed to escape, roll into the air, and fly far away the legions of the damned, dishevelled, convulsed, writhing in spasms, for eternity.

Ellen was fascinated by the sight, but, frightened at the same time, she wished herself away, and, with a strong effort of her will, she turned towards the door; the musician barred the way with his bow.

She must dance, and Newington with her, the dance of the dead, in the whirlwind of spirits summoned but fleeing: to her, death personified and incarnate, it belonged to set the example.

"Embrace her form with your enamored arms," ordered Treor; "you need not fear her contact any longer. Press her, since she charms you; kiss her marble flesh. I will lead you, with ravishing airs, up to the mouth of your pit."

Then, speaking to the Duchess and the Duke successively, he said:

"Let him clasp you! Hug her tightly, stifle her. Then she will kill nobody else."

And as the terrified Lady elbowed him to pass, he tried to seize her by her skirt; she struggled and at last disappeared, crying to Newington to hold the madman who was pursuing her.

But the attempt to run after her exhausted the old man, and, re-entering the room breathless, his frenzy was calmed for a second, and a quieter song, an innocent lullaby, replaced the demoniacal phrases on the lips of this mad victim of hasheesh!

Moving his head to and fro, he gave the lines placidly and paternally, speaking rather than singing them to the Duke, who suddenly exclaimed in tones of alarm:

"But what is the matter with me? What does this strange chill in my limbs mean? . . . while, on the contrary, my skin is burning . . . what? my hand is swelling, my wrist and arm too, and my pulse beats immoderately as in a fever."

"Hush!" said the old man, "the child is asleep; this is the hour."

And again he began his tranquil song.

But Newington paid no heed.

"A numbness of ill omen," exclaimed he, "is creeping over my whole body."

"Yes, the body," sneered the hallucinated man, "for the devil long ago got the soul."

"It is this cut," said the Duke, "a poisoned weapon, surely;" and, lifting from the floor the dagger which the Duchess had purposely let fall, he examined it, while Treor, in the constantly changing features of the Englishman, followed the progress of the poison with a burning satisfaction, approving gestures, and a mimicry of triumph.

"Ah! the face grows purple again and is swelling; the eyes are bloodshot and starting from their sockets. Ah! ah! he is the image of those whom he has hanged, except that his tongue is not yet thrust out."

To be continued.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

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Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER 10, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

In Form a Reply, In Reality a Surrender.

Appreciating the necessity of at least seeming to meet the indisputable fact which I opposed to its championship of government postal monopoly, the Winsted "Press" presents the following ghost of an answer, which may be as convincing to the victims of political superstition as most materializations are to the victims of religious superstition, but which, like those materializations, is so imperceptible to the touch of the hard-headed investigator that, when he puts his hand upon it, he does not find it there.

The single instance of Wells, Fargo & Co., cited by B. R. Tucker to prove the advantage of private enterprise as a mail carrier, needs fuller explanation of correlated circumstances to show its true significance. As stated by Mr. Tucker, this company half a dozen years ago did a large business carrying letters throughout the Pacific States and Territories to distant and sparsely populated places for five cents per letter, paying more than three to the government in compliance with postal law and getting less than two for the trouble, and, though it cost the senders more, the service was enough better than government's to secure the greater part of the business.

This restatement of my statement is fair enough, except that it but dimly conveys the idea that Wells, Fargo & Co. were carrying, not only to distant and sparsely populated places, but to places thickly settled and easy of access, and were beating the government there also,—a fact of no little importance.

Several facts may explain this: 1, undeveloped government service in a new country, distant from the seat of government.

Here the ghost appears, all form and no substance. "John Jones is a better messenger than John Smith," declares the Winsted "Press," "because Jones can run over stony ground, while Smith cannot." "Indeed!" I answer; "why, then, did Smith outrun Jones the other day in going from San Francisco to Wayback?" "Oh! that may be explained," the "Press" rejoins, "by the fact that the ground was stony." The "Press" had complained against the Anarchistic theory of free competition in postal service that private enterprise would not reach remote points, while government does reach them. I proved by facts that private enterprise was more successful than government in reaching remote points. What sense, then, is there in answering that these points are distant from the government's headquarters and that it had not developed its service. The whole point lies in the fact that private enterprise was the first to develop its service and the most successful in maintaining it at a high degree of efficiency.

2, government competition which kept Wells & Fargo from charging monopoly prices.

If the object of a government postal service is to keep private enterprise from charging high prices, no more striking illustration of the stupid way in which government works to achieve its objects could be cited

than its imposition of a tax of two (then three) cents a letter upon private postal companies. It is obvious that this tax was all that kept Wells, Fargo & Co. from reducing their letter-rate to three or even two cents, in which case the government probably would have lost the remnant of business which it still commanded. This is guarding against monopoly prices with a vengeance! The competitor, whether government or individual, who must tax his rival in order to live is no competitor at all, but a monopolist himself. It is not government competition that Anarchists are fighting, but government monopoly. It should be added, however, that, pending the transformation of governments into voluntary associations, even government competition is unfair, because an association supported by compulsory taxation could always, if it chose, carry the mails at less than cost and tax the deficit out of the people.

3, other paying business which brought the company into contact with remote districts and warranted greater safeguards to conveyance than government then offered to its mail carriers.

Exactly. What does it prove? Why, that postal service and express service can be most advantageously run in conjunction, and that private enterprise was the first to find it out. This is one of the arguments which the Anarchists use.

4, a difference of two cents was not appreciated in a country where pennies were unknown.

Here the phantom attains the last degree of attenuation. If Mr. Pinney will call at the Winsted post office, his postmaster will tell him—what common sense ought to have taught him—that of all the stamps used not over five per cent. are purchased singly, the rest being taken two, three, five, ten, a hundred, or a thousand at a time. Californians are said to be very reckless in the matter of petty expenditures, but I doubt if any large portion of them would carry their prodigality so far as to pay five dollars a hundred for stamps when they could get them at three dollars a hundred on the next corner.

These conditions do not exist elsewhere in this country at present. Therefore the illustration proves nothing.

Proves nothing! Does it not prove that private enterprise outstripped the government under the conditions that then and there existed, which were difficult enough for both, but extraordinarily embarrassing for the former?

We know that private enterprise does not afford express facilities to sparsely settled districts throughout the country.

I know nothing of the kind. The express companies cover practically the whole country. They charge high rates to points difficult of access, but this is only just. The government postal rates, on the contrary, are unjust. It certainly is not fair that my neighbor, who sends a hundred letters to New York every year, should have to pay two cents each on them, though the cost of carriage is but one cent, simply because the government spends a dollar in carrying for me one letter a year to Wayback, for which I also pay two cents. It may be said, however, that where each individual charge is so small, a schedule of rates would cause more trouble and expense than saving,—in other words, that to keep books would be poor economy. Very likely; and in that case no one would find it out sooner than the private mail companies. This, however, is not the case in the express business, where parcels of all sizes and weights are carried.

No more would it mail facilities. A remarkable exception only proves the rule. But, if private enterprise can and will do so much, why doesn't it do it now? The law stands no more in the way of Adams Express than it did in the way of the Wells & Fargo's express.

This reminds me of the question with which Mr. Pinney closed his discussion with me regarding free money. He desired to know why the Anarchists did not start a free money system, saying that they ought to be shrewd enough to devise some way of evading the law. As if any competing business could be expected to succeed if it had to spend a fortune in contesting law-suits or in paying a heavy tax to which its rival was not subject! So handicapped, it could not possibly succeed unless its work was of such a nature

as to admit the widest range of variation in point of excellence. This was the case in the competition between Wells, Fargo & Co. and the government. The territory covered was so ill-adapted to postal facilities that it afforded a wide margin for the display of superiority, and Wells, Fargo & Co. took advantage of this to such an extent that they beat the government in spite of their handicap. But in the territory covered by Adams Express it is essentially different. There the postal service is so simple a matter that the possible margin of superiority would not warrant an extra charge of even one cent a letter. But I am told that Adams Express would be only too glad of the chance to carry letters at one cent each, if there were no tax to be paid on the business. If the government-alists think that the United States can beat Adams Express, why do they not dare to place the two on equal terms? That is a fair question. But when a man's hands are tied, to ask him why he doesn't fight is a coward's question.

T.

"The Final Owner of All."

While yet—at least to all outward appearance—in full enjoyment of perfect health and unclouded reason, the late universally lamented "John Swinton's Paper" elaborated in a masterly written article the idea that the government is the final owner of us all. Not only is it the absolute owner of our possessions, our labor, but of our physical bodies as well. Private property, even in lives, does not exist outside of the domain of mythology. The Government is the master, we are the slaves. To say nothing of appropriating the fruits of our labor, of demanding our service, of regulating our affairs, or of controlling our judgment, all of which are unquestionably among the rights involved in governmental sovereignty, even "though thou"—O final owner of us all—"slay us, we will trust in thee" and loudly, with thy generous permission, sing thy praises. To view this in any other light than as a satire on the intemperate and extremely extravagant claims of the State fanatics was clearly impossible, for it would be an insult to a man of Mr. Swinton's intelligence to suppose him capable of entertaining such an opinion; and so, not until the last number of "John Swinton's Paper" was issued, did I begin to have serious doubts as to the meaning of his sentences. But, as it would be carrying the joke too far to profess earnest belief in the "solid truths" contained in those postulates, I am forced to conclude that Mr. Swinton really holds the antiquated doctrine that the people have no rights which the government is bound to respect. To maintain consistency, and in order to prop up that position with any show of logic, the ancient superstition of the divine origin of government must be revived. Else, if "governments are instituted among men" for purposes of protection and defence, how can they become the final owners of the originally free individuals?

Besides, so far as this blessed republic is concerned, which, as Mr. Swinton assures us, enjoys a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, what sense is there in saying that the government—that is, the people—is the final owner of all the people? If I, a private citizen, own myself, and every other citizen, individually, owns himself, then, if we, in the aggregate, are really the government, we, of course, own ourselves. Obviously, it was not this commonplace which Mr. Swinton insisted upon. Was the idea, then, that each citizen becomes, the moment he consents (for this government is theoretically based on consent) to be part of the government, the property of the rest of the citizens? But in that case each citizen is at the same time both master and slave, owner of others and property owned by others; and the formula should read: The owner and the property of all.

Moreover, even proceeding on the theory that the people do not themselves constitute the government, but are merely electors and creators of the same, Mr. Swinton, who proudly and grandiloquently discourses upon Jeffersonian democracy, would find it difficult to bring his statement into harmony with our alleged natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. No one who is not completely his own master can be said to have these rights; and, if the government is the final owner of all, no rights exist, but only privi-

leges and favors conferred by the government, which it is as free to withhold, or revoke, as it is to bestow.

It appears strange to have to argue this question at this late day with intelligent persons, Americans, Jeffersonian democrats, believers in natural rights and in government by consent. Yet so strong is the reign of political superstition still that one needs to be very careful in attacking it. Who knows but that our friend, John Swinton, were I to inform him of the existence of a man named Spencer who unequivocally declares that the individual has a right to totally ignore the State, and that this doctrine meets with the approval of alarmingly great numbers of people, would share the tragic fate of that Parisian prototype of his who laughed himself to death on being told that there was no king in Venice?

V. YARROS.

Capital.

A certain class of so-called Labor papers are vociferously loud in their denunciation of capital, and depict it to their readers as the legitimate heir and successor of the Arch Fiend himself, who, by general religious consent, seems to have retired from active business. It may surprise some of our economic tyros to hear us, on the contrary, proclaim that capital has been the saviour of man. That but for it the "able editor" who denounces it might be pursuing some useful avocation in life with a brass collar riveted around his neck bearing his master's name.

The introduction of capital into industry made slave labor unprofitable by giving a greater impetus to production and calling into active exercise those faculties of man which fear had never been able to evoke. It has brought about that marvellous change in the world whereby the military régime has been supplanted by an industrial one, wherein man's activities find freer and higher scope in a warfare upon nature rather than upon his fellow-man.

Under any régime capital and labor must be supplementary to each other, though it is true that under present restrictive conditions the one implies the other as a creditor implies a debtor. But under the most perfect form of society, while human need exists, creditors and debtors will remain. The evil does not lie in their existence, but in the undue advantage given whereby one is *privileged*. Privilege implies restriction, as one end of a stick necessitates the other. So with capital and labor; to abolish one is to wipe out the other, as much so as would be an attempt to annihilate one end of a stick.

What we justly complain of is the special privilege bestowed upon the one that enables it to hold the other subservient to its demands. The remedy for this does not lie in new restrictions, still further legalization through the intermeddling of ignorant officials, but in the wiping out of privileges already usurped. A shirt or a coat in my trunk is wealth, but when I put it on, put it to use, it becomes in one sense capital, though unproductive capital. If I buy or make a spade, that is productive capital, and it rightly and justly belongs to me, is my private property. If I were forbidden to make or buy a spade, but compelled to hire one at such rates as spade makers or dealers saw fit to enact, my redress would not lie in seeking to destroy all spades, but in crushing the odious monopoly that denies me the individual use of capital as represented in the spade. To demand that the government alone shall make spades would be no extension of my freedom. I am as capable of determining what kind and style of spade I desire as a board of national directors, and under a system of free exchange I could be suited far cheaper than by a process of such unnecessary expensive circumlocution.

We leave our Greenback friends and their Communistic allies to draw the moral, if their National Soup House theory has not rendered them so obtuse that to "call a spade a spade" is to them the end of the argument rather than an apt illustration. Then, if any one desired to use my capital in the absence of his own, I, being but one of millions possessing similar capital, could exact no exorbitant toll, for, if I did, he would go elsewhere or call into activity his own faculties and learn to rely upon his own exertions, instead of remaining in that state of slothful mediocrity that the

National Soup House theory would inevitably tend to produce.

Instead of crying with Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death!" too many of our contemporaries prefer the death which their theories would introduce into social life; without professing to be friends of privilege, they invariably denounce the consistent enemies of privilege in all its forms. Without assuming the task of injecting an idea into the craniums of the aforesaid "able editors," we would call their attention to the fact that Anarchy is the abolition of legalized privilege, the realization of equal opportunities. Will they be kind enough to rein in their winged Pegasus long enough to descend from cloud-land to *terra firma* and inform us what peculiar form of privilege they desire to reserve from our sacrilegious and iconoclastic hands? In such an event a hushed and expectant throng of Anarchists will even promise to read their effusions, trusting that they will be less flatulent than usual.

DYER D. LUM.

Jefferson Davis's letter opposing prohibition had so much influence in saving Texas from that curse at the election last month that the Winsted "Press" says: "If Jefferson Davis will take the field against our country's enemies, the prohibitionists, we will forgive him for having once taken the field against our country's friends, the abolitionists." Jefferson Davis took the field, not against the abolitionists, but against the Republican party, and in doing so he was serving liberty as truly as when he assailed prohibition the other day. Prohibition and Republicanism are feathers plucked from the same bird,—State Socialism.

Kellyism and Tak Kakle.

I do not wish to interfere with the *athletæ* who are, or have been, wrestling in Liberty's arena over the questions of morality and Egoism. In truth, I am afraid to. I am no scholar; I have never read Stirner, and I know but little of Proudhon. Therefore, if I can but understand these men, let alone withstanding them, I shall do well.

But it may be a matter of curious interest to them, as well as to others, to review the possibly crude speculations of one who has looked into these questions with the directness of an independent mind, having but little aid from the voice or pen of his fellows. During the solitary musings of a rural and pioneer life,—in boyhood as I roamed the forests and mountains of the Middle States; in after years as I reposed 'neath the flashing stars of the arid, wind-swept prairies, or trod the mountain crags and gorges of Tennessee, or hunted in the moss-draped woods of the Oclawaha,—I have pondered on all these matters, and sometimes have reached conclusions in my own way that seemed satisfactory to me.

It appears to me, then, that this universe is but a vast aggregate of individuals; of individuals simple and primary, and of individuals complex, secondary, tertiary, etc., formed by the aggregation of primary individuals or of individuals of a lesser degree of complexity. Some of these individuals of a high degree of complexity are true individuals, *concrete*, so united that the lesser organisms included cannot exist apart from the main organism; while others are imperfect, *discrete*, the included organisms existing fairly well, quite as well, or better, apart than united. In the former class are included many of the higher forms of vegetable and animal life, including man, and in the latter are included many lower forms of vegetable and animal life (quack-grass, tapeworms, etc.) and most societary organisms, governments, nations, churches, armies, etc.

I am (at least in the ordinary, theological sense) atheist. I do not believe in any Supreme God, or Aggregate Intelligence, creatively antecedent to, or subsequently evolved from, the universe, supervising it. I see no use for such a power except at home; for outside of the universe there is nothing, therefore relations are impossible. And at home, in the universe, I see no evidence of such a power. Each individual takes care of itself as best it may. I see no evidence of the sweep of a broad comprehensive plan and the workings of an almighty hand. Everywhere in Nature I behold separate, finite, imperfect intelligences; toiling and stumbling along unknown paths, perhaps right, perhaps wrong, perhaps to success, perhaps to destruction. Everywhere I behold the monuments of folly, failure, ignorance, ruin. Seeing, then, no sign of a God, nor any use for one, if each individual could be perfectly intelligent, I infer Egoism as the Great Fact in Nature. Self-care, self-support, is the distinguishing mark of a complete individual, and intelligence is the agent for accomplishing this; and I furthermore assume that intelligence is the universal force, broken up and distributed among every form of matter and consequently possessed in some form and degree by everything. It is chemical force in the elements; it is reason in man; and it is manifested in every grade and shade between. Self-good, then, is the universal desire, and,

in the attempt to gratify this desire, the individuals sometimes coöperate with, sometimes battle with, one another, and sometimes, perhaps oftener, do both at the same time. Egoism, therefore, appears to me the one vital thread, the common point of sympathy, the great moving cause of the universe, and the simple explanation of all the harmonies and discords that make up all its phenomena.

That is good or right to each one which is beneficial to that one; and that is evil or wrong which is to that one harmful. Agreement as to what is good there is none. In fact, the very existence of one usually depends upon the injury of others. Absolute good is, therefore, impossible, and war is inevitable.

Perfect peace, harmony, and justice among all the differing individuals is an absurdly utopian dream. The most that can be hoped for is that individuals of a certain class or species will make common cause against those whose destruction benefits them, or whose differing development makes harmony between them impossible, as wolves band together against sheep and pursuing dogs.

Driven by Egoism and a constantly improving intelligence, the human species has thus united against all non-human individuals, and has reaped the greatest benefits yet obtained from so doing. But, unfortunately, its intelligence, or rather the intelligence of its individuals, has not so far evolved sufficiently to perceive that the coöperation between these individuals should be made complete, and that all their battles should be with non-human Nature; that the Egoistic and continuous civil war now raging between them should cease, and give place to a still more Egoistic and perpetual peace. And the chief question between the moralists and the avowed Egoists is whether this contest between individuals should, or should not, go on.

But the moralists usually obscure the issue by claiming that right is something aside from, or superior to, personal interests, and that Egoism is the cause of all evil. This seems to me absurd; for what argument under heaven (that is to say, short of theological assumption) can a man bring to me to keep me from injuring him, except to show me that my doing so injures more than it benefits myself. Because that only is right to me which benefits me, I find in Egoism the basis of all scientific morality. But if the moralists, through too much tampering with theology, have fallen into this error, they have clearly perceived many higher relations of right and self-benefit which were ignored or denied by their opponents.

Egoists have ever been too ready to take coarse and, as the phrase is, "materialistic" views of what constituted self-benefit, reducing everything to dollars and cents, or judging everything by the standard of the less refined pleasures. Therefore their self-wisdom has continually degraded into mere selfishness. But the moralists have always been appreciative of the associative virtues, and Justice, or the harmony of the *hominids*, has always been their ideal. But their superstition and dogmatism weakened all their precepts. Not till the advent of the Anarchists, with their simple yet sublime doctrine of equal liberty, was it shown how Justice could be drawn from the clouds and made to dwell among men. Therefore I deem the Anarchists the most practical of moralists and the true reconcilers of Altruism and Egoism. Ignorance, partial knowledge, is the great cause of human wrong-doing, and almost all vice and crime and false moral teaching come from the startling fact—which I never knew a moralist to comment upon—that almost everything that ultimately injures and blights appears at the beginning, temporarily, and in a narrow circle, to be a benefit, and does actually yield pleasure. If I drink now, I get pleasure; but afterward comes disgust, debasement. If I gamble, I enjoy the risk; but in the end the risk ruins me. If I lie to my neighbor, it helps me today; but tomorrow he finds it out, and my loss in credit, etc., is immense. I pick his pocket, and for a time have wealth; but with detection come pain, and shame, and pecuniary loss. And, even if I escape these "material" consequences, there are other injuries, to the spiritual and mental nature, almost impossible to describe, but not less real, and bringing most surely a black harvest of unhappiness. All these things are the fruits of short-sighted, narrow-minded Egoism. Where the mind is broad enough to compare the smallness of the present gain with the magnitude of the future evil, there will be no more dissipation, lying, stealing, invasion of any kind. The hypocrite is a man who fails to perceive the truth of this, while professing to, and therefore we instinctively dread and hate him as an ambushed foe, a dangerous, treacherous fool. The selfish man is a fool of the same kidney, but less sly, not perceiving that his meanness, greed, and indifference are anti-Egoistic, and that an injury to his fellow, if only a sin of omission, is a tenfold injury to himself, by ligating the arteries that convey to him the rich social life-blood of reciprocal love, hearty good-fellowship, willing coöperation, and mutual defence.

We need a term antithetical to selfishness to describe the mental attitude of the enlightened Egoist, who clearly perceives the folly of selfishness, the self-wisdom of generosity and justice, who perceives that all crime is vice.

How would *Autoism* serve?

The fool hath said in his heart (ditto with his mouth): "My fellow's welfare is not my own."

J. WM. LLOYD.
GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

Additions to the Saints' Calendar.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Just as I am, without one plea,
I come, Mr. Editor, to thee.

Having brought in so skillfully this beautiful quotation, I must confess, however, that my intention is not really to come to you, but rather to "go for" that Miss Kelly, you know.

Verily, "without this being the age of 'preternatural suspicion,'" one might really be led to think that the lady had been "hired by the enemy," not indeed to bring disgrace upon the cause of Agnosticism and Anarchism, or any cause. Of that Our Lady is entirely incapable. But all the same, hired by the "enemy" whom Tak Kak seems to have vanquished in his last article (in 105). Mr. Kelly might have thought that "a woman's tears" might avail where his argument did not. A woman's tears to bemoan the decline and fall of Altruism.

I once listened in Boston to a lecture delivered by a lady of great ability and learning. She began her discourse by telling the audience that there was a miraculous way by which people can become "respectable." So the Americans, for instance, used to consider the Germans as unrespectable, but by some miraculous process the latter became respectable, and they in turn looked down upon the Irishman as a very unrespectable piece of humanity. In a few years, however, the Irishman became wonderfully respectable, so much so that he considered it beneath his dignity to be in the same country with Italians, Poles, and Bohemians.

But such has always been the case. The Lutherans were hooted down by the Catholics, who considered them heretics, Anti-Christians, etc.; so the Lutherans had to associate with all classes of people, with the low and the lowly. But no sooner had they obtained a foothold and felt a little sure in their position than they also got assurance and began to call those who differed from them all sorts of "names." The Baptists (Anabaptists they were called then), who, by the way, were the first Anarchists, were proscribed by the Lutherans. Soon, however, the Baptists got some strength and became wonderfully respectable, and today they boast of magnificent churches, with velvet-cushioned pews and high-salaried pastors. The Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Congregationalists, and the Unitarians all passed through the same "course of events." The Ethical Culture Societies furnish grand examples of the same kind. And now the Labor Party (?) has undergone a similar process. Until last Fall they did not "feel their strength." Nobody cared much even to ridicule them, and the "great reformer," "the true friend of the working-man," "the greatest philosopher the world has ever seen," Henry George, was very glad indeed to be called a Socialist, an Anarchist, and God knows what else. For the Socialists, and some would-be Anarchists, swelled his ranks, so that his legions numbered six myriads and eight thousands. But lo! after a little, "Israel waxed fat and began to kick." The Anti-Poverty Society prospered well, and St. George and his prophet McGlynn filled the Academy of Music to overflowing (all the seats except the gallery being sold, besides the "customary collection"). So it was about time for these "great reformers" to become "respectable." And, by George! they did become so. Wonderful metamorphosis this! We want no Socialists, no Anarchists, etc., exclaims the Prophet. Down with Socialists and Anarchists! expel them from your midst! dictates the Saint.

Thus the world moves on. The harlot enters a cloister and is counted a Saint in the Calendar! And the cancer of "respectability" spreads further and still further, and requires victims even from the Anarchist ranks. The able man and the noble maiden of Hoboken have fallen a prey to it, and ere long another St. John and another St. Gertrude shall be added in the Saints' Calendar. Great and wonderful, indeed, is the mystery of respectability! Let us hasten to worship at her shrine, lest we be excommunicated, and—oh, how shocking!—denied even a Christian burial!

But seriously! Do Mr. Kelly and Miss Kelly really suppose they believe in anything but Egoism, or, whatever their belief or "spook," are they prepared to prove that they act by any other motive than Egoism? I think not. The Altruist denies himself, because he finds more pleasure in fulfilling his "duty" by sacrificing his own interests for the interests of others. In other words, he attends to his own interests best by attending to other people's interests. Whether it is done out of a hope of securing long and everlasting happiness in a world to come, or because of Kant's "categorical imperative," or even out of mere weakness, because they cannot see others suffer, in either of these cases the result as well as the object in view is a personal satisfaction, an aspiration to, and an achievement of, a real or an imaginary happiness. The martyr prefers to have his body burned to charcoal to recanting his faith. He loves his Deity better than his body or earthly possessions. He expects to derive or deems that he derives more satisfaction and happiness from his God here or in the "future life" than he ever could hope, according to his views, to derive from his own powers and possessions. One will drink himself to death. The other would rather die than take a drop of liquor. We have neither commendation nor condemnation for either. Both follow their choice. Both satisfy a desire.

I do not know who Tak Kak is. Amiable as he may be, I have no particular desire to know him by name. I read his arguments, and they suit me. They please me because, like Mr. Yarros, I learned to think on this subject in harmony with Tak Kak before I knew that there was a writer over such a signature, and before I knew one word of the language in which he writes. Whether or not Tak Kak's life is in full accord with his arguments on Egoism is of little or no consequence to me. My own life is full of inconsistencies, and in a sense I am rather proud of it than otherwise. To be perfectly consistent means to be in a state of stagnation, or crystallization, if you will. Unless one be utterly insusceptible to the changes going on round about him continually in social, political, and religious life; unless he be entirely incapable of thought, reflection, and investigation,—he must change his opinions sometime; he must then change his friends, his likings, his desires, his enjoyments, his whole life; in fine, he must be inconsistent! If he had been god-ridden before, he will throw off his God, will cast his religious beliefs to the four winds, will love his yesterday's enemies, will abhor the society of the saints, and will sup with the sinners. The publican will be his friend, though the Priest and the Pharisee will persecute him for so doing. He will scorn the sneer of the Sadducees and the Scribes alike, because their society has ceased to afford any pleasure to his inner self. He is inconsistent simply because he is true to himself. This is, in my humble opinion, true manhood, true selfhood, true Individualism.

RUDOLF WEYLER.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1887.

[While appreciating Mr. Weyler's sense of the narrowness which Mr. Kelly and Miss Kelly have shown in their attitude towards the Egoists, as well as his vivacious characterization of the same, I cannot share his opinion that they have been governed by any desire for respectability. Whatever they may lack, they certainly do not lack independence, courage, or honesty. Nor do they lack brains. I have my own theory of their peculiar course, but see no reason for making it public. I agree with Mr. Weyler that this course tends to land them in respectability, but this fact seems to me purely incidental.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

State Aid to Science.*

If what I say to you today should seem to you out of place, you must blame the chairman of your executive committee and not me; for, when she asked me to contribute something for this meeting, she assured me that anything which affected the relation of medical women to society, anything which related to the advancement of science, was a proper subject of discussion at the annual meeting of the Alumnae Association.

Herbert Spencer closes the second volume of his "Principles of Sociology" with these words:

The acceptance which guides conduct will always be of such theories, no matter how logically indefensible, as are consistent with the average modes of action, public and private. All that can be done, by diffusing a doctrine much in advance of the time, is to facilitate the action of forces tending to cause advance. The forces themselves can be but in small degrees increased, but something may be done by preventing misdirection of them. Of the sentiment at any time enlisted on behalf of a higher social state there is always some (and at the present time a great deal) which, having the broad, vague form of sympathy with the masses, spends itself in efforts for their relief by multiplication of political agencies of one or other kind. Led by the hope of immediate beneficial results, those swayed by this sympathy are unconscious that they are helping further to elaborate a social organization at variance with that required for a higher form of social life, and are by so doing increasing the obstacles to attainment of that higher form. On a portion of such the foregoing chapters may have some effect by leading them to consider whether the arrangements they are advocating involve increase of that public regulation characterizing the militant type, or whether they tend to produce that greater individuality and more extended voluntary co-operation characterizing the industrial type. To deter here and there one from doing mischief by imprudent zeal is the chief proximate effect to be hoped for.

In these times of ours, when all classes in society, from the Bowery Socialists to the highest professors of science, seem to vie with one another in demanding State interference, State protection, and State regulation, when the ideal State to the workingman is that proposed by the authoritarian Marx, or the scarcely less authoritarian George, and the ideal State to the scientist is the Germany of today, where the scientists are under the government's special protection, it would seem idle to hope that the voices of those who prize liberty above all things, who would fain call attention to the false direction in which it is desired to make the world move, should be other than "voices crying in the wilderness." But, nevertheless, it is not by accident that we who hold the ideas that what is necessary to progress is not the increase, but the decrease, of governmental interference have come to be possessed of these ideas. We, too, are "heirs of all the ages," and it is our duty to that society of which we form a part to give our reasons for the "faith that is in us."

My endeavor today will be to prove to you two propositions: first, that progress in medical or any other science is lessened, and ultimately destroyed, by State interference; and, secondly, that even if, through State aid, progress in science could be promoted, the promotion would be at too great an expense, at the expense of the best interests of the race. That I shall succeed in convincing you of the truth of these propositions is too much to hope for, but at least I shall cause you to re-examine the grounds for the contrary opinions that you entertain, and for this you should thank me, as it is always important that the position of devil's advocate should be well filled.

It seems strange that it should become necessary to urge upon Americans, with their country's traditions, that the first condition necessary to mental and moral growth is freedom. It seems strange in these times,—when all the unconscious movements of society are towards the diminution of restraint, whether it be that of men over women, of parents and teachers over children, of keepers over criminals and the insane; when it is being unconsciously felt and acted upon, on all sides, that responsibility is the parent of morality,—that all the conscious efforts of individuals and groups should be towards the increase of restraint.

A knowledge of the fact that all the ideas prevalent at a given time in a given society must have a certain congruity should make us very careful in accepting ideas, especially as regards politics, from such a despotic country as Germany, instead of receiving them with open arms as containing all the wisdom in the world, which now seems to be the fashion. As Spencer pointed out some time since, the reformers of Germany, while seeking a destruction of the old order, are really but rebuilding the old machine under a new name. They are so accustomed to seeing every thing done by the State that they can form no conception of its being done in any other way. All they propose is a State in which the people (that is, a majority of the people) shall hold the places now held by the usurping few. That English-speaking workmen should seek to wholly replace themselves under the yoke of a tyranny from which they have taken ages to partially escape, is only to be explained by the vagueness of the forms in which this paradise is usually pictured, and by that lack of power of bringing before the mind's eye word-painted pictures.

Again, in Germany—and it is that with which we are more nearly concerned today—it is said that scientific men under the protection of the government do better work than other men who are not under the protection of their governments. That this apparently flourishing condition of science under the patronage of the German government is no more real than was the similar condition of literature under Louis XIV., and that it cannot continue, I think a little examination will enable us to see. As Leslie Stephen has demonstrated, to suppress one truth is to suppress all truth, for truth is a coherent whole. You may by force suppress a falsehood, and prevent its ever again rising to the surface; but, when you attempt to suppress a truth, you can only do so by suppressing all truth, for, with investigation untrammelled, some one else is bound in time to come to the same point again. Do you think that a country, one of whose most distinguished professors, Virchow, is afraid of giving voice to the doctrine of evolution, because he sees that it inevitably leads to Socialism (and Socialism the government has decided is wrong, and must be crushed out), is in the way of long maintaining its supremacy as a scientific light, when the question which its scientific men are called upon to decide is not what is true, but what the government will allow to be said? I say nothing for or against the doctrine of evolution; I say nothing for or against its leading to Socialism; but I do say that the society whose scientific men owe devotion, not to truth, but to the Hohenzollerns, is not in a progressive state. As Buckle has shown, the patronage of Louis XIV. killed French literature. Not a single man rose to European fame under his patronage, and those whose fame was the cause of their obtaining the monarch's favor sank under its baneful influence to mere mediocrity.

It seems to be generally forgotten by those who favor State aid to science that aid so given is not and cannot be aid to science, but to particular doctrines or dogmas, and that, where this aid is given, it requires almost a revolution to introduce a new idea. With the ordinary conservatism of mankind, every new idea which comes forward meets with sufficient questioning as to its truth, utility, etc.; but, when we have added to this natural conservatism, which is sufficient to protect society against the introduction of new error, the whole force of an army of paid officials whose interest it is to resist any idea which would deprive, or tend to deprive, them of their salaries, you will readily see that, of the two forces which tend to keep society in equilibrium, the conservative and the progressive, the conservative will be very much strengthened at the expense of the progressive, and that the society is doomed to decay. Of the tendency which State-aided institutions have shown up to the

*Read before the Alumnae Association of the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary, June 1, 1887.

present to resist progress, excellent evidence is furnished by one, at least, of those very men, Huxley, who now clamors so loudly for State aid to science. When we consider that we have now reached but the very outposts of science; that all our energies are required for storming its citadel; that human nature, if placed in the same conditions, is apt to be very much the same; that those persons who have the power and the positions will endeavor to maintain them,—do you think it wise to put into the hands of any set of men the power of staying our onward movements? That which we feel pretty sure of being true today may contain, and in all probability does contain, a great deal of error, and it is our duty to truth to cultivate the spirit which questions all things, which spirit would be destroyed by our having high-priests of science. Hear Huxley in testimony thereof in his article on the "Scientific Aspects of Positivism":

All the great steps in the advancement of science have been made just by those men who have not hesitated to doubt the "principles established in the sciences by competent persons," and the great teaching of science, the great use of it as an instrument of mental discipline, is its constant inculcation of the maxim that the sole ground on which any statement has a right to be believed is the impossibility of refuting it.

Is the State, then, to reward all those who oppose a statement as well as all those who support it, or is it only to reward certain of the questioners, and, if so, which, and who is to decide what statements have not been refuted? Are some persons to be aided in bringing their opinions, with their reasons for holding them, before the world, and others to be denied this privilege? Are the scientific men to be placed in power so different in nature from all those who have preceded them that they will be willing to cede the places and the salaries to those who show more reason than they? Here is Huxley's testimony in regard to the manner in which the State-aided classical schools promoted the introduction of physical science into those schools:

From the time that the first suggestion to introduce physical science was timidly whispered until now, the advocates of scientific education have met with opposition of two kinds. On the one hand they have been pool-pooled by the men of business, who pride themselves on being the representatives of practicality; while on the other hand they have been excommunicated by the classical scholars, in their capacity of Levites in charge of the arts of culture and monopolists of liberal education.—*Science and Culture*.

And again, the State, or the State-aided institutions have never been able, even with the most Chinese system of civil-service examinations, to sift the worthy from the unworthy with half the efficiency which private individuals or corporations have done. But let us hear Huxley upon this subject:

Great schemes for the endowment of research have been proposed. It has been suggested that laboratories for all branches of physical science, provided with every apparatus needed by the investigator, shall be established by the State; and shall be accessible under due conditions and regulations to all properly qualified persons. I see no objection to the principle of such a proposal. If it be legitimate to spend great sums of money upon public collections of painting and sculpture, in aid of the man of letters, or the artist, or for the mere sake of affording pleasure to the general public, I apprehend that it cannot be illegitimate to do as much for the promotion of scientific investigation. To take the lowest ground, as a mere investment of money the latter is likely to be much more immediately profitable. To my mind the difficulty in the way of such a scheme is not theoretical, but practical. Given the laboratories, how are the investigators to be maintained? What career is open to those who have been encouraged to leave bread-winning pursuits? If they are to be provided for by endowment, we come back to the College Fellowship System, the results of which for literature have not been so brilliant that one would wish to see it extended to science, unless some much better securities than at present exist can be taken that it will foster real work. You know that among the bees it depends upon the kind of a cell in which the egg is deposited, and the quantity and quality of food which is supplied to the grub, whether it shall turn out a busy little worker or a big idle queen. And in the human hive the cells of the endowed larvae are always tending to enlarge, and their food to improve, until we get queens beautiful to behold, but which gather no honey and build no court.—*Universities, Actual and Ideal*.

One of my chief objections to State-aid to anything is that it tends to develop a great many big idle queens at the expense of the workers. There is no longer any direct responsibility on the part of those employed to those who employ them, as there is where private contract enters into play. In fact, the agents determine how and for what the principals shall spend their money, and they usually decide in favor of their own pockets. I cannot furnish you with a better illustration than that supplied by my own experience. Before I studied medicine I taught school for a couple of years in an almshouse. The waste there was perfectly enormous. The officials, when remonstrated with, made answer: "It was all in the county." The freeholders came once a week, and ate sumptuous dinners—at the expense of the county. At the close of my college course it was my good fortune to enter the Infirmary, where I saw everything ordered with the economy of a private household. No waste there! Those who furnished the funds were directly interested in seeing that they were used as economically as possible. I never heard of the trustees of the Infirmary proposing to have a dinner at the expense of the Infirmary.

Even were the government perfectly honest, which it is

practically impossible for it ever to be (being divorced from all the conditions which promote honesty), not bearing the cost, it is always inclined to make experiments on too large a scale, even when those experiments are in the right direction. When we bear the expenses ourselves, we are apt to make our experiments slowly and cautiously, to invest very little until we see some hope of return (by return I do not mean necessarily a material return), but when we can draw upon an inexhaustible treasury—farewell to prudence!

Of course, I do not mean to deny that under any state of society, until men and women are perfect, there always will be persons who are inclined to become big idle queens, but what I do object to is that we ourselves should voluntarily make the conditions which favor the development of these queens "who gather no honey and build no court."

Of the tendency of governments to crystallize and fossilize any institutions or ideas upon which they lay their protecting hands no better example can be furnished than that of the effect of the English government on the village communities of India, as reported by Maine ("Village Communities"). Where the institutions were undergoing a natural decay, the English government stepped in and, by its official recognition of them in some quarters, gave them, says Maine, a fixedness which they never before possessed.

There is another point to which I wish to draw the attention of those of our brethren who clamor for State aid. Who is to decide what ideas are to be aided? The majority of the people? or a select few? The majority of the people have never in any age been the party of progress; and, if it were put to a popular vote tomorrow as to which should be aided, —Anna Kingsford in her anti-vivisection crusade, or Mary Putnam Jacobi in her physiological investigation,—I am perfectly sure that the populace would decide in favor of Anna Kingsford. Carlyle says:

If, of ten men, nine are fools, which is a common calculation, how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men? . . . I tell you a million blockheads looking authoritatively into one man of what you call genius, or noble sense, will make nothing but nonsense out of him and his qualities, and his virtues and defects, if they look till the end of time.

If, of ten men, nine are believers in the old, I say, how can you in the name of wonder get a ballot-box to grind you out support of the new from the votes of these ten men? They will support the old and established, and the outcome of your aid to science is that you or I, who may be in favor of the new, and willing to contribute our mite towards its propagation, are forced by majority rule to give up that mite to support that which already has only too many supporters. But perhaps you will say that not the populace, but the select few, are to decide what scientific investigations are to be rewarded. Which select few, and how are they to be selected? Of all the minorities which separate themselves from the current of public opinion, who is to decide which minority has the truth? And, allowing that it is possible to determine which minority has the truth on a special occasion, have you any means by which to prove that this minority will be in favor of the next new truth? Is there not danger that, having accomplished its ends, it in turn will become conservative, and wish to prevent further advance? A priesthood of science would differ in no manner from any other priesthood the world has yet seen, and the evil effect which such a priesthood would have upon science no one has more clearly seen or more clearly demonstrated than Huxley in his "Scientific Aspects of Positivism." Again, admitting that great men endowed with supreme power could remain impartial, we still have no evidence on record to prove that great men are endowed with more than the ordinary share of common sense, which is so necessary in conducting the ordinary affairs of life. Indeed, if the gossip of history is to be in any way trusted, great men have usually obtained less than the ordinary share of this commodity. Frederick the Great is reported to have said that, if he wished to ruin one of his provinces, he would hand its government over to the philosophers. Is it into the hands of a Bacon, who had no more sense than to expose himself (for the sake of a little experiment which could have been made just as well without the exposure), a Newton, who ordered the grate to be removed when the fire became too hot for him, a Clifford, who worked himself to death, that the direction of the affairs of a people is to be given, with the assurance that they will be carried on better than now?

Without multiplying evidence further, I think I have given sufficient to prove to you that there is no means by which State aid can be given to science, without causing the death of science, that we can make no patent machine for selecting the worthiest and the wisest; and I now desire to show you that, even if it were possible to select the worthiest and the wisest, and to aid none but the deserving, still aid so given would be immoral, and opposed to the best interests of society at large.

Of course I take it for granted that I am appealing to a civilized people, who recognize that there are certain rights which we are bound to respect, and certain duties which we in society owe to one another. We have passed that stage, or, at least, we do not often wish to acknowledge to ourselves that we have not passed it, in which "he may take who has the power, and he may keep who can." Next to the right to life (and indeed as part of that same right) the most sacred

right is the right to property, the right of each to hold inviolable all that he earns. Now, to tax a man to support something that he does not wish for is to invade his right to property, and to that extent to curtail his life, is to take away from him his power of obtaining what he desires; in order to supply him with something which he does not desire. If we once admit that the State, the majority, the minority (be it ever so wise), has a right to do this in the smallest degree, no limit can be set to its interference, and we may have every action, aye, every thought, of a man's arranged for him from on high. Where shall we draw the line as to how much the State is to spend for him, and how much he is to spend for himself? Are grown men to be again put into swaddling clothes? You may say that you desire to increase his happiness, his knowledge, etc., but I maintain that you have no right to decide what is happiness or knowledge for him, any more than you have to decide what religion he must give adherence to. You have no right to take away a single cent's worth of his property without his consent. Woe to the nation that would strive to increase knowledge or happiness at the expense of justice. It will end by not having morality, or happiness, or knowledge. Do you think that the citizens of a State, who constantly see their rights violated by that State, who constantly see their property confiscated without their ever being consulted, are very likely to entertain a very high respect for their neighbors' rights of property or of person, do you think that they are very likely to be very moral in any way, any more than children, whose rights are constantly invaded by their parents, are likely to show an appreciation of one another's rights? To suppose that public life may be conducted in one way, and private life in another, is to ignore all the teaching of history, which shows that these lives are always interlaced.

The first step in immorality taken, the State having confiscated the property of its citizens, preventing them from expending it in the way they desire, to spend it for them in a way they do not desire, ends by starving their bodies and cramping their minds. Witness the case of modern Germany. Again the testimony is not mine. I always wish the advocates of Statism to furnish the evidence that kills them. Some little time since,—probably our new alumnae will remember the circumstance,—one of our professors who never wearies of telling us of the glories of German science, while speaking of the sebaceous horns which appear on the faces of German peasants, and describing a case which once came to his clinic, incidentally remarked of this case: "You understand he had never seen the growth himself, as these peasants have no looking-glasses." The thought at once occurred to me: "Is this what Germany gives to its people, to the vast majority of its population, on whom it lays its enormous burden of taxation?" Is not the advance of science of great importance to the German peasant who never sees a looking-glass? Would it be any wonder that in wild rage he should sometimes seek to destroy this whole German science and culture which end only by crushing him still farther into the earth? Of what use is science unless it increase the happiness and the comfort of the people? Is it a new fetish upon whose altar millions must be sacrificed? No, the science which would seek to entrench itself upon class-domination is a false one, and inevitably doomed to perish. Have we, the outcome of English civilization, determined to lower the standard raised by Bacon, that the object of the "new philosophy is to increase human happiness and diminish human suffering"? Are we willing to assist in dividing the people of this country into two classes, one of which is to have all the luxuries which science and art can afford, and the other to have no looking-glasses? Now is the time for us to decide.

How then is science to be advanced, you may inquire, if the majority cannot decide that which is true, and the select few also cannot decide? In the way in which up to the present it has been advanced,—by individuals contributing their small shares; and with ever increasing force will it advance, as the general culture becomes greater and broader. It will advance by having no opinion protected from discussion and agitation, by having the greatest possible freedom of thought, of speech, and of the press. That the unaided efforts of a people are capable of causing advance belongs fortunately no longer to the domain of opinion, but of fact. They have already caused all the progress that has been made, not only without the aid of the State, but in opposition to the State and the Church, and all the other conservative and retrogressive forces in society. They have already, as Spencer says, evolved a language greater in complexity and beauty than could be conceived of in any other way. They have, as Whately says, succeeded in supplying large cities with food with scarcely any apparent waste or friction, while no government in the world, with all the machinery at its command, has ever yet succeeded in properly supplying an army.

Yes, freedom, hampered as it has been, has done and is doing all these things, and all that it is capable of doing in the future none but the prophets may see.

We have the morning star,
O foolish people! O kings!
With us the day-springs are,
Even all the fresh day-springs.
For us, and with us, all the multitudes of things.

O sorrowing hearts of slaves,
We heard you beat from far!
We bring the light that saves,
We bring the morning star;
Freedom's good things we bring you, whence all good things are.

GERTRUDE B. KELLY.

Anarchistic Drift.

Let us have no one-man idea, no hero-worshipping, no boss. We want no making a God of one man. — *Chairman Thomas O'Neil at the Cooper Union Meeting of Socialists.*

(Note: Anarchy makes no god either of man, State, or government.)

Are we searching for what will be equitable in tax systems? To find that is beyond the reach of human invention. — *William Nelson Black in New York Sun.*

(Note: Taxation is based upon policy, not principle.)

The Chicago Anarchist is first a coward and second a murderer. — *Boston Evening Record.*

(Note: The editor of the "Record" is first a fool and second a liar.)

A native American Party in the narrower sense has been a failure when the conditions in its favor were more favorable than they now are. — *Boston Herald.*

(Note: Narrow parties must always be failures.)

The most vitally important of all public questions at present is corruption in government. — *Editor's Easy Chair in September Harper's Monthly.*

(Note: Government *per se* is corruption.)

Whence has a government a right to compel a man to act against his will? There was one obvious way to answer the question, and that was to ascribe a divine origin to government. — *A. Laurence Lovell in June Atlantic Monthly.*

(Note: The divinity bug-a-boo may frighten children, but not grown men.)

JOHN COLLIER.

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Vol. V.—No. 4.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

Whole No. 108.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The Detroit "Advance" reprints from Liberty, apparently with approval, Mr. Yarros's excellent "Reasons Why." Labadie, as I expected, is sound on Egoism as well as Anarchism.

The judges say that Spies and his brave comrades must hang, though they cannot prove them guilty of murder. It is for the people now to say that the judges must go, there being no doubt as to *their* guilt.

The poem "Paul at Athens," which "Lucifer" prints in its issue of September 9 and credits to the "Index," originally appeared in my quarterly, the "Radical Review," for which periodical the author, B. W. Ball, wrote it. If the "Index" printed it, it did so at second hand.

The "opinion" of the judges in the Chicago Socialists' case reads like a New York "Times" editorial. As a legal document it is probably unparalleled, and soon a pamphlet is to appear in Chicago to show that it is a mixture of "lies, misrepresentations, and idiocy."

Judge Macgruder—the newspaper report says—read the decision against the Chicago Socialists with husky voice and pallid face and trembling lips. Was it his "conscience," his sympathy for the condemned, or the vision of a dynamite bomb that caused him so much torture?

Some enterprising reporter interviewed Chicago citizens in order to find out the general feeling in regard to the affirmation of the verdict. We are informed that Judge Gary, Chief of Police Ebersold, and Phil Armour "approve" the supreme court decision. Impossible! I refuse to believe it!

Charlotte Smith, editor of the Washington "Working Woman," keeps the presidential ticket, Blair and George, at the head of her columns. Queer, isn't it, that such a "simplifier" of government as George should be thought of as a fitting tail for a ticket headed by that honest but rabid prohibitionist and all-round governmentalist, Henry W. Blair?

Whenever the Galveston Daily "News" exposes the true character of the rubbish with which the daily press for the most part opposes Henry George's theory, the "Standard" hastens to quote its utterance as "sound arguments from a Texas paper." But it is a singular fact that, whenever the "News" itself opposes Henry George's theory with arguments identical with those used by Liberty, the "Standard" carefully ignores the Texas paper, as it ignores the Boston paper, neither quoting it nor attempting to answer it.

H. M. Hyndman says in London "Justice" that he "never knew man or woman who once understood Socialism [meaning State Socialism], and honestly adopted it, who ever went back on their views." I could introduce Mr. Hyndman to a number of such people, many of them now stanch Anarchists on Liberty's subscription list. Of course it is open to him to say that they never understood State Socialism, but it is none the less certain that at the time they believed in it some of them were looked upon as well fitted to champion it and trusted to fill party offices.

In disposing with his usual cleverness of the economists' apologies for interest G. Bernard Shaw takes a position upon the money question not at all in harmony with the State Socialism toward which he usually inclines. He would be taken, in fact, for a first-class Anarchist. Speaking of the tax which the banker who has a monopoly levies upon all commerce, he says: "Only by the freedom of other financiers to adopt his system and tempt his customers by offering to share the advantage with them, can that advantage eventually be distributed throughout the community." Only, observe. No other method will do it. Government monopoly will not do it. Nothing but *laissez-faire*, free competition, free money, in short, as far as it goes, pure Anarchism, can abolish interest on money. When Mr. Shaw shall apply this principle in all directions, he and Liberty will stand on the same platform.

So John Most has made application for naturalization papers, and, because he has been refused, loudly clamors for his constitutional rights. It reminds one of those opponents of marriage who are anxious to secure their rights under the marriage law. Can it be that Most wants to vote, after all his expenditure of breath in proclaiming the inefficacy and absurdity of the ballot? Rumors are rife that he and his friends are contemplating an alliance with the State Socialists against George. There may be no truth in them; nevertheless such an alliance may be looked for at any time. The revolutionary Communism which Most has preached is only another form of State Socialism, and is as far removed from Anarchism as Catholicism is. Liberty, by steadily insisting on this, has made many people angry, but its position, as usual, seems likely to be sustained by events.

On Sunday, September 18, a society was formed in Boston under the name of The Anarchists' Club. Its purpose is the abolition of government imposed upon man by man by all methods and agencies not themselves partaking of the nature of such government, and its propaganda will include public meetings, debates, lectures, and the distribution of Anarchistic literature. A. H. Simpson has been elected secretary-treasurer. Any one desiring to become a member should apply to him. His address is "Box 3366, Boston, Mass." There is no stipulated membership fee. Whoever signs the constitution thereby makes himself a member entitled to participate in the Club's business meetings, which are to be held on the first Sunday of each month. A public meeting will be held at an early date, which will be opened with a more elaborate statement of the Club's aims than is contained in the constitution. This meeting will be advertised in the daily papers, and I hope that Liberty's local readers will all attend, and many others besides. It is designed to hold public meetings weekly, if they can be sustained. This attempt at Anarchistic organization for propagandism should be warmly welcomed, and comrades in other cities should similarly organize.

Just as I have more respect for the Roman Catholic Christian, who believes in authority without qualification, than for the Protestant Christian, who speaks in the name of liberty but does not know the meaning of the word, so I have more respect for the State Socialist than for Henry George, and in the struggle between the two my sympathy is with the former. Nevertheless the State Socialists have only themselves to blame for the support they have hitherto extended to George,

and the ridiculous figure that some of them now cut in their sackcloth and ashes is calculated to amuse. Burnette G. Haskell, for instance. In his "Labor Enquirer," previous to the issue of August 20, he had been flying the following flag: "For President in 1888, Henry George." But in that issue, having heard of the New York schism, he lowered his colors and substituted the following: "For President in 1888, any man who will go as the servant of the people and not as their 'boss,' and who understands that poverty can only be abolished by the abolition of the competitive wage-system and the inauguration of State Socialism." When Haskell hoisted George's name, did he not know that his candidate believed that poverty was not to be abolished by the abolition of the wage-system? If he did not know this, his knowledge of his candidate must have been limited indeed. If he did know it, the change of colors indicates, not the discarding of a leader, but a revolution in ideas. Yet Haskell is undoubtedly not conscious of any revolution in his ideas, and would admit none. All of which tends to show that he has no ideas definite enough to be revolutionized.

The judges of the supreme court of Illinois are in accord with the Communists of Illinois upon at least one point. They say in their opinion: "Law and government cannot be abolished without revolution, bloodshed, and murder." Despite the sanction which the Communists thus receive from so exalted a quarter, Anarchists will continue to hold the contrary opinion, and to maintain that only under very rare and extreme circumstances is bloodshed essential to the abolition of government, that under other circumstances it can be no more than incidental to it, and that it will not be even that when there is a little more intelligence abroad regarding the principle of liberty, which, revolution or no revolution, must in any event be the chief factor in the abolition of government. Disregarding, however, the question whether the view of the judges and the Communists is correct or not, it is interesting to note the connection in which the former put it forward. Answering the claim of the counsel for the defence that one of the jurors was incompetent because he admitted a prejudice against Socialists, Communists, and Anarchists, the judges say that this is no disqualification, for, since Anarchism involves the destruction of law and government, which in turn involves revolution, bloodshed, and murder, and since Socialism or Communism involves a destruction of the right of private property, which in turn involves theft, "the prejudice which the ordinary citizen, who looks at things from a practical standpoint, would have against Anarchism and Communism would be nothing more than a prejudice against crime." After this judicial declaration, will the jackals and jackasses of the capitalistic press dare to claim longer that the seven men under death sentence at Chicago were not tried and convicted for their opinions?

George's Stumbling-Block.

[Die Omaha Post.]

Mr. H. George ought never to have mixed the tax question with his theory. It will be the stumbling-block in his system. If the disinherited classes ever become free, that complex question will settle itself in a very simple way,—*e. g.*, the people will tax themselves cheerfully for all legitimate purposes in a manner to suit themselves, or not tax themselves at all.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 107.

185. This is the true solution of the question of charity. So long as persons exist who are unable to support themselves from the products of their own labor, they must be maintained by the labor of other persons, without rendering any equivalent, and to be so maintained is to depend upon charity. There is no escaping from this necessity. Partnership or associative arrangements, or the theory of Communism, may disguise the fact, but the fact continues to exist, nevertheless. The remedy for the disagreeable features of charity is not to be sought by the impossible means of removing the fact, but by improving the general condition of society to the point where the demands for charity shall be so rare, and the general abundance of means so great, that there will be strife for the enjoyment of opportunities to gratify the benevolent sentiment. The relation of donor and beneficiary will then be alike agreeable and honorable to both. There is nothing, however, in the Cost Principle to prevent, but every thing to encourage and require, the extension of the principle of insurance to every thing to which it is applicable. Risk enters into cost, and the calculations of risk, as in the case of tables of longevity and the like, reduce that element to measurement, and render it as easy of calculation as any other element. Hence, parties who earn a surplus at any period of their lives can always insure permanent provision for the future. With reference to the very small number of those who, from the causes mentioned, may never be able to do that, the observations made above hold good. They must be the objects of the benevolent regards of the community, and not rely upon any law regulating equivalents of which they have none to give. Benevolence, being purely voluntary and illimitable, cannot be measured nor prescribed for. Any attempt to organize it, or dictate its action, is, therefore, as much out of place as it would be to regulate politeness by legislation. First do justice and extinguish the pauperism, crime, and disease which grow out of relations of injustice, and cease to fear that the spontaneous benevolence of humanity will not be amply adequate to provide for the sparsely scattered instances of misfortune which may ever remain as an incentive to the healthy action of that affection.

186. There is a subtle objection sometimes urged against the whole doctrine of attractive industry, or, in other words, against the propriety of every individual being employed in that way in which his tastes incline him to act, and for which his natural gifts particularly qualify him. It is said that genius or superior natural endowment in any direction is always, in some sense, a diseased or abnormal condition of the man; that the true type of humanity is the exact equilibrium of all the faculties, and a consequent equal capacity for every species of performance; that the exercise of any faculty augments its power, and hence that, if those faculties which are in excess are chiefly exercised, the deflection from the true direction of integral individual development is continually rendered greater and greater. Hence the curious result, in reasoning, is arrived at that every individual should be constantly or chiefly engaged at those occupations for which he has *least* natural endowment, and which are least agreeable, or, in other words, the most repugnant, to him.

187. This is an extreme and erroneous presentation of a principle of psychology and physiology; but, having a coloring of truth, it requires to be carefully considered and distinguished. The assumption here made is that there is *one* given standard of perfection for universal manhood, which is the exact equilibrium of all the faculties. It is obvious that, according to this theory, the perfection of the race would be the reduction of all men to the common standard, until every individual would be merely the monotonous repetition of every other. It is not so clear, under this hypothesis, why the Almighty should not have created one big man instead of so many little ones. Since economy of means is one of His striking characteristics, as exhibited everywhere in nature, the probabilities would certainly be in favor of such a policy. Slight reflection, however, will show that this "Simplistic Unity" is no part of the scheme of creation. "Universal Variety in Unity" is the law of the universe. The theoretical perfection of an exact equilibrium of faculties has no example in nature. It is an ideal point around which all individual organizations rotate in orbits more or less eccentric, all of them, however, when not arbitrarily interfered with, unapproachably distinct from every other, and hence positively incapable of collision. Individuality is infinite and universal. It cannot be extinguished, and, if it could, the result would be to reduce the universe to zero.

188. On the other hand it is undoubtedly true that, where some single faculty shows itself in any extraordinary degree of activity and power, there is a certain derangement of the whole system, growing out of, or conducing to, what may be regarded as disease. Genius verges upon insanity. Too great a departure from the ideal equilibrium of powers is unwholesome and dangerous to the physical, intellectual, and moral nature. Hence the arbitrary and infinitesimal division of labor without variety, of which our existing civilization boasts, is a wretched perversion of the powers of the individual. It pushes out and develops some one faculty to the neglect and destruction of all others, sinking the manhood of the man in the skill of the artisan. Every other faculty is suffered to wither and die. The individual, instead of being integrally developed, is distorted. Men and women are sacrificed and subordinated by this means to Skill, as they are through Political Economy to Wealth, through political organizations to Government, and through the church to ritual observances. Thus Utility, Enjoyment, Social Order, and Religion are overlaid and smothered by the very arrangements which are instituted professedly to secure those ends. A person who has been forced into the performance of some one function only during life is necessarily the helpless plaything of circumstances. He is rendered wholly imbecile for all else. All the higher purposes of his being are defeated by an insane and incessant devotion to some isolated fag-end of human affairs.

189. Hence it follows that true development is not to be found in either extreme. *In medio tutissimus ibis*. That man may be said to be best educated who has a general acquaintance with the largest scope of subjects, coupled with a particular and specific knowledge of some one, two, three, or more pursuits to which he chiefly dedicates his labors. In the beginning of a reform movement, while the circle is small, the most useful men of all are those who are spoken of disparagingly, in existing society, as "Jacks-at-all-trades,"—those who can turn themselves the most readily from one occupation to another. In this respect the American character is superior to that of all other people. The largest development of the

Individual tends in that direction. With the increase of the circle, and greater general security of condition, a more exclusive or one-sided class of talent will find its position, and a greater perfection of details—a higher composite perfection of Society—will then be achieved. The highest development of society demands the existence and coöperation of both classes. The true equilibrium is that the versatile man shall not go to the extreme of having neither preferences nor excellences in his performance, nor the devotee to a particular function to that of having no tastes or qualifications for any other. The point now to be observed is that Nature rarely, if ever, pushes things to either one or the other of these extremes. There is no man who is by nature totally indifferent as to what he will do, nor any so born to a single attraction that he never develops tastes for any other, while some have greater diversity, and some greater particularity of tastes, by natural organization. Hence all that is necessary in order to secure the right distribution of functions is that Nature be left wholly unembarrassed,—that no individual be driven or induced by the arrangements of society, such as inordinate profits, disproportionate honors, or poverty, into, or detained in, occupations discordant with his individual preferences or desires, on the one hand, and that those natural preferences or desires be not overstimulated by the same or a different class of influences, on the other. To secure that condition of things *there must be an equilibrium between attractions and rewards*. This is precisely what is effected by the adoption of cost as the limit of price. The greater the attraction for a particular occupation the less the price; consequently, while it is placed within the power of every one to follow his attractions so far as he may choose to do so at his own cost,—that is, by sacrificing the larger gains of more repugnant industry,—still, on the other hand, he is constantly appealed to by his cupidity,—that is, by another class of wants,—to compete with others in various kinds of labor more burdensome to him, and thereby to develop and keep in healthy exercise those faculties with which he is less liberally endowed by nature.

190. Again, if any individual is imbued with the theory that to indulge in the exercise of his best developed faculties is injurious to his health, moral attributes, or reasoning powers, by throwing him out of the ideal perfection of his nature, then that supposed injury to his nature becomes immediately, with him, an item of cost, raises the price of his labor in that function, throws him out of it by the competition of others having similar abilities with a different appreciation of the wear and tear of employing them, and places him in the performance of something which will call into play those faculties which he deems deficient and wishes to cultivate. The principle is adequate, therefore, to every emergency. But as we have seen already that the theory itself is only rational as a protest against an extreme use of the superior faculties, there is no doubt that the balance of natural attractions will, in the great majority of cases, determine the general direction of industry, and the more so as the increased abundance of wealth renders price a less important consideration. The true equilibrium will then be preserved, however, by an augmented scope of attractions, which we have seen is the type of individual development. That the conditions of attractive industry are supplied by the Cost Principle will be more fully shown in the following chapter, in which results will be partially sketched which are more directly in harmony with the flattering anticipations of those reformers who are most advanced, ideally.

CHAPTER VI.

ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY, CO-OPERATION, AND THE ECONOMIES.

191. We have now arrived at a point from which we are prepared to discover and appreciate the higher results of the Cost Principle. The view, however, which I shall but slightly open, of the grand and enchanting prospects foreshadowed for the race by so simple a means as the mere enactment of justice in the daily transactions of man with man will be left intentionally incomplete. The mass of mankind have but little toleration for Utopias. Those who are ready to believe in them, and who simply demand, as the basis of their faith, a more solid foundation than airy fancies, will trace, it is hoped, for themselves, the outlines of the future, upon slight hints drawn from the more obvious operations of fundamental principles. Those who are still more credulous will feel still less need for elaborate demonstrations. The great mass of those who have some aspirations after reform have no ideal beyond the first stage of the results of true principles. Their present conception will be filled by relations of justice,—the extinction of crime, frauds, pauperism, and the generally discordant features of our existing social arrangements. They have little thought of the positive construction of harmonious society. There is danger that such persons would be repelled, rather than attracted, by any high-wrought pictures of the future. They can best be left to work out a higher conception by their own intuitions and reflections while laboring for the realization of what they now perceive. There are others, especially among the admirers of Robert Owen, Saint Simon, and Fourier, whose mental vision is accustomed to the contemplation of brilliant pictures, and who will be not unlikely to complain of the Science of Society, as here presented, on the ground that it does not begin by dealing with palatial structures, magnificent ornamental grounds, operatic performances, sculpture, and abundant luxury of all sorts. To those among this latter class who trace effects back to their causes, and causes forward to their effects, who can listen with pleasure to the dry preliminary details of rigid science, the Cost Principle will, on examination, become a mine rich in treasures of the kind they are seeking. They will discover that by means of it we are planting the roots from which will inevitably grow all the higher harmonic results in society which they have ever contemplated. They will perceive that true society is a *growth* from true principles, not an artificial *formation*,—a growth from seeds implanted in the soil of such society as now exists,—the only soil we have. They will perceive that while their ends and purposes are true, and their aspirations prophetic, their methods have not been scientific; and such, perhaps few in number, will return with renewed zeal to the work of reform, through the more modest and unpretending instrumentalities of the *Labor Note* and the formation of *Equitable Villages*. Others, who have been too long dazzled by the splendor of that brilliant future in which they make their ideal habitation to be able to look with complacency upon any practical adaptation to the present wants of mankind, must bide their time.

192. My present labor is to commend the Cost Principle, as far as practicable, to each of these several classes without offending the prejudices of any. I shall therefore, as I have intimated, sketch merely in outline the tendencies of this principle to accomplish, in social relations, the highest results that have ever been dreamed of by any class of reformers, leaving at the same time intact, at every stage of progress, the freedom of the Individual. It is not those ulterior results with which the reformers of this day will have chiefly to employ themselves. Those who require to perceive them to find in the principles a sufficient stimulus to work for their realization, and with whom the beatific vision would serve rather as a stimulant than as a sedative, will be precisely those who can fill up the picture without foreign aid.

193. The principal among the higher results growing directly out of the operations of the Cost Principle may be generalized under the heads of: 1. Attractive Industry. 2. Coöperation instead of Antagonism, and 3. The Economies of Coöperation and the Large Scale.

194. The main features of Attractive Industry are, as already shown, that each individual have, at all times, the choice of his own pursuits, with the opportunity to vary them *ad libitum*. This last, the opportunity to vary one's industry, results from the fact that all avenues are equally open to all by the extinction of speculation, and the adoption of cost as the limit of price, whereby it becomes the interest of all that each should perfect himself in various occupations, thereby discovering those at which he can be most effective, and avoiding the liability to be employed at those for which he has no attraction or capacity. The freedom to vary involves the original freedom to choose, which stands upon the same basis. The variety of individual taste leads to a continual deviation on the part of single individuals from the common standards of estimate, according to which every article tends constantly to acquire, under the operation of the Cost Principle, a settled and determinate price. The ideas here suggested require, however, to be separately and more specifically considered.

195. How is there any equality established in the price asked by different people for the same kind of labor, when the price is based upon the estimate which each one makes of the repugnance of that labor to himself or herself personally, — when, too, it is well known that there exists such variety of tastes, or attractions and repulsions in different individuals for various kinds of industry?

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 107.

"My throat is obstructed," said the Duke with a rattle in his voice, "an intense thirst is devouring me."

He half opened his mouth to breathe the refreshing air.

"The tongue! the tongue!" applauded Treor, "I saw its tip; it will protrude clear to the uvula."

"You laugh at my torment," cried the soldier, in a furious rage at this joy which taunted him, and he brandished his hand to strike down the insulter, but his fist, heavier than a mass of lead a hundred times its size, fell back by his side with incomparable speed, and the muscles of his arms, relaxed, enfeebled, and flabby, appeared to the Duke ready to part like tenuous threads.

A bellowing came from his throat at the consciousness of his helplessness. This philter, spreading in his veins, put him at the mercy, him the indomitable giant, of this tottering spectre of Treor. Misery! misery! and the fragile phantom could continue his insults with impunity.

"Yes, a hanged man!" repeated the old man in ridiculous and unrestrained glee. "He swings in the north wind like a jumping Jack. Ho! ho! At every gust, the rope strangles him more, projects the eye-balls beyond the blue lids, and the tongue sticks out, out, out!"

Newington tried to loosen his collar, to tear it, that he might breathe more freely, but did not succeed, and, in a voice which was fast growing feebler, called for help, quickly, and for something to drink.

The words of Treor drowned his cry of distress, and he tried to gain the threshold; but his legs failed him, as his arms had before, and, tottering, reeling, he fell heavily on his knees.

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" repeated Treor. "The rope is broken; ah! ah! ah! and see him on all fours. . . . on all fours like the Irish to scratch the earth to obtain nourishment."

Newington had a passing gleam of hope; through the half-open tapestries he saw Lady Ellen as on the evening of his conference with Gowan and the gelder, and he cried in the hoarse voice of a dying man:

"Ellen! Ellen! save me!"

"Ellen! Ellen!" he repeated, "help!"

The form did not move, and he at first believed it was an illusion of his wandering brain; but, the curtains closing, Lady Ellen disappeared, except the tip of her foot. According to all evidence, Newington was not the sport of a partial vision, and the Duchess was doubtless standing on the other side of the curtain.

He imagined her motionless with terror; but, if she lacked the courage necessary to enter, stupor did not nail her to the spot or paralyze her voice or limbs. Then what was it that kept her from calling out or ringing for a domestic?

He listened. The servant who had led in Treor was asking the Duchess if he should not take the prisoner back, if the old maniac was not disturbing the Duke. As for danger, the domestic did not concern himself much about that; this hypothesis did not even present itself to his thought. Lady Ellen sent the lackey away, pretending that Sir Newington was enjoying the spectacle; in reality, he was submitting the old man to a sharp examination, and the hallucinated Treor, mistrusting nothing, was furnishing all the necessary information.

"What a lie!" thought the dying man, and he tried to find a reason for this imposture. Was there one, or was she simply obeying the natural feminine instinct which loves to exaggerate, to amplify everything, to color the most ordinary acts of commonplace life? But no: she could hear the death rattle in his throat, and, if she did not run to try to save him, if she even sent away the aid that offered, it must be that she wished the death of her husband, it must be that she had not struck the Duke inadvertently, but that she premeditated the blow!

"Wretch!" Newington tried to shout; and he attempted also to rise, join the criminal, and punish her. But he fell back on the carpet.

"On all fours, like a dog!" he exclaimed.

And Treor, his irritating echo, repeated after him, railing and radiant:

"On all fours, like a dog!"

But he added in the tone of an exhibitor of educated animals:

"The dogs, with music, stand on their feet to dance. Attention!"

He tuned his violin, and began a march.

"Come, stand up, stiffen your back!" he commanded the Duke; "your fore paws beating time. . . . No dogs who do not drill like experienced soldiers on hearing such music. Carry arms!"

He quickly lifted his bow high in the air, like a sword drawn to the light, and then he quickened the time so that it tired his biceps to keep up the movement, and started the perspiration from his temples; and as Newington, quite contrary to the music, stretched on the carpet in untold agonies, he cried:

"Oh, no! oh, no! not death so soon; the next is: Present! fire!"

And angrily inveighing against his subject, he continued, with a shrug of his shoulders:

"He bites the dust, like the poor devils executed by Newington's orders."

"As you will be executed yourself, rebel, viper!" replied the Duke, in a moment of relief.

"Threats! Who then threatens? Newington, Newington himself!"

Treor now recognized the Duke with surprise, with unequivocal satisfaction at seeing him before his old worn eyes, in which he did not believe.

"So he threatens even death!" said he at last, gravely, solemnly. "Have it hung, have it shot!"

His bent figure straightened up in the severe majesty of an accuser, and strong in the confession that came from the lips of the executioner of his people, "I expire," he resumed slowly and full of authority:

"You can not. It is your master. It is the universal master! the master of superb masters!"

Then, warming up, he uttered a tirade surely too theatrical, but which the intoxication of the hasheesh in his brain amplified in spite of him:

"The bishop exorcises demons, but not death; the king has no power to condemn it to the galleys, or to exile it.

"The scythe in the fingers of the tottering skeleton defies the sword and the crosier; behold the long procession of those whom the spectre pricks with its scythe: the lawyer, whose tongue it has cut out; the doctor, whose scribbled prescriptions it has speared and thrown into its basket."

And, pointing out with his bow the apparitions clearly discerned by him in the hall which they were filling, he went on:

"The princess, whose robes of state it has torn, and whose hair it has cropped grotesquely; the bride, whose orange-flowers it has stripped off, and whose white tunic it has torn from her, — do you see them, wan and shivering in their winding-sheets?"

The wails of Newington had become incessant, but Treor remained deaf and continually railed at the dying man.

"Oh! the round, the grand round of the skeletons in which you are about to have a place, how swiftly it moves! Do you hear the concert, the groans of the funeral-procession, accompanied by the rattling of bones, like castanets?"

The victim would have moved the most cold-blooded witness; his stomach was distended by hiccoughs so violent that he seemed on the point of vomiting up his soul and which inflated his chest nearly to bursting; then the powerless effort resolved itself into a mortal prostration of some seconds followed by a new attack of nausea which did not cease.

"Oh! how quickly they go!" continued Treor, insensible to this agony: "in spite of themselves, pell-mell, the monarch uncrowned and the shoe-maker barefooted, the nun unveiled and the harlot unpainted, the selfish *bourgeois* stripped and empty-stomached, the beggar relieved at last of the weight of his pouch. Faster and faster yet, they signal to you, and the procession lengthens. Be off! be off! from the tomb disappear into eternity! Let not the earth be encumbered with corpses!"

A fearful rage seized Newington. He no longer distinguished Treor's words, no longer appreciated their cruelty in the terrors of his commencing agony, but all this vain noise, instead of the assistance he invoked, exasperated him; and as the instant before he would have willingly throttled Lady Ellen with his hands, he conceived the presumptuous design of arresting all this exasperating chatter in the old man's throat.

At least he desired to ask Treor to be quiet: his tongue, enormously swollen, moved with too much difficulty, and he could articulate only a plaint:

"I am thirsty! water!"

And, acutely tortured by the ardent thirst which devoured him, he succeeded in crying clearly three times:

"Water! water! water!"

This cry of distress penetrated to Treor's heart, and suddenly all his insanity departed, his medley of vain declamations hushed, and he thought only of relieving the wretch who called for help with such anguish, in torments of such agony.

That it was Newington, the tyrant, the executioner, did not matter! Humanity, under these circumstances, had the ascendancy, and malice, the legitimate right of retaliation, abdicated.

The old man did not even reason, did not consider the charity which he was preparing to accord to the suppliant. The spirit of solidarity awakened within him instinctively. On the sideboard where the Duke had first drank, he perceived the decanter, and started in that direction to fill a glass with water and give it to the agonizing man.

But he could no longer stand on his feet. His last work of improvisation, his over-excited utterance, his extravagant mimicry, all the fire expended, had at last exhausted him, and his legs, even more unsteady than Newington's, finally sank under him.

He recovered himself by a fortunate grasp at the back of an arm-chair; otherwise, he would have rolled on the carpet by the side of the Duke; but he remained there, leaning on the seat, incapable of straightening up or abandoning the support, though exhausting himself in excessive attempts which all failed.

And the torment was aggravated by the proximity of the desired object, — hardly two arm's-lengths away; without reflection, unconsciously, he extended his hand, bending and disjuncting himself to diminish the obstinate distance. An open abyss before him, as immense and broad as a river, would not have been more insuperable.

With a despairing eye Newington followed the efforts of the old man. The rattling went on unceasingly between his jaws, which contracted by degrees like the jaws of a vise when one turns the screw; the burning in his throat reached its height, like a collar of living flames constantly stirred up and gradually decapitating him; his chest seemed to be on fire, as if he had swallowed a cask of burning alcohol or imbibed a barrel of melted lead; and, the delirium finally seizing his overheated brain, he fancied that the fire formerly lighted in the house of the elect continued to burn in his body.

"Water! water!"

Only these words escaped from his swollen lips.

"Water! water!"

And still on all fours like a dog, wheezing, coughing, snorting, he no longer looked even human, so much swollen was his face, so sunken were his features in this uprising of puffy flesh. One would have said it was some hideous monster expiring in a gilded costume placed upon it in obedience to some carnival whim, but for the perpetual and monotonous cry of his torturing agony.

"Water! water!"

Truly Treor suffered the torments of hell in his inability to assist this dying wretch, and he lost his self-possession for a time. At last, however, it occurred to him that, though fastened there like a post, he perhaps had not lost the faculty of speech, and with the thought he recovered all his energy. Raising his voice, he gave a call which would certainly have been heard a long distance, if Lady Ellen had not run in madly and stifled it with her hand.

In vain the old man struggled to free himself, even trying to bite the rosy fin-

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

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A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., SEPTEMBER 24, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excise-man, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial columns of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Lesson of the Hour.

Unlike some of my friends, I have never entertained any hope that the supreme court of Illinois would overturn the verdict against the condemned Socialists of Chicago, and so, terrible as the recent news from that city is, I was not disappointed at it. But my heart grows heavier as the resources of defence diminish and the day approaches on which the brutal State proposes to execute upon these rash but noble men a base and far more rash revenge. To avert this act of madness and the unspeakable terrors to which it very possibly will lead, there remain but two cards yet to play in that game of statutory "justice" in which there is a percentage of chances in favor of the State that, if possessed by the backer of the games at Monte Carlo, would ruin him by driving all his victims to suicide. One of these cards is appeal to the supreme court of the United States; the other is appeal to the governor of Illinois. Now, as experience teaches us that the ascending scale of judicial "supremacy" generally registers a corresponding increase of stupidity and cold-bloodedness, there seems little reason to expect more fairness from Washington than Ottawa; and, unless Governor Oglesby is far less a tool of capital than the average Republican governor seeking political advancement, appeal to that quarter will be equally useless. Still, no stone should be left unturned. Let ample funds flow in, in order that all that can be done may be done, regardless of cost; and though capital's faintest whisper should sound louder in official ears than labor's mighty voice, let that voice give all its power to protest loud and long. Only so shall we have no error to regret.

Above all, we must not fail to learn the lesson of these troublous days. In all that Liberty has had to say about this sorry business from the first, the effort has been to make plain the folly of supposing the State to be at all concerned about justice. More than ever am I convinced of this after reading the long opinion of the Illinois judges. Their very able summary of the testimony offered at the trial confirms me in the opinion that *under the law as it stands* there was a sufficiency of evidence to convict the prisoners of murder. For it takes but precious little. For aught that I can see, the State's attorney has it in his power to hang thousands upon thousands of innocent citizens of Chicago as easily as he will hang the seven victims now under sentence. It is the infernal conspiracy law itself which is responsible for this iniquity, and this law, which passes almost without question, shows how inevitably the State becomes an instrument of tyranny. This monster cannot be reformed; it *must be killed*. But how? Not by dynamite; that will not harm it. How, then? By light. It thrives in the darkness of its victims' ignorance; it and they must be flooded with the light of liberty. If the seven must die, such must be the lesson of their death.

A Polite Epistle from Mr. Perrine.

The world advances, especially New Jersey. Mr. Perrine, of Newark, who was but lately heard from in these columns as a counsellor of Anarchists from the standpoint of ballot-box reform, is now so wedded to the "common cause" that he laments as detrimental to it any discord among its friends. Therefore he tries to calm the troubled waters with a little oil—of vitriol.

To the Editor of Liberty:

While regretting the presence of any discord between friends fighting for the common cause of Liberty, I must still heartily indorse the position taken by the Kellys in the controversy ending in the last number of Liberty. As much as I may regret this discord, it is not as great as my regret and disappointment at the position taken by Liberty in regard to the movement. If the pleasure in the work—and hence its execution—is of the same order as the taste for "fresh, cool lager beer," then either would be surrendered for the same cause,—personal advantage. I suppose, then, should your work in this cause happen to interfere with your sound sleep at night, it will be thrown aside,—unless the Goddess Liberty has added a heaven to her domains, and you are looking forward to your reward in the pleasures of a future existence.

Surely you cannot expect to see liberty an accomplished fact during your present life, and, were it not for your heaven, you could certainly attain greater personal advantage in the ranks of the governmentalists, or, should you prefer a little reform, with Most and his co-workers. They both enjoy fresh, cool lager beer.

It is an additional cause of regret that a question of veracity should have arisen between you and Miss Kelly. Considering, however, that truth is with you but a matter of expediency, while she still believes that "change lays not her hand upon truth," I must believe that her statement of the case is the correct one, especially since her letter of proof was rejected through the fear that it might throw some light upon the identity of Tak Kak.

Oh, Liberty! are these then the men we are asked to follow in thy name?

One "misrepresents when he finds it to his advantage to do so."

Another, afraid that he might be charged, as Shelley, with being crazy enough to try to live according to his beliefs, amuses himself with writing from behind a bush at more earnest workers.

While a third esteems the cause as highly as he does a glass of beer.

Surely this is the stuff for martyrs, and a new light is thrown upon the motto:

For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee.

She must surely have promised the faithful future repayment in pleasures for a paltry slaying here.

Since Mohammed is to be outdone, we would that we might share in the revelation.

Yours,
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

FREDERIC A. C. PERRINE.

The first thing I have to say to Mr. Perrine is that, having declined to further discuss Egoism with the Kellys, I certainly shall not discuss it with him. Good soldiers dislike an easy victory.

The second thing I have to say to Mr. Perrine is that no question of veracity has arisen between Miss Kelly and myself. His words seem to indicate that he refers to my comments upon Miss Kelly's statement that Tak Kak had written elsewhere over his own name. I did not deny it, but simply said that, *so far as I knew*, he had published nothing over his own name. In the rejected letter there was not a word of proof, or of anything purporting to be proof, that he had written over his own name.

The third thing I have to say to Mr. Perrine is that, had the rejected letter contained such proof, that would have been an additional reason for its rejection. If a writer for Liberty makes a statement in its columns which he cannot prove save by asking me to break faith with another writer, he must let it go unproven. One of the plainest of editorial "obligations" is that of protecting a contributor's pseudonym, and I do not "find it to my advantage" to repudiate my responsibilities as an editor.

The fourth thing I have to say to Mr. Perrine is that the glib composure with which he estimates the greater or less degree of earnestness which characterizes a man of whom he knows next to nothing is a trait that frequently distinguishes the newly-converted apostle.

The fifth thing I have to say to Mr. Perrine is that,

supposing his assumption of an issue of veracity to be correct, I admire his readiness to believe those with whom he is in close and constant association. In his place I would do the same.

The sixth thing I have to say to Mr. Perrine is that when, having determined that Miss Kelly is honest and I am a liar, he asks me to give gratuitous circulation to this interesting opinion of his upon an issue which, if it existed at all, would be an entirely personal matter between Miss Kelly and myself, I find his performance unique. The fact that I humor his insolence must convince him that, whether honest or not, I am tolerably good-natured.

Having said these six things to Mr. Perrine, I will add to whom it may concern that, if there are any other friends of the Kellys who would like to publicly call me a liar and are unable or unwilling to do so at their own expense, these columns are at their service for the purpose.

T.

Henry George's "Secondary Factors."

In trying to answer the argument that land is practically useless to labor unprovided with capital Henry George declares that "labor and land, even in the absence of secondary factors obtained from their produce, have in their union today, as they had in the beginning, the potentiality of all that man ever has brought, or ever can bring, into being."

This is perfectly true; in fact, none know it better than the men whom Mr. George thus attempts to meet.

But, as Cap'n Cuttle was in the habit of remarking, "the bearin' o' this 'ere hobserwation lies in the application on't," and in its application it has no force whatever. Mr. George uses it to prove that, if land were free, labor would settle on it, thus raising wages by relieving the labor market.

But labor would do no such thing.

The fact that a laborer, given a piece of land, can build a hut of mud, strike fire with flint and steel, scratch a living with his finger-nails, and thus begin life as a barbarian, even with the hope that in the course of a lifetime he may slightly improve his condition in consequence of having fashioned a few of the rudiments of those implements which Mr. George styles "secondary factors" (and he could do no more than this without producing for exchange, which implies, not only better machinery, but an entrance into that capitalistic maelstrom which would sooner or later swallow him up),—this fact, I say, will never prove a temptation to the operative of the city, who, despite his wretchedness, knows something of the advantages of civilization and to some extent inevitably shares them.

Man does not live by bread alone.

The city laborer may live in a crowded tenement and breathe a tainted air; he may sleep cold, dress in rags, and feed on crumbs: but now and then he gets a glimpse at the morning paper, or, if not, then at the bulletin-board; he meets his fellow-men face to face; he knows by contact with the world more or less of what is going on in it; he spends a few pennies occasionally for a gallery-ticket to the theatre or for some other luxury, even though he knows he "can't afford it"; he hears the music of the street bands; he sees the pictures in the shop windows; he goes to church, if he is pious, or, if not, perhaps attends the meetings of the Anti-Poverty Society and listens to stump speeches by Henry George; and, when all these fail him, he is indeed unfortunate if some fellow-laborer does not invite him to join him in a social glass over the nearest bar.

Not an ideal life, surely; but he will shiver in his garret and slowly waste away from inanition ere he will exchange it for the semi-barbarous condition of the backwoodsman without an axe. And, were he to do otherwise, I would be the first to cry: The more fool he!

Mr. George's remedy is similar—at least for a part of mankind—to that which is attributed to the Nihilists, but which few of them ever believed in,—namely, the total destruction of the existing social order and the creation of a new one on its ruins.

Mr. George may as well understand first as last that labor will refuse to begin this world anew. It never

will abandon even its present meagre enjoyment of the wealth and the means of wealth which have grown out of its ages of sorrow, suffering, and slavery. If Mr. George offers it land alone, it will turn its back upon him. It insists upon both land and tools. These it will get, either by the State Socialistic method of concentrating the titles to them in the hands of one vast monopoly, or by the Anarchistic method of abolishing all monopolies and thereby distributing these titles gradually among laborers through the natural channels of free production and exchange. T.

Try the State!

The seven brutal lackeys of capitalism who call themselves judges of the supreme court of Illinois have handed down their decision in the case of the eight Chicago Socialists whom one of their fellow-conspirators sentenced to be legally murdered. As was expected by all who know the real character of monopoly's justice, the condemned have been refused a decent trial, and are to die for the only "crime" which was proven to have been committed by them,—lack of respect for what the tyrants and their hired assassins call "law and order." Do the workingmen of this country, for whom the condemned men worked and struggled, and whom they sought to emancipate from the yoke of economic servitude, intend to stand indifferently by while the legal bandits choke seven of their fellows to death upon the gallows? Those men may have been in error as to the truth and expediency of their doctrines; they may have been unwise in their methods and policy; but not even the vile and shameless gang of the capitalistic press, which religiously inflamed and incited and poisoned their ignorant readers' minds against the condemned, dared, in the face of the actual facts, question their sincerity, earnestness, or faithfulness. Will this infamous and monstrous "decision," dictated by blind fury, class hatred, and personal motives, rouse the people to the realization of the immediate danger in which the cause of labor and freedom is involved? Are they willing to live under the law which hangs those men on suspicion,—law which the Czar of Russia would never dream of enforcing? Not if they still possess the faculty of reason or the instinct of self-preservation. Let labor, then, utter a determined, emphatic, and resounding "No" in answer to the cowardly verdict of corrupt judges. Let labor try the accused, if capital refuses to try them. And, if it finds them innocent of any crime, let it try that fiendish institution, the State, which is organized for the purpose of plundering the people and murdering all those who expose its machinations. There can be no doubt as to the verdict.

V. YARROS.

Father McGlynn Again.

It is well to follow up Father McGlynn. He is in some sort a representative man, pointing to that inevitable breaking away from the arbitrary claim on human ignorance that keeps alive the so-called Catholic Church. It is not what he may think of Henry George or any opinions he may hold on the land question. In all that pertains to labor problems he has shown himself neither profound as a thinker nor wise in methods. Neither he nor George are to be credited with much beyond the good that may lurk in the stirring up of the stagnant pools. Their philosophy, or their science, limps and goes sadly astray.

But as a protestant against "infallible" Rome, this earnest-hearted and courageous priest may turn out a new and most serviceable pioneer in America. He yet claims for himself that he is a sincere adherent of the church; but that just now the church is in the hands of a "machine." From pope, from archbishop, he appeals. He waits for new popes, new archbishops, and new priests. In other words, he looks to the time when the church shall not be run by a "machine,"—as though that time ever existed, or ever will exist. Does Dr. McGlynn believe the church infallible? What, pray, is an infallible church but a "machine,"—a power that sets up its authority over individuals and turns them in paths of its own making, with no appeal from its dictatorial will possible? If this pro-

testing priest may turn to his mother church and say to the officiating Pope: "You are drunk with power; I appeal from the church drunk to the church sober," what confusion will such conduct work in the Catholic brain?

Dr. McGlynn says: "If you go to the confessional and the priest asks, 'Do you sympathize with Henry George, and go to his meetings?' tell him it is none of his business. If no priest will receive your confession, then confess to God. The priest, at best, is but an agent of God. If the agent will not hear you, you are still free to turn to the priest's Master." I quote from memory, but have, I think, stated the idea correctly.

Now, what does this mean? Nothing less than this: upon a pinch a man can do without the church. God made the church, but, if the church won't hear you, God will. Perhaps the time has come when God doesn't need the mediating church any longer. He and his children can get along in a more democratic way. They can have direct communication with each other, and dispense with all officiating middlemen,—popes, bishops, priests.

This seems to be the substance of the new thought Father McGlynn and his adherents find themselves unexpectedly indulging in. The free air of the new world is clearing the brain of thinking men everywhere—Catholic and Protestant alike—of the many old mediæval cobwebs spun there so industriously by mother church.

As a leader in this so-needed emancipation Father McGlynn is interesting, and may, perchance, become a historic character. H.

The "Christian Advocate" relates this instance of special providence: "In Boston a large house prints for several religious papers of different creeds, and also an Atheistic paper of evil fame as especially venomous. The building was damaged by fire, and the only forms saved were those of the godless sheet above mentioned." Upon this the "Truth Seeker" asks: "What was the name of the 'especially venomous' paper?" Liberty, perhaps. At any rate, four or five months ago a fire pretty thoroughly "cleaned out" the press-room of the large printing-house which does Liberty's press-work, and after the conflagration it was found, not only that Liberty's forms had escaped, but that the entire edition of Liberty, printed on one side and waiting to be printed on the other, was undamaged, though surrounded on every hand by a mass of ruins. I grieve to add, however, that my "special providence" did not thoroughly protect me, for not a trace remained of five hundred copies of that wonderful but wicked novel, "What's To Be Done?" which stood in sheets ready for the binder.

A letter from a friend contains the following excellent suggestion regarding the probable solution of the copyright question under Anarchy: "About copyright I think Anarchists can with propriety leave it an open question whether it would not be advisable to treat writings as property, and thus to establish a copyright rule among ourselves. For my own part, I would countenance an author or the publisher he preferred, provided they should sell the work at a reasonable price, and I would protect such natural copyright during the author's lifetime by refusing to buy other publications from publishers who infringed upon it, provided always that the author and publisher so protected would observe the same comity toward myself and all adhering to this natural copyright rule. If an Anarchist author has printed on his publication 'copyright reserved,' I take that to be his demand upon other men to recognize his natural, and not an assertion of legal, copyright. The form of declaration for the latter usually refers to the book having been entered with the government librarian, etc."

The Anarchist Trial.

We have received a copy of a book entitled: "A Concise History of the Great Trial of Chicago Anarchists," compiled by Dyer D. Lum, containing two hundred pages. Price, twenty-five cents. Also a printed copy of the celebrated speeches of the eight condemned men, entitled: "The Accused the Accusers, being the famous speeches of the eight

Chicago Anarchists in court," comprising two hundred pages. Price, fifteen cents. Workingmen and others who have read the prejudiced and perverted accounts of this great capitalistic trial as given in the corrupt capitalistic press now have an opportunity to learn the facts as taken from the official record of the trial, as well as from the statements of the condemned men themselves, which they made in their speeches expounding their principles before the court. Send orders to Socialistic Publishing Society, No. 274 West 12th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Edgeworth's Miserable Insinuations.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The sovereign impertinence of Edgeworth is exhibited in personal hints contained in some articles from him in the *Winsted "Press,"* on "Anarchy vs. Egoism." Speaking of the Jay Goulds and Napoleons, Edgeworth says: "If—which I do not know to be a fact—Tak Kak is identified with these in interest and ambition, why does he let the cat out of the bag?" Now, if any one lets those villains' cat out of the bag, does it not argue that he is, if intelligent, not identified with them in interest and ambition? But Edgeworth plays with the strings of other bags and chances the letting out of other cats.

I warn Edgeworth that, if he knew me personally, he would be ashamed as long as he lives for having written some things about me. So would another of your correspondents be.

According to Edgeworth, "the humor of the thing consists in this conscienceless doctrine of successful egotism being preached to the poor devils who are perishing under its infliction by the dominant powers." Really! and is not universal individual sovereignty the cure for absolutism and usurpation?

TAK KAK.

English Individualists In the Rear.

[London Jus.]

English Individualists are a little behind their brethren in America. We have at last got accustomed to the idea (as a subject of discussion) of a private enterprise post office. But, if anybody mentioned such a thing in parliament, he would undoubtedly attract the attention of the lunacy commissioners. Whereas, if he were to hint at a free mint, his examination would probably be dispensed with, and he would be marched off to Hanwell without delay. In the States, however, it appears the notion has "friends." Says the Boston *Liberty*: "What the friends of free money are fighting for is the right both of individuals and of coöperators to issue money when and as they choose, and what they are fighting against is the laws which in any way make it impossible for either individuals or coöperators to exercise this right. This, and nothing else, is the free money theory." It would surprise many of us to learn how very recently the issue of money became a rigid State-monopoly. It is hardly a century old.

Anarchistic Drift.

The chances are slim that the English government will ever admit that the police were aggressors in the Mitcheltown riot in Ireland.—*New York Tribune*.

(Note: That's just the trouble with the Chicago police, as to the so-called Anarchists' riot.)

The Hessian fly is an unmitigated nuisance. Then why does not the State stamp it out? Such is the imbecile cry raised by a number of persons who understand very little of the habits of the fly, and still less of the powers of the State.—*London Jus*.

(Note: Hasn't the State too much on its hands already?)

The arrest of William O'Brien for the crime of loving his country and speaking freely in its behalf proves that the Tory government is possessed by the madness that precedes destruction.—*New York World*.

(Note: Liberal governments are often possessed with the same kind of madness.)

There's got to be some law by which a man with children can rent some place to live in.—*Paul Finn in New York Sun*.

(Note: Great Heaven! More law?)

Be honest,—that is, calculating; make no mistake in the calculation; remember that the whole is greater than any of its parts,—that is, that your human nature is stronger and of more importance to you than any of your aspirations taken separately; place its interests, therefore, before the interests of any of your special aspirations, if they happen to be in contradiction; to put the whole in a simple definition: Be honest, and all will go well. A single rule of great simplicity, but containing all the prescriptions of science, the whole code of happy life.—*Tchernychevsky in What's To Be Done?*

(Note: Enlightened self-interest, rational egoism, is Anarchy.)

Continued from page 3.

gers; they were held so firmly over his mouth that they cut short his respiration, and the choking made it impossible for him to struggle against the wrath of the young woman, who shook him brutally and succeeded, without great difficulty, in making him let go of the arm-chair to which he was clinging.

While he whirled on his stiff legs for a second and beat the air with his arms, trying in his desperate gyration to grasp something, Newington, who, in spite of his derangement of mind, recognized the Duchess, gave a cry like that of a wounded stag at bay; at the same time, he moved along on the carpet, like a feeble man with a broken back, using his knees, hands, and elbows, trying to get to Lady Ellen.

His face, when the arms gave way, struck the floor, and the Duke wailed and roared by turns, like an animal that feels itself mortally wounded. Grazing with his fiery cheek the fresh skirt of the Duchess, he tried to cling to the stuff and lift himself to her waist, thinking to grasp the poisoner in a spasmodic embrace that would cause her death; he fell back powerless, and then made another and more ambitious attempt, hoping to hoist himself to the height of her throat, so as to strangle the criminal, on a level with her face, and disfigure her atrociously.

A semblance of the wavering reason which was little by little fading still gleamed through this thick brain, and now revealed to him the sole motive which Lady Ellen had obeyed in killing him. He recalled the journeys of Richard and the Duchess into the country, the hours when they absented themselves from the castle, on all kinds of pretexts, and the sudden way she had taken the arm of the young man the evening before.

To be continued.

Economic Theories of Interest.

(G. Bernard Shaw in Our Corner.)

It is not easy to gather from the economists a precise idea of what interest really is, except that it is always an excuse for an idle man to live on the labor of an industrious one. Elucidation as to the rate of interest, and mystification as to its nature, is the rule in the popular treatises. The only view that can be called orthodox is that from which interest appears as a payment to a producer to induce him to postpone consumption of his product in favor of some other person who wishes to consume it immediately, and who proposes to replace it ultimately and restore it to the producer, paying interest in the meantime as a solatium to the producer for his abstinence. Now, there is no doubt that payments called interest are actually made to the tune of £250,000,000 a year in this country; but the orthodox explanation of them hardly carries conviction; for they are not made to producers; many of the non-producers to whom they are paid, so far from abstaining, consume as much and as quickly as they care to; and, above all, the postponement of consumption, far from being a penalty which a man need be bribed to suffer, is a necessary provision against old age and infirmity, the power of arranging for which is one of the chief advantages which members of a continuous human society have over wild beasts. What evidence have we that the borrower's desire to anticipate the act of production outweighs the lender's need to defer the act of consumption? If the borrower needs the help of the lender, the lender no less needs the help of the borrower, since deferring consumption is not a matter of locking up gold in a safe and taking it out a year or ten years hence to spend, but a matter of disposing of machinery that will rust, and food that will rot, to men who have present occasion for them and are willing to repay their cost at some future time. The reply is that the undeniable fact that the payments are made to the lenders proves that the borrower's need is the greater. But before that evidence can be accepted it remains to be seen whether the payments cannot be accounted for on other grounds.

And here be it said that, in the conversation of the average city man startled by a Socialistic suggestion that the rate of interest is not the law of God, the phenomenon is accounted for on many other grounds. Sometimes it is insurance against risk of loss. Sometimes it is rent of ability, or profits. Sometimes it is the difference between the normal price and the market price of machinery, caused by the demand exceeding the supply. Sometimes it is increase due to improved methods of production. Sometimes it is the earth's natural increase. There is, in fact, little advantage in ordinary discussion in assuming that this or that theory is the standard theory of Interest, because, although our capitalists vehemently assert, or pay others to assert, that they are standing by sound economic principles, it will be found that to drive them out of one economic position is merely to drive them into another, until all possible economic positions are occupied by their opponents, when they simply proclaim the whole science of economics unpractical if not immoral, and defend their property on the plain ground that they enjoy it and mean to keep it as long as they can. But before they are driven quite to that point, they often strike out brilliant impromptu theories of their own. For example, it is not uncommon to hear those who defend capitalists as the class to which we owe machinery [a romantic notion] contend gravely that labor-saving inventions should not save labor,—that the quantity of toil undergone should remain constant, and the increase of product be the property of the inventor and his heirs for ever. Thus society should consist of a class of non-inventors—or anticipated inventors—and their descendants, working as hard and living as poorly as aboriginal barbarians, and a class of inventors and their descendants enjoying all the surplus produce,—all the advantages of the steam digger over the unprotected hand and nails,—of the ocean steamer over the naked swimmer. In such a state we can imagine the aboriginal class asking why the inventors should appropriate the surplus. "Because," the inventors would reply, "we have benefited society by our inventions." "But you don't benefit society," the others would answer: "we are no better off than if nothing had ever been invented,—nay, we are worse; for if you had not invented spades and ships and the like, we might have invented them for ourselves." The inventors' retort would be: "It is false; we HAVE benefited society: we are society; and we are benefited. You are but the scum and dregs,—the stupid, the thriftless, the drunken, the congenitally diseased, and criminals. If not, why do you not invent something, as we—or at least our ancestors—did?" These inventors would be in a position to retain an army of policemen and soldiers to maintain and extend their legal rights. Finally, all the evils that have sprung from private property in land would ensue from private property in the profits of discovery. Interest is not due to this cause among us; for the law limits patents and copyrights to periods only sufficient to prevent holders from losing by their labor. It is true, however, that inventors themselves strive to appropriate the advantages of their inventions. For example, banking is a device for saving labor to society. But the banker's object is not to save labor to society, but to himself. Exchange costs a body of merchants a certain quantity of labor. "Let me conduct your exchanges," says the banker, "and I will undertake that they shall cost you less than they do at present." If the merchants consent, he conducts their exchanges on the banking system at much less cost than before, makes them pay nearly as much as before, and pockets the difference. Only by the freedom of other financiers to adopt his system and tempt his customers by offering to share the advantage with them, can that advantage eventually be distributed throughout the community. Give the first banker a patent for ever; and out of all the benefits of banking his fellow-citizens will enjoy nothing except the small makeweight needed to pre-

vent them from being perfectly indifferent whether they bank at all or not. And even the makeweight may safely be withdrawn as soon as the community, having adopted the banking system, has forgotten that any alternative to it is possible.

Perpetual Motion an Orthodox Economic Doctrine.

(Hugo Bilgram in Philadelphia Mechanics.)

The statement that "an increase of the working days, in number or in length, means the throwing out of employment men who otherwise would secure it," is apparently a reflection of a generally conceived doctrine rather than the result of logical thought. If it were true that "the circulation of money . . . is but a current of equivalence and balance of accounts continually circulating and bearing from point to point, from individual to individual, the true reward of labor, the proportion of the world's production that each man has won," each worker, when producing a surplus, in bringing it for sale, would be at the same time a purchaser of an equivalent amount of other products. Were money only a mediator of exchanges, each new supply of some wealth would be a new demand for some other wealth, either directly or through the intervention of money. Hence, the more one man works, the more demand there would be for the work,—i. e., the products of others. But today money performs a secondary function which the modern economists fail to recognize, and which alone can account for the discrepancy existing between facts and what would appear to be the logical sequence.

If an inventor should show a professor a motor which, once charged with a given amount of energy, would from time to time give out new energy without consuming the original power therein stored, he would have reason to maintain that the new power was not the result of the original charge, but must have some other source, and had he the opportunity of a close examination, he would not fail to find the hidden belt, the covered shaft, the secret pipe, or electric wire, which out of the sight of the casual observer conveys the additional power to the contrivance.

Yet, when our industrial machinery is charged with a given amount of labor-power, in the form of capital, we not only observe with stoic equanimity a phenomenon having the essential features of a physical perpetual motion, but even denounce the crank who dares to assert that there is a screw loose somewhere in our social and industrial machinery. As soon as the complete analogy of an apparent perpetual motion and the present operation of capital is recognized, it will not take long to discover the social contrivance by which the increase, now attributed to the coöperation of capital, is really abstracted from the workers, both mental and physical, and the cause may then be seen which with unerring certainty brings about that industrial distress to the study of which at present so much thought is directed, of which the ultimate outcome will be the solution of the labor problem, independent of the consideration of what constitutes a working day.

The State's Mad Folly.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The decision of the supreme court of the State of Illinois in the case of the Chicago Anarchists has given another proof—if any were needed—that the State is an organized conspiracy for the aggrandizement of a special few who have the means and power of running it for their special interest and for the protection of their own vested rights. All Anarchists know this; but there were some (and I was one of them) who thought that, in a case of the importance and magnitude of the Chicago case, the court would use some discretion, and not barefacedly expose the inherent villainy of the whole machine. Not that I believed the court had any sense of justice,—because I know that their only law and justice are the dictates and will of their masters,—those who enjoy the legal privileges of the stolen rights of the people,—but I believed that their ferocity and malevolence would be tempered with policy, and that they would find it not expedient to add one more new and glaring fact to the catalogue of crimes that the Anarchist has drawn up against the State. But we were mistaken; for, as ever, the tyrant has been blind to his own fate, and has weakened himself by exposing his own soft place,—cowardice.

I trust there is no reader of Liberty who has been so blinded by the press as to believe that the Chicago men were convicted for throwing, or aiding and abetting in throwing, the bomb. If there is such a one, I hope that, before holding any opinion, he will obtain and read Dyer D. Lum's "Concise History of the Trial," published by the Socialistic Publishing Company in Chicago.

I challenge any reader of the State's Attorney's brief to show any proof that the convicted men were anything more than suspected of throwing, or aiding and abetting the throwing, of that bomb. No. In the words of the State's Attorney, in his address to the jury, they were on trial for Anarchy: "Don't try, gentlemen, to shirk the issue. Law is on trial. Anarchy is on trial." That is to say, they were tried for holding an opinion, for having a theory,—and that theory was a danger to the existing institutions, and social evils, and law and order. (I am not going to defend their theories of Communism; I am entirely opposed to them.) It is true, a pretence was made that they were being tried for conspiracy. The most that was proved against them was that they were men who believed that the present State was such an inhuman, brutal, diabolical institution that nothing but force would upset it: that theory and appeals to intellect were powerless against it, and that, as it was maintained by force, nothing but force would destroy it. That was their belief, that their theory, and for that they are to hang. They are to be hanged on a presumption. It was presumed from the editorials some of them wrote and that Neebe had read (and for that he was sentenced to fifteen years'), and from the garbled newspaper reports of speeches they had made, that they were just the sort of men who would aid and abet in throwing a bomb, and on that presumption they are to hang.

When men are to be hanged on presumption, it is getting rather dangerous for theoretical and philosophical Anarchists. It is time, then, for the philosopher to wake up to the danger—actual, not theoretical danger—that encompasses him. Victor Hugo's "Address to the Poor" was read in open court from the columns of Parsons's "Alarm" to show what sort of ideas these Chicago men cherished. A philosophical Anarchist who has a "God and the State" in his possession may find himself in great danger in excitable times, and it would be strong presumptive evidence against him. A picked "jury of gentlemen" would be too "practical" a set of men to trifle over the differences between the various schools of Anarchy. And if it should appear that, after all, there was more danger to the existing social order from passive resistance than by active resistance, a supreme court would be always ready to ratify a verdict born of fear and prejudice and class hatred.

Therefore, I hope that the readers of Liberty who have not made themselves acquainted with the real facts of this case will bestir themselves and do whatever is in their power to draw public attention to the real facts, and help arouse the feeling of indignation that should go up from the people of this country if the case is not reversed by the United States supreme court. All active, working Anarchists should do this. If they fear being confounded with bomb throwers and advocates of physical force and remain dumb, then I shall be greatly disappointed in them.

A. H. SIMPSON.

Egoism in a Mist.

Our brilliant young friend, Mr. Yarros, in building the platform of Egoism, attempts to put planks together that do not dovetail. I might suspect that his difficulty arose from a misconception of the meaning of terms; but his command of English, marvellous in one not born to the tongue, forbids that explanation. Must there not be, then, some error in his analysis or logic? Premising that reason is the only authority, and happiness the sole object of life, he proceeds to the recognition of justice and liberty as the law of human society. Then he immediately spoils this by repudiating all rights and duties. This confusion of terms envelops his statement in an obscuring mist. For what are justice and liberty but distinct individual rights? Why does he ignore all rights after admitting into his scheme the most fundamental of all?

There is another weakness in his statement. I can hardly wish to live in social contact with one who proposes to be just to me only because he may thus "feel free from fear of disturbance"; because that is as much as to say that he would be unjust whenever he might feel equally safe in so doing. He might feel "safe" on that line of action; but I should be much happier if we mutually recognized rights which neither were to violate.

I recognize a man's right to seek pleasure in an occasional glass of lager beer, — though the beverage is not to my taste. One may also find pleasure in the pecuniary and other sacrifices which the purpose and the hope of making the world better shall cost him (of which the editor of Liberty may be taken as an example); but surely such a purpose has a nobler impulse than mere love of pleasure. In the gratification of his desires a man will often encounter the risk of making another wretched; but it will be some defence against such a temptation if he cherishes the conviction that others have rights as sacred, at least, as his own desires. There are certainly higher objects in life than the pursuit of pleasure. I cannot suppose that the Nihilist at home confronts almost certain death, in the effort to overthrow a detestable despotism, for the mere sake of feeling "perfectly safe and secure in his possessions." The track of human progress is marked by the blood of self-devoted men and women, shed in the cause of reform or revolution; and we instinctively venerate the memory of him who dies for an idea.

J. M. L. BABCOCK.

Egoism Seen Through a Mist.

I take pleasure in answering the friendly criticism of Mr. Babcock, and am particularly gratified and encouraged by the spirit of fairness and conciliation in which he seems disposed to treat the Egoists. For his inclination and ability to do so more than anything else, and in spite of everything else, lead me to believe that he is a very good Egoist himself, though he may not suspect it. "Scratch a Russian, and you will find a Tartar," — such is the verdict of the world. Recent experience would almost seem to conclusively establish the fact that, when we scratch a moralist, we are apt to come in collision with a bigot. Evolutionary moralists are no exception to this rule. Given equal opportunities, equal liberty to defend their ideas, and equally fair and attentive examination, they, nevertheless, accused everybody of conspiracy and treacherous designs against them. While the Egoists, all through the controversy, have remained courteous, calm, forbearing, and perfectly collected, resting their case upon argument, the moralists have lost their tempers, abused and denounced and ridiculed and warned and threatened everybody, and seemed to be doing their best to degrade a serious and purely theoretical discussion into a personal feud and general rupture. Mild and dispassionate criticism was met, not with stones, as among religious moralists, but with cries of villain, knave, hypocrite, wretch, fool, and with threats of withdrawing support. Friends of free discussion and fair play, these!

But as Mr. Babcock is open to argument, I have no doubt he can be made to see the absolute emptiness of moralism. And he shall not have to go far for proof: he shall only examine his own Ego. Nothing is better calculated to destroy the illusion of altruism than a thorough self-examination, which is bound to reveal the truth that what the world calls "noble," "great," "high," etc., is in reality simply what the individual finds most pleasurable and self-satisfying. Only those completely emancipated from religious superstition are, of course, capable of thus analyzing their conduct; but it is only to such that we appeal. Can men who do not understand themselves be expected to understand others?

My claim, then, is that any self-conscious Ego who studies his own conduct and the course of his own progressive development must inevitably admit the profound truth contained in the two fundamental affirmations of Egoism, which, compactly stated, are:

I. That personal satisfaction is the sole object in life and the ever-present motive of conduct.

II. That the differences in conduct observed in actual life are the results of the differences in the degrees of development, refinement, and enlightenment existing among the individuals constituting society.

Now, while all men are Egoists, not all are self-conscious

Egoists. The great majority of mankind believe in some form or other of authority to which the individual owes submission, and the logical consequence of this belief is the Inquisition, in one form or another. All men, whether narrow or broad-minded, brave or cowardly, upright or deceptive, humane or cruel, are acting out their several natures and striving, each in his own peculiar way, to achieve the greatest possible happiness. Happiness is not a fixed quantity, and we cannot judge one man's conduct from the standpoint of another's conception of happiness. The editor of Liberty, the Russian martyrs, and the heroic characters of history, whom Mr. Babcock triumphantly points to as examples of unselfish devotion to ideas, are, on the contrary, the strongest witnesses for Egoism.

The reason why Egoists so readily sacrifice all "earthly," "material," palpable, and every-day advantages for the sake of the higher pleasures is because they find therein the means of more intense gratification, fuller happiness, greater enjoyment, and deeper satisfaction. Why should I drink whiskey, if I can afford to pay for champagne, which I have learned to like better? That more people like whiskey than champagne is no reason why I should approve and admire their taste; nor, on the other hand, am I in duty bound to engage in anti-whiskey crusades, preach the excellence and virtues of champagne, and exhort the people to improve their taste. If, however, it is more pleasing to me to associate with cultured, refined, modernized, champagne-loving gentlemen than with whiskey-drinkers, I will naturally try to convert people to my reformed way of looking at beverages, and thus surround myself with delightful company.

In the same manner a Bowery dime museum ceases to be an attraction when a higher stage of development permits the appreciation of German Opera at the Metropolitan or of the highly artistic acting at the Union Square Comedy Theatre. The "Arabian Nights," which may, at one time, appear to be of all-absorbing interest, is at another time found to be considered dull and dreary, while "Sartor Resartus" is rapturously read, perhaps for the fifth time, long after midnight. The sweating in a public library, on one of the dog days, over Mill's "Logic" or Spencer's "Progress: Its Law and Cause," may be found to meet one's desire for pleasure far better than the going out into the country with a picnic party full of merriment, fun, and spirits. The last nickel, good for a glass of beer or a whole quart of peanuts, is often, without a single thought of duty or sacrifice to the "cause," exchanged for a copy of a dry philosophical paper containing a discussion on evolutionary theories of morals.

Do all these different pleasures belong to the same order? Certainly not. They are as far removed from each other as are the different schools of moralism; but, as the common feature characterizing all moralists is intolerance and jealous hatred of spontaneity, so the common characteristic of all those various forms and kinds of pleasures is their genuineness as pleasures and their unqualified freedom from the element of constraint or duty. No matter what the forms, means, and ways of gratifying the craving for pleasure, — the important fact remains that the editor of Liberty and the Russian Nihilists deserve no more credit for their mode of living than the undeveloped pleasure-seeker who knows of no mode of making life worth living except by dividing his time between cards, wine, love-intrigues, and meddlesome gossip about others' affairs. We may consider the former far superior as men, far more desirable as associates, and far more advanced in every respect, but to speak to them of veneration, adoration, and esteem for their devotion, sacrifices, self-denial, etc., is to make ourselves ridiculous and contemptible in their eyes. They do not deny themselves anything except that which is impossible of attainment without the sacrifice of something they want more, and they are no more "devoted" to anything than they are to the mathematical axiom that twice two make four.

No man has ever died through devotion to ideas. Those that had too much self-love and too much love of independence to suit the despots now enthroned in this world very frequently were forced to accept death as a less evil than a life of slavery, suffering, degradation, and mental anguish. But, in choosing death rather than submission to tyrannical control and regulation, they proved themselves the most uncompromising Egoists, who scorned to make any concessions and despised all compromise with the conditions and the environment. Their own will, their own inclination, their own reason, and their own way of living were placed by them above all the world. The Ego demanded his own, and insisted on having the whole of it.

Look where we may, no trace of the presence of altruistic motives is felt or detected. Stirner "writes as the birds sing," and Mr. Babcock, not finding Egoistic theories to his taste, is pleased to criticize them; while I, in making this rejoinder, am likewise unconscious of being prompted by any "duty" to spread the light and save the moralists from blunders and self-deception.

(Even Mr. Kelly, in spite of his professions, retired from the controversy the moment he found it disagreeable for him, although, if he had wished to do his whole duty, he should have continued to combat the dangerous heresies of the Egoists as long as opportunities offered themselves. He may have lost hope of converting Tak Kak, but his duty to the rest of Liberty's readers was none the less inexcusably neglected. As to Miss Kelly, no punishment seems too severe for her

egotistic withdrawal from Liberty's battle-field. Having written but one article in defence of morality, she certainly cannot pretend to have satisfied her conscience. And not only did she turn her back on the poor Egoistic sinners, but solemnly vowed never to appear in the columns of Liberty, which she knows full well to be the only paper in which she could exercise perfect freedom in advocating any and all ideas she may deem essential to the world's salvation.)

I am, however, vitally concerned in the matter of clearing the social horizon from fogs of all sorts, for, as I have endeavored to show in my "Reasons Why," just as long as the individuals surrounding me are deluded and befogged by ideas of duty and sacred rights, harmonious relations between us are rendered unattainable. It is at this point that Mr. Babcock fails to view the subject clearly. I do not admit that justice and liberty are fundamental rights. I deny the existence of rights and duties. I recognize and deal with desires and necessities of individuals only. These desires and necessities bring social life into existence, and intelligence leads us gradually to the recognition of what we call justice as the condition calculated to maintain, foster, and improve our relations as social beings, as well as to secure and aid us in our pursuit of happiness as individuals. As long as some individuals, on the one hand, are free from superstition, and the masses, on the other, are prostrating themselves before the creations of their own foolish fancy, inequity, inequality, and despotism will prevail, the free and strong few taking advantage of the imbecility of the many. When all become "conscienceless criminals," justice, or the recognition of equality and solidarity, will achieve her permanent and final triumph, — never to be disturbed unless the constitution and organization of man undergo a decided transformation.

Mr. Babcock should bear in mind that I take cognizance of all our social sympathies and antipathies no less than the moralists. I never attempted to rest the gigantic structure of social life on the mere desire for security; but I maintained that this desire was the primary and fundamental cause of that structure. Mr. Babcock avers that he would be "much happier if we mutually recognized rights which neither were to violate." This is perfectly natural and Egoistic on his part; and the question remaining to be settled is whether I, too, share that feeling. If yes, all is well, and the agreement is made. If not, he will have to persuade me into accepting his proposal by some very satisfactory grounds.

One word more, and I am done. In consequence of our laying so much stress on the part played by reason, the erroneous impression seems to have taken root in many minds that we ignore or underestimate the influence and importance of sentiment. The fact is that we count on it much more confidently than the moralists. It is they who mourn over the natural and chronic depravity of human nature; it is they who recoil with horror and in mortal fear from the spontaneous play of human sympathies; and it is they who demand a spiritual police, a moral detective agency, and restraints without number. And it is the Egoists, on the contrary, who trust to the social sympathies and kindly feelings and sentiments of love, friendship, solidarity, and comradeship, and who are willing to allow the Ego to "be true to himself," in perfect belief that he will be "true to every man."

V. YARROS.

Duty and Inclination.

The believers in conscience and in inclination assume that these forces are antagonistic, and upon the strength of this assumption they go for each other hammer and tongs.

They are intelligent, and would see, at once, how absurd it would be to assume that positive and negative forces are antagonistic, or that centripetal and centrifugal forces are irreconcilable and that the earth should obey one force and disobey the other.

Conscience is a ratchet, and not a lamp. Unenlightened conscience leads astray, and so does unenlightened inclination. If the butcher who slept in his refrigerator and died the next day had known the consequence, it would have greatly modified his inclination. Wisdom is the principal thing. I do not write to discuss the question, but to counsel moderation.

Among the most unpleasant recollections of my childhood are the angry disputations among the two factions of "Friends" known as Hicksites and Orthodox. The "Light within" burned fiercely, consuming the friendship of the combatants and scorching many an innocent spectator. "Comrades" hold their tempers better than those old-time Friends; still, exhortation is in order. The spirit of the boy's declamation is correct, if the versification is faulty: "Children should never let their angry passions rise, Your little hands were never made to tear out each other's eyes out."

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V. - No. 5.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

Whole No. 109.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Referring to my approval of the Anarchists' Club, E. C. Walker says that I seem to have lost my undue fear of free organization. Not so. Never had any to lose.

F. W. Read has replied to me in London "Jus" upon the question of voluntary taxation. I regret that I am obliged to postpone my answer to the next issue of Liberty.

Olive Schreiner's allegory, "Three Dreams in a Desert," which I reproduce from the "Fortnightly Review" in this issue, is as remarkable for wisdom and insight as for beauty. Read it.

"Le Révolté," Prince Kropotkin's paper, has suddenly ceased publication. A new journal, "La Révolte," succeeds it. As to whether this is simply a change of name occasioned by political exigencies, we are left entirely in the dark.

Henry George claims that he is sure to receive 250,000 votes for secretary of state, and that it needs but a little work to elect him. Mr. George evidently believes, with the owners of certain popular newspapers, that the way to success is to "holler and keep a-hollerin'."

The "Standard" seems to be the only labor paper which has found no word of indignant protest and condemnation in reference to the Illinois supreme court decision in the Anarchist case; but then, the "Standard's" is the only labor editor who dreams of being secretary of state.

Those Socialists who regard competition as such a dire foe of labor should read the remarkably lucid exposition of its workings when perfectly free, to be found in that chapter of Stephen Pearl Andrews's "Science of Society" which Liberty has now reached in its reproduction of that work.

I am opposed to hanging anybody, but, if seven men must hang, then I agree with George Francis Train, who, in his lecture on the "Anarchist Trial," certainly said one sane thing,—namely, that the American people could better afford to hang the seven judges than the seven men assigned for the gallows by them.

The first public meeting of the Anarchists' Club will be held at 176 Tremont Street, Boston, Sunday afternoon, October 9, at half past two o'clock. Benj. R. Tucker will preside and read a paper on "Anarchism: Its Aims and Methods." The paper was written by a member of the Club delegated for the purpose, and has been unanimously adopted as the authorized statement of the Club's objects. It is hoped that the first meeting will be well attended. The public are invited. Anarchistic literature will be for sale at the hall.

At last Sunday night's Anti-Poverty meeting in the aristocratic Academy of Music at New York, Henry George accepted Mr. Shevitch's challenge to debate the issues of the campaign. "Bring him up here," shouted one of the audience. "No," answered Mr. George, "I do not think him of enough importance to bring him up here. I prefer to go down to the East Side." Whereat there was "terrific applause." Let

the laborers of the East Side remember that Henry George, who professes to champion their interest, can find nothing better than a sneer for them when addressing his friends on Fourteenth Street.

A spectator at the Henry George convention at Syracuse said to one of the delegates: "I see that this is a decent party, and that's all I want to know. I do not fully understand its principles, but I'm going to vote your ticket because I am tired and sick of the old parties, and can see no difference between them." The "Standard" thinks that "this feeling will bring thousands of votes to the United Labor ticket." What a beautiful way of solving the labor problem,—this enticing sentimental ignoramus to the polls to vote upon matters which they do not understand! Oh! our precious right of suffrage!

When you see a dry, worn-out, poverty-stricken victim of the monopoly system, in a threadbare coat and third-term hat, sitting in a labor-meeting hall and absorbed in the reading of the hangman's cold-blooded talk and the imbecile's silly twaddle of the "editorial" corner of the boat-race-base-ball-prize-fight-sensational-divorce-case eight-page capitalistic daily, without condescending to listen to the speeches of labor reformers, as if the capitalistic editorials were the production of men having the wisdom of Solomon and the earnestness of Jesus and the labor speeches were made by the most worthless of the earth's scum,—when you see that, do you laugh or swear?

The Providence "People" having declared that "every tax is in the nature of a tax to discourage industry," I asked it if that was the reason why it favored a tax on land values. It answers that it favors such a tax because it would discourage industry less than any other tax, and because some tax is necessary in order to govern people who cannot govern themselves. In other words, the "People" declares that it is necessary to discourage industry in order to suppress crime. Did it ever occur to the "People" that the discouragement of industry causes more crime than it suppresses, and that, if industry were not discouraged, there would be little or no crime to suppress?

It is a common saying of George, McGlynn, Redpath, and their allies that they, as distinguished from the State Socialists, want less government instead of more, and that it is no part of the function of government to interfere with production and distribution except to the extent of assuming control of the bounties of nature and of such industries as are naturally and necessarily monopolies,—that is, such as are, in the nature of things, beyond the reach of competition's influence. In the latter category they place the conduct of railroads and telegraphs and the issue of money. Now, inasmuch as it takes an enormous capital to build a railroad, and as strips of land three thousand miles long by thirty feet wide are not to be picked up every day, I can see some shadow of justification for the claim that railroads are necessarily exempt to a marked extent from competition, although I do not think on that account that it will be necessary to hand them over to the government in order to secure their benefits for the people. Still, if I were to accept Mr. George's premise that industries which are necessarily monopolies should be managed by the State, I might possibly conclude that railroads and some other enterprises belong under that head. But how his premise is related to the issue of money I

do not understand at all. That the issue of money is at present a monopoly I admit and insist, but it is such only because the State has laid violent hands upon it, either to hold for itself or to farm out as a privilege. If left free, there is nothing in its nature that necessarily exempts it from competition. It takes little or no capital to start a bank of issue whose operations may become world-wide, and, if a thousand banks should prove necessary to the prevention of exorbitant rates, it is as feasible to have them as to have one. Why, then, is the issue of money necessarily a monopoly, and as such to be entrusted exclusively to the State? I have asked Mr. George a great many questions in the last half-dozen years, not one of which has he ever condescended to answer. Therefore I scarcely dare hope that he will vouchsafe the important information which I now beg of him.

The Tower of Babel.

[Henry Maret in Le Radical.]

I wish to tell you a story.

There was once a collection of men who held a common doctrine. They desired to establish in their country a true republic, based on the sovereignty of the people and having in view social transformation and amelioration. These men loved liberty, equality, fraternity; they had always marched hand in hand, and there was nothing to warrant a suspicion of their disunion before the accomplishment of their work.

Now, one morning which was neither clearer nor cloudier than the night before, all these men began to speak a different tongue, like the workers on the tower of Babel. A great confusion seemed to have suddenly seized them. They no longer understood each other, but insulted each other. In vain were they asked: "What is the matter? Do you no longer all want the same thing?"

"Yes, we want the same thing."

"Then why do you insult each other?"

And some answered: "Have you never seen those wretches who do not like the song *Trou là là i là?*" and others: "What can we have in common with men who like the song *Trou là là i là?*"

And as the partisans of the song were much more violent than its opponents, a party who happened along addressed the former as follows:

"Undoubtedly your friends are wrong in not liking the song *Trou là là i là*. I admit that they are unpardonable. The song *Trou là là i là* is a fine song. But, after all, it is not a principle, it is not a doctrine, it does not figure on your programmes. Why, then, do you treat as traitors those who do not like the song *Trou là là i là?* Does that prevent them from loving liberty, equality, and fraternity? Do they not write, do they not vote, the same today as yesterday, barring, of course, the song? They too might treat you as traitors, for you were never commissioned to sing the song *Trou là là i là*. They do not do so; they content themselves with looking upon you as rather green. Have it that they are fools; so be it. But no one should quarrel with his friends simply because their intelligence does not grasp the beauty of a song."

This passer-by hoped much from his advice; he succeeded, in fact, far beyond his desires, for all parties straightway united in giving him a beating.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

[Henry George in the Standard.]

I have never hesitated to avow myself an out-and-out free trader.

Granted that doing away with all taxes, save on land values, would leave no room for a protective tariff, it would still leave ample room for protection. For I put it to Patrick Ford's own logical mind whether a system of bounties on goods produced at home would not give as much encouragement to home producers and as effectually keep out goods produced abroad as a system of taxes on foreign importation.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 108.

The answer is first practical, as follows: During the three years and upward of practice at TRIALVILLE, and during two previous experiments, one at Cincinnati, and one at New Harmony, Indiana, extending to six or seven years of the practice of the *Cost Principle*, and of the use of the *Labor Note* in connection with it, by several thousand people in all, the variation in all the different species of male and female industry has not been more than about one third above and one third below the standard occupation of corn-raising, each person putting his or her own estimate upon their labor. To explain: The standard labor being reckoned at twenty pounds of corn to the hour, as the yard-stick, or measure of comparison, no other labor performed either by man or woman—and it must be remembered that under the *Cost Principle* men and women are remunerated equally—has been estimated at more than thirty pounds of corn to the hour, nor at less than twelve pounds to the hour.

196. The further practical result is that every ordinary commodity, though liable to fluctuate in price with every change of circumstances, like a difference of locality, extraordinary difference in the productiveness of different seasons, etc., soon finds a general level, and has a known or fixed price in the community, which is never disturbed except for some obvious cause. Thus, for example, wheat has in this manner settled down by the common suffrage at TRIALVILLE to cost six hours of labor to the bushel, or to yield ten pounds to the hour. Milk is ten minutes labor to the quart,—the elements of the calculation including the whole cost of rearing a cow from the calf, the average length of a cow's usefulness for milking purposes, the cost of feeding, milking, and distributing the milk to the customers, etc. Eggs are twenty minutes to the dozen. Potatoes are an hour and a quarter to the bushel when cultivated by the plough exclusively, and three or four hours to the bushel when cultivated by the hoe. The manufacture of shoes, apart from the material, is from three hours to nine hours to the pair, according to the quality; boots eighteen hours, etc.

197. Another practical effect, as already observed, is that the principle of exact equity, when it enters into the mind, operates with such force that persons on all hands become over-anxious to ascertain the precise truth with regard to the relative cost of every article, while the general improvement of condition renders them less anxious about trifling individual advantage.

198. Although commodities thus settle naturally and rapidly to a standard price according to what is the *average* time bestowed upon their production, and the average estimate of the relative repugnance of each kind of labor,—in other words, the average of cost,—there are, or may be, individual differences in the estimate of repugnance, which will rise far above or sink below the average. These individualities of preference for one species of industry over another will probably become more marked in proportion as men and women can better afford to indulge their tastes and preferences, in consequence of a general improvement of their pecuniary condition. Again, those tastes themselves will become more developed with the increase of culture. The opportunity for their indulgence will be afforded also in proportion to the augmentation of the circle in which these principles are practised. Hence it follows that whatever is more exceptional or recondite in the subject must as yet be settled by recurring to the principles themselves, the circle in which they have hitherto been applied being too small to realize all the results.

199. The theoretical answer, then, deduced from the principle, in addition to the practical answer just given, is this: Whenever an individual estimates labor in any particular branch of industry as *less* onerous or repugnant than the standard or average estimate, he will present himself as a candidate for that kind of labor at a *less price per hour* than others, and will, in consequence, be selected in *preference to others*, unless the inferior price is more than counterbalanced by want of skill or capacity for that kind of labor. But preference for a particular kind of industry—especially when there are facilities for trying one's self at various kinds—generally accompanies and often results from superior skill or facility in the performance of that kind of labor. Hence a taste or "attraction" for a particular branch of industry, by lowering the price at which a person is ready to undertake it, tends to throw that branch of industry, or rather that particular labor, into the hands of the individual who has that attraction.

200. In the next place, as these two properties—namely, a marked attraction and eminent ability for a particular kind of labor—accompany each other, it follows that the best talent is procured at the lowest instead of the highest price, apart from the case of an acquired skill, which has required a separate and unproductive labor for its acquisition, and which is, therefore, as we have seen, an element of *cost and price*. In other words, contrary to what is now the case, the man or woman who can do the *most work* of any given kind in a *given time* and do it *best*, will work at the *cheapest rate*, so that, both on account of the *more and better work* and of the *less price*, he or she will have the advantage in bidding for his or her favorite occupation, *competition* intervening to bring down the average of price to the lowest point for every article, *but with none but beneficial results to any one*, as will be presently more distinctly shown. (208.)

201. Such are the necessary workings of the *COST PRINCIPLE*, and hence follow certain extremely important results. I. *Herein is the chief element of "Attractive Industry,"* the grand desideratum of human conditions, first distinctly propounded by Fourier, and now extensively appreciated by reformers,—the choice by each individual of his own function or occupation, according to his natural bias or genius, and the consequent employment of all human powers to the best advantage of all.

202. II. *By this means competition is directed to, and made to work at, precisely the right point.* Competition is spoken of by those who live in and breathe the atmosphere of the existing social order, as "the life of business,"—the grand stimulant, without which the world would sink into stagnation. It is spoken of, on the other hand, by the reformers of the Socialist school, who loathe the existing order, and long earnestly for the reign of harmony in human relations, as a cruel and monstrous principle, kept in operation only at the sacrifice of the blood and tears of the groaning millions of mankind. In point of fact it is both; or, more properly, it is either one or the other, according to the direction in which it is allowed to operate. Competition is a motive power, like steam or electricity, and is either

destructive or genial, according to its application. In the existing social order it is chiefly destructive, because it operates upon the point of *insuring security of condition*, or the means of existence. It is, therefore, desperate, unrelenting, and consequently destructive. Under the reign of *equity* it will operate at the point of *superiority of performance* in the respective functions of each member of society, and will, therefore, be purely beneficent in its results. In the scramble between wrecked and struggling seafarers for places in the life-boat, we have an illustration of *competition for security of condition*. In the generous emulation between those safely seated in a pleasure-boat, who think themselves most competent to pull at the oar, you have an illustration of genial or beneficent competition—competition for *superiority of performance*—under such circumstances that, whoever carries off the palm, the interests of the whole are equally promoted. In either case it is the same motive power, the same energy-giving principle, working merely at a different point, or with a different application, and with a different stimulus. (159.)

203. Competition in the existing social order is, therefore, chiefly *destructive*, because there is now no security of condition for any class of society. Among the less fortunate classes, competition bears more upon the point of getting the chance to labor at all, at any occupation, which, inequitably paid, as the labor of those classes is, will afford the bare means of existence. Among the more fortunate classes, *increased accumulation* is the only means now known of approximating *security of condition*; hence competition bears upon that point. Among all classes, therefore, the competition is chiefly for security of condition, and therefore merciless and destructive. It is only occasionally and by way of exception, wherever a little temporary security is obtained, that examples are found of the natural and beneficent competition for *superiority of performance*. That however springs up with such spontaneous alacrity, so soon as the smallest chance is given it, as abundantly to prove that it is the true spirit, the indigenous growth of the human soul, when uncontrolled by adverse circumstances and conditions.

204. Under the operations of the *COST PRINCIPLE*, which will be the reign of equity, the primary wants of each will be supplied by the employment of a very small portion of their time, and the ease and certainty with which they can be supplied will place each above the motives now existing to invade the property of others. This condition of things, together with the substitution of general co-operation and abundance for general antagonism and poverty, will furnish a *security of person and property* which nothing else can produce. To this will be added such accumulations as each may, without the stimulus of desperation, choose to acquire.

205. *In this condition of security*, natural and beneficent competition will spring up; that is, such as bears upon the point of *superiority of performance*,—not only for such reasons as exist and occasionally develop themselves in the existing society, but also because, under the operation of the *COST PRINCIPLE*, every person is, as we have seen, necessarily gratified with the pursuit of his favorite occupation, in proportion as his superiority of performance renders him the more successful competitor for employment in that line,—not hindered by asking a higher price for his greater excellence, as now, but aided, on the other hand, by his readiness to perform it at a lower price, consequent upon his greater attraction or his want of repugnance for that kind of industry, according to what has been already explained. This, then, is the second grand result of the varying tastes for different occupations, under the operation of the *COST PRINCIPLE*,—namely, that competition is directed to, and made to work at, the right point,—*superiority of performance*, not *security of condition*.

206. Under the operation of cost as the limit of price, things will be so completely revolutionized that, strange as it may seem, *it will be to the positive interest of every workman to be thrown out of his own business by the competition of any one who can do the same labor better and cheaper*. In the nature of the case it is an advantage for every body that the prices of every product should become less and less, until, if that be possible, they cease, through the general abundance, to have price altogether. Under the present false arrangements of commerce we have seen that it is not for the benefit, but for the injury of many, that such reduction of price should occur, either through competition, the invention of new machines, or otherwise. (160.) Some of the reasons of that unnatural result have been pointed out. (161, 162.) It is, in fine, because the workingmen are reduced below the ability of availing themselves of what should be, in the nature of things, a blessing to all mankind. When the market is said to be overstocked with coats or hats, and when, as a consequence of this, the tailors and hatters are thrown out of employment, it is not the fact that there are more coats and hats made than there are backs and heads to wear them. Not at all. It is only that there are more than there is ability to buy. Those who have *earned* the means to pay for them do not *possess* the means. They have been robbed of the means by receiving less than equivalents for their labor. Hence, though they *want*, they cannot *buy*, and hence, again, those who produce must stop producing. They are therefore thrown out of employment, and it is falsely said that there is over-production in that branch of industry. In the reign of equity, where all receive equivalents for their labor, this cause of what is called over-production will not exist.

207. The point here asserted will be rendered still more clear under the following head. (208.) Along with the extinction of speculation, by Cost as the limit of Price, competition will cease to be a desperate game played for desperate stakes. It will not relate to procuring the opportunity to labor, as that will be the common and assured inheritance of all. It will not relate to securing an augmentation of Price, because Price will be adjusted by Science and guarded by Good Morals, public opinion and private interest concurring to keep it at what science awards. It will relate solely, in fine, to excellence of performance,—to the giving to each individual of that position in life to which his tastes incline him, and for which his powers of mind and body adapt him, even the selfishness that might otherwise embitter such a strife being tempered, or neutralized, by the equilibrium of a greater price for more repugnant labor.

208. III. *Competition is rendered coöperative instead of antagonistic.* This may not at first seem to be a distinct point, but it is really so. It was shown before that competition is made to work at the right point,—namely, excellence of performance. But that excellence or superiority might still enure exclusively or chiefly to the benefit of the individual who possesses it. Such is now the case, to a fearful extent, with machinery, which has the first of these properties,—namely, that it competes with labor at the right point, excellence of performance,—but has not the second; that is, it is not coöperative with unaided human labor, but antagonistic to it, turning out thousands of laborers to starve, on account of its own superiority.

The point to be shown now is, that under the operation of the *COST PRINCIPLE*, excellence of performance—the point competed for, whether by individuals or machinery—enures equally to the benefit of all, and hence that competition, rightly directed, and working under the true law of price, is coöperative and not antagonistic; although, as respects machinery, the demonstration will be rendered more perfect when we come to consider the *legitimate use of capital*. (243.)

209. Illustrations of practical operation will be better understood if drawn from

the affairs of the small village than if taken from the more extended and complex business of the large town.

Suppose, then, that in such a village A is an extraordinary adept with the axe. He can chop three cords of wood a day. C and D are the next in facility at this labor to A, and can chop two cords and a half a day. Now, under the operation of this principle, as showed previously, if they are employed at all in chopping, they will all be paid at the same rate per hour. If there is any difference, it will probably be that A, along with this superior ability, will have an extraordinary fondness for the kind of labor as compared with other kinds, or, what is the same thing, he will have less repugnance for it, and that he will, if thoroughly imbued with the principle, place his labor at a less price than the established average price for wood-chopping. The consequence will be that the services of A will be first called into requisition for all the wood-chopping in the village, so long as there is not more than he can or is willing to do. It will only be when the quantity of labor is greater than he can or will perform that the services of C and D will be required, then those of the next grade of capacity, and so on. The point now to be illustrated is that it is the whole village that is benefited by the superior excellence of A, and then of B and C, etc., in this business, and not those individuals alone. While A can chop all the wood for the village, the price of wood-chopping is less, or, in other words, wood-chopping is cheaper to the whole village than it is when the inferior grades of talent have to be brought in; because he does more work in the hour, and is paid no more in any event, and perhaps less for it. Consequently, again, the cost, and hence the price of cooking, and hence again of board, is all less to every consumer. So of heating rooms. So of the blacksmith's work, the shoemaker's work, and, in fine, of every article of consumption produced in the village; because the manufacturers of all these articles, while engaged in the manufacture, consume wood, which wood has to be chopped, and the cost of which enters into the cost of their products; and inasmuch as these products are again sold at cost, it follows that the price of every article manufactured and consumed is reduced by the superior excellence of A as a wood-chopper. In this general advantage A is merely a common participant with the other inhabitants; but then, in turn, the same principle is operating to place each of those others in that occupation in which he excels, and their excellence in each of these occupations, respectively, is operating in the same manner to reduce the price of every other article which A, as well as others, has to purchase. Hence it follows that the very competition which crowds a man out of one occupation and fills it with another, on account of his superior performance, turns just as much to the benefit of the man who is put out of his place, as it does to that of the man who is installed in it, all avenues being open to him to enter other pursuits, and there being labor enough at some pursuit for all. Hence it follows that under the operation of the COST PRINCIPLE competition is rendered coöperative, and that coöperation becomes universal instead of the now prevailing antagonism of interests.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 108.

Again he saw distinctly the convulsed face of Bradwell, his agitation which Ellen tried to calm, and he inferred the truth.

But, if this were so, he did not wish to die without vengeance, without killing this unworthy creature, without at least destroying the seductive visage with which she had once captured him, and then captured Richard. Yes, it would be a hundred times more cruel than death to live disfigured, hideous, an object of repulsion, unable to procure any satisfaction of the passions which boiled in her vile soul and her perverted body.

Her Richard, for the possession of whom she committed the crime, would flee from her, and she would die of despair, of spite, of rage. What an expiation! Newington, with this end in view, would pitilessly plough up her face and tear it with his nails into shreds which would have to be sewed together. She would remain marked with scars, her nose slashed, her cheeks furrowed with frightful trenches; a woman proud of her beauty and living for it alone, but henceforth more ugly than Paddy Neill, the Irishman.

But it was too late; he lacked the least particle of strength; his hands even slipped over the smooth folds of her wrapper, incapable of seizing it, and again he lay crushed upon the floor.

However, being near Lady Ellen's shoe, he savagely set his teeth in it, and she could not restrain a cry of pain which attracted Bradwell, who had been roaming since morning about the castle, high and low, through the corridors, a body without soul, haggard, his hair bristling, avoiding witnesses.

Having shut himself up in his room, which he had doubly locked, that he might not be disturbed, and having thrown his key carelessly under the furniture, with his eye-lids closed that he might not, under the lash of his awakened conscience, suddenly rush out to prevent the murder, he had passed through the most opposite alternations, cursing himself for his complicity in the crime, blaspheming the Duke who forced him to it by his claims as a husband, and anathematizing Ellen, who had so fatally infatuated him.

When anticipatory remorse assailed him, ordering him to hasten to hinder the iniquitous act of the Duchess, immediately the sight of some object—a fan or handkerchief—belonging to his mistress sustained him in his guilty resolutions.

Everywhere in the room, things spoke to him of her, recounting their tumultuous scenes of delight, the allurements of their passionate frenzies.

With the flowers which were fading in the vases on the tables, and with the perfumed ribbons, mingled the peculiar perfume of her flesh, and the whole atmosphere, laden with this combined odor, intoxicated him, evoking in him the sensual being who reasoned no longer, whose vices alone survived, the being hardened to all but passion and hatred!

And he stretched himself on the bed, where Lady Ellen's place was still marked in the hollow of the thick eider-down mattress; he plunged his head into the pillows, where her dear head moulded itself in fragrant imprints; and in the dream of the preceding night which came back to flatter and excite him, he forgot that, during his amorous ecstasy, his intoxicating recollections which set all his flesh tingling, the most cowardly of crimes was being perpetrated by this woman on the person of his father.

Weary of waiting, however, he could no longer bear the anguish, and descended to see for himself.

Softly at first, his head lost in the fear of the unknown into which he was advancing, listening to the various noises issuing from the court, from without, from within, he heard Treor executing his madman's *De Profundis*, his thundering voice with its resounding echo. As he approached the room in which were the Duke and the old man, his fever increased in intensity and, now quickening his pace,

now almost halting, he stopped short on a step of the staircase, shivering and hesitating whether he should not turn back.

He mustered up courage and resumed his way, and at last, as one throws himself into a fight, head lowered, resolute, blind, deaf, no longer distinguishing anything, perceiving only the panting of his oppressed lungs, he rushed forward.

At the instant of his arrival, Ellen had just disappeared to silence Treor's brawling, and through the parting of the tapestries Richard witnessed the rapid climax of the drama; besides the cry of the Duchess, he was in time to hear the last sigh of Newington, who, in a last convulsion, grasped the old man with his stiffening fingers.

"Dead!" said Bradwell, contemplating the corpse of his father with a fixed and frightened gaze.

"Abandon me, then, now, Richard," said Lady Ellen to herself, smiling and looking with joy upon her work, with intoxication upon her lover.

Then, ringing all the bells, opening the windows, the doors, in an uproar of noisy grief, beside herself with despair and terror, which drove Sir Bradwell, incapable of such hypocritical counterfeiting, back to his rooms, she summoned all the servants, and the soldiers of the guard, and the officers, and the passers-by, to come and verify the murderous attempt, the crime of the old Treor, of this rascal of an Irishman.

CHAPTER X.

Simple coincidence: the very day of Newington's death, the fortune of war, till then favorable to the English, turned against them. The rebellion, which was weakening in consequence of successive defeats, recovered in various places considerable advantages, regaining at last the ascendancy.

Harvey multiplied himself. Arrived safe and sound in the midst of his partisans, in spite of the furious chase of the soldiers and of Lichfield, who pursued him hotly with the aid of some doubtful characters of his own sort, the agitator had disciplined the enthusiasm and drilled his tumultuous recruits in the manoeuvres which assure victories and above all make them fruitful, and, thus governed, the vehement impulses which had previously been wasted in individual efforts, now closely united, overthrew the methodical enemy, dislodging him from his positions at twenty different points. A breath of new hope ran over the whole island, in the wind of success, and everywhere it lifted the heads bowed under the weight of defeats and disappointments.

For twenty leagues around Cumslen-Park, where dreams had vanished and resignation prevailed, suddenly hearts beat with an ardent desire to recommence the struggle. In the battle already fought the strongest had succumbed, and since then Newington and his battalions, Gowan at the head of his Infernal Mob, had passed through the villages, decimating them by nameless atrocities and sowing terror everywhere. But with the regain of triumph, the news of which spread rapidly, all the defeats to make good, all the sorrows to avenge, all the insults to wash out in blood, all the humiliations to repay, aroused the old pride, rekindling the chilled hopes, and exciting the love of national independence, which oft-repeated blows had deadened.

And the secret meetings, which had ceased for a time, again were held at night; groups discussed in broad day, in the public squares; the blows of the hammers on the silent anvils resounded as of old, and pikes were forged by arms redoubled to replace the weapons of which the ravages of the oppressors had despoiled the country.

They chose leaders, they drilled, children familiarized themselves with the management of improvised weapons, and all waited for a signal; they dispatched to Dublin, to the scene of battles, messengers on messengers to obtain an order.

The troops of the king, who had abandoned themselves to the pleasures of an easy peace, who slept on their laurels, and who celebrated in perpetual orgies their prompt and, as they believed, decisive triumphs, had been obliged to resume their arms and scour the country, to nip these desires for revenge in the bud.

And while the preparations were being made for Newington's funeral, which was to be attended, to increase the solemnity, by the disposable officers of the army of occupation, the authorities, the representatives of the government, and guests on the way from England, a second time the peace of the country seemed gained by the immediate rigor of the repression, the summary executions *en masse*, the unutterable atrocities, the rage of the conquerors which was visited upon women at their firesides, upon feeble old men, upon defenceless children, and upon the houses which they set on fire.

But the hostilities recommenced the next day, notwithstanding the blood shed, notwithstanding the example of the corpses piled up on the roads, and the expedient, effective in other countries, of columns which traversed the country incessantly, establishing a reign of terror.

But the war assumed an unusual character. No more crowds anywhere to disperse, whose leaders they could hang to the trees by the roadside, shoot, or basely disembowel. No effervescence in the villages and the hamlets which still had some inhabitants left, and, in many localities, the roofs deserted, there was not an Irish face to be seen at the window of any shanty, or a native to be met in the fields, engaged in work of any sort.

The dying beasts of the flocks bellowing from inanition alone disturbed with their lamentable plaints the silence of the solitudes, the usual bands of crows descending upon the carrion. Nowhere could the fine ear of the most cunning of the army's bloodhounds perceive the sound of a voice, the echo of a step of the enemy, burrowed they knew not where.

Nevertheless, the soldiers no longer dared to venture out in isolated bands. A squad which separated from a regiment would not reappear. They could not find even a vestige of it. The sentinels disappeared as by enchantment; the most vigilant scouts, wherever stationed, melted like snow soldiers in the sun.

Even the horsemen of the Infernal Mob refused to serve as scouts; those who plunged into the country on a drunken spree were never seen again.

The earth seemed to open to swallow all temerity, as it evidently concealed in a sure refuge the invisible army of this pitiless war, which terrified by the suddenness, implacability, and unheard-of audacity of its operations.

Left for dead from the wounds with which they had covered him in the fury of the discovery of the odious assassination of Sir Newington, Treor disappeared the same evening. This was one of its strokes, not the least extraordinary. In order to effect it, it was necessary to enter Cumslen-Park, which was guarded carefully within, and whose passages were never without people coming and going, and to go out, bearing the burden of a body. Now, not one of the servants of the castle had the slightest remembrance of any such performance.

Even during the night there had been successive watches over the body of the Duke upon which the physicians were performing an autopsy previous to the embalming. And all the *personnel* of the establishment, besides extra soldiers for the occasion, were passing each other in the corridors until daylight and spending their time in the apartments.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

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Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 8, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Economic Hodge-Podge.

It will be remembered that, when a correspondent of the "Standard" signing "Morris" asked Henry George one or two awkward questions regarding interest, and George tried to answer him by a silly and forced distinction between interest considered as the increase of capital and interest considered as payment for the use of a legal tender, John F. Kelly sent to the "Standard" a crushing reply to George, which the latter refused to print, and which subsequently appeared in No. 102 of Liberty. It may also be remembered that George's rejection of Kelly's article was grounded on the fact that since his own reply to "Morris" he had received several articles on the interest question, and that he could not afford space for the consideration of this subordinate matter while the all-important land question was yet to be settled.

I take it that the land battle has since been won, for in the "Standard" of September 3 nearly three columns — almost the entire department of "Queries and Answers" in that issue — are given to a defence of interest, in answer to the questions of two or three correspondents. The article is a long elaboration of the reply to "Morris," the root absurdity of which is rendered more intangible by a wall of words, and no one would know from reading it that the writer had ever heard of the considerations which Mr. Kelly arrayed against his position. It is true that at one or two points he verges upon them, but his words are a virtual admission of their validity and hence a reduction of interest to an unsubstantial form. He seems, therefore, to have written them without thought of Mr. Kelly; for, had he realized their effect, he could not — assuming his honesty — have prepared the article, which has no *raison d'être* except to prove that interest is a vital reality apart from money monopoly. On the other hand, assuming his dishonesty, the suspicion inevitably arises that he purposely smothered Mr. Kelly's article in order to subsequently juggle over the matter with less expert opponents. Unhappily this suspicion is not altogether unwarrantable in view of the tactics adopted by George in his treatment of the rent question.

The matter seems, too, to have taken on importance, as it is now acknowledged that "the theory of interest as propounded by Mr. George has been more severely and plausibly criticised than any other phase of the economic problem as he presents it." When we consider that George regards it as an economic law that interest varies inversely with so important a thing as rent, we see that he cannot consistently treat as unimportant any "plausible" argument urged in support of the theory that interest varies principally, not with rent, but with the economic conditions arising from a monopoly of the currency.

But, however the article may be accounted for, it is certainly before us, and Mr. George (through his sub-

editor, Louis F. Post, for whose words in the "Queries and Answers" department he may fairly be held responsible) is discussing the interest question. We will see what he has to say.

It appears that all the trouble of the enemies of interest grows out of their view of it as exclusively incidental to borrowing and lending, whereas interest on borrowed capital is itself "incidental to real interest," which is "the increase that capital yields irrespective of borrowing and lending." This increase, Mr. George claims, is the work of time, and from this premise he reasons as follows:

The laborer who has capital ready when it is wanted, and thus, by saving time in making it, increases production, will get and ought to get some consideration, — higher wages, if you choose, or interest, as we call it, — just as the skilful printer who sets fifteen hundred ems an hour will get more for an hour's work than the less skilful printer who sets only a thousand. In the one case greater power due to skill, and in the other greater power due to capital, produce greater results in a given time; and in neither case is the increased compensation a deduction from the earnings of other men.

To make this analogy a fair one it must be assumed that skill is a product of labor, that it can be bought and sold, and that its price is subject to the influence of competition; otherwise, it furnishes no parallel to capital. With these assumptions the opponent of interest eagerly seizes upon the analogy as entirely favorable to his own position and destructive of Mr. George's. If the skilful printer produced his skill and can sell it, and if other men can produce similar skill and sell it, the price that will be paid for it will be limited, under free competition, by the cost of production, and will bear no relation to the extra five hundred ems an hour which the skill will enable the purchaser to set, except, of course, that it must be less, for otherwise no purchaser will be found. The case is precisely the same with capital. Where there is free competition in the manufacture and sale of spades, the price of a spade will be governed by the cost of its production, and not by the value of the extra potatoes which the spade will enable its purchaser to dig. Suppose, however, that the skilful printer enjoyed a monopoly of skill. In that case, its price would no longer be governed by the cost of production, but by its utility to the purchaser, and the monopolist would exact nearly the whole of the extra five hundred ems, receiving which hourly he would be able to live for the rest of his life without ever picking up a type. Such a monopoly as this is now enjoyed by the holders of capital in consequence of the currency monopoly, and this is the reason, and the only reason, why they are able to tax borrowers nearly up to the limit of the advantage which the latter derive from having the capital. In other words, increase which is purely the work of time bears a price only because of monopoly. Abolish the monopoly, then, and what becomes of Mr. George's "real interest" except as a benefit enjoyed by all consumers in proportion to their consumption? As far as the owner of the capital is concerned, it vanishes at once, and Mr. George's wonderful distinction with it.

He tells us, nevertheless, that the capitalist's share of the results of the increased power which capital gives the laborer is "not a deduction from the earnings of other men." Indeed! What are the normal earnings of other men? Evidently what they can produce with all the tools and advantages which they can procure in a free market without force or fraud. If, then, the capitalist, by abolishing the free market, compels other men to procure their tools and advantages of him on less favorable terms than they could get before, while it may be better for them to come to his terms than to go without the capital, does he not deduct from their earnings?

But let us hear Mr. George further in regard to the great value of time to the idler.

Suppose a natural spring free to all, and that Hodge carries a pail of water from it to a place where he can build a fire and boil the water. Having hung a kettle and poured the water into it, and arranged the fuel and started the fire, he has by his labor set natural forces at work in a certain direction; and they are at work for him alone, because without his previous labor they would not be at work in that direction at all. Now he may go to sleep, or run off and play, or amuse himself in any way that he pleases; and when an hour — a period of time — shall have elapsed, he will have,

instead of a pail of cold water, a pot of boiling water. Is there no difference in value between that boiling water and the cold water of an hour before? Would he exchange the pot of boiling water for a pail of cold water, even though the cold water were in the pot and the fire started? Of course not, and no one would expect him to. And yet between the time when the fire is started and the time when the water boils he does no work. To what, then, is that difference in value due? Is it not clearly due to the element of time? Why does Hodge demand more than a pail of cold water for the pot of boiling water if it is not that the ultimate object of his original labor — the making of tea, for example — is nearer complete than it was an hour before, and that an even exchange of boiling water for cold water would delay him an hour, to which he will not submit unless he is paid for it? And why is Hodge willing to give more than a pail of cold water for the pot of boiling water, if it is not that it gives him the benefit of an hour's time in production, and thus increases his productive power very much as greater skill would? And if Hodge gives to Hodge more than a pail of cold water for the pot of boiling water, does Hodge lose anything that he had, or Hodge gain anything that he had not? No. The effect of the transaction is a transfer for a consideration of the advantage in point of time that Hodge had, to Hodge who had it not, as if a skilful compositor should, if he could, sell his skill to a less skilful member of the craft.

We will look a little into this economic Hodge-Podge.

The illustration is vitiated from beginning to end by the neglect of the most important question involved in it, — namely, whether Hodge's idleness during the hour required for the boiling of the water is a matter of choice or of necessity. It was necessary to leave this out in order to give time the credit of boiling the water. Let us not leave it out, and see what will come of it. If Hodge's idleness is a matter of necessity, it is equivalent, from the economic standpoint, to labor, and counts as labor in the price of the boiling water. A storekeeper may spend only five hours in waiting on his customers, but, as he has to spend another five hours in waiting for them, he gets paid by them for ten hours' labor. His five hours' idleness counts as labor, because, to accommodate his customers, he has to give up what he could produce in those five hours if he could labor in them. Likewise, if Hodge, when boiling water for Podge, is obliged to spend an hour in idleness, he will charge Podge for the hour in the price which he sets on the boiling water. But it is Hodge himself, this disposition of himself, and not the abstraction, time, that gives the water its exchangeable value. The abstraction, time, is as truly at work when Hodge is bringing the water from the spring and starting the fire as when he is asleep waiting for the water to boil; yet Mr. George would not dream of attributing the value of the water after it had been brought from the spring to the element of time. He would say that it was due entirely to the labor of Hodge. Properly speaking, time does not work at all, but, if the phrase is to be insisted on in economic discussion, it can be admitted only with some such qualification as the following: The services of time are venal only when rendered through human forces; when rendered exclusively through the forces of nature, they are gratuitous.

That time does not give the boiling water any exchangeable value becomes still more evident when we start from the hypothesis that Hodge's idleness, instead of being a matter of necessity, is a matter of choice. In that case, if Hodge chooses to be idle, and still tries, in selling the boiling water to Podge, to charge him for this unnecessary idleness, the enterprising Dodge will step up and offer boiling water to Podge at a price lower than Hodge's, knowing that he can afford to do so by performing some productive labor while waiting for the water to boil instead of loafing like Hodge. The effect of this will be that Hodge himself will go to work productively and then will offer Podge a better bargain than Dodge has proposed, and so competition between Hodge and Dodge will go on until the price of the boiling water to Podge shall fall to the level of the labor expended by either Hodge or Dodge in bringing the water from the spring and starting the fire. Here, then, the exchangeable value of the boiling water which was said to be due to time has disappeared, and yet it takes just as much time to boil the water as it did in the first place.

Mr. George gets into difficulty in discussing this question of the increase of capital simply because he continually loses sight of the fact that competition

lowers prices to the cost of production and thereby distributes this so-called product of capital among the whole people. He does not see that capital in the hands of labor is but the utilization of a natural force or opportunity, just as land is in the hands of labor, and that it is as proper in the one case as in the other that the benefits of such utilization of natural forces should be enjoyed by the whole body of consumers.

Mr. George truly says that rent is the price of monopoly. Suppose, now, that some one should answer him thus: You misconceive; you clearly have leasing exclusively in mind, and suppose an unearned bonus for a lease, whereas rent of leased land is merely incidental to real rent, which is the superiority in location or fertility of one piece of land over another, irrespective of leasing. Mr. George would laugh at such an argument if offered in justification of the receipt and enjoyment of unearned increment or economic rent by the landlord. But he himself makes an equally ridiculous and precisely parallel argument in defence of the usurer when he says, in answer to those who assert that interest is the price of monopoly: "You misconceive; you clearly have borrowing and lending exclusively in mind, and suppose an unearned bonus for a loan, whereas interest on borrowed capital is merely incidental to real interest, which is the increase that capital yields, irrespective of borrowing and lending."

The truth in both cases is just this,—that nature furnishes man immense forces with which to work in the shape of land and capital, that in a state of freedom these forces benefit each individual to the extent that he avails himself of them, and that any man or class getting a monopoly of either or both will put all other men in subjection and live in luxury on the products of their labor. But to justify a monopoly of either of these forces by the existence of the force itself, or to argue that without a monopoly of it any individual could get an income by lending it instead of by working with it, is equally absurd whether the argument be resorted to in the case of land or in the case of capital, in the case of rent or in the case of interest. If any one chooses to call the advantages of these forces to mankind rent in one case and interest in the other, I do not know that there is any serious objection to his doing so, provided he will remember that in practical economic discussion rent stands for the absorption of the advantages of land by the landlord and interest for the absorption of the advantages of capital by the usurer.

The remainder of Mr. George's article rests entirely upon the time argument. Several new Hodge-Podge combinations are supposed by way of illustration, but in none of them is there any attempt to justify interest except as a reward of time. The inherent absurdity of this justification having been demonstrated above, all that is based upon it falls with it. The superstructure is a logical ruin; it remains only to clear away the debris.

Hodge's boiling water is made a type of all those products of labor which afterwards increase in utility purely by natural forces, such as cattle, corn, etc.; and it may be admitted that, if time would add exchangeable value to the water while boiling, it would do the same to corn while growing and cattle while multiplying. But that it would do so under freedom has already been disproved. Starting from this, however, an attempt is made to find in it an excuse for interest on products which do not improve except as labor is applied to them, and even on money itself. Hodge's grain, after it has been growing for a month, is worth more than when it was first sown; therefore Podge, the shovel-maker, who supplies a market which it takes a month to reach, is entitled to more pay for his shovels at the end of that month than he would have been had he sold them on the spot immediately after production; and therefore the banker who discounts at the time of production the note of Podge's distant customer maturing a month later, thereby advancing ready money to Podge, will be entitled, at the end of the month, from Podge's customer, to the extra value which the month's time is supposed to have added to the shovels.

Here Mr. George not only builds on a rotten foundation, but he mistakes foundation for superstructure. Instead of reasoning from Hodge to the banker, he should have reasoned from the banker to Hodge. His

first inquiry should have been how much, in the absence of a monopoly in the banking business, the banker could get for discounting for Podge the note of his customer; from which he could then have ascertained how much extra payment Podge could get for his month's delay in the shovel transaction, or Hodge for the services of time in ripening his grain. He would then have discovered that the banker, who invests little or no capital of his own and therefore lends none to his customers, since the security which they furnish him constitutes the capital upon which he operates; is forced, in the absence of money monopoly, to reduce the price of his services to labor cost, which the statistics of the banking business show to be much less than one per cent. As this fraction of one per cent. represents simply the banker's wages and incidental expenses, and is not payment for the use of capital, the element of interest disappears from his transactions. But, if Podge can borrow money from the banker without interest, so can Podge's customer; therefore, should Podge attempt to exact from his customer remuneration for the month's delay, the latter would at once borrow the money and pay Podge spot cash. Furthermore, Podge, knowing this, and being able to get ready money easily himself, and desiring, as a good man of business, to suit his customer's convenience, would make no such attempt. So Podge's interest is gone, as well as the banker's. Hodge, then, is the only usurer left. But is any one so innocent as to suppose that Dodge or Lodge or Modge will long continue to pay Hodge more for his grown grain than his sown grain after any or all of them can get land free of rent and money free of interest and thereby force time to work for them as well as for Hodge. Nobody who can get the services of time for nothing will be such a fool as to pay Hodge for them. Hodge, too, must say farewell to his interest as soon as the two great monopolies of land and money are abolished. *The rate of interest on money fixes the rate of interest on all other capital the production of which is subject to competition, and, when the former disappears, the latter disappears with it.*

Presumably to make his readers think that he has given due consideration to the important principle just elucidated, Mr. George adds, just after his hypothesis of the banker's transaction with Podge:

Of course there is discount and discount. I am speaking of a legitimate economic banking transaction. But frequently bank discounts are nothing more than taxation, due to the choking up of free exchange, in consequence of which an institution that controls the common medium of exchange can impose arbitrary conditions upon producers who must immediately use that common medium.

The evident purpose of the word "frequently" here is to carry the idea that, when a bank discount is a tax imposed by monopoly of the medium of exchange, it is simply a somewhat common exception to the general rule of "legitimate economic banking transactions." For it is necessary to have such a general rule in order to sustain the theory of interest on capital as a reward of time. The exact contrary, however, is the truth. Where money monopoly exists, it is the rule that bank discounts are taxes imposed by it, and when, in consequence of peculiar and abnormal circumstances, discount is not in the nature of a tax, it is a rare exception. The abolition of money monopoly would wipe out discount as a tax and, by adding to the steadiness of the market, make the cases where it is not a tax even fewer than now. Instead of legitimate, therefore, the banker's transaction with Podge, being exceptional in a free money market and a tax of the ordinary discount type in a restricted money market, is illegitimate if cited in defence of interest as a normal economic factor.

In the conclusion of his article Mr. George strives to show that interest would not enable its beneficiaries to live by the labor of others. But he only succeeds in showing, though in a very obscure, indefinite, and intangible fashion,—seemingly afraid to squarely enunciate it as a proposition,—that where there is no monopoly there will be little or no interest. Which is precisely our contention. But why, then, his long article? If interest will disappear with monopoly, what will become of Hodge's reward for his time? If, on the other hand, Hodge is to be rewarded for his mere

time, what will reward him save Podge's labor? There is no escape from this dilemma. The proposition that the man who for time spent in idleness receives the product of time employed in labor is a parasite upon the body industrial is one which an expert necromancer like Mr. George may juggle with before an audience of gaping Hodges and Podes, but can never successfully dispute with men who understand the rudiments of political economy.

One of the speakers at the Faneuil Hall meeting last week, held to protest against the execution of the seven Chicago labor reformers for their odious crime of undermining the sacred and glorious American institutions, of which boodlerism, quackery, sycophancy, and bloodthirstiness are the most prominent, stated that Justice Magruder declared in an interview with a Chicago labor editor, in answer to a question put by the latter, that the execution of John Brown, as well as the crucifixion of Christ, was perfectly legal. The speaker claimed that this declaration characterizes the man in a very unseemly manner, but to me this is not so much a characterization of the justice as of the law itself. Magruder is probably a rascal, but the blame for his rascality and the responsibility for his inhumanity rest with the law. Yes, he was right: those crimes were legal. Ah! you don't relish such legality? Then throttle the law!

What's the use of humbug? At the recent Faneuil Hall meeting, C. S. Griffin, formerly a revolutionary Communist and preacher of dynamite, but now a political State Socialist at the head of a ward and city committee, first told the audience gathered to hear the true story of the Chicago troubles that the men under sentence were not Socialists and had never called themselves such, and then, toward the end of his speech, declared that Spies is a typical German Socialist, Parsons a typical American Socialist, and Fielden a typical English Socialist. He also explained that German Socialism is a mild affair compared with American Socialism, being only a movement for the destruction of the Crown Prince. This is on a par with Mr. Griffin's etymological definition of Anarchy, which it once became my duty to examine in these columns. But that was ignorance; this is humbug. What's the use of it?

One or two of the speakers at the Faneuil Hall gathering are remembered to have vowed, at the time when the Boston fraternity of fools met at Faneuil Hall to celebrate their idiocy on the jubilee of Queen Victoria, never again to enter the walls of the "desecrated" building. I now remind them of that to express my delight at the fact that, having, on an impulse of the moment, made a childish vow, they did not think it necessary to keep it for its own sake, and sacrificed a little "morality" to that more trustworthy guide in life,—common sense. Nevertheless I should think they must feel not a little ashamed of their previous foolishness.

Anarchistic Drift.

Damned be the State! say I; and for this "the State" says I must die! So be it. For, if I live, I am in duty bound to kill the State.—A. R. Parsons.

(Note: Is not the State an organized tyranny?)

We do not believe that poverty can be abolished by mere resolutions and taking up collections, nor that the millennium can be introduced by a tax on land values.—*New York World*.

(Note: There is some hope even for editors.)

The Knights of Labor respect the law. I hate Anarchy and I hate Anarchists.—*General Master Workman Powderly*.

(Note: What of the strikes ordered by the Knights? Do strikers always respect the law?)

In a sermon at the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., Rev. John P. Newman said that the condemned Anarchists should have been hanged long ago, and the congregation cheered him.—*Press Dispatch*.

(Note: Cheering in a church is a novelty, but it is no new thing for Toady Newman to make an ass of himself.)

JOHN COLLIER.

Continued from page 3.

The removal, then, had been effected even in the midst of this display of vigilance, and was truly a wonder.

Afterwards miracles of this kind were wrought daily, and Sir Richard, taciturn, wrapped in a dejected stupor, found each morning in his room, the doors of which he bolted, a terrifying warning, in which he was called a parricide and an impostor.

Impostor, because he permitted the popular version to be credited that Marian's grandfather had been guilty of the poisoning of the Duke. He was invited to declare himself an accomplice in the crime, to name the abominable perpetrator of it, and he was threatened with exemplary punishment in case he did not yield to these officious injunctions.

And, stung by remorse, harassed by the struggles which he sustained against his conscience, if he fled from the castle, theatre of the impious crime where their victim resided, over whom filial proprieties commanded him to watch in his turn, and oftener than the others, then unexpected voices, at the turn of some path, where no witness was looked for, assailed him, apostrophized him harshly for his parricide, and especially for longer permitting the responsibility of his act to dishonor an Irishman.

He would rush in the direction of the sound of the voice, break into a quick-set hedge, turn hastily around a piece of wall, explore the excavation of a grotto, rummage among the rubbish of a ruin, but never meet anyone on whom to pour out his wrath, and wreak his personal insanity.

He avoided sleep in order to find out how the terrifying notes reached him; but whatever vigilance he exercised, they always deceived him, and the warning was deposited just the same, though not in the room where he lay in wait with a weapon in his hand; he would discover it suddenly, behind him, at his side, without having heard the sound of a foot on the carpet, or the creaking of a neighboring door.

And the Duchess, to whom he communicated all these infernal proceedings, to whom he showed the written letters, and with whom he offered to watch for a night, began to be filled with fear.

She did not believe in the supernatural, in reproaches coming from on high or from beyond the tomb, in a God who reprimands sinners before they appear at his tribunal, in the dead who rise from their funeral beds to make scenes. Good stories for little children whose goodness is preserved by tales which would put them to sleep standing, and in whom respect for parents is stimulated by imbecile trash.

The dead which pull the living by the feet! When she was very little, she had had convulsions over this fable of death, and her mother had sworn to its falsity; and when her father, the pastor, thundered in the pulpit upon eternal punishment, unfolded complacently the torments of hell reserved for those forgetful of the law of heaven, she was often taken with nervous tremblings, threatening her health, and the sacred orator displayed his family eloquence, privately, in destroying the disastrous effect produced by the public sermon.

As she grew up, the minister had explained to her the vanity of the thunderbolts launched at the head of his sheep; the dulness of mind of the faithful forced him to have recourse to this apparatus for terrifying invented by the Church to strike coarser imaginations. But she, the daughter of a pastor, of a man belonging to the *élite* of society by his intelligence, ought not to share the idiotic beliefs of the vulgar.

Ingenuously and frankly she had put this insidious question:

If he really despised myths so absurd, why did he teach them? Because it was his profession? In that case, why did he follow a profession based on imposture?

And, ill satisfied with the confused explanations of her father, she had conceived a considerable contempt for the author of her days and a scepticism which increased with age regarding the divinity whose commandments she was taught not to violate.

To be continued.

How Capitalists "Make" Their Capital.

(G. Bernard Shaw in Our Corner.)

Divine ordination being no longer current, the first steps towards fortifying the possessions of the proprietor is to convert them into something which may be a legitimate subject of private property in the ordinary sense. The injustice of private property in raw material is readily perceived: a sense of it finds expression in the common phrase, "The earth was made by no man: therefore it belongs to no man." But the moment a proprietor, with an eye to future family claims on his purse, causes his raw-material to be wrought by that part of the labor of the proletariat which he has no present appetite for,—the consumption of which, in fact, he is content to defer,—he invests it with a certain sacredness in the popular eye, although, as far as the people are concerned, he has only added insult to injury. His property has changed from land to capital. His moor has changed to a railway; his mountain has become a tunnel; his morass has become a fertile level; his ravine has become a canal; his hillside by the sea a fashionable watering-place. Now, one would suppose that, even if his original claim to property in the land which no man made were allowed, to the tunnel, the railway, and the rest, which were undeniably made by other men, he could not possibly have the slightest claim. Yet at present numbers of people who deny the claim to the land uphold the claim to the railway. This seems astoundingly perverse; but the transactions involved are so beset by illusions that it is hardly surprising. Land may not be private property on any terms; capital may. The only doubt that arises is as to whose property it rightfully is; and to most men, as to the law according to the proverb, possession is nine points of a good title. The landlord-capitalist, as proprietor of land no longer virgin, but prepared by past labor for the facilitation of future labor,—of a railway, for example,—has much to say for himself. His first plea is always that the railway could not have been made without him, by which he means that it could not be made without land. And indeed, as the land, being his, could not have been used without his permission, so in a sense the railway certainly could not have been made without him, unless the land happened to belong to the railway makers. The simple remedy for this is to take the land from him. The second plea is that the railway, unlike the land, was made by labor, and that, as he owns it, the presumption is that he made it. This being obviously not directly true, he proceeds to explain that he paid the men who made it the current price of their labor,—that, in effect, they made the railway and sold it to him in the open market,—and that to deprive him of it would be to steal from him the price so paid. This is generally regarded as a clincher, even by economists who now admit that wage-workers produce their own wages. The illusion here is due to the prevailing habit of studying the social machine in parts instead of as a whole. Just as a philosopher who had studied every part of a watch except the mainspring and the winding arrangements might feel that perpetual motion was an undeniable hard fact; so a student of our social system, confining his attention to a railway company and its employees, might retire convinced that a body of idle ladies and gentlemen could cause cuttings to be made, rails to be laid, tunnels to be pierced, locomotives to be constructed, and trains to be run in countries which the said ladies and gentlemen had never visited. Millions of men, not otherwise mad, firmly believe that today.

Why are railways made in the first instance? Because they save the traveller's time and the carrier's labor. Strange as it sounds to us now, these, and not the desire for dividends, are the root inducements to construct railways. When the proprietors resolve to have railways to economize their own time and make their proletarian slaves more efficient, they of course do not contemplate making them themselves. They require for the purpose only land and an army of superfluous slaves from whose present direct services they can afford to abstain whilst the railway is being made.* The army of slaves may be broadly considered as divided into two camps: one consisting of miners, smelters, founders, implement manufacturers, navvies, engineers, and other railway makers; the other of those who produce food, clothes, shelter, and, in short, subsistence for the entire army, themselves included. Neither of these camps is aware of the other's existence. They deal with one another not directly, but through the proprietary class, which takes all the virtual produced by the one camp and immediately returns as wages that quantity which the camp must retain for its own provision. Having thus appropriated the subsistence of the railway-making camp, it practically withholds it until the railway-makers consent to purchase it at the price of first making the railway and then surrendering it to the proprietors. As the alternative is starvation, the workers of course do consent. But the transaction, as carried out in detail, is an amusingly plausible one. The railway-making camp is conquered bit by bit, thus. The bargain is proposed first, somewhat nakedly, to the miners: "Dig out the coal and iron from our land, and give it to us, and we will feed and clothe you; without us you would starve." The miner accepts Hobson's choice, and yields up the coal and iron. The proprietors now possess subsistence stores, metal, and fuel. They now open negotiations with the smelter. "See," they say, "we bring you ore to smelt, coal to smelt it with, food to eat, clothes to wear, and houses to live in. Without our ore and fuel you could not smelt: without smelting you could not earn a living. Proceed to smelt our ore for us." What can the smelter do but accept with awe and gratitude? To the founders and implement makers the proprietors have even a better account to give of themselves. "Here we bring you the metal we have smelted, and the subsistence we have raised from the land for you. We give you the subsistence for nothing on condition that you will just cast our metal for us, and make implements for us out of it." When the navvies and the engineers are at last reached, the position of the proprietors is splendidly magnanimous. "Poor creatures," they imply, "what would you do without us? Can you make a railway without capital? No; the strongest navy, the cleverest engineer, is helpless as a child without capital. And what is capital? Here it is, my friends: here are picks, spades, dynamite, barrows, sledge hammers, steel rails, bolts, screws, bars, spirit levels, and all the other indispensables. Whilst you were careless children playing in the slum gutters, we were industriously making all these things; whilst you work with them, we will feed you: when you have done, we, wonderful men as we are, will have the engines and trains ready." And so the railway is at last made; and the proprietors take possession of it, though they have done absolutely nothing; for even the very bargaining is half automatically adjusted by competition, and half conducted by a proletarian body of foremen, clerks, and managers employed for the purpose. Yet to the navvies they seem to have done everything except the excavating; to the engine-fitters they seem to have produced everything except the parts of the engines; and to the public they seem to have produced the whole railway. Shallow as the illusion is, it is as generally successful as the confidence trick. It imposes on the proprietors themselves as completely as it has at some time probably imposed on every reader of this page. Competition makes it so far self-acting that no conscious contrivance by proprietor or proletarian is necessary; the capitalist finds himself all-powerful, and the worker helpless, but neither knows why; and both are averse to explanations which convict the one of tyranny, the other of servility, and both of dishonesty.

A Villain Unmasks.

B. R. Tucker:

It is with fear and trembling that I have resolved to confess myself an Egoist.

I trust that my moralist friends will not forthwith cut my acquaintance, but I am afraid that they will. How have they deceived themselves in their opinion of me! They have even thought, in their ignorance, that I was a moral man, like themselves. They knew not that I was a deep-dyed scoundrel, that they were warming a viper in the light of their esteem.

Yet—I blush to confess it—I am an Egoist, and capable of all the villainies which that implies. Nothing deters me from rushing into the streets, revolver in hand, and picking off a dozen or so of the population, save the fact that I should take no pleasure in doing so.

Were it not that it would afford me no satisfaction, I should forthwith provide myself with torch and petroleum, and nightly devote myself to the work of incendiarism.

Ah, what joy! To spend the day, and every day, and all day long, in gambling-hells and cockpits, at dog-fights and "mills," and through the brief nights to drink to utter drunkenness what time occupied not the hours such as Mahomet never dreamed of.

Is not that joy, my moralist friend?

For you, I am sure, long for such delights; yet you have my deep sympathy, for you are deterred from seeking them by a dark and terrible vow, a secret—I know not what; but for myself,—I am free! Nothing binds me; I fear nothing. Yet, strange as it will seem to you, somehow I seem not to care for all these delightful things. It may be melancholia, or hypochondria, or perhaps it is the liver, but for things which delight you I have no taste. Queer, isn't it?

And, on the other hand, for the things which you dislike I have a leaning as unaccountable as is my distaste for what you would enjoy if you only could.

It gives me no pain to tell the truth; on the contrary (can you imagine it?), I really prefer to. I always tell the truth from preference; except upon the rare occasions when, to avoid giving pain,—another of the things for which I have an unaccountable dislike,—I shade it a little. Sometimes, too, in a business way I am compelled to deny myself the pleasure of strict truth-telling.

Another of my strange fancies is to stand by agreements that I make. It is hard, I grant, for any one to understand how this can give pleasure; I cannot pretend to explain it myself; yet so it is. To a moralist it is doubtless totally inexplicable; yet not so inexplicable as it is to me why anybody who wants to break his agreements should refrain from doing so: in fact, I don't believe that anybody does. I am more inclined to think that they have their reasons for wishing to do as they do. I don't believe a man can do voluntarily what he does not want to do.

But the strangest thing of all is that, with our totally varying tastes, as it would seem, my moral friends and I lead very much the same kind of lives. I grieve that it should distress them so much to live as I live with a good deal of ease and pleasure, but I honor them for their efforts to imitate what I do solely as a matter of self-indulgence. Perhaps some day they will learn to like it too.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 27, 1887.

* So that a railway is really the reward of abstinence after all; but in a society where, in consequence of the saturation of the proprietors with luxury, there are always thousands of the unemployed available, the abstinence involves no hardship.

Three Dreams in a Desert.

As I travelled across an African plain the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa-tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbed. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And, in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?"

And he said, "This is woman; she that bears men in her body."

And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you! Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move: the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps! Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?"

And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Age-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her; and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand.

And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?"

And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?"

And he said, "He cannot. Look —"

And I saw a broad band passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together.

He said, "While she lies there, he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?"

And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on to her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on to the ground.

And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Age-of-muscular-force is dead. The Age-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now."

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far-off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?"

He whispered "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'"

And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her: but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver; and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out; and I cried, "She is going to rise!"

But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was. But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle: and the drops stood out on her.

And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her?"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her: *she must help herself*. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her! See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! she cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes?"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

And I awoke: and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The ants ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river; and the bank was steep and high.* And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written Reason. And he asked her what she wanted; and she said, "I am woman; and I am seeking for the land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes, when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "That is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

She said, "Is there no bridge?"

He answered, "None."

She said, "Is the water deep?"

He said, "Deep."

She said, "Is the floor worn?"

He said, "It is. Your foot may slip at any time, and you may be lost."

She said, "Have any crossed already?"

He said, "Some have *tried*!"

She said, "Is there a track to show where the best fording is?"

He said, "It has to be made."

She shaded her eyes with her hand; and she said, "I will go."

And he said, "You must take off the clothes you wore in the desert: they are dragged down by them who go into the water so clothed."

And she threw from her gladly the mantle of Ancient-received-opinions she wore, for it was worn full of holes. And she took the girdle from her waist that she had treasured so long, and the moths flew out of it in a cloud. And he said, "Take the shoes of dependence off your feet."

And she stood there naked, but for one white garment that clung close to her.

And he said, "That you may keep. So they wear clothes in the Land of Freedom. In the water it buoys; it always swims."

And I saw on its breast was written Truth; and it was white; the sun had not often shone on it; the other clothes had covered it up. And he said, "Take this stick; hold it fast. In that day when it slips from your hand you are lost. Put it down before you; feel your way: where it cannot find a bottom do not set your foot."

And she said, "I am ready; let me go."

And he said, "No—but stay; what is that—in your breast?"

She was silent.

He said, "Open it, and let me see."

And she opened it. And against her breast was a tiny thing, who drank from it, and the yellow curls above his forehead pressed against it; and his knees were drawn up to her, and he held her breast fast with his hands.

And Reason said, "Who is he, and what is he doing here?"

And she said, "See his little wings —"

And Reason said, "Put him down."

And she said, "He is asleep, and he is drinking! I will

*The banks of an African river are sometimes a hundred feet high, and consist of deep shifting sands, through which in the course of ages the river has worn its gigantic bed.

carry him to the Land of Freedom. He has been a child so long, so long I have carried him. In the Land of Freedom he will be a man. We will walk together there, and his great white wings will overshadow me. He has lisped one word only to me in the desert—"Passion!" I have dreamed he might learn to say 'Friendship' in that land."

And Reason said, "Put him down!"

And she said, "I will carry him so—with one arm, and with the other I will fight the water."

He said, "Lay him down on the ground. When you are in the water you will forget to fight, you will think only of him. Lay him down." He said, "He will not die. When he finds you have left him alone he will open his wings and fly. He will be in the Land of Freedom before you. Those who reach the Land of Freedom, the first hand they see stretching down the bank to help them shall be Love's. He will be a man then, not a child. In your breast he cannot thrive; put him down, that he may grow."

And she took her bosom from his mouth, and he bit her, so that the blood ran down on to the ground. And she laid him down on the earth; and she covered her wound. And she bent and stroked his wings. And I saw the hair on her forehead turned white as snow, and she had changed from youth to age.

And she stood far off on the bank of the river. And she said, "For what do I go to this far land which no one has ever reached? *Oh, I am alone! I am utterly alone!*"

And Reason, that old man, said to her, "Silence! what do you hear?"

But she listened intently, and she said, "I hear a sound of feet, a thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, and they beat this way!"

He said, "They are the feet of those that shall follow you. Lead on! make a track to the water's edge! Where you stand now, the ground will be beaten flat by ten thousand times ten thousand feet." And he said, "Have you seen the locusts how they cross a stream? First one comes down to the water-edge, and it is swept away, and then another comes and then another, and then another, and at last with their bodies piled up a bridge is built and the rest pass over."

She said, "And, of those that come first, some are swept away, and are heard of no more; their bodies do not even build the bridge?"

"And are swept away, and are heard of no more—and what of that?" he said.

"And what of that —" she said.

"They make a track to the water's edge."

"They make a track to the water's edge —" And she said, "Over that bridge which shall be built with our bodies, who will pass?"

He said, "The entire human race."

And the woman grasped her staff.

And I saw her turn down that dark path to the river.

And I awoke; and all about me was the yellow afternoon light: the sinking sun lit up the fingers of the milk bushes; and my horse stood by me quietly feeding. And I turned on my side, and I watched the ants run by thousands in the red sand. I thought I would go on my way now—the afternoon was cooler. Then a drowsiness crept over me again, and I laid back my head and fell asleep.

And I dreamed a dream.

I dreamed I saw a land. And on the hills walked brave women and brave men, hand in hand. And they looked into each other's eyes, and they were not afraid.

And I saw the women also hold each other's hands.

And I said to him beside me, "What place is this?"

And he said, "This is heaven."

And I said, "Where is it?"

And he answered, "On earth."

And I said, "When shall these things be?"

And he answered, "IN THE FUTURE."

And I awoke, and all about me was the sunset light; and on the low hills the sun lay, and a delicious coolness had crept over everything; and the ants were going slowly home. And I walked towards my horse, who stood quietly feeding. Then the sun passed down behind the hills; but I knew that the next day he would arise again.

OLIVE SCHREINER.

Drenched by a Drop.

[Auguste Vacquerie in Le Rappel.]

When Katkoff died, France put on mourning. "We have lost our best friend!" was the cry on all hands. M. Paul Déroulède appointed himself ambassador extraordinary to represent us at the obsequies. General Boulanger issued a manifesto. The press sent a crown. There has been an ebullition—upon which has suddenly fallen a drop of cold water, a letter written *last May* by the man over whom France was weeping, the principal sentence of which was as follows:

"*I hate France with a deadly hatred, because she always has been and still is the fireside of liberal and revolutionary propagandism, and I do not despair of seeing her some day occupied a second time by the armies of order.*"

I said a drop; I should have said a shower-bath.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 6.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

Whole No. 110.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

"It's better, being sane, to have fools call one an idiot than, being an idiot, to have the stupid call one sane." At least, such is the opinion of the "Canadian Labor Reformer."

"In politics," said John Morley, in a recent lecture, "the choice constantly lies between two blunders." In contemporary American politics the choice is considerably more perplexing, there being five or six blunders to select from; but a man may choose not to blunder at all.

At Union Hill, New Jersey, the Socialists called a meeting lately to protest against the Chicago verdict. The police gathered at the door of the hall, and would let no one enter or open the doors. Rioting and clubbing ensued, and a Socialist was arrested for resisting the police. At his trial the judge charged the jury that they were to judge the prisoner's right to resist the police by inquiring whether the meeting *would have been unlawful had it been held*. The prisoner was convicted. Presently men will be sent to jail for mailing books that were never written, but that would have been obscene had any one ever written them. "Does your b-b-bwother like cheese?" asked Lord Dundreary of Miss Georgiana Mountchessington. "Why, really, my lord, you know I have no brother," responded the bored Georgiana. "Oh, ya-a-as, I forgot," drawled the incorrigible Dundreary; "I meant, if you h-h-had a b-b-bwother, w-w-would he like cheese?" Have they a Dundreary on the New Jersey bench? Here's a chance for the "Truth Seeker." If that enterprising paper will hammer the skull of this idiot of the bench as vigorously as it did that of the better-deserving magistrate who tried C. B. Reynolds, Liberty will applaud it as warmly now as it condemned it then.

The first public meeting of the Anarchists' Club was a pronounced success. The hall in which it was held was not a large one, but it was filled to its utmost capacity, and not a few turned away from the door, seeing that they could not find even standing room. The chairman opened the proceedings by reading the Club's constitution, and then read, as the authorized utterance of the Club, a paper which Victor Yarros had been asked to write for the purpose, on "Anarchism: Its Aims and Methods." This paper, which occupied nearly an hour in delivery, was one of marked ability, and received, as it deserved, the enthusiastic commendation of the audience. It will doubtless be published in full hereafter, either in Liberty or as a pamphlet or both. After the paper had been finished, an opportunity was afforded for questions from non-members, to be answered by members in speeches not exceeding ten minutes. For an hour a brisk cross-fire of questions and answers was kept up, giving evidence of a most lively interest in the subject. Among those who took part were Messrs. Simpson, Stillman, Wilson, O'Lally, Yarros, Babcock, Norris, "Badger," Finn, and Davis. Many of the questioners fancied that they had discovered violations of Anarchistic doctrine in the Club's constitution. All such would do well to read carefully Mr. Yarros's editorial in another column, in which he effectively disposes of the principal of their objections. The committee on meetings informed the audience that the success of the meeting warranted

the promise of another a fortnight later. The daily papers reported the proceedings to a greater or less extent, and many of them gave a great deal of attention to it editorially. True, they wrote precious nonsense, but two of them had the fairness to admit answers to their columns from members of the Club, and thus Anarchistic ideas got not a little free advertising. Perhaps the most significant event of the day was the act of D. H. Biggs, for several months one of the most active of Henry George's supporters in this vicinity, in enrolling himself as a member of the Club. Anarchism has been slowly unfolding itself for some time in Mr. Biggs's mind, and the power of the idea is strikingly exemplified in his abandonment of those lines of reform work in which he had won the place of a leader to devote his energies to the furtherance of the principle of liberty, which he now sees to be the condition of all enduring reformatory effort. All things considered, the Anarchists' Club opens its career very auspiciously.

Death!

The folly of the bomb-thrower has now been overmatched by the folly of the law.

When the lurking demon in the human heart rises in organized might to crush the defenceless, every son of liberty should at least proclaim the crime, if he can do no more. I have always spoken against the dynamite doctrine as something, in this country, as yet altogether uncalled for; and condemned its advocacy as calculated to supplant reason by passion, attract the desperate, reckless, and criminal to our standard, turn popular feeling against us, and repel those who were honestly seeking a solution of labor troubles, but who were as yet uneducated in true Anarchistic philosophy. Moreover, I have earnestly condemned all attempts to enforce Communism, or any other coöperative scheme, upon the acceptance of individuals against their will, as being (no matter how beneficial the scheme might really be if accepted) essentially and radically paternalistic, and therefore opposed to true Anarchism,—liberty. And, finally, I have always opposed the violent settlement of difficulties capable of satisfactory adjustment on a peaceful basis; and such a peaceful adjustment of our social chaos I believe possible; and the means and methods of securing such a possibility and "consummation devoutly to be wished for" I, in common with all true Anarchists and the philosophers who coöperate with them, endeavor to teach. To the desperate crisis that imperatively demands war it does not seem to me we have as yet come, and I sincerely trust we never shall.

Therefore I have spoken and witnessed against these Communistic quasi-Anarchists of Chicago and their work, and prophesied that they would hasten a bloody catastrophe that would work woe to the laborers' cause. And in all this I have neither been original, nor alone, for the true Anarchists of the country have with wonderful unanimity declared the same.

Therefore it will be understood that what I have to say on this matter is spoken from no partisan standpoint. Let us look into this case analytically. A group of men, brave, eloquent, and devoted; fired by study and contemplation of the great and terrible crimes committed by the Law in the name of Justice, by the Church in the name of Religion, by the State in the name of Order, against their fellows, the proletariat, the laborers, the bone and muscle and *useful* brain of the world; and realizing vividly that the force from which they suffer is applied by and through the State, without whose powerful support their tormentors would be helpless,—broke out into furious and intemperate, yet eloquent, denunciation. Their talk was violent, passionate; the methods they proposed as remedial rash and desperate; but who could blame them? They but walked in the footsteps of the heroes of the ages. When philosophers, poets, thinkers, scientists, almost unanimously agree that the social misery of man comes mainly from the scourging whips of Power, the constrictive curse of Monopoly, and the gnawing leeches of Privilege, yet apparently do very little for the immediate or practical removal of these bans and bloodsuckers, what won-

der if men, not so philosophical and teleological, but warm-hearted and sympathetic, grow impatient and break out into mad-mouthed ravings?

And it was for this talk, alone, that seven of these men were sentenced to a disgraceful death and one to be outrageously imprisoned.

Men of America, guardians of liberty, is this just? Upon your head be *your* share of the blood of the innocent, if these men be slain without cause, and you have knowingly allowed it to pass without condemnation.

What if these men did advise armed resistance, destruction of property, dynamite? If they were wrong, it were answer enough to confound them to show conclusively that the laboring men of this country, of the world, have no abuses; that they possess all their labor produces; that they are not systematically robbed, cheated, and enslaved by money monopoly, land monopoly, commercial monopoly, and all the little monopolies continually spawned by their ever-pregnant, ever-parturient mother, the State; that the Order of government and the Justice of law are not stupendous lies. If this were true, it would not be hard to prove; for comfort, prosperity, equity, security, cannot be hidden under a bushel of vain complaints; their light is inextinguishable; and, if proved, Parsons, Spies, Fielden, *et als*, would simply have been laughed at by their well-fed and happy audiences as amusing lunatics.

IT IS BECAUSE THE CHARGES OF THESE MEN WERE MAINLY TRUE that monopolists, great and small, turned white and ground their teeth; and a sycophantic and prostituted press foamed and blustered with fiendish suggestiveness. Then came the Haymarket crisis. A peaceful assemblage of workmen that has dwindled from thousands to a few hundreds the addresses almost over, and about to quietly disperse, is suddenly attacked by a troop of policemen with abusive epithets, and drawn revolvers, and orders to disperse, heedless of its protested peacefulness. Instantly a deadly missile parts the air, and the bellowing crowd goes down in blood and ruin. Who threw it? No one knows. Perhaps a workman maddened by his wrongs and the bullying of the brutal police; perhaps some hoodlum desperado "spoiling for a fight"; perhaps some poor Barnaby Rudge, psychologised by the darker spirits of the Revolution, doing he knew not what. It is not yet revealed. But these eight men are arrested and tried for murder.

What then? It was not proved that any of these men threw bombs, or lighted fuses, or knew of any who committed such acts, or gave any specific orders or directions for such acts. The carefully manipulated evidence of the prosecution failed to prove anything worse against them than violent and incendiary words, under such great and terrible provocation as might have maddened the spirit of a Jesus. And, for this, what was practically a packed jury, no workman being included, declared that seven of these men must die; Judge Gary refused a new trial, and the supreme court has now clinched all by reaffirming the monstrous verdict. Men of America, consider! Is this just? Admitting the unwisdom of these men, have they committed a crime? And, if a crime, does it deserve this cruel, this terrible and unusual punishment? Is punishment,—revenge,—after all, the best agent with which to deal with crime? Will hanging these men bring safety to the rich or comfort and content to the poor? Will not the drops of their victim-blood become fountains of gore? Will not violence bring forth violence, and murder revenge, till the days of death are fulfilled?

They are sowing the wind. Listen! The whirlwind mutters in the distance. They are planting the teeth of the dragon. Hark! The roar of innumerable voices, the sudden tramp of millions, thronging like bloodhounds on the scent! Alas, my country!

Men of America, pause! This is no time for bloodshed, passion, or revenge. Consider! The pen is mightier than the sword. The press can do more than parks of artillery. Educate the people in the true principles of scientific equity, order, and harmony, and the methods of attaining them; explain to them the simple salvation of *equal liberty*, and tyranny perishes like miasm in the sunlight. Did any evil ever yet withstand the quiet, passive, yet determined resistance of the noble-minded and intelligent? Knowledge is the true Saviour, the *only* Liberator.

J. WM. LLOYD.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 109.

210. Let us take an additional illustration. In wood-chopping the chief point of superiority is in the rapidity of performance. In other occupations it is different. Take the case of a clerk or copyist. Here there are three or four points of excellence,—speed, elegance, legibility, and accuracy. All this does not in the least affect the principle. The competition may be for the combination of the greatest excellence in each of these properties, or it may be, in case there is enough of the business to divide itself into branches, for the particular kind of excellence which is wanted in the particular branch. There is some copying in which speed is of far more importance than elegance, and *vice versa*. It is still, in the same manner, to the mutual advantage of all that those persons shall be employed in writing, and in each branch of writing, who are most expert in it, because that reduces to everybody the price of making out titles to property, keeping records, and the like, and, as these expenses enter again into the cost, and consequently into the price of houses and rent, they enter again into the price of board, and so of every article, rendering the competition again *coöperative* and not antagonistic.

211. It has now, I think, been sufficiently shown that competition, under this system of principles, is really *coöperative*, and therefore purely beneficent, provided the two conditions above-stated are sufficiently secured: first, *that the avenues be open to every individual to enter any pursuit according to his tastes without artificial obstacles*; and, secondly, *that there be at all times labor enough for all*.

Every body will, therefore, be naturally and continually aided, from the common interest, by every body around him, in placing himself in that position where he has most capacity to act, which, as has been stated, will, in the end, be that also, if he has the opportunity to try himself at different occupations, for which he will have the greatest fondness or appetency. The avenues to employment *must* therefore be all open to all persons. It will be as much to the interest of all that they should be so, as it is now their interest to prevent it. Now men wish to monopolize certain occupations which are profitable, because it is to their pecuniary advantage to do so. Then men can have no other motive for doing so than their preference for exercising these occupations themselves, which preference must be indulged, if indulged at all, by keeping out better qualified men, adversely to their own pecuniary interests and the interests of the whole community around them.

212. But when antagonistic competition is out of the way, similar industrial tastes form one of the strongest bonds of friendship. In a community constituted upon these principles, to keep any person out of his true industrial position, by conspiracy of any sort, would be both a dishonest and a dishonorable act. Hence it follows that pecuniary interest, natural sympathy with those of similar tastes, morality, and the sense of honor would all conspire to overcome any personal preference for a particular occupation such as would otherwise exclude better qualified men. This combination of motives will be sufficient to keep a fair and open field for the contest of merit in every department of industry. In the existing social disorder men are, for the most part, thrust by chance into the positions which they occupy and the pursuits which they follow. Nobody but the man himself feels the slightest interest in his being in that place in which he can make the best use of his powers. If his position happens to be a fortunate adaptation to his capacities, the gain is his own. It is monopolized by him through the operation of the value principle, or the benefit, if felt at all by the public, is so remotely felt that there is no general interest manifested in the matter, and it is accordingly left entirely to chance. Consequently, men, considered merely as *instruments of production*, are now employed as much at random as the implements of a farm would be, if a savage, smitten with a taste for agriculture, had installed himself in the farm-house, and begun by using the harrow for a hetchel, the hand-saw for an axe, the sickle for a pruning-hook, the rake for a hoe, and so on. Hence, under the operation of the COST PRINCIPLE, the *superior excellence* of each individual in that occupation in which he excels secures his employment in it, both because that is the point upon which competition bears, and because the advantage of his being employed in it inures directly to the benefit of every member of society by lowering the price of the article which he produces, rendering every one anxious to see him so placed and ready to aid him by every means to place himself there.

213. It has been stated, and partially demonstrated, that the idea of the liability to an excess of human labor is on a par with the obsolete notion of an excess of blood in the human system. (161.) With the prevalence of a thorough and varied industrial education on the part of the whole people, such as is rendered possible by the Cost Principle, but the details of which do not belong to this volume; with the removal of all artificial obstacles to the free entrance by all upon all industrial pursuits; with adequate arrangements for knowing the wants of all, and for distributing the products of all, so as skillfully to subserve those wants through a *scientific adjustment of supply to demand*; with that complete removal of the hindrances to the free interchange of commodities now occasioned by the scarcity and expensiveness of the circulating medium, which will result from the Labor Note as a currency, converting all labor at once into cash, and the means of commanding the results of all other labor the world over,—with all these conditions, and various others of less moment, operated by these principles, the infinitely varying wants of humanity, perpetually expanding under culture, together with the tendency to rest and simply enjoy, on the part of those who can, fostered by conscious security of condition, may be implicitly relied upon to call into use every degree and quality of human labor which any body will be found willing to render, even down to the lowest grades of skill, notwithstanding the fact that those who thus come in as it were last will be best paid.

214. IV.—This brings us to the next point,—namely, *the Economies of Coöperation and of the Large Scale*. Of the first branch of this subject, the economies of coöperation, including attraction, it cannot be necessary that much should be said. Illustrations have already been given of the waste of human exertion consequent upon antagonism, and the want of adaptation between the man and his pursuit. (151, 212.) The genius of any reader is adequate to filling up the hideous catalogue to repletion. Equity destroys antagonism, and opens the way to the performance of every function in the most economical way.

215. The economy resulting upon the performance of labor upon the large instead of the small scale is well understood and highly appreciated in our present stage of civilization, just so far as the application of the principle chances to have

been made. It is known, for example, that a thousand persons can be profitably transported at a trip, upon a magnificent steamboat, from New York to Albany, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, at fifty cents for each person, while to run the same boat, or any boat with like elegance and conveniences, ten miles, for the accommodation of one individual, would cost several hundred dollars. It is not yet generally understood that the same principle applied on land may, and will yet, house the whole population in palaces, and cause the masses of mankind to enjoy an immunity from want heretofore enjoyed by the privileged classes only. The glorious truth is not yet generally understood that every man, woman, and child may, by a scientific arrangement of the appliances for the production and distribution of wealth, be rendered infinitely richer than any, even the most privileged individual, is now. After having seen that lucifer matches can be manufactured and sold at a penny a bunch by carrying on the manufacture as a business upon the large scale, the absurdity would immediately appear—the waste of human exertion would be too obvious to escape attention—if every housekeeper in a large city were to rise each successive morning, go out and purchase a few splinters of pine, with a little pot of sulphur, and manufacture, by the expenditure of half an hour's time, from one to a half dozen matches with which to kindle her fire the following day. It is not so readily perceived, however, as it will be at a future day, that the absurdity is of the same sort when seventy-five thousand women are engaged daily, in the city of New York, and twice a day, in boiling three quarts of water each in a tea-kettle. The benefits of labor saving machinery are derived from the operation of this principle, the essential economy of the large scale. In the isolated household those benefits can never be applied to cooking, washing, ironing, house-cleaning, and the like. Hence, in the isolated household, the drudgery to which woman is now condemned can never be materially alleviated. The facility with which these tiresome labors are now performed in the large American hotels, in some of our charitable institutions, and even in prisons, is a standing irony upon the wretched and poverty-stricken arrangements of our domestic establishments. Any system of social reorganization which should involve the necessity of individual or family isolation would be, therefore, essentially faulty, while, on the other hand, every individual must be left entirely free to seek and enjoy as much solitude or privacy as he or she may choose, assuming for themselves the additional cost of such indulgence.

216. While the public at large have not pushed their investigations into the wonderful results which are yet to come from new applications of this principle of economy,—in the immense augmentation of wealth, leisure, luxury, and refinement to be participated in by the whole people,—Social Reformers have not failed to do so. Many of them have reveled in their brilliant imaginings of the future until they have become maddened at the stupidity of the world, and denounce with a vehemence, which seems insanity to their less appreciative fellow-men, the folly and absurdity of our existing social arrangements. The folly is, however, by no means confined to the Conservative. The Socialist has proposed no method of realizing the splendid social revolution which he advocates, other than combinations, industrial associations, or extensive partnership interests. The Conservative has rightly seen in such arrangements insuperable difficulties of administration, and a ruinous surrender of the freedom of the individual. The demand is now urgent for a solution of this *embroglio*. The Cost Principle furnishes that solution in that method of its operation which I am about to specify. Herein, then, is the conciliation of the seemingly conflicting truths of Socialism and Conservatism.

217. It has been already stated that the individualization or disconnection of interests insisted upon by us has in it none of the features of isolation,—that there is, in fine, in these principles, nothing adverse to the largest enterprises, and the most thorough organization in every department of business. *The disconnection relates to the methods of ownership and administration, not to the aggregation of persons*. It is adverse alone to sinking the distinction or blending the lines of individual property, but in no manner to the closest association, the most intimate relations, and the most effective coöperation between the owners of the interests thus sharply defined. We affirm, indeed, that it is only out of this prior and continuous rigid ascertainment of rights that mutual harmony and beneficial coöperation can ever accrue. To obliterate the lines of individual property and administration is always and everywhere to plunge into utter and hopeless confusion. Such is the sin of Communism. To interlock and combine the several interests of a community so that the will of one party, in the management of his own, can be overborne by the will of another individual, or any majority of individuals in the world, or his conduct in the administration of that which is his subjected to the authorized criticism of others, is a species of multiplication in which confusion and despotism are the factors, and the natural and inevitable product, in all delicately constituted and well-developed minds, abhorrence and disgust. Such is the sin of all partnerships, Trades' Associations, and Fourieristic Phalansterian joint-stock arrangements whatsoever.

218. Let it be observed distinctly, however, that in none of these proposed reorganizations of society is the fallacy to be found in the magnificent amplitude of dimensions, the complex variety of development, the intimate societary life, the general prevalence of wealth, luxury, and refinement, nor in the indispensable *postulatum* of universal coöperation. All this, and more, lies hid in the womb of time, and the hour of parturition is at hand. The futility of all these schemes of social regeneration is to be found alone in the want of individualization as the starting point, the perpetual accompaniment, and the final development of the movement, and the failure to discover that in harmonious juxtaposition with the complete severance and apparent opposition of individual interests lies the most liberal, perfect, and all-pervading system of mutual coöperation, developed through a process almost ridiculously simple,—the mere cessation of mutual robbery by the erection and observance of a scientific measure of price and standard of equivalents.

219. A single illustration will render clear the way in which, out of the limitation of all price to the mere cost of performance and production, grows the tendency to aggregation, and the doing of all work upon the large, and thereby upon the economical scale,—*but without partnership interest or Combination in the technical sense of that term, as differing from Coöperation*. (49, 50.) Take the case of an Eating-House conducted upon the Cost Principle. If fifty, one hundred, or five hundred persons eat at the same establishment, the economy is immense over providing the same number of people with the same style of living in ten, twenty, or one hundred separate establishments. Hence the large and elegant eating saloon, with cleanliness, order, artistic skill, and abundance, in the preparation of food, is a cheaper arrangement than the meagre and ill-conditioned private table. The general facts in this respect are too well known to require to be specifically established. In the Eating-House, as it now exists in large cities, the economy here spoken of is actually secured,—that is, each boarder is fed at less actual cost than he could be in the isolated household; but the saving thus effected does not go into the pocket of the boarder, nor accrue in any manner to his benefit. On the contrary, he is ordinarily compelled to pay more than it would cost him to supply himself at home. Hence, there is no general and controlling influence of the eating-house system to call the population out of their private establishments and induce them to live upon the large scale, at public saloons. There are conveniences

and agreeable features in that mode of life which address themselves to certain classes of persons, bachelors with ample means, merchants whose business is at a distance from their homes, travelers, temporary citizens, etc., which overbalance the repulsion of enhanced price, and supply these establishments with a given amount of custom. They fail, however, on account of that enhanced price, to break up, as they would inevitably do if the price were much less instead of greater, the isolated household system of cookery, which is now one of the primary causes of the unmitigated drudgery and undevelopment of the female sex.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 109.

Without denying it, without defining it, Ellen feared it no more, considering it as an agent absolutely not to be thought of in the affairs of life, and this was why she was now disturbed by these repeated occult manifestations which her accomplice communicated to her.

Evidently they emanated from individuals who knew or mistrusted, and who, renouncing their futile attempt to intimidate Richard, would probably end by speaking and preferring their formal accusation before public opinion, before a tribunal.

Surely they would not brutally tear her away from the castle where she had reigned, up to that time, amid adulation, to thrust her into the cold dungeon provided for ordinary prisoners; the judges would treat her with gallantry; her assurance, her indignant denials, would impose on them without doubt; her beauty would finish the work of convincing them of her innocence; but, after this scandal, of which there would always remain some vestige in the public mind, would Richard dare to become her husband, braving the hostile sentiments, the sly insinuations, the clandestine rumors? And still less would he have the audacity to remain her lover on account of the eyes turned upon them, and he would escape her just when, in her struggle to possess him alone, indissolubly, she had at last triumphed!

Who knew even, in the derangement of brain and of conscience which she saw him to be in, whether he would maintain before the court an attitude sufficiently firm to convince justice of their common innocence? Even to save her, would he consent to lie, to perjure himself? Called on and summoned to tell the truth, would he not confess under a sudden impulse of the frankness which characterized him? And it was this failing of her lover, the fierce uprightness of his nature, which frightened her.

As, however, around her, among her servants, the soldiers garrisoning Cumslen-Park, the officers whom she daily received, and the visitors who brought her their condolences, no one let fall the faintest symptom of suspicion in regard to her, or showed, in her presence, even the imperceptible embarrassment which would have escaped even the best actors, she recovered her boldness, and undertook to reassure Bradwell, who was more deeply affected.

Treor alone, she said, shared with them the secret of Sir Newington's death, and, he having died also, no one had received his confidence. What, then, remained about which they need worry themselves to death; not even simple presumptions; the gratuitous or interested guess of some Irishman, advanced in order to trouble them and exonerate the memory of his friend! Truly, they showed themselves very simple to be impressed by so little!

The perpetrators of these annoyances, moreover, well knew whom they concerned; they pursued, with their malicious jokes, only Richard, whose tormented mind gave them a ridiculous credit which she would have refused them.

So, Lady Ellen remarked, they sent her no warning, no summons; she came and went, without any where feeling the earth rise, or hearing the walls ring, or being addressed by voices descending from heaven such as he heard wherever he might go.

And as her gaiety returned with that mental calmness which she had at first lost, she ended by laughing at her lover and at the vain terrors which besieged him, and she asked him if he was quite sure that the voices existed, if they did not rather resound in the interior of his brain.

He answered by the letters: did he, by chance, write them himself in a dream? She desired to examine them, flattering herself that she would recognize the writing, or at least discern in the characters the source from which they came; but in vain Bradwell searched for them in the pockets where he had carefully buried them: disappeared!

To relieve his conscience he ransacked the furniture in which, in his excitement, he might have locked them up with the thought that he might need them; in no drawer, no hiding-place known to himself alone, did he find them, and the Duchess saw in this disappearance a sign that all this lugubrious farce by which Richard and she had been filled with suspicion had been played upon them by timid people who were afraid of compromising themselves.

By whom, however? She would not have been a woman if this curiosity had not piqued her, and she watched all those who approached her, with the detective-like care with which she always conducted her inquiries. She interrogated skillfully, feverishly, setting traps into which the culprits would certainly have fallen, and did not give up; but the conspirators showed intelligence also. Vainly she set watch over, and herself watched, her domestics, her maids: all her attempts failed pitifully.

Then her over-excited suspicion extended to everybody promiscuously and, although she had quite ceased to tremble, she conceived irrational resentments toward her most faithful servants, toward persons farthest from injuring her; and she took a special animadversion to the priest of Bunclody whom she inwardly accused of having plotted and concocted all the manœuvres which had imposed upon Richard.

The priest, who had formerly frequented Cumslen-Park, had not looked at all pleasant since the insurrection, and did not set foot in the castle; even during the mourning of the Duchess, when he should at least have offered his condolences, he had not appeared or given sign of life; certainly such an absence must signify something, must indicate criminal acts; and without more certainty, she enjoined Gowan to severely punish Sir Richmond for his intercourse with the rebels.

And the leader of the Infernal Mob, who cherished a rancor against the invisible, intangible enemy for the murder of several rascals of his band, congratulated himself on this extra duty, in which he could give expression to his ferocity, which had been increasing for some days, in the absence of objects on which to wreak it.

The poor, trembling priest, however, kept himself free from all participation, even hidden, in any act, and at the time when events took such an abominable turn, he redoubled his precautions, and displayed a luxury which would have been laughable under other circumstances, that they might not, in either of the camps, implicate him in any affair, or even accuse him of preferences.

Padlocked in his presbytery with his servant, he did not show even the end of his nose at the window, or even his shadow behind the glass when, in front of the house, arose the abominable tumult of some execrable and cowardly assassination.

Pushing circumspection to the extreme, he simply fell on his knees and interceded with his God at once for the victim, in order that the Lord might receive him nevertheless into Paradise in case he die unforgiven, and for the executioners, whom he supplicated the Most High, Most Merciful, to pardon.

And he guarded even his mental demeanor in such a way that he should not be compromised, making the request by a vague movement of his soul at the feet of the Eternal. Formulating his supplication in words, his expression would have been of a nature, in spite of all his care, to grate upon susceptibilities; by any subterfuge employed to designate the murderers he would have run a risk of disoblighing these odious rascals.

The result of this attitude, it is true, authorized both the Irish and the English to believe him at heart with the enemy.

And it was in this way that Hunter Gowan argued in spite of his protestations, the morning when he invaded the presbytery in company with the fiercest of his sanguinary gang, thirstier for carnage than ever before.

At the first summons to open, the priest remained deaf in spite of the uproar of reiterated calls, abuse, and insults, and the drunken brutes asked him if he was in bed with his servant, though she was not at all appetizing.

Obtaining no response, they scaled the wall, broke in the doors, smashed the partitions, and, reaching the room where the unhappy man was shivering with terror at his prayer-desk, cried:

"Ah! rascals, scoundrels, is this the way you receive the defenders of order? They described you well when they denounced you as an out-and-out Irishman."

"Me!"

The priest, in order to protest, cut suddenly short the ejaculatory prayer which, in the imminence of his peril, he was addressing to the Almighty for his own salvation, struck his breast, made sonorous by the fasting to which the hostilities and the absence of the market which supplied his plentiful table had condemned him, and shouted, lifting his long arms in the air:

"An Irishman! me! and an out-and-out one?"

Standing upright, he did not try to avoid the scrutinizing looks of Gowan. He opened his eyes immoderately wide, that the leader of the Mob might be able to see the depths of his soul.

"An Irishman!" continued he; "but the censure which, from the beginning of the insurrection, I have not ceased to inflict upon the Irish; my church, which I have forbidden them, closed with folding doors; their wives, to whom I have refused communion; their daughters, to whom I have refused confession; their children, to whom I have refused baptism; their dead, to whom I have refused extreme unction, my benedictions, my absolution!"

"The wonderful privation!" interrupted, with a coarse laugh, the ex-valet of the hunt. "Now, if you had refused them the beer and wines in your cellar!"

"Oh! as for that," affirmed the priest, "I have not had to deprive them of them; they drink only pure water."

"Like frogs! But we are not frogs; why have you not already invited us to taste your liquors? We will empty cups to your health, which has need of good wishes, for I swear to you that it is very much threatened."

This pleasantry was welcomed with hurrahs, emphasized by the clanking of the sabres and the ringing of the muskets on the flag-stones, and the patient, who felt already the cold blades in his flesh, ordered his old and dull servant to run and show the brave men into the hall, where a good fire was blazing, and to serve them promptly with everything they might desire to drink.

But the instruction arrived too late; already the goblets had been filled, the jars were being emptied as by enchantment down the burning throats, and, with the noise of the earthen-ware, of the tin, and of the wooden tables knocked against each other, bursts of laughter and noisy speeches arose.

"See how you sin, like one of your sheep," said Gowan; "you fail in kind attentions; I have been obliged to remind you of a politeness which should have imposed itself upon you immediately on our entrance, and which my comrades have not had the patience to await. No, no, it is useless for you to swear to the contrary; you have not treated us as friends."

Growing pale; his terror increased by that of old Edwige, the servant, who crossed herself continually, mumbling bit by bit or all together (her God would know them well) all the prayers, all the litanies, all the acts of faith, of hope, of charity, of contrition, that she could think of,—the priest struggled with all his might against this deadly accusation.

The time had passed for circumspection, for a position midway between the two parties; he declared himself very squarely for the English, calling Edwige to witness, but still not deciding to go down among Gowan's soldiers, who were now sitting at the table and clamoring for something to eat; he appealed to God on high, and here below to Jesus on his crucifix.

The captain of the Infernal Mob shook his head and informed him then of his strict instructions, received from the mouth of the Duchess herself in consequence of formal accusations representing the priest as affiliated with the United Irishmen.

The actions which he had just cited to exonerate himself were comedies, assumed to divert suspicion and to secure the power to carry on with impunity, in shadow and disguise, the works of darkness and blood.

At the same time Gowan, cunning and violent, declared him prisoner, laying his hand on his shoulder so roughly that he staggered and uttered a cry of pain; and a tardy dignity arose in him to protest against this outrage on his character, against the sacrilege of this brutality, aimed, it seemed to him, at his priesthood more than his person.

And, ashamed at the cowardice which he had thus far shown, as if suddenly touched with a grace that enlightened him, he reviewed his whole conduct from the beginning of the revolution and judged himself with an extreme severity.

Truly, was not the right on the side of the insurgents? And, in any case, their heroism, their abnegation, their constant humanity, in the early days, merited admiration and esteem and sympathy.

If, at last, exasperated by the inexcusable cruelties of the conquerors, they engaged in their turn in a war without mercy, they did so in retaliation. Well! without approving, he comprehended them, and did not blame them.

And he reproached himself for abjuring them, for abusing them, as he had just done, proclaiming sentiments of Anglomania which he did not feel, and, solemnly, boldly, in a manner worthy of respect, he made honorable amends to the conquered whom he had insulted, almost the instant before, out of base fear.

He did not settle the question of the legitimacy of their claims, but applauded their courage, their avoidance of excesses.

Therefore Gowan did not let him utter a long tirade. The priest making compact with the insurgents, that was the complaint which was made against him; he confessed it, or at least no longer disputed it; Lady Ellen's orders, then, could be executed without delay.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 22, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the grudge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The Nature of the State.

Below is reprinted from the London "Jus" the reply of F. W. Read to the editorial in No. 104 of Liberty entitled: "Contract or Organism, What's That to Us?"

To the Editor of Jus:

SIR, — Referring to Mr. Tucker's criticisms on my letters in "Jus" dealing with Voluntary Taxation, the principle of a State organism seems to be at the bottom of the controversy. I will therefore deal with that first, although it comes last in Mr. Tucker's article. Mr. Tucker asks whether the State being an organism makes it permanent and exempt from dissolution. Certainly not; I never said it did. But cannot Mr. Tucker see that dissolving an organism is something different from dissolving a collection of atoms with no organic structure? If the people of a State had been thrown together yesterday or the day before, no particular harm would come from splitting them into numerous independent sections; but when a people has grown together generation after generation, and century after century, to break up the adaptations and correlations that have been established can scarcely be productive of any good results. The tiger is an organism, says Mr. Tucker, but if shot he will be speedily disorganized. Quite so; but nobody supposes that the atoms of the tiger's body derive any benefit from the process. Why should the atoms of the body politic derive any advantage from the dissolution of the organism of which they form a part? That Mr. Tucker should put the State on a level with churches and insurance companies is simply astounding. Does Mr. Tucker really think that five or six "States" could exist side by side with the same convenience as an equal number of churches? The difficulty of determining what "State" an individual belonged to would be practically insuperable. How are assaults and robberies to be dealt with? Is a man to be tried by the "State" of which he is a citizen, or by the "State" of the party aggrieved? If by his own, how is a police officer of that "State" to know whether a certain individual belongs to it or not? The difficulties are so enormous that the State would soon be re-formed on the old lines. Another great difficulty would be that the State would find it impossible to make a contract. If the State is regarded as a mere collection of individuals, who will lend money on State security? The reason the State is trusted at all is because it is regarded as something over and above the individuals who happen to compose it at any given time; because we feel that, while individuals die, the State remains, and that the State will honor State contracts, even if made for purposes that are disapproved by those who are the atoms of the State organism. I have, indeed, heard it said that it would be a good thing if the State did find it impossible to pledge its credit; but good credit seems as useful to a State as to an individual. Again, is it no advantage to us to be able to make treaties with foreign countries? But what country will make a treaty with a mere mass of individuals, a large portion of whom will be gone in ten years' time.

But apart from the question of organism or no organism, does not history show us a continuous weakening of the State in some directions, and a continuous strengthening in other directions? We find a gradual disappearance of the desire "to furnish invasion instead of protection," and, as the State ceases to do so, the more truly strong does it become; and the more vigorously does it carry out what I regard as its ultimate function, — that of protecting some against the aggression of others.

One word in conclusion as to restraining the power of the State. Of course by restraint I mean legal restraint. For

instance, you could not deprive the State of its taxing power by passing a law to that effect. The framers of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland tried to restrain the power of the State to disestablish the Irish Church; but the Irish Church was disestablished for all that. What Individualists are trying to do is to show the State that, when it regulates factories and coal mines, and a thousand and one other things, it is acting against its own interests. When the State has learned the lesson, the meddling will cease. If Mr. Tucker chooses to call that restraining the State, he can do so; I don't. — Yours truly, &c., F. W. READ.

In answer to Mr. Read's statement (which, if, with all its implications, it were true, would be a valid and final answer to the Anarchists) that "dissolving an organism is something different from dissolving a collection of atoms with no organic structure," I cannot do better than quote the following passage from an article by J. Wm. Lloyd in No. 107 of Liberty:

It appears to me that this universe is but a vast aggregate of individuals; of individuals simple and primary, and of individuals complex, secondary, tertiary, etc., formed by the aggregation of primary individuals or of individuals of a lesser degree of complexity. Some of these individuals of a high degree of complexity are true individuals, *concrete*, so united that the lesser organisms included cannot exist apart from the main organism; while others are imperfect, *discrete*, the included organisms existing fairly well, quite as well, or better, apart than united. In the former class are included many of the higher forms of vegetable and animal life, including man, and in the latter are included many lower forms of vegetable and animal life (quack-grass, tape-worms, etc.) and most societary organisms, governments, nations, churches, armies, etc.

Taking this indisputable view of the matter, it becomes clear that Mr. Read's statement about "dissolving an organism" is untrue while the word organism remains unqualified by some adjective equivalent to Mr. Lloyd's *concrete*. The question, then, is whether the State is a concrete organism. The Anarchists claim that it is not. If Mr. Read thinks that it is, the *onus probandi* is upon him. I judge that his error arises from a confusion of the State with society. That society is a concrete organism the Anarchists do not deny; on the contrary, they insist upon it. Consequently they have no intention or desire to abolish it. They know that its life is inseparable from the lives of individuals; that it is impossible to destroy one without destroying the other. But, though society cannot be destroyed, it can be greatly hampered and impeded in its operations, much to the disadvantage of the individuals composing it, and it meets its chief impediment in the State. The State, unlike society, is a discrete organism. If it should be destroyed tomorrow, individuals would still continue to exist. Production, exchange, and association would go on as before, but much more freely, and all those social functions upon which the individual is dependent would operate in his behalf more usefully than ever. The individual is not related to the State as the tiger's paw is related to the tiger. Kill the tiger, and the tiger's paw no longer performs its office; kill the State, and the individual still lives and satisfies his wants. As for society, the Anarchists would not kill it if they could, and could not if they would.

Mr. Read finds it astounding that I should "put the State on a level with churches and insurance companies." I find his astonishment amusing. Believers in compulsory religious systems were astounded when it was first proposed to put the church on a level with other associations. Now the only astonishment is—at least in the United States—that the church is allowed to stay at any other level. But the political superstition has replaced the religious superstition, and Mr. Read is under its sway.

I do not think "that five or six 'States' could exist side by side with" quite "the same convenience as an equal number of churches." In the relations with which States have to do there is more chance for friction than in the simply religious sphere. But, on the other hand, the friction resulting from a multiplicity of States would be but a mole-hill compared with the mountain of oppression and injustice which is gradually heaped up by a single compulsory State. It would not be necessary for a police officer of a voluntary "State" to know to what "State" a given individual belonged, or whether he belonged to any. Voluntary "States" could, and probably would, authorize their

executives to proceed against *invasion*, no matter who the invader or invaded might be. Mr. Read will probably object that the "State" to which the invader belonged might regard his arrest as itself an invasion, and proceed against the "State" which arrested him. Anticipation of such conflicts would probably result exactly in those treaties between "States" which Mr. Read looks upon as so desirable, and even in the establishment of federal tribunals, as courts of last resort, by the coöperation of the various "States," on the same voluntary principle in accordance with which the "States" themselves were organized.

Voluntary taxation, far from impairing the "State's" credit, would strengthen it. In the first place, the simplification of its functions would greatly reduce, and perhaps entirely abolish, its need to borrow, and the power to borrow is generally inversely proportional to the steadiness of the need. It is usually the inveterate borrower who lacks credit. In the second place, the power of the State to repudiate, and still continue its business, is dependent upon its power of compulsory taxation. It knows that, when it can no longer borrow, it can at least tax its citizens up to the limit of revolution. In the third place, the State is trusted, not because it is over and above individuals, but because the lender presumes that it desires to maintain its credit and will therefore pay its debts. This desire for credit will be stronger in a "State" supported by voluntary taxation than in the State which enforces taxation.

All the objections brought forward by Mr. Read (except the organism argument) are mere difficulties of administrative detail, to be overcome by ingenuity, patience, discretion, and expedients. They are not logical difficulties, not difficulties of principle. They seem "enormous" to him; but so seemed the difficulties of freedom of thought two centuries ago. What does he think of the difficulties of the existing régime? Apparently he is as blind to them as is the Roman Catholic to the difficulties of a State religion. All these "enormous" difficulties which arise in the fancy of the objectors to the voluntary principle will gradually vanish under the influence of the economic changes and well-distributed prosperity which will follow the adoption of that principle. This is what Proudhon calls "the dissolution of government in the economic organism." It is too vast a subject for consideration here, but, if Mr. Read wishes to understand the Anarchistic theory of the process, let him study that most wonderful of all the wonderful books of Proudhon, the "Idée Générale de la Révolution au Dix-Neuvième Siècle."

It is true that "history shows a continuous weakening of the State in some directions, and a continuous strengthening in other directions." At least such is the tendency, broadly speaking, though this continuity is sometimes broken by periods of reaction. This tendency is simply the progress of evolution towards Anarchy. The State invades less and less, and protects more and more. It is exactly in the line of this process, and at the end of it, that the Anarchists demand the abandonment of the last citadel of invasion by the substitution of voluntary for compulsory taxation. When this step is taken, the "State" will achieve its maximum strength as a protector against aggression, and will maintain it as long as its services are needed in that capacity.

If Mr. Read, in saying that the power of the State cannot be restrained, simply meant that it cannot be legally restrained, his remark had no fitness as an answer to Anarchists and voluntary taxationists. They do not propose to legally restrain it. They propose to create a public sentiment that will make it impossible for the State to collect taxes by force or in any other way invade the individual. Regarding the State as an instrument of aggression, they do not expect to convince it that aggression is against its interests, but they do expect to convince individuals that it is against their interests to be invaded. If by this means they succeed in stripping the State of its invasive powers, they will be satisfied, and it is immaterial to them whether the means is described by the word "restraint" or by some other word. In fact, I have striven in this discussion to accommodate myself to Mr. Read's phraseology. For myself I do not think

it proper to call voluntary associations States, but, enclosing the word in quotation marks, I have so used it because Mr. Read set the example. T.

Is the Anarchists' Club Governed?

Two articles of the constitution of the Boston Anarchists' Club seemed to especially perplex the minds of the people who composed the audience at the first public meeting of the Club. Nearly all the questions and criticisms offered both at and since that meeting in reference to Anarchic teachings bear upon those two articles. One is that which provides for the election of a chairman who shall be invested with absolute authority over the meetings under his control, and from whose decisions, whether rendered in accordance with the prescribed regulations laid down for his guidance by the Club, or in cases and emergencies not coming under the application of the general regulations when he follows his own judgment, no appeal shall be taken; the other is that which submits to the power of the majority certain minor points and details in the business management of the Club. On the strength of these two articles charges are made against us with such a grave and serious air that a little attention may well be bestowed upon them.

First, as to our "despotic" chairman. We are sneeringly asked whether by self-government and absolute individual liberty we mean blind obedience to one man—and that man, too, chosen by a majority of the association—and utter lack of opportunities to direct the proceedings in our public meetings. Granted that our chairman is a despot, and that on a specific occasion and in certain clearly-defined matters we do abdicate our individual liberty, it will still be hard for our critics to show that there exists any affinity between such action and the principles and methods of government by compulsion. Individual liberty includes the liberty to make and unmake kings, to establish and disestablish governments. If we choose to be governed by a despot, we are simply exercising our sovereign freedom to govern ourselves as we please. Does this furnish any argument against our right to ignore governments which we do not recognize and for the legitimacy of interference with us against our will? What Anarchists may do after securing liberty does not concern those from whose arbitrary restrictions they now demand to be released. You are doubtless gratified to think that Anarchy is impracticable, and that Anarchists will find it impossible to live without government; but they feel perfectly satisfied that they can dispense with your government, and, the declaration having been emphatically made to that effect, you have to incontinently retreat and watch their play from a respectful distance.

Let us, however, explain the real character of the chairman's function and the reasons for our violating traditional customs and cherished institutions. We do not admire what is called popular government. To us "the voice of the people" is the confusion of tongues at the tower of Babel. We believe in individual initiative and individual management. In all transactions the condition of success and order is individual control accompanied by individual responsibility. The right man in the right place, and one thing at a time, are essential to promptitude, economy, and high perfection. When the Club, as a body, wishes something to be done, and done well, it selects the best-fitted person and entrusts him with the task. Having been chosen because of his supposed special fitness for the particular task, there is evidently no occasion for the others, the less fitted, to meddle with him. Should he prove incapable, after all, he will be excluded from identical work in the future, and others will be put to the test. His time is so limited, and his function so narrow, that, even if incompetent, he can do very little mischief, and it is more judicious to let him serve out his time than to disturb him during his service. Those who are familiar with the workings of all the organizations where "popular rights" are recognized need not be told of the manifold evils, follies, blunders, and disorder that arise in consequence of the regular order of business being constantly obstructed by the conflicting and inconsiderate actions of the audience. Motions, amendments, substitutes, and appeals from decisions frequently consume the greater part of the time, and

the business which called them together has to be rushed through without due consideration. The meetings are ruled from the floor, and wild confusion prevails. Often twenty minutes are required to settle a question of devoting five minutes to some subject or other. In order to expedite its work and to secure regularity the Club takes the conduct of its meetings out of the hands of the heterogeneous assemblages and, as far as it is possible, arranges everything beforehand, leaving for the wisdom and tact of its chairman the government of the meetings under unusual exigencies. The members of the Club having no ground for complaint, non-members must either remain content with the gratuitous enjoyment of the Club's hospitality, and visit it for the sake of its attractions, or turn away from its doors. The Club is conscious of having certain purposes to further, and it adopts such tactics as seem to best serve its interests.

Now, as to majority rule. The Anarchists of Boston formed an association for the carrying out of a design which they could not individually successfully realize. They voluntarily contracted to work together, assured, in the first place, that their interests and ends are identical in all important particulars. To secure themselves thoroughly against imposition, they have provided constitutionally that no important changes or amendments of the original plans shall be introduced except after mature deliberation and unanimous consent of the Club. Taxation being voluntary and the right of withdrawal preserved, there is no danger of an Anarchist ever finding himself in a false position, supporting a movement he has no sympathy for, or posing as a defender of doctrines foreign to his convictions. The members of the Club have amply protected all the liberties which they cared to protect. Purely as a labor-saving device and matter of convenience, the practical details and temporary offices of the organization are left to be determined and acted upon through the majority-and-minority system. Knowing that absolute agreement in all things is not to be hoped for, the Anarchists readily abandon the attempt to reconcile their peculiar whims, and sacrifice them to weightier interests and stronger desires, on which common action is both possible and desirous. Is there any remote resemblance in this voluntary surrender of personal freedom to the farce of Republicanism or the slavery of State Socialism? A more radical difference can scarcely be conceived than that here existing. Whereas the Anarchist decides for himself what he shall do and what he shall not do, what he shall neglect and what he shall vigilantly guard, what he can afford to lose and what he shall preserve at all hazards, Republicanism and State Socialism present a spectacle of promiscuous tyranny and of irresponsible regulation. Everybody decides for everybody else and everybody governs everybody else, nobody knowing his rights and nobody having any.

Rather strange, it seems, to hear Anarchists accused of love of obedience and worship of authority. Heretofore it has been the rule to condemn them as antagonists of peace and order on principle, as demons of war and chaos. But, as Proudhon says, it is the nature of the human mind, when not in possession of the truth, which is its balance, to oscillate between extremes. Having sufficiently learned of Anarchism to see the absurdity of characterizing it as disorder, but not enough to gain a solid understanding of it, its opponents rush to the other extreme and declare it a return to despotism. Astonished at the undeniable fact that, in contradiction of all their preconceived opinions, Anarchistic association, far from being an impossibility, is superior to all other forms of association, giving to the world an example of the union of harmony and liberty, true order and freedom, they are unable to look beneath the surface, and jump to the conclusion that Anarchy eliminates conflict and war by a violent reaction and revival of tyrannical rule. What the fact ought to convince them of, and what it will convince them of, after they study the matter a little deeper, is that the principles of association and the principles of government are mutually exclusive, and that ideal order in social relations can only be reached after the element of government is dissolved in the social organism. Things which are created by necessities need no force to sustain them, and things artificially brought

into existence by force can never assimilate with natural growths, and are only so many checks and barriers in the way of spontaneous evolution. The Anarchists' Club will remain a mystery and a riddle to the people as long as they fail to grasp these scientific sociological truths. While the Boston Anarchists had no strong desire and no pressing necessity for organization, they remained passive, or acted in their individual capacities. No sooner did a common motive inspire them than the organization for the realization of their aims sprang into the world, all difficulties and individual likings and dislikings disappearing for the moment under the pressure of the greater motive-power. As a brother Anarchist, Mr. Wilson, admirably put it, "it is wonderful in how many little things an Anarchist is ready to sacrifice his liberty, if he is but in full possession of his whole stock of liberty."

Cast away your fears, then, gentlemen. Anarchy is neither tyranny nor disorder. It is simply the reign of intelligence, which no more admires liberty for its own sake than it believes in unity for its own sake, but values everything in proportion to "the good that it can do." V. YARROS.

Among my exchanges I find the first number of a new paper named "Nemesis," edited by W. May Rew, M. D., and published at 70 Second Avenue, New York. The subscription price is one dollar a year. Its size is about the same as that of Liberty, and, though I discover no statement as to frequency of issue, I judge it to be a fortnightly. Of its thirty-two columns twelve are reproduced from Henry George's "Standard," including long extracts from the "Queries and Answers" department and describing the general progress of the United Labor Party's political campaign. Seven columns are filled with miscellany and stale news which betray no relation to the other contents of the paper. There is a column and a half of radical verse, most of it from Swinburne, and there are three columns and a half of excellent radical miscellany from such authors as William Morris, Carlyle, and Leslie Stephen. Twenty-four columns being thus disposed of, the remaining eight are given up to three good and stirring articles on the Chicago outrage, the first of which is by Gertrude B. Kelly and the third by John F. Kelly; the first instalment of a serial by Edgeworth on "Industrial Destinies"; and explanation, by a leader and by paragraphs, of the programme and purposes of the paper. Aside from a square, brave, manly stand on the Chicago question, and a commendable disposition to generally ventilate social questions, I cannot find that the paper has any purpose or any opinions whatever. The editor, to be sure, makes this declaration: "Some of the criticisms of the land value tax have much weight, but that does not prevent it from being a great reform measure." Still I cannot extract from these words anything worthy to be called an opinion. He also admits a "partiality" for Prohibition, but, as he characterizes this partiality as "unphilosophical," I can scarcely take such an opinion as serious. On the whole, this new journal may be regarded as rather queer. Probably I should have passed it by without notice, as one of this year's crop of labor papers edited by men of good impulses and chaotic brains, had it not contained the articles by the Kellys and an announcement of them as contributors. But any paper to which they contribute thereby takes on a character which demands attention from every earnest thinker. Therefore I have tried to give a perfectly fair and truthful account of the journal which they prefer to Liberty as an organ for the expression of their views, and I should be pleased to have the readers of Liberty test my judgment by sending to the address given above for a sample copy of the first issue of "Nemesis."

The second public meeting of the Anarchists' Club will be held in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont Street, on Sunday, October 23, at half past seven o'clock. William A. Wilson, one of the members of the Club, will deliver an address on the following subject: "Anarchism the Logical Outcome of Jeffersonian Democracy." The address will be followed by questions and discussion. During the meeting Victor Yarros will take occasion to reply to the various criticisms passed upon the Club by the Boston daily newspapers.

Continued from page 3.

"What orders?" inquired the old servant, resting, for a second, from her mumblings.

"To hang him, or cut his throat, or shoot him, as he may prefer," responded Gowan.

But Sir Richmond put her gently aside, and, lifting his eyes to heaven in the conventional attitude of a martyr, he said:

"I do not fear death!"

"We shall see!" said Gowan, pushing the priest before him down the staircase.

Below, the gang, whose drunkenness was increasing, were yelling hungrily before the ransacked cupboards and the kitchen rummaged from one end to the other; they insisted that the old servant and the priest should show them where the victuals which they could not find were hidden.

"But there is no hiding-place," the servant assured them.

"No fowl, no cheeses, no quarters of game, no ham?"

"No, on my place in paradise."

And the priest, supporting her affirmation, roused a rage of furious disappointment, a chorus of anathemas, volleys of blasphemies, in the midst of an incessant uproar of benches striking the pavement and empty bottles breaking; and one of them pleasantly insinuated:

"Shall we eat, then, the priest and the vixen?"

His comrades protested at first, unanimously; the priest seemed to them really too tough, and the old woman as greasy as a seal. Thanks! they would only drink, as there was no more solid refreshment.

And eight or ten of them repaired to the cellar, from which they brought up casks; placing them anywhere, even on the table, they did not cease to fill their glasses, which they emptied at one gulp, in the hurry of their disgusting orgy, finishing by losing their reason, while Gowan, accepting a glass to imbibe ideas, busied himself with inventing a way to settle the priest's account that should be ingenious, novel, and creditable to his imagination!

But one of his companions stole from him the glory of the discovery, a certain Rutbert, who had proposed eating the curate and the old woman, and who now, in his stupid intoxication, began to put his idea into execution.

In the fire-place long logs of oak were blazing with clear flames which filled the chimney, and the intense heat bit the flesh under the clothes, under the gaiters, under the boots of the soldiers, who moved away, one of them, whose calves were burned, regretting that a deer was not roasting before this splendid fire.

"Let us roast the priest!" rejoined Rutbert; and, not allowing his proposal to be forgotten, renewing it between every drink which he swallowed, it at last was echoed by three or four of his comrades, as drunk as himself, and soon the whole band uttered the refrain:

"The priest on the spit! The priest on the spit!"

And, notwithstanding the Pater-Nosters of Edwige, her supplications, kneeling at the feet of the rascals, a discharge of pistols, followed by twenty other murderous reports, struck Sir Richmond, unmoved, braving his executioners. He rolled on the flag-stones, and, divesting him hastily of his clothes, the savages, in shameless joy, in the midst of cries which were heard at the castle, looked about for a pike on which to impale their victim in order to lay him before the fire-place, and, finding none, but still stubborn in their cannibalistic design, they fixed upon a compromise.

They would not roast the thin old fellow whole, with his skin tanned like a shoe; but his heart, perhaps, was more delicate than his dog's skin, and ten knives at the same time ripped open his breast. Rutbert plunged his hands into the opening, and, detaching from its ligaments the heart still warm and beating, he pierced it with a long, sharp dagger, which they placed before the fire-place to serve as the desired spit.

Stamping with joy and drinking repeated bumpers, they, nevertheless, did not taste this horrible dish.

At the moment when, out of bravado, Rutbert, challenged by the others, was ready to cut from the heart, the blood of which was dropping on the embers, a piece to eat, suddenly a voluminous package fell into the flames through the flue, and a formidable explosion, scattering over the room a shower of projectiles, burst out, riddling with lead and iron each of the bandits, and finally burying them under the rubbish of the fallen house.

From her window the Duchess saw the house blown up and believed it a trick of Gowan's, but soon the rumor of what had happened reached her ears; Gowan and all of the band which had accompanied him had perished without one escaping.

To be continued.

Anarchy, Government, and Liberty.

(J. L. W. in the Truth Seeker.)

As an Anarchist partisan who does not think himself mentally broad enough to have surrounded all truth, I highly appreciate the work which the "Truth Seeker" is doing. From your intimation that social chaos is what you understand by Anarchy, and from reading many of your articles, I think that there is some difference in the force of certain words to your mind and ours. To me Anarchy is liberty, and liberty is Anarchy. You say that your party is Liberty,—liberty for every one to think, express his thought, and act as he pleases so long as he infringes upon no other's equal right, and curtails no other's equal liberty. Now, this is what I want, too, and with this admitted and intelligently applied we should have that condition which we call Anarchy. But I must ask that by "equal liberty" we are at all events to understand liberty, not equal restriction. In a tantalizing sense, there may be "equal liberty" where there is very little liberty. People do not yet seem to realize that, when they have put themselves under constitutional law, taking away natural liberty, the imposition upon a dissenting minority is not redeemed by the same being submitted to by the makers. They call that equal liberty. We call it equal slavery.

Whether or not we are to condemn government depends upon what is meant by government. Find me a government in which all the citizens have agreed to join together, and where they have the conceded right to individually withdraw from contributing to its support when it ceases to fulfil their aims, as we now have with churches, and I will admit that such government is compatible with Anarchism. Anarchists have no objection to any number of persons having a government, if such government will curtail none of our liberty according to your definition. We say that, when a government levies taxes upon us without our consent, it curtails our liberty and pursuit of happiness by robbing us of our means. As the churches are supported by voluntary contributions, so let the government be supported. That is to say, we have no objection to the subjects of a government voluntarily assuming such obligations and binding themselves as they see fit to contribute and to pay, but let them take nothing from us and interfere in no way with such of our acts as don't infringe upon their natural liberties, and we are content. We believe in preventing and punishing murder and robbery, etc. It is a question of words whether this prevention and punishment shall be called government or not. We refer it, when done by a hired force, to the principle of insurance.

You know that in economic science "rent" has a technical meaning. We give a technical meaning to "government." We do not use it to mean protection, but rulership. Are we not justified logically by the fact that advocates of government are constantly ready to assert that it is impossible for them to carry on their scheme without forcing all natives of the country to be citizens and taxpayers, whether they individually wish to be so or not? They will respect our "equal" liberty, but they cannot afford to respect our liberty, neither our property. We are now in the same stage that you would be in if the idea prevailed that, in order to support the church, the majority might force the minority to be members,—at least, to contribute to it,—and that, their rights of membership, voting, etc., being reserved for them whenever they chose to claim them, they were treated with "equal" religious freedom, but contribute they must and obey they must in no matter what unnecessary things the authority of the majority ordered. We are seeking to enlighten men as to the wrong and absurdity of promiscuous reciprocal tyranny. In proportion as this enlightenment spreads, the way will be prepared for that which, with your habits of thought, you may prefer to call a philosophic Anarchical government, or government of actual consent, but which we call simply Anarchy. Chaos is a theological fiction. In all nature form and order result from the powers in things. Government other than self-government is violence. To have a self-governing state it would be necessary to have the voluntary adhesion of every citizen. We claim that the adhesion and support of a great majority can be had for equitable regulations compatible with and in furtherance of liberty, and that, if any stand out and cannot appreciate the benefits of insurance, we can afford to let them alone so long as they behave themselves. I claim that Anarchy will accomplish in a more true and scientific manner the aim of protection, which is all that attaches republicans to government. I claim this with the same confidence as you claim that natural morality will develop all the virtues,—for which alone some conservative people still cling to their Bibles,—and develop them far better for not having a mixture or leaven of authority foreign to the meritorious element in the case.

The Antecedent and the Consequent Ought.

(London Jus.)

No work on nomology or ethics can be complete without an examination into the meaning of the word "ought." The moralist is continuously making use of it, and doubtless it is a term which does more or less vaguely express a more or less distinct idea,—an idea, however, which deserves to be clearly defined and exactly expressed. Yet I do not remember to have met with a serious attempt to analyze the conception. At first sight the employment of the word at all by a Necessitarian (or Determinist) seems absurd and inconsistent, for how can such an one speak of that which ought to have been, as distinguished from that which was, when only that which was could by possibility have happened? The actual is the only possible to the Necessitarian; how then can he say that we ought to have done that which we did not do,—the impossible? Is it not, therefore, folly to speak of "ought" while at the same time we contend that every act is the only possible act under the circumstances,—that a successful attempt to evade the original necessity of it would be a successful attempt to annihilate the universe?

In order to answer this question, we must first endeavor to get at the precise meaning of the term in several of its allied significations. Even on a very cursory survey we shall find ourselves in the presence of two very distinct and almost opposed meanings, but having this in common,—that both apply to one of the terms in a sequence, the other term being given. Let us call them the Antecedent Ought and the Consequent Ought. The one is applied to the antecedent, the consequent being given; the other is applied to the consequent, the antecedent being given.

Thus, speaking of inanimate nature, we may say, "There ought to be fine weather now," to which statement we may append either of the two following reasons: "there ought to be fine weather now, in order that the harvest may be got nicely in;" "there ought to be fine weather now, for the barometer has gone up considerably." In the first case, we have the antecedent Ought; in the second, the consequent Ought.

But, in whatever sense we use the word, we shall always find ourselves in presence of a sequence. Whether it be that, seeing the antecedent, we predict the consequent, and say it ought to follow, or, premising the consequent, we argue back to what we believe to be the necessary antecedent, in either case there is a something given, assumed, or desired.

Now, if the ordinary Libertarian sees nothing absurd in using the consequent Ought as applied to inanimate nature, which he admits to be the subject of eternal necessity, why should he ridicule the Necessitarian for using the antecedent Ought under the same conditions, i. e., while holding the like belief of human will?

Thus, when the philosophical Necessitarian says you ought to act in such a way, he means that, your own greatest happiness or some derivative or proximate end being the required consequent, you will in his opinion so act. It is only when it is assumed as the required consequent that the agent wishes to keep himself in equilibrium with his surroundings (especially the rest of society) that the moral connotation of ought creeps in. We can trace the development of this signification from its lowest forms step by step.

1. The longer a tiger is left without food, the more hungry and fierce he ought to get.
2. The lower the range of a man's intellect, the less amenable to reason he ought to be.
3. A man with a sound education ought to be less the creature of impulse than a savage.
4. He ought to review in imagination the probable consequences of the contemplated act, and guide himself by the balance of utility.

Here, by four stages, we have already emerged from the simplest form of consequent ought into applications of the term not distinguishable from those of the Libertarian moralist. It would appear, then, that ought is merely an elliptical expression employed to obviate the necessity for setting forth the end assumed; thus we say, "You ought to speak the truth," meaning that, if you wish to be in harmony with your surroundings, or, in other words, happy, you will speak the truth. It is an expression of opinion, a prediction based on our knowledge of the general fact that truthfulness is good for you, and of the particular fact that you are capable of understanding and acting accordingly. We do not say that tigers ought to divide their prey instead of fighting for it, on the principle of "pleon hemisupantoe," because we are aware that tigers are not capable of understanding the principle, although we may, or may not, be of opinion that they would benefit by the adoption of the practice.

Is there, then, no absolute sense in which ought can be used? Does it merely express the opinion of the speaker? If so, we are driven at once to the doctrine, "Every man his own moralist." To a certain qualified extent this is the case; but, before attaching too much importance to it, we should remember that every proposition in science is a mere expression of opinion, varying in trustworthiness as the quantity and quality of the evidence in support of it. So when I say you ought to act thus, I may be stating a fact as indisputable—nay, as certain—as when I say the earth revolves round the sun. There is, however, a shade of difference between the two statements that a man ought to act thus, and that a man will, in the opinion of the speaker, act thus, if his aim be his own welfare, or some proximate and more definite aim. The difference consists in the admission of possible disturbing causes, the effect of which, in psychological and sociological, and more especially in ethical and nomological, phenomena are very considerable. Let us examine the effect on the mind of the frequent obtrusion of these disturbing causes, even in dealing with inanimate nature, but more markedly as we advance into the region of willed actions.

When a general law has been deductively established,—that is to say, verified,—it may be found, and it frequently is found, that certain facts appear, nevertheless, to remain stubborn, and refuse to bear out the law, just as a cannon-ball refuses to conform to the first law of motion. Such phenomena make some people sceptical as to the truth of the law. They point out the discrepancy, and ask how is this? In such cases the man of science answers that it must be due to some disturbing cause, and he is usually right; and frequently he sets about and discovers the disturbing cause. Occasionally, however, he is wrong, and then the attempt results in the discovery of the somewhat revolutionary fact that the alleged general law is after all unwarranted, and must be given up, or greatly or slightly qualified. For instance, Nature's abhorrence of a vacuum was supposed to be universal until Torricelli showed that the horror was limited by the weight of the atmosphere.

Until he has discovered the disturbing cause, and even afterwards, the cautious man of science usually states his general law thus: "such a consequent will follow upon such an antecedent in the absence of disturbing causes"; or more briefly: "the said consequent will tend to follow upon the said antecedent"; the expressions have the same significance. Sometimes we say "the consequent ought to follow," which is only a popular way of saying the same thing.

Disturbing causes are either known or unknown; perhaps in common parlance we confine the use of the term Ought to those cases in which the disturbing cause is unknown. We are annoyed that our reason is disappointed; a consequent follows which we did not anticipate, or one which we did anticipate fails to follow. "This machine Ought to work, but it won't,"—so we speak. Seeing no reason for the unexpected consequence, we attach a certain color of anger to our admission that there is a disturbing cause. This thing is not to be relied on; it is inconsistent, lessening our power by falsifying our calculations; we dislike the unknown cause and the subject of it. "The machine is a beast, it won't work," we say. When the subject of this undiscovered disturbing cause is a human being, we look upon him with distrust; he is not to be relied on; hence the moral significance of the word Ought. That ought to be which it is reasonable to expect.

Disturbing causes, though not of the essence of the sequence under consideration, are sometimes as universal, sometimes as permanent, and sometimes both as universal and permanent, as the sequences which they are said to disturb. Thus on this earth other causes are at work (some constant, others not) counteracting, so to speak, the first law of motion: gravitation is one of these, and, I suppose, it is permanent and universal; magnetism is another, which is apparently neither permanent nor universal, nor even frequent as affecting the operation of that law. When, therefore, the law appears not to be borne out on account of magnetic influence, we say the disturbing cause is only temporary; it will be removed, and things will go on as they ought. The disturbing causes at work on the actions of social groups are some of them more or less permanent; others we may see and believe to be only temporary, as some have been shown to be, such as odd beliefs, etc. These are quite as natural as the permanent ones, but we have discovered, by other routes, that they are only temporary; therefore we say they have disappeared, or will disappear or cease to be operative, and the facts will not only tend to conform, but actually will conform, to the general law. If we are in doubt whether we are justified in expecting this result; if we do not know why these disturbing causes are, as a fact, operative, or what indeed they are,—then we say the law ought to be conformed to, on the simple grounds that, while we see very good reasons why it should, we see no reason why it should not.

When we use the word "ought" with respect to the State, we assume that the eventual welfare of the people is the aim and cause of social action,—at least, such is the end usually adduced when the question is asked.

When speaking of the individual, the End said to be aimed at is variously described. According as one or other End is assumed, we have one or other of the several ethical schools. The question is, in what direction do the conscious actions of individuals tend to be modified? In concurrence with the individual's own greatest happiness, or in that of the social body? There can be no doubt that there are powerful agencies at work moulding individual actions into harmony with the social well being; but it is none the less obvious that this can be effected only through the beneficial reaction of the future morality upon the individual. By seeking his own greatest happiness, the enlightened Egoistic Hedonist probably helps to make smooth the paths leading to the welfare of the race far more effectually than could be done upon any other principle of action.

If moralists and preachers would always state the end they assume, much confusion would be avoided. Thus you ought to act in such a manner, if you wish to consult your own eventual happiness; or if you wish your actions to conduce to the ultimate happiness of the race; or if you desire the praise of your fellows for consulting their welfare before your own. This last is really the unconfessed aim of most of the current moral codes. Neither the welfare of the Individual, nor of the Race, is held up as the end; but the welfare of the rest of humanity after deducting the agent; or, in turf-

parlance, the welfare of the field bar one,—and that one is self. It can easily be shown that, by its universal application, such a system of morality can tend only to the deterioration of the species; and if carried out consistently, to its ultimate extinction.

It is doubtful whether the Evolutionist is ready to lay down any fully generalized rule of conduct or aim. As in other inductive sciences, so in ethics, the less general must be discovered first, and the more general after.

Minor moral laws, such as those induced from numerous experiences of the results of truthfulness and lying, of greed and generosity, of moderation and intemperance, etc., are more likely to stand the test of practice than those of a more general and less wieldy character. How could we tell, *a priori*, whether it were well to steal or murder? Much is to be said in favor of both. The most adroit thieves and murderers among the lower animals survive, and ought to survive. The stronger, astuter, and altogether better man (as it might seem) is he who would steal and murder best; and he is the man we should wish and expect to see surviving. Hence all trustworthy moral laws are results of induction, conscious and unconscious, i. e., of accumulated experiences. And there is no practical moral law above them, or except them, until in some departments sufficient progress in generalization has been made to warrant the extension of some law, and the inclusion in it of classes of actions not before viewed from so lofty a standpoint. And even in this there is great danger; for example, the moral law concerning property and theft has lately been extended by certain persons so as to cover what is called the pirating of ideas. Patentreight and copyright have thus sprung into existence. Casuists and practical legislators are still debating whether these rights should take rank with the older proprietary rights, or whether they have any deeper foundation than contractual rights based on temporary expedience and immediate mutual advantage. Again, by a similar extension, the moral law concerning truthfulness has been by some extended so as to cover the acts of States between themselves, and so to condemn the customary untruthfulness of diplomacy. When it is remembered that brute force has not yet been eliminated from international dealings, it seems rather premature to call for the elimination of the lower forms of intellectual superiority, such as cunning, stealth, and fraud. Surely lying is less heinous than murder, and is a good substitute for it. Doubtless it will be well to eliminate both, but, so long as the lower form of competition is still resorted to, let us tolerate the occasional substitution of a form less low. So it may be argued.

Ethical deductions, then, are not to be much trusted. Every one's own experience proves their vagueness and inapplicability to practice, and their erroneousness when, if ever, applicable. Hence, until rigid inductions have been made with the same care and caution as in the other concrete sciences, every man must continue to be his own moralist, and to base his rules of action on his limited experience, his historical and novelist study, and his inherited moral leanings: just as, in pre-chemistry days, dyers had to rely on their empirical knowledge, and to mix and manipulate their colors by rule of thumb.

But there is yet another point of view from which to consider whether "ought" can be used in an absolute sense. Admitting that moral laws are only as certain as other scientific generalizations, and, therefore, may be regarded merely as matter of opinion, it is still urged that, in a given set of circumstances, there is one way and only one way in which one ought to act; that, putting our fallibility on one side, there is an absolute Right and Wrong for all alike, if only we could find out what it is. Of course, in the absolute sense above adverted to, this is true,—*viz.*, the way in which one does act. But different persons act differently, it is said, in the same situation; and yet only one of these ways is the right one; and, if it is the right way for one, it is the right way for all under precisely similar circumstances. Let us examine this proposition.

Either you must regard the body, including brain and nervous system, with the ingrained stores of substantial memories and instincts, as part of the person, or as part of the circumstances,—the environment. If you regard it as part of the environment, and the Ego as apart from the body and its organs, then these latter must be taken to be precisely similar in the cases compared. In which case it is difficult to see in what the difference between the two agents can consist. They have similar bodies to an eyelash; their memories are similar, for psychology shows the memory to depend on the formation of solid substantial deposits; their instincts are similar; their tastes are similar, since the sensory organs are; and what now is left to differ? But it is useless to inquire, for it is obvious the two agents would be one and the same person so far as effects are concerned; just as though we were to take out one side of a triangle and substitute another. Hence they must act in precisely the same way.

Now adopt the other alternative, and regard the body as part of the person,—of the Ego as opposed to the environment,—and the question arises: Can you seriously contend that all persons ought in the same circumstances to act in the same way? You have set no limits. You do not admit that an ill-educated and a well-educated man ought to act differently; hence a savage ought to adopt the one invariable

course. But so, then, ought a horse, for he has a will; and even an oyster ought to act just as a philosopher ought. This seems so meaningless that we need go no further. But if, to avoid this difficulty, you arbitrarily set a limit at humanity, then I merely ask: At what date in the history of man's evolution did his *Ought* arise? When did it bequeath a son to act in a way that was not incumbent upon his father?

Here, so far from the Ought being the same for all, it is, on the contrary, different for each according to the difference in the agents,—the peculiarity of each agent. There is one duty for the oyster, another for the horse, a third for me, a fourth for you, and a fifth for your twin brother. In short, the resultant motion of a body acted on by environing forces varies, not only as the environing forces, but also as the weight, shape, etc., of the body itself. So stated, we have before us a truism.

But, if it is contended that my absolute duty under specified circumstances is to act as a perfect being would act having regard to his own eventual welfare, or with any other end in view, this amounts to saying that an oyster ought to act as omniscience would act having a particular object in view, although that object would not be attained by the oyster, even though it could and did so act. Why the oyster should so act it is hard to see. You require a bracing climate; therefore I, who thrive better in a relaxing air, ought to go to Margate, because you are a more perfect being than I. Of course, we may at any time ask the question: How ought a perfect being to act under these circumstances? and we call the answer Absolute Duty, if we please, but *cui bono*? Why affirm that I ought to act in a way that could result, as facts are, in no conceivable good to me or any one else, or with no definite object whatever? Let us rather fall back upon the plain doctrine that the duty varies with the agent, and then set to work to find out if we please the End which each agent has in view, or tends to realize, when we say that he ought to act thus or thus.

We soon find ourselves in the position of asking what ought one to like or desire? Seeing that one has no control over his likes and dislikes, this, at first sight, seems a foolish question; and if the word "ought," here employed, is the Antecedent Ought, it certainly is foolish. But if we use the Consequent Ought, the question becomes an important one. What do men tend to like? How do the tastes of civilized men tend to become modified? The answer can be discovered by observation and induction. By this means we have arrived at general truths concerning the tastes of different classes of persons. Thus we say of a stranger, "He ought to find entertainment in your house; there is a good library of books, lovely scenery in the neighborhood, and plenty of intellectual society; for I hear he was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and his father was a man of considerable culture." It may turn out that he has no taste for such things, and is only happy in the betting-ring, the billiard-room, or the rat-plot, when we find that our inference was mistaken. In this sense Duty was not connoted by "ought." Again, it may be said, "We ought to be a truthful people, because we have inherited the experiences of a long line of ancestors who have suffered for lying,—experience which has become ingrained as an instinct in the race." Or, "We ought to be a truthful people, because, though lying may occasionally be profitable, truthfulness in the long run entails a balance of advantage." These two examples illustrate the use of the consequent ought and the antecedent ought.

The final question to which the above considerations were intended to lead up is this: Is the science of ethics concerned with "ought" in the antecedent or the consequent sense? And the answer is that, being an inductive science, it is concerned simply with facts, and therefore with the consequent ought. It is for the moralist simply to note the changes in the actions of men during successive stages of development, and the direction of such changes, to verify his observations *a priori* as far as possible by noting the changes in their tastes, the increase of their knowledge, and the increasing certainty of their expectations being fulfilled, owing to other sociological changes. He will then be in a position to predict their probable future habits, customs, tastes, and actions, by following up the lines of the past. But, if he begins at the wrong end by stating his end, he must fall into one of two quicksands. Either his end is so general, indefinite, or vague that he cannot possibly discover the course of action likely to lead to it; or, taking proximate and more special aims as his ends, he will surely err in his appreciation of their desirability. Let a meteorologist be asked to point out *a priori* the directions which the chief ocean-currents ought to take in order to restore the equilibrium disturbed by the unequal temperature of the poles and equator, and compare his prognostications with the actual currents. Are sociological phenomena so much less complex than geographical as to render easy in the one science what would be considered impossible in the other?

If we have no reason to suppose that the moralists' proximate ends are in themselves either desirable, or the ends towards which humanity is actually moving, neither have we any reason to trust them to point the way to the realization of the ultimate end, until they have first demonstrated their superhuman ability in some department of inquiry where there is room for verification.

To recapitulate, in common parlance, when discussing the duties of individuals, we employ the term "ought" in two

senses. As a rule, when speaking of a particular individual in particular circumstances, we either avowedly or tacitly assume a definite end for him. In speaking of men in general, we as a rule are guided by the consensus of opinion which is roughly based on the actual customs and actions of men. But even in this case we, without any grounds, pretend to connect our rule of conduct with some ill-defined end or aim of some sort; and it is in the vain attempt to discover what this end can be that moralists have for the most part squandered valuable time and some temper.

Important Anarchistic Accession.

[New York World.]

Boston, Oct. 10. — At the close of the first public meeting of the Anarchists' Club, held yesterday in this city, D. H. Biggs, president of the Boston Central Labor Union, State organizer of the Henry George party for Eastern Massachusetts, and one of the most prominent labor reformers in this section, signed the constitution of the Anarchists' Club, thus becoming a member, and will hereafter actively connect himself with its work.

Mr. Biggs was formerly a State Socialist, but was converted from that belief by reading Herbert Spencer's works, in which he claims to have found the seeds which have now borne Anarchistic fruit.

So important an accession to the ranks of the Anarchists from the Henry George ranks will carry consternation into the local Land and Labor Club and the Anti-Poverty Society, and cause no small sensation in labor circles generally.

Mr. Biggs surprised the Central Labor Union yesterday by resigning the office of president, and it is rumored that he will promptly take similar action regarding his position as State organizer for the George party.

HE THROWS A BOMB TO START WITH.

[Boston Globe.]

A good-sized bombshell burst in the Land and Labor Club at its regular weekly meeting in Boston Hall last night. D. H. Biggs, one of the most prominent members of the Club, arose and announced that he desired to resign his position as district organizer for the George movement, as well as his membership in the Club, on account of the fact that he had become an Anarchist or extreme individualist of the Tuckeronian school. This was received with great astonishment, and the Club was not slow to accept the resignation, although several members labored with the erring brother, but to no purpose.

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Vol. V. - No. 7.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

Whole No. 111.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

John Francis Smith is superseded by Harry C. Vrooman as editor of the Providence "People." I doubt the wisdom of this change.

"Anarchy is no government; democracy is government to secure human rights." So the "American Idea" puts it. I put it differently. Anarchy is equal liberty; democracy is reciprocal tyranny.

The second public meeting of the Anarchists' Club was held in a hall twice the size of that which was hired for the first meeting. Nevertheless it was entirely filled. The third meeting will be held on Sunday, November 6, at half past two o'clock, in one of the halls at 176 Tremont Street,—probably Codman Hall. Benj. R. Tucker will read a paper on "General Francis A. Walker and the Anarchists," in reply to General Walker's recent address before the Trinity Club of Boston.

The day after the meeting of the Anarchists' Club the Boston "Globe" in its news columns said of it: "The novelty of all this was sufficient to draw a large crowd, which filled Boston Hall yesterday afternoon till every seat was occupied and not even standing room was left." An editorial in the same issue began with the following sentence: "The Anarchists' Club, which held its first meeting in this city yesterday, was not largely attended, and did not excite great interest on the part of the public." The editor of the "Globe" does not seem to place much confidence in the statements of his reporters.

Perhaps no feature of Henry George's scheme is so often paraded before the public as a bait as the claim that with a tax levied on land values all other taxes will be abolished. But now it is stated in the "Standard" that, if any great fortunes remain after the adoption of the land tax, it will be "a mere detail to terminate them by a probate tax." This is offered for the benefit of those who believe that interest no less than rent causes concentration of wealth. To those who fear the effects upon home industry in case of an abolition of the tariff Mr. George hints that he will be perfectly agreeable to the offering of bounties to home industries. To be sure, he would pay the bounties out of the land tax; but the use of the proceeds of the land tax for a new purpose, after existing governmental expenses had been met, would be equivalent to a new tax. So we already have three taxes in sight where there was to be but one,—the land tax, the probate tax, and the bounty tax. Presently, as new necessities arise, a fourth will loom up, and a fifth, and a sixth. Thus the grand work of "simplifying government" goes on.

G. Bernard Shaw, much of whose economic writing I find peculiarly fascinating, keen, and satisfactory, considers himself a scientific Socialist as distinguished from Utopian and sentimental Socialists from the fact that, though favoring the nationalization of land because it is not a labor product, and the nationalization of existing capital because its rightful owners—that is, its producers—are either dead or undeterminable, he nevertheless, immediately this had been accomplished, would insist on the right of the individual to hold his future labor product, or whatever he could get in exchange for it, be it machinery or what not,

provided he should regularly pay his rent and public dues, scot and lot. It would appear from this that Mr. Shaw will be a State Socialist until the Revolution and a Henry George man after the Revolution. While I can congratulate him that his Socialism has not absolutely blinded him to the importance of the individual, I must add that I can see nothing "scientific" in a distinction, so far as proprietary right is concerned, between a piece of iron made into a spade and a piece of earth made into a tilled field, or in a proposition to readjust the ownership of existing wealth, even by the lumping process, when it is so easy, by inaugurating perfect freedom of competition, to make it harmless to laborers, and valueless, except for consumption, to its owners, who, as soon as they shall have consumed it, will be obliged either to work or to starve.

After all, the capacity and the desire to be logical are the most essential conditions of sound and correct views. Right premises, highly important as they are, count for little when logic is wanting in the subsequent formation of the chain of reasoning. But recently I heard an out-and-out governmentalist and believer in prohibition state that he thoroughly justifies the Anarchists' claim to individual liberty (which he justly defined as the right to do what one pleases as long as the equal rights of others are not infringed upon)! London "Jus" reproduces from Liberty Victor Yarros's "Reasons Why," introducing them thus: "There is so much absurd misunderstanding of the principles of philosophical Anarchy that the following statement of an Egoistic Anarchist should be carefully studied. It sets forth in the brightest and clearest manner the reasoning by which a system of law, order, and justice is deduced from the fundamental principles of Egoism (commonly called Selfishness) and Anarchy (commonly called Lawlessness). Readers of 'Jus' will recognize in this kind of Anarchy exactly what they are themselves in the habit of calling Individualism." A more unqualified approval than this can scarcely be expressed in words. Yet, in spite of this absolute agreement as to fundamental and basic principles, the writer of the "Reasons" follows the teaching of Liberty to the end, and finds no room for the State and its law, equity, and justice, while "Jus," professing to believe in the kind of Anarchy promulgated in the "Reasons," defends the rights of Parliament to make laws binding upon all indiscriminately, and denies the right to ignore the State to those who have outgrown it. It is evident that either Mr. Yarros or "Jus" is pitifully wrong-headed and illogical. Unless "Jus" furnishes some good reasons for dissenting from the conclusions which the author of the "Reasons" claims to reach through following the light of the fundamental truths that he holds in common with "Jus," I shall be forced to accuse it of either being blind to, or afraid of, its own logic.

In the State of Texas, as in other States, there is a Sunday law. In the city of Galveston, as in other cities, saloon-keepers violate the Sunday law. This having become a matter of public scandal, Judge Gustave Cook issued a letter to the sheriffs and constables directing them to promptly enforce the law upon all alike, regardless of the social or financial standing of its violators. "I intend," he declared, "that these laws shall be enforced or exploded." The Galveston "News," while admitting that the law might be unwise or oppressive, commended Judge Cook's course. In consequence of this those who did not want the law

enforced took their revenge by trying to stop the "News" from publishing on Sunday. The "News" went into court, showed that the publication of newspapers was one of the pursuits expressly exempted from interference by the statute, and was sustained. For this the New York "Truth Seeker" comes down on the "News" "like a thousand o' brick," calling it a "colossal hypocrite" and accusing it of "standing in" with the judge. Its campaign against the "News" has been going on for several weeks, and has been conducted with more vigor than politeness. It is hard to see any justification for the excitement. Where is the evidence of either hypocrisy or corruption in the demand of the "News" for the impartial enforcement of the law? And if its own business is exempted by the law, why should it not claim its legal rights? It seems to me especially mean and despicable to abuse the "News" as the "Truth Seeker" does and at the same time suppress the fact that the "News" is one of the most liberal papers in the world. I am not crazy enough to attempt to prove the absolute consistency of any daily paper of the magnitude of the "News," but this I must say in fairness,—that, after pretty steadily reading that paper for two years, scarcely a week has passed in which I have not found in its columns more radical, more thorough, more intelligent championship of liberty than I have seen in the "Truth Seeker" from the beginning of its existence. If the political gospel which it preaches, day in and day out, with marvellous ability, were to be accepted by the people of Texas, the statute-books of that State would soon be clear, not only of Sunday laws, but of almost all other laws. It is small business to pour wholesale abuse upon such a paper, even if it does slip occasionally. My high opinion of the "News's" fairness was confirmed lately in an unexpected way. I was talking on the subject of journalism with one of the editors of a prominent Boston newspaper. Neither of us knew that the other was at all acquainted with the "News." Said he at last: "The ideal newspaper will have no policy in its news columns. There is no such paper yet. Unless, indeed, I except the Galveston 'News.' I worked some time for that paper and its offspring, the Dallas 'News,' and I can say with almost literal truth that I never knew either of those papers to suppress or alter the news of the day to make it harmonize with their editorial policy."

A Fellow-Feeling.

"While we as individuals have sympathy for the men about to be executed, as an order we believe in the majesty of the law, and that the Anarchists, having been condemned, should be punished," said General Treasurer of the K. of L. Frederick Turner. And "me too," echoed Secretary Charles H. Litchman. The Order, like the State, must maintain discipline. We believe in the majesty of the law,—and he should have added, of the Order,—and if the men are condemned—well, they should be punished—not so much because they are guilty, as that is not quite clear, but to maintain the majesty of the law—and the Order. Now, if the Order, like the Church, could only hand its heretics over to the State to be dealt with, how easy it would be to maintain the majesty of the Order and the Law! Perhaps the secession of some of the "brothers" was anticipated by some of the Grand and Petty Masters, and that is why they may have utilized the funds of the Order in order to get into the Law-making business. How does this strike the Anarchistic members of the Order who believe in discipline and red-letter tyranny—when it is used to preserve the majesty of the Order?

A. H. S.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 110.

220. As stated, then, the saving from the large scale now actually takes place, as it would do under the true system of administration; but, instead of going to the benefit of the boarders of the establishment, it goes first in the form of profits to the keeper of the house, then in the form of rent from him to the party who owns the house, and, finally, it is probable, in the form of interest from the owner of the premises to the money-lender, who has loaned the capital to construct it, while at the same time the operation of the principle is restricted, and the amount of the saving diminished, by the causes which prevent the population generally from resorting to such establishments. Under the operation of the Cost Principle all this is reversed. Nobody stands between the boarder and the saving which grows naturally out of the economical tendency of the large scale. Nobody receives the benefit but himself. The keeper of the house makes no profit, but is paid simply an equivalent for his labor, according to its degree of burdensomeness or repugnance,—less, if it is less repugnant, than an attendant on the tables, or a cook in the kitchen. The owner of the house receives no rent, in the nature of profit, but merely the wear and tear of the premises,—the cost of maintaining them in an equally good condition (241); and, finally, there is no money-lender, levying an additional contribution for the supply of a circulating medium so scarce and expensive as to be capable of being monopolized. Hence, whoever lives at an Eating-House managed upon the Cost Principle lives either at a much cheaper rate than he can live in a private way, or else in a much better style, or else with both of these elements of attraction combined. Hence, again, there is a potent influence under that principle, operating upon the whole community to draw them out of their present solitary and poverty-stricken household arrangements into a larger sphere of elegance, comfort, and refinement, while at the same time their full freedom is preserved to remain as they are, at their own cost. The seeds of a great social revolution are planted, while no prejudice is shocked. There is no pledge demanded, no premeditated concert of action, no sudden overturn or derangement of social habits, no enforced conformity, no authorized espionage and criticism. The change is effected gently, gradually, unobtrusively, and considerably toward all existing habits and feelings.

221. Nor is the social revolution thus foreshadowed less radical and entire than that which is aspired after by the most advanced of Social Reformers. It differs in the fact that it is a *natural growth* from simple roots implanted in the common understanding, in the form of principles or mere suggestions of honesty,—not a splendid and complicated *à priori* arrangement of details as a great work of art. The same principle here illustrated with reference to the Eating-House applies of course to the Public Wash-House, to the Infant School, or Common Nursery for the professional rearing, training, and development of children, and to every other advantageous arrangement of society life. Relieved of the burden of cooking, washing, and nursing, except as her tastes lead her to participate in one or other of these pursuits professionally, it becomes competent to woman to elect and vary her career in life with as much freedom as man. Then, and never until then, can woman become an Individual herself, instead of a mere hanger-on upon the destinies of another. Then, and not until then, can the intellect of the woman be developed so as to form the appropriate counterpoise to her affectionate nature. There is not, in our existing society, one woman in a hundred who knows as much at the age of forty as she knew at twenty. Confined, for the most part, to the same narrow circle of household affairs, with children, nurses, and housemaids as her associates, she shrinks mentally instead of expanding, and comes finally to nauseate, and to object with sickly fastidiousness to those changes in her condition which are essential to her emancipation. Hence it is only in the rare case of highly endowed and well-developed womanhood that the Social Reformer meets the hearty sympathy of the sex in those plans of domestic amelioration which are indispensable to the assumption by her of that rank in the social hierarchy for which nature has disposed her, and which, despite of herself, as it were, she is destined to attain.

222. Again, when these several domestic functions are performed severally upon the large scale, additional conveniences will be found to arise from combining the Eating-House, the Laundry, the Nursery, the Lying-in Department, etc., etc., in one unitary edifice, and conducting the whole upon a plan not inferior, perhaps, in magnificence and extent to the Phalansterian order of Fourier. It is not my purpose to trace out these ulterior developments of the principle. The social philosopher will, from this point, do that for himself. However magnificent may be the scale upon which the social order, growing out of these principles, shall finally adjust itself, there will be in it always the marked distinction from every Social Reform heretofore proposed,—that every grand public undertaking, whether it be an Eating Establishment to accommodate several hundred persons or families, a Hospital, a Public Laundry, a Hotel for the accommodation of travelers, a Factory, a huge Workshop, a Plantation, the complicated arrangements of transportation and navigation, or, finally, the Phalanstery itself, combining every convenience and all the functions of social life on the most extended scale, will still be a strictly individual enterprise, the outbirth of the genius and activity of a single mind. Hundreds of men and women may be engaged in the administration, some of whom will be at the head of the various departments, but all of them rigidly subordinate to the grand design of the projector, who will be the despot of his own dominions, exercising, nevertheless, a beneficent despotism, wherein the highest and best expression of himself, wrought out in his work, redounds equally to the good of all others who are related in any manner to the transaction,—a self-elected governor of mankind, by the divine right of genius or supereminent ability to excogitate and perform. At the same time, whoever evinces the higher grades of inventive and organizing talent will have the command freely of the requisite capital to aid the execution of his designs, limited only by the aggregate amount of surplus capital in the community as compared with the number of such beneficent enterprises on foot. This effect will result from the fact that, under the operation of the Cost Principle, capital of itself earns nothing, and hence that all persons in the community who have surplus accumulations of wealth will prefer that such accumulations shall be intrusted to, and be administered by, those persons who demonstrate the greatest capacity for doing so, in that way which will contribute most to the public welfare; a benefit in which the owners of such capital will participate along with the whole public,—in addition to their right to withdraw their investments in such installments as they may require for their own use. The ideas involved

in this paragraph will be further developed in the next chapter, in treating of Capital and the "Wages System." (230, 240.)

223. It follows, then, that by the simple operation of Equity attractive industry is secured, cooperation is rendered beneficent instead of destructive, all the economies are effected, and this still with a complete preservative, on all hands, of Individuality and the Sovereignty of the Individual. Cooperation is rendered universal by the same means, speculation is banished, antagonisms of all sorts are neutralized, a complete Adaptation of Supply to Demand is for the first time in the world rendered practicable, and mankind enter upon a career of harmony, development, and happiness which the experience of all past ages has been but a painful preparation to enjoy by strong contrast, as dark shadows relieve the lights upon the canvas of the painter. Let the man or the woman who desires to participate in the work of installing the Reign of Harmony put his or her hand to the work.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPITAL, RENT, INTEREST, WAGES, MACHINERY, ETC.

224. It remains to point out more specifically the operation of the Cost Principle upon Capital, Rent, Interest, Wages, and Machinery, with the true relations of these matters to labor. Serious questions have been raised, in the recent discussions upon reform, upon all of these subjects, and innumerable difficulties have been felt in arriving at any satisfactory adjustment of the points at issue. It has been seen that capital or wealth already accumulated is one element in the accumulation of additional wealth, and hence it has appeared to be equitable that such capital, or rather the parties to whom such accumulated wealth pertained, should have some share in the new accumulations, in the production of which their capital has been instrumental. In other words, it has been seen that wealth loaned to and employed by another is a real benefit to that other, and the question is forcibly asked, why, then, should not the borrower, in justice, remunerate the lender to the extent of the benefit received, or, at least, to the extent of some part of that benefit? This question has never been satisfactorily answered, and can never be answered so long as *value*, or *benefit conferred*, is recognized as a basis for remuneration or price. But we have seen that price rests, according to the true principles of science, wholly upon a different basis, and that benefit conferred is no ground of claim whatsoever.

225. As this distinction between the true and the false basis of price is one of great importance to the solution of the questions now about to be treated of, I shall be pardoned for stating it again, and, if possible, rendering it still more obvious. All commerce has heretofore been conducted upon the idea of an exchange of *equivalent benefits*. This is what has been denominated the Value Principle, which has been shown, as well by an analysis of the principle itself as by the pernicious consequences resulting from its operation, to be essentially erroneous. The basis principle of true commerce is, on the contrary, an exchange of *equivalent burdens*. No amount of benefit conferred by one human being upon another gives the slightest title to remuneration, provided the conferring of such benefit has cost nothing to the party conferring it. To impart pleasure, and to shed an atmosphere of happiness in every direction, is the true life of all refined and well-developed humanity. To levy tribute as a consideration for the exercise of one's own higher nature is to profane the most sacred things. It is true that the conferring of benefits does, by a natural effect, quicken the tendency to confer benefits in return, and in this manner to produce reciprocity; but that tendency is stronger in proportion to the absence of all claim to such reciprocity. Price, relating solely to what can be appropriately claimed, has, then, no basis in benefit conferred. Hence, there is no justification whatever for interest or rent on capital in the fact that the loan of capital confers a benefit upon the borrower which he would not otherwise enjoy. Whatever basis there may be,—and we shall see, presently, that there is a basis for a price, in some cases, for the use of capital,—it is not the benefit conferred, and the price must not be measured in any manner whatsoever by the amount of that benefit.

226. Another argument is used on behalf of those who defend the participation of capital in the results of labor, with no clear distinction, apparently, between it and the one above stated, in the minds of those who employ it. It is said that, if I have property which I have accumulated by my labor, and you desire the use of it to enable you to accumulate property for yourself more rapidly than you could otherwise do, and I forego the use of it for your sake, and to my own deprivation, that I ought to be repaid for the sacrifice that I make. This position is rigidly correct. It is merely one form of statement of the Cost Principle itself. It is a statement that the sacrifice made, the burden endured, or the repugnance overcome on the part of the party making the loan, is a basis of price. It should be said, to make the statement complete, that such is the basis, and the only basis of price, so as to exclude entirely the mixed consideration of sacrifice endured by the one party and benefit conferred upon the other. *All just price is in the nature of indemnification for damages.* If no damage is incurred, no matter how enormous the benefit conferred, there can be no just price, and, if the damage be ten times the amount of the benefit, the extent of the damage is nevertheless the measure of the price. Hence, the Cost Principle does not arbitrarily decide that there shall be no price for the use of capital, or even that the price shall be *extremely* low. It simply determines when a price is allowable, and furnishes the standard by which the legitimate amount of the price may be ascertained. It sides with neither of the combatants upon the question, as the question has heretofore been discussed, but comes in between them and points out a new line of demarkation between the right and the wrong of the matter.

227. This new line of demarkation runs with the amount of sacrifice which the owner and lender of capital undergoes in depriving himself temporarily of the use of it, no regard whatever being had to the amount of benefit which the borrower may derive from it. Hence it follows that all *surplus capital*—capital which the present convenience of the owner does not require for use or consumption, and which can be intrusted to the administration of another without more risk than would be incurred by retaining it in the custody of the owner (230)—will be open to loan, without price in the form of interest or rent. The element of risk is another ground upon which interest is defended. Just so far as augmented risk is actually incurred by a loan, it is, in fact, a legitimate element of price, being part of the cost or burden imposed upon the lender. It will be shown, however, presently, that by the operation of these principles risk will be reduced to a minimum,—to those inevitable, possible contingencies which may attach to the existence of wealth as well in the hands of the owner as anywhere else. Hence all capital which is a positive surplus over present necessities will be loaned—the moral and pecuniary security being ample—without price. (230.)

228. But then the objection arises that the real sacrifice made by the lender in depriving himself of the use of capital, as of money, for example, under the exist-

ing régime, is precisely measured by the amount of interest which can be obtained for it in the market; since by lending it without interest he is surrendering the opportunity to accumulate that amount, and hence that the new rule comes back practically to the same thing as the old one. The fallacy of this objection would be quite obvious except for the perversion of the moral sense induced by the corrupting influence of the system in which we live. As it is, it may be necessary to probe it and expose it. It can be no sacrifice, it is no burden, it costs nothing, *to the honest man*, to surrender the opportunity which the wants of others confer upon him to force them to give to him what he is not entitled to receive. It has been shown that he is entitled to receive nothing upon the ground of their wants, or the consequent benefit or relief which the loan will confer. The argument is this: I recognize that, in a transaction which I am about to have with you, the limits of my just demand against you are the same as those of the amounts and claims which I am about to surrender; but then I find that among other things I am about to surrender an opportunity which circumstances have placed in my power to cheat you out of a thousand pounds, and I wish thereupon to augment my demand by that amount. Do you not perceive that I immediately forfeit all title to the appellation of an honest man? Do you not perceive that the case is the same, if I first recognize that the price I can justly charge you for the use of capital is the sacrifice which it costs me to part with it, and I then propose to include in that sacrifice the chance of getting from some one else more than the just price?

229. Risk is stated by all writers on the subject as one of the grounds on which Interest or Rent on Capital rests, and I have admitted that it is a good ground of price just so far as the risk is augmented by the loan. Even in the existing order of society, however, it frequently happens that capital invested in the hands of another party is rendered quite as secure as it would be in the custody of the owner. It is possible, by bond and mortgage on real estate, for example, with an ample margin of value, to render the risk positively less than would be incurred by the owner in hoarding his wealth in his own strong box, or entrusting it to his banker. The risks of losing property are in some respects the same whether the owner retains it himself or permits it to go out of his hands; in other respects the risk is greatly enhanced, in the present state of things, by ceasing to guard it personally. Some risks, from the accidents of nature, are perhaps such that they can never be foreseen and guarded against by any arrangements whatever, let the property be where it may. These, if there are such, make no basis of interest or rent on the capital when loaned, as it is a cost which the owner of the property must endure in any event. Other risks, dependent on the accidents of nature, are capable of being estimated with sufficient precision to be covered by insurance. These risks again furnish no basis of interest or rent to be charged on the borrower, unless the property is going to be employed in a more hazardous way. If so, the augmented rate of insurance falls equitably upon the borrower, and marks precisely the extent to which this element is the basis of price. Finally, risks are incurred, now, by the chances of speculation which attend nearly every use of capital, and by the prevailing habits of dishonesty which grow out of speculation, the want of any known standard of honesty, the general prevalence of poverty, distress, and commercial revulsions, together with the consequent want of security of condition, — in other words, out of the want of any knowledge in the public mind of what honesty is, and the want of such conditions of the individual as render honesty possible. Under the operation of the Cost Principle speculation is extinguished, and the dishonesty which grows out of that root is extinguished along with it. Poverty, pecuniary distress, and commercial revulsions will cease, and a general security of condition will be achieved; and along with these changes will cease the temptations and constraint of circumstances, which force men now into dishonest practices, against the protest of their consciences, and to the absolute loathing of the real man within. An exact standard of honesty will exist in the mind of every one. Public sentiment will become as stringent in relation to the right and wrong of every commercial transaction as it is now in regard to bribe-taking and perjury; and, finally, every man, woman, and child will be a banker, with a reputation to preserve untarnished, as the sole condition of enjoying merely commercial advantages and facilities, worth more than the most unlimited credit in the existing order of commercial affairs. Dishonesty, therefore, will cease along with the cessation of speculation or profit-making, and with the inauguration of these new principles of society. It is a fruit which grows upon the tree which is now cultivated, not upon that which we are proposing to plant.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 110.

Sending immediately to clear away the ruins, she verified the news and became convinced that the deed was done by the Irish. But various witnesses had seen from a distance, roaming about the presbytery, two men with caps pulled down, one of whom soon fled, pushing before him the old Edwige, after which came the terrible explosion, sending the roof into the air, hurling the walls in all directions, and spreading a black smoke everywhere.

Again Lady Ellen became the prey of violent frights; but she conquered them; now the obsequies would not be longer delayed; they would take place the next day; numbers of the guests were already at the castle, and, surrounded with their friendship, or, at least, their solidarity, certain of being defended against any criminal surprise, and diverted by their society, notwithstanding the mournful gravity of the circumstances, she recovered herself completely.

After the ceremony, nothing would keep her at Cumslen-Park or in Ireland. It was natural that, widowed under such dreadful circumstances, she should leave the castle and the island, and travel. She would cross the channel and travel on the continent, safe from pursuit, if, her crime at last known, they should venture to trouble her.

In twenty-four hours there was little risk of any mischance occurring. The persecutions of which Richard had been the object would be no more renewed; on that side there was, then, nothing to fear; if, indeed, anyone had had any interest in denouncing them, he would not have waited till the last moment.

If even a vague accusation had been secretly murmured, it would have come to her; her friends would not have continued the affability, the courtesies, which they lavished on her: intimate friends, like Muskery, would have warned her, in order that she might avert the calumny; Lady Carlingsford, so garrulous, so malicious, and who so detested her, would not have failed to make some allusion to the rumor which was afloat, and, feigning to have no faith in it, of course, on her honor, would have propagated and proclaimed it at pleasure.

Since, of all these symptoms of an alarming rumor, none presented themselves, the Duchess, fatigued with her tormenting vigils, towards midnight, following the general counsel, went to bed, where she soon slept the sleep of the just!

CHAPTER XI.

During the fortnight that, in its brilliant uniform starred with decorations and covered with laces, it had lain on its funeral bed, the corpse of Newington, notwithstanding the fact that it had been most skilfully embalmed, had altered steadily.

The rosy light of the torches, flanking the catafalque worked with silver wire and adorned with plumes, was reflected in mortifying flesh, and, in spite of the incense, a nauseating odor filled the air, in which the rare conservatory flowers, gathered and renewed each morning, withered prematurely.

The officers, who, with drawn swords, formed, at the threshold, the supreme guard of honor, relieved each other three and even four times an hour, that the impure air might not affect them, and they extinguished the lights nearest the body, that their melting heat might not hasten the decomposition. On the morning of the obsequies, the servants succeeded in opening the windows, but could not push back the heavy shutters. Going outside to see what obstacle resisted so obstinately, they found that, during the night, in spite of the sentinels and the ferocious bull-dogs loose in the yard, mysterious workmen had firmly padlocked them.

But, afraid of exposing themselves to the vengeance of these hellish artisans, the lackeys, without consultation, with one accord, resolved not to touch the padlocks.

They must have been put there for a purpose, and common prudence forbade them to thwart it; how did they know that the crow-bars would not cause an explosion like that which had just destroyed the priest? No one wished to pass from life to death in perilous leaps which scatter one into fragments; better breathe the impure air during the funeral service.

There was nothing to be done, moreover, but to wait patiently; in a few short hours the obsequies would begin by the placing of the body in the coffin; with the morning it would be over, or by noon at the latest; and when they had crossed the room for some purpose, — to carry wreaths, change the faded flowers, or put in place seats that had been disarranged, they would run at once to wash themselves internally with copious draughts of port or whiskey.

And the friends, the guests, obliged to salute for a last time the remains of Newington before they should be enclosed in the triple bier of glass, cedar, and chased silver, did not tarry, but bent hastily over the corpse, and fled away with rapid step towards neighboring rooms or out of doors, where they breathed freely.

Only Sir Richard and Lady Ellen lingered about the body and returned to it continually together, or oftener separately, feverish and agitated, not exchanging a single word, Bradwell extremely grave, the Duchess animated, more impatient with the time which passed with such deplorable slowness!

The fortnight just ended had not contained a day so long, and this last hour really seemed eternal.

Ellen had finished her widow's toilet, received the mournful homage of a hundred persons, and more than twenty times already she had descended from her apartments to the chapel, kneeling for form's sake, for the world, looking at the corpse with eyes which she tried to wet with false tears.

Vainly her maids tried to keep her in the reception-room which was her place, pointing out to her the violation of etiquette committed by this constant desire to see the dead, to drag her affliction — although legitimate! — through the corridors, and to expose it noisily and immoderately in the face of all; she would pay attention for some minutes to their observations while they re-fastened her veil or adjusted some bit of crape which had escaped, or while she cast a last complacent glance in the glass, or while some late comer deposited at her feet the customary condolences.

But when nothing obliged her to remain in this official room, where, on a kind of throne raised upon a stage draped in mourning, she should have preserved with dignity, under the eyes of her servants, the rigidity of a statue, she would promptly abandon this post, and return to the chapel where the visitors were becoming fewer and fewer.

Noblemen from afar merely got down from their horses and assured her, like their predecessors, of vengeance on the mass of the Irish for the abominable crime committed by one of them, who had unfortunately escaped expiation.

They stayed no longer than necessary in the foul atmosphere, having come from the fresh air with lungs expanded by the run; and soon the Duchess found herself alone with the four priests bowed in prayer at the corners of the catafalque, who astonished her by showing no sign of physical disgust, though near the body and enveloped in the pestilence which escaped from it.

But for the force which imperiously led her back into this fetid place, how far she would have kept from it! But while she paraded elsewhere in the pomp of her mourning, or when she isolated her pretended sadness in the retreat of her own apartments, might not some incident happen which would suddenly compromise her security and revive all at once her exhausted fears? So she felt the urgent need of her presence to promptly avert and drive away all danger.

Neither this danger nor the event was clearly defined in her agitated mind, obscured by dense vapors pierced by fugitive gleams, and in which surged furtive visions of individuals, of objects, of countries, while a confusion of noises buzzed in her ears, — the roaring of a far-away incendiary fire, the monotonous rumble of the sea.

But in this tumult of her brain, the apprehension of the uncertain, of the unforeseen, of surprise, dominated her, and from time to time a kind of shudder at the imminent froze her limbs.

Therefore with what wishes, more intense each minute, she longed for the end of this delay!

She inwardly censured Sir Bradwell, who perhaps did not sufficiently hurry those in charge, or whose taciturn and gloomy grief they respected, not daring to disturb him to indicate that the moment of final separation was at hand.

Moreover, for every one's sake, it was important to terminate the ceremony, to remove from the interior of the castle these remains of the Duke which would scatter pestilence abroad and were, in any case, a monstrosity, the sight of which offended the most pious.

Truly Richard took pleasure in nightmares; he was peculiar in his tastes, and she was on the point of going to ask him to hasten the end of his ignoble dream.

At that very moment he entered the room.

Grown several years older, with hair turning gray, emaciated, and with feverish looks burning in the depths of his heavy and cavernous eyes, he walked automatically, aimlessly, as in a dream, a body wandering through a sorrowful Gehenna.

At the least noise he trembled, and the call of the Duchess, given rather emphatically, caused him a shiver and made him lift his head, which was bent forward on his breast, in a nervous start of painful surprise.

What did she wish? He contracted his eyebrows heavily, and, as he did not advance, but rather made a movement of recoil, she approached and severely, jestingly, invited him to look at his face, more mournful than was fitting, exaggerating

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies
Five Cents.

HENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER 5, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

On the fifteenth of October the American Secular Union met in the city of Chicago to hold its eleventh annual congress. It sat through six sessions, lasting two days. Many of the leading Freethinkers of the country took part in its proceedings, and much was said in a general way in honor of the liberty of speech.

Not far away from the hall in which this body sat, one of its members, Samuel Fielden by name, lay languishing in a dungeon which he had occupied for a year and a half, awaiting the execution, to take place within one month, of a death-sentence pronounced upon him for *no other offence than the exercise of the liberty of speech.*

Yet, throughout these six sessions, and among all the delegates present, not one voice was lifted, so far as appears from several long reports in the "Truth Seeker," in condemnation of the outrage thus in process of infliction upon a fellow-member of the body.

Shame! SHAME! SHAME!

An Unfortunate Analogy.

A question has arisen in England whether the public have a right of access to the top of Latrigg in Keswick Vale, the public claiming such right and certain landowners denying it. It is probable that the claim of the public is good, but, as I am not informed regarding the basis of the landholders' title in this particular case, it is not my purpose to discuss the matter. The London "Jus," however, has discussed the matter, and I refer to it only to expose an inconsistency into which that journal has fallen. It seems that Mr. Plimsoll, who champions the claim of the public, has made this declaration: "What Parliament has given Parliament can take away." Not rightly, declares "Jus;" and it imagines a case.

Suppose Parliament grants a life-pension to a distinguished general; suppose the next parliament, being of another color, rejects the grant,—will Mr. Plimsoll pretend that in such a case Parliament would have the right to take it away? Not he; no honest man could think so for a moment. Private persons do not consider themselves entitled to take back that which they have given to others, even without any consideration whatever.

True, so far as private persons are concerned. But private persons do consider themselves entitled to take back that which has been taken from them and given to others. If the body politic, or State, which compels A to belong to it and aid in supporting it, pledges a certain sum annually to B, and, to meet this pledge, forcibly collects annually from A a proportional part of the sum, then A, when he becomes strong enough, may not only decline to make any further annual payments to B, but may take from B all that he has been compelled to pay to him in the past. Today, to be

sure, A, as soon as he acquires power, generally vitiates his claim upon B by proceeding to pledge others in the same manner in which others, when they were in power, had pledged him. But this fact, being accidental rather than essential, has no logical bearing upon the question of A's right to recover from B. It follows, then, that private persons cannot be held to the pledges of an association which forces them into its membership, and that Parliament, which represents the will of a majority of the members of such an association, and of a majority which necessarily varies continually in its make-up, stands on a very different footing from that of private persons in the matter of observing or violating contracts.

But suppose the position of "Jus" that they stand on the same footing to be granted. What has "Jus" to say then? This,—namely, that it finds itself in sympathy with Mr. Plimsoll and the people of Keswick in their desire to enjoy the beautiful scenery of Latrigg; that it believes the right of way to such enjoyment was originally theirs; and that the sooner they recover it, the better. But how? It has already denied that "what Parliament has given Parliament can take away"; so it finds itself obliged to pick its way around this difficulty by the following devious path:

If Parliament has given away to private persons that which ought to have been retained in public hands for the public use and benefit, with or without sufficient (or any) consideration, then let the Nation keep faith and buy it back.

The italics are mine. Bearing them in mind, let us return to the analogy between Parliament and private persons. Do private persons, then, consider themselves entitled to *buy* back that which they have given to others, on terms fixed by themselves, and whether the others desire to sell or not? That the private person who gives a thing to another and afterwards compels the latter to sell it back to him is less a thief than he would have been if he had taken it back without compensation is a principle unrecognized, so far as I know, either in law or in political economy. No more can be said of such a robber than that he shows some consideration for his victim. Then, if Parliament and private persons stand on the same footing, whence does "Jus" derive the right of Parliament to forcibly buy back what it has given away?

"Jus" is a fine paper. It maintains certain phases of Individualism with splendid force and vigor. But it continually puts itself into awkward situations simply by failing to be thorough in its Individualism. Here, for instance, it denies the right of the State to take from the individual without compensation what it has given him, but affirms the right of the State to compel the individual to sell to it what it has given him. In a word, "Jus" is not Anarchistic. It does not favor individual liberty in all things. It would confine interference with it within much narrower limits than those generally set by governmentalsists, but, after all, like all other governmentalsists, it fixes the limits in accordance with arbitrary standards prescribing that interference must be carried on only by methods and for purposes which it approves on grounds foreign to the belief in liberty as the necessary condition of social harmony.

Economic Empiricism.

In order to understand this article, readers should first turn to the sixth page and there read the communication from T. W. Curtis, to which this is an answer. Mr. Curtis criticises an editorial entitled "Henry George's 'Secondary Factors'" and an editorial paragraph on Burnette G. Haskell's change of attitude towards Henry George, both of which appeared in No. 108. These also it would be well for readers to examine once more, if they do not clearly remember them.

Mr. Curtis's criticisms are based upon a series of misapprehensions of Liberty's statements, and in one instance upon something that looks very like deliberate misrepresentation.

In the first place, he misapprehends my expression of greater respect for and sympathy with the State Socialist than Henry George, seeming to think that this preference included in its sweep, not only matters of doctrine, but matters of tactics and spirit. The

form of my assertion shows that I confined it to doctrine simply. The declaration was that I have more respect for the State Socialist than for George "just as I have more respect for the Roman Catholic Christian, who believes in authority without qualification, than for the Protestant Christian, who speaks in the name of liberty but does not know the meaning of the word." No one but Mr. Curtis would dream of inferring from these words that I prefer the tactics and spirit of Torquemada to those of Channing. I left tactics and spirit entirely aside in making the above statement. In respect to conduct I asserted superiority neither for the State Socialist nor for George. Whether the State Socialists went to George or he to them, or which seceded from or betrayed the other, are questions which interest me only in a minor degree. To me reason is the highest and grandest faculty of man, and I place George lower in my esteem than the State Socialist because I consider him the greater offender against reason. This is the sense in which I prefer Catholicism to Protestantism, Asia to Europe, and monarchy to republicanism. The Catholic, the Asiatic, and the monarch are more logical, more consistent, more straightforward, less corkscrew, more strictly plumb-line, than the Protestant, the European, and the republican. This is not a novel idea, and I am at a loss to account for Mr. Curtis's surprise over it. Did he never hear that there is no half-way house between Rome and Reason? Likewise there is no room for logical, consistent theory or intelligent, systematic experiment between State Socialism and Anarchism. There is plenty of room between them to jumble theories and to experiment blindly, but that is all. The pity is that room of this kind should be so popular.

Yes, Henry George and his co-workers are of that class who "speak in the name of liberty, but do not know the meaning of the word." Mr. George has no conception of liberty as a universal social law. He happens to see that in some things it would lead to good results, and therefore in those things favors it. But it has never dawned upon his mind that disorder is the inevitable fruit of every plant which has authority for its root. As John F. Kelly says of him, "he is inclined to look with favor on the principle of *laissez faire*, yet he will abandon it at any moment, whenever regulation seems more likely to produce immediate benefits, regardless of the evils thereby produced by making the people less jealous of State interference." The nature of his belief in liberty is well illustrated by his attitude on the tariff question. One would suppose from his generalizations that he has the utmost faith in freedom of competition, but one does not realize how little this faith amounts to until he hears him, after making loud free trade professions, propose to substitute a system of bounties for the tariff system. If such political and economic empiricism is not rubbish beside the coherent proposals of either Anarchism or State Socialism, then I don't know chaff from wheat.

Liberty, of course, had something to do with the writing of "Progress and Poverty." It also had something to do with the framing of divorce laws as a relief from indissoluble marriage. But the divorce laws, instead of being libertarian, are an express recognition of the rightfulness of authority over the sexual relations. Similarly "Progress and Poverty" expressly recognizes the rightfulness of authority over the cultivation and use of land. For some centuries now evolution has been little else than the history of liberty; nevertheless all its factors have not been children of liberty.

Mr. Curtis tries to convict me of contradiction by pointing to my statement that Burnette Haskell, a State Socialist, has no definite ideas. This he thinks inconsistent with my praise of the simple stable views of the State Socialist. Here is where the color of misrepresentation appears. In order to make his point Mr. Curtis is obliged to quote me incorrectly. He attributes to me the following phrase: "the ridiculous figure the Socialists now cut in their sackcloth and ashes." My real words were: "the ridiculous figure that some of them now cut in their sackcloth and ashes." It makes all the difference whether in this sentence I referred to the whole body of State Socialists or only to a few individuals among them. It was precisely

because I was about to criticise the conduct of one State Socialist in order to show that he had no real idea of State Socialism that I felt it necessary to preface my criticism by separating doctrine from conduct and declaring my preference for the State Socialist over George in the matter of doctrine. But Mr. Curtis will have it that I took Haskell as a typical State Socialist, even if he has to resort to misquotation to prove it.

He next turns his attention to the editorial on "Secondary Factors." He thinks that my assertion that George asks labor to "begin this world anew" ought to be backed by some show of argument. Gracious heavens! I backed it at the beginning of my article by a quotation from George himself. Dislodged by his critics from one point after another, George had declared that "labor and land, even in the absence of secondary factors obtained from their produce, have in their union today, as they had in the beginning, the potentiality of all that man ever has brought, or ever can bring, into being." When such words as these are used to prove that, if land were free, labor would settle on it, even without secondary factors, — that is, without tools, — what do they mean except that the laborer is expected to "begin this world anew"? But if this is not enough for Mr. Curtis, may I refer him to the debate between George and Shewitch, in which the former, being asked by the latter what would have become of Friday if Crusoe had fenced off half the island and turned him loose upon it without any tools, answered that Friday would have made some fish-hooks out of bones and gone fishing? Isn't that sufficiently primitive to substantiate my assertion, Mr. Curtis? Tell Mr. George that the laborer can do nothing without capital, and he will answer you substantially as follows: Originally there was nothing but a naked man and the naked land; free the land, and then, if the laborer has no tools, he will again be a naked man on naked land and can do all that Adam did. When I point out that such a return to barbarism is on a par with the remedy attributed to the Nihilists, the total destruction of the existing social order, Mr. Curtis asserts that "this is wild talk," but his assertion, it seems to me, "ought to be backed by some show of argument."

He is sure, however, that there is no need of going to the backwoods. There is enough vacant land in the neighborhood of cities, he thinks, to employ the surplus workers and thus relieve the labor market. But this land will not employ any workers that have no capital, and those that have capital can get the land now. Thus the old question comes back again. Make capital free by organizing credit on a mutual plan, and then these vacant lands will come into use, and then industry will be stimulated, and then operatives will be able to buy axes and rakes and hoes, and then they will be independent of their employers, and then the labor problem will be solved.

My worst offence Mr. Curtis reserves till the last. It consists in telling the workman that he would be a fool not to prefer the street bands, the shop windows, the theatres, and the churches to a renewal of barbaric life. Mr. Curtis again misapprehends me in thinking that I commend the bands, the windows, etc. I said explicitly that there is nothing ideal about them. But society has come to be man's dearest possession, and the advantages and privileges which I cited, crude and vulgar and base as some of them are, represent society to the operative. He will not give them up, and I think he is wise. Pure air is good, but no one wants to breathe it long alone. Independence is good, but isolation is too heavy a price to pay for it. Both pure air and independence must be reconciled with society, or not many laborers will ever enjoy them. Luckily they can be and will be, though not by taxing land values. As for the idea that persons can be induced to become barbarians from altruistic motives in sufficient numbers to affect the labor market, it is one that I have no time to discuss. In one respect at least Mr. George is preferable to Mr. Curtis as an opponent; he usually deals in economic argument rather than sentimentalism.

In conclusion, I recommend to Mr. Curtis and those who agree with him the remarkable words (also on the sixth page) by R. S. Moffat on the "Inadequacy of

Land Gospels." Excepting the single statement that a general opportunity of sharing in the land would involve the surrender of the advantages of organized industry, the entire extract is admirable, and it thoroughly undermines all schemes for saving society by beginning with the land.

The Boston "Globe" having asked the Anarchists, who declare that they will not consult the State as to the weapons to be used for its destruction, how they can complain when the State, as in Chicago, does not consult them as to the way they shall be destroyed, "An Anarchist" thus replied in a communication: "The Anarchists view the State as an aggressor upon the individual, in the same sense that they regard the professional thief and murderer as an aggressor upon the individual. They intend to defend themselves against both, and will consult neither as to the methods of such defence. And when the Anarchists complain of the methods of either the State or the professional thief, they do not do so in the sense of expecting either to voluntarily abandon their aggressive practices. Both State and thief are regarded by the Anarchists as enemies of the human race, — *hostes humani generis*, — and no Anarchist thinks them susceptible (except under special circumstances) to appeals based on considerations of justice. The complaints which the Anarchists make are addressed, not to the offending State and thief, but to the public and the bystanders. The Anarchists, by these complaints, try to show the public that all honest people have a common interest against the invaders, and appeal to them for their coöperation in compelling the invaders to desist. And if any invaders have agreed with each other to follow certain rules in conducting their aggression, the Anarchists, like sensible men, will take advantage of those rules in their own defence." The "Globe" replied that the State is the public, and that Anarchists, in appealing to the public, thereby sustain the "Globe's" contention that they appeal to and complain of the State. Indeed! Then I suppose that, if Jake Sharp, instead of appealing to the supreme court, had appealed to the people to rise and rescue him from his prison, he would have been none the less appealing to the State, for the "Globe" says that the State and the people are one. But what else could it say? It had to say something, and "An Anarchist" had not left it the smallest loop-hole of escape.

Sir Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, the author of that wonderful poem, "The Wind and the Whirlwind," which will one day receive the approbation that it merits, but to which as yet even the readers of Liberty have done but scant justice, has thrown himself into the thick of Ireland's struggle with the same enthusiasm which marked his steadfast championship of Arabi Pasha, and, in consequence of resisting the police who hurled him from the platform at a "proclaimed" meeting in Ireland, has got himself into jail for two months. When he comes out, he will rank in Ireland second only to Parnell in popularity, and, though belonging to the Conservative party, will be honored as a hero by the Liberal Home Rulers of England. He is, of course, doing Ireland a poor service by furthering the ends of politicians like Parnell, who desire Ireland's separation only that they may take England's place as her oppressors, but none the less do his bravery and ardor and desire for justice separate him effectively from those Nationalists who are after power. This Blunt is a singular character. How a Catholic Tory, which he is said to be, could have written "The Wind and the Whirlwind," nearly every line of which breathes the spirit of rebellion, passes my comprehension.

During the meeting of the general assembly of the Knights of Labor at Minneapolis, many of the delegates met independently for the discussion of the various phases of the labor problem. At one of these gatherings the subject of "Anarchy" was debated, T. B. McGuire presiding. Anarchy was vigorously championed by Joseph A. Labadie, editor of the Detroit "Advance," and George Schilling of Chicago, and strong Anarchistic tendencies were shown by W. E. Farmer of Minneola, Texas, Paul T. Bowen of

Washington, D. C., and Charles Henrie of Topeka, Kansas.

Putting the Psycho-Twist on Chicago.

Whoever has once listened to a lecture by George Francis Train knows to what a sparkling and animated compound of wit, wisdom, eccentricity, and extravagance that unparalleled individual treats his audiences. Whoever has not may derive a faint idea of it from the following endeavor of the Chicago "News" to report the unreportable:

About five hundred men and a few women assembled in the Princess skating-rink yesterday afternoon to listen to George Francis Train. He was dressed in a black cutaway suit, white vest, plain black cravat, lavender kid gloves, and patent-leather shoes. Two uniformed policemen and a half-dozen central detectives stood in the rear of the hall outside the ticket gate.

"Being born on the mountain-top," said Mr. Train, "I saw you couldn't hang seven men in Chicago for committing no crime." [Great applause.] "I have come here in splendid condition and in good nature; I am going to move here and settle down. All in favor of my living here say aye! [Ayes vociferously granted.]

"You hang those seven men if you dare, and I will head twenty million workmen to cut the throats of everybody in Chicago. All in favor of cutting the throats of everybody in Chicago say aye! [Aye, given with a roar of laughter, and Train winks at the reporters.] I have come here to make no trouble, to organize no conspiracies; the seven ropes are not yet ready, and the seven coffins are not yet here. If you want me to be your friend, then be mine.

"How can you convict men of being accessories to a crime for which there is no principal?" he suddenly shouted. "Furthermore, how are these men accessories, and why should they hang? By similar reasoning Jeff Davis and Robert E. Lee ought to have hanged for the firing on Sumter; Denis Kearney, the rest of the sand-lotters, and all the coast editors ought to hang for the Rock Springs Chinese massacre which they fomented; and Mayor Harrison and the chiefs of police who permitted the Anarchist leaders to incite the Haymarket massacre during years of inflammatory speeches should hang. [Cheers of evidently earnest indorsement.] The fact is, they don't intend to hang them. It's a 'boodle' bluff for election purposes; else why should the execution have been fixed for after the election? How were they convicted? How was the evidence secured? Suppose I had been there, speaking as I now am, which is twice as incendiary, if you will it, as the speeches of Parsons and Fielden! The officers would have arrested me. For what? For making an inflammatory speech. Is there anything in the constitution of the United States against making an inflammatory speech? [A unanimous "No!"] Then all in favor of making an inflammatory speech whenever they like, say aye!"

There was no division in the "aye" which the audience gave him.

"Then they would have searched my lodgings. They would have found my old duelling pistols, my old shotgun, and my old red bandana which Allen G. Thurman gave me in Ohio thirty years ago. 'Ha, a red flag, more damning evidence!' Does the constitution of the United States say anything against carrying a red flag? ['No!'] from the audience.] Then all in favor of carrying red flags if they like, say aye!"

A pretty general, but rather weak, "aye" was given, while one old man near the front arose and delivered himself of such a pronounced and long-sustained "n-o-o-o" that every one laughed heartily.

"That's right," cried Train; "I'm with my dissenting friend. The stars and stripes are still good enough for me, and good enough for any good cause," at which he was rousing applauded.

"But," said the lecturer, emphatically, "do you know what I would have done if I had been at home when the police called? Well, I would have kicked them down the stairs just so-fashion," and, taking a long run across the stage, he launched a kick into the air that would have done credit to a star *de ballet*, and which served to move his audience to roars of laughter and applause.

"Manhood is dead, or not a house in Chicago would have been searched. [Cheers.]

"What do they want to hang these men for? Are they afraid of them? I wouldn't so far make a laughing-stock of myself and insult my manhood as to be afraid of seven little picayune Anarchists up here in the county jail. All in favor of making a laughing-stock of himself say aye!" [Prolonged cheering and laughter, and again Train winks at the reporters.]

Once in the midst of his speech Mr. Train put it to vote before the reporters whether he should cease or proceed. The four who were present urged him on, and, with the remark "Sixty-five millions of people want to hear more," he resumed his lecture. At last, when he determined to end his remarks, he called out: "All who think they've got their money's worth say aye."

The "ayes" were given without dissent, and, with three cheers for Train, the audience arose and left the hall.

(Continued from page 3.)

the desolation, positively overwhelmed; a face of a lover whose mistress, adored as a radiant divinity, has expired in his arms.

But the free tone of this mocking reproach grated very harshly upon Richard in such a place, two steps from the corpse of their victim, and he manifested his feeling by somewhat bitter words, a recall to shame which she did not accept.

For some days Bradwell had been very irritable with her and had spoken to her harshly.

Although no secret menace came now to trouble him as at the beginning, touched with remorse, he felt towards Ellen a commencement of aversion which was increasing, which struggled still with the passion existing for the damnable marvel, —so seductive, pale, and slightly thinner, that is to say, refined, in her long mourning garments,—and which would end by triumphing over it.

Nevertheless Richard, in his justice, reacted against this new impulse; he did not recognize that he had a right to hate the Duchess, at least as the instigator and principal author of the poisoning of his father: this crime flowed from the other, from the first crime committed against Sir Newington,—adultery, almost incest; and the responsibility of that belonged to him alone.

To be continued.

Inadequacy of Land Gospels.

(R. S. Moffat in London Jus.)

The end of agriculture is to provide raw material for the supply of material wants to the community at large. But raw material is, as a rule, incompetent to the supply of human wants. It would be of no value unless it were elaborated, and there are many wants to which it ministers only in a very subordinate degree. Consequently, unless agricultural laborers can supply material for a very large number of additional laborers, human wants will be very badly supplied. It follows, then, that the greater the surplus population the agricultural population can provide for, the greater will be their efficiency, and the higher will be the contribution they will make to the general prosperity of the country. With regard to this interest it is no concern of the outside population how the earnings of agricultural industry are distributed among landlords, farmers, and laborers. Their concern is simply in the proportion of the aggregate earnings that are disposable for the employment of outside labor. This implies that the aggregate agricultural body is not the community, but a section of the community; and that the more successful it is in performing its functions, the smaller proportion does it bear in numbers to the other sections of the community. I am at present supposing a self-contained community,—that is, I am not taking account of importation of raw material.

Now, this conclusion disposes at once of a few land gospels. When we are exhorted on the one hand to give every man an opportunity of sharing in the land, and, on the other, to hand over the whole land to State-management for the benefit of the community, or to substitute for the State something like the ancient Commune, whether these gospels may emanate from France, Switzerland, or California, we can recognize in them nothing adapted to the wants of a free and progressive community. The first requires us to surrender the advantages of organized industry, and to allow each cultivator of the soil lamely to supplement his agricultural labor by the isolated manufacturing industry of his own family. The second proposes to deprive the agricultural classes of the motives to industry by taking away an arbitrary share of their earnings to be spent in subsidizing other classes, so as to weaken their motives to industry. The third is simply a proposal to go back to the initial stage of industrial organization.

All these reforms ignore one great fact in the history of industrial development,—the growth of the landless capitalists. It is not my business to say that the present stage of industrial development is its final stage; but it is certain that in the present stage of development it is not the landlord, but the capitalist without land, who is the true organizer of industry. Hence, if there is anything wrong in the organization, it is to the capitalist, and not to the landlord, that suspicion primarily attaches. But the capitalist cannot be got rid of by going back to the very conditions which developed him. If there is any defect in the present arrangement, progress from it will be forward, not backward. These gospels are condemned not merely because they are retrogressive, not merely because they are opposed to the liberty which the progress of development has promoted, but on the specific economic ground that they are disproportioned to the problem they propose to solve. They treat the interests of a section of the community as those of the whole, and they pretend to cure the whole economic ills of society by annulling the variety of production produced by scientific development, and driving back the whole population on the most primitive and least productive toils.

Liberty and the George Theory.

There is much in Liberty to admire, and in Anarchism that I believe has a divine right of way. But I see little of these qualities in the criticisms made by Editor Tucker on the George movement, and much, as I think, of the exaggeration and inconsistency inherent in the Anarchistic temper and teachings.

You have "more respect," you say, "for the State Socialist than for Henry George," and "in the struggle between the two your sympathy is with the former." This is vague, to say the least; and the meaning is not helped by the comparison with "the Roman Catholic who believes in authority without qualification, and the Protestant who speaks in the name of liberty, but does not know the meaning of the word." Such expressions seem to me to point no issue, but to dodge or confuse issues. The question is threefold, relating to tactics, spirit, and doctrine, which are not always one, or of the same relative importance. You do not say whether the expulsion of the Socialists was just, whether they acted in good faith as members of the United Labor party, or believed their doctrine had any logical filiation with its platform. This ought to have something to do with our "respect" and "sympathy." To hold to the belief of a Roman Catholic is one thing, and to enter an evangelical body as an emissary of the Pope is quite another. You seem to slur this issue in speaking merely of "the ridiculous figure the Socialists now cut in their sackcloth and ashes," for "ridiculous" is not a word of a very specific meaning. But your closing remark appears to be a contradiction of the first so praiseful of the simple stable views of the State Socialist, for of the act of the "Labor Enquirer" in hoisting Henry George's name one day and pulling it down the next you say it shows, not a revolution in ideas, but that it had "no ideas definite enough to be revolutionized"!

And do you really believe that Protestantism is not an advance on Roman Catholicism; that such men as Luther, Wesley, Channing, are not as "respectable" as the Roman pontiffs? Do you think the apostate or rebellious element in both Church and State is not as deserving of respect as the older body, simply because it does not reach the goal of freedom at a bound? Have you more sympathy with Asia than Europe, with Europe than America, with unqualified despotism than with a constitutional monarchy, with monarchy than with republicanism? And is there no room for theory or experiment between State Socialism and Anarchism, no foothold for large views and manly purposes? Are Henry George and his co-workers of the class who "speak in the name of liberty, but do not know the meaning of the

word"? Is their talk and spirit rubbish by the side not only of Anarchism, but its opposite, State Socialism? Did liberty have nothing to do with the writing of "Progress and Poverty," that book that has set so many to thinking and acting, and has done more to popularize the science of political economy than the writings of any dozen men, if not of all men, on that theme? Had liberty nothing to do with the starting of the "Standard," the Anti-Poverty Society, the anointing of McGlynn, Pentecost, Huntington, Redpath, McGuire, and the rest of the new apostolate of freedom? I am aware there are things connected with this reform to which exceptions can and must be made, but they do not prove it is not liberty's offspring, an onward movement freighted with benefit for the race.

Of a piece with this criticism is another article in the same number, in which you go even farther and say: "Mr. George may as well understand first as last that labor will refuse to begin this world anew. It never will abandon even its present meagre enjoyment of wealth and the means of wealth which have grown out of its ages of sorrow, suffering, and slavery. If Mr. George offers it land alone, it will turn its back upon him. It insists upon both land and tools." That is an astounding assertion that he asks labor to "begin this world anew," and to "abandon" what it already has, and ought to be backed by some show of argument; but I see none. How are the people to lose by being made their own landlords? How are they to be robbed of their present advantages in having the land made free? Your whole argument, filling a column, is that "the city operative will not be tempted to leave what he has for the semi-barbarous condition of the backwoodsman without an axe, building a hut of mud, striking fire with flint and steel, and scratching a living with his finger nails"! Now, if the vacant lots and tracts of land in and about all the cities are brought into use by being built upon or cultivated, will not the stimulus given to industry and the increased opportunity for employment resulting therefrom not only enable the operative to buy an axe, rake, hoe, hammer, saw, and even a horse and plough? And not only this, but to find a suitable patch of land without going so far beyond the boundaries of civilization as you imagine? But the idea is not that every one will become a farmer or landowner, but that the cheapening and freeing of this primary factor of production, the land, will make it possible for those of very limited means and resources to do more for themselves and for the world than now, besides rendering capital more active, more productive; the clear tendency of which would be to relieve the labor market, and make the demand for labor greater than the supply, and so raise wages and secure to labor its just reward. And you do not see how this is in the interest of freedom; how the freeing of land will enable men to become the possessors, not only of the tools they need, but of their individuality as well! Taking taxes off industry, and substituting therefor the social values given to land, you call retrogression, or rather "a remedy similar—for a part of mankind at least—to that attributed to the Nihilists, the total destruction of the existing social order, and the creation of a new one on its ruins"! This is wild talk, and is none the less so because of the use of the feeble adjective, "similar," and the halting phrase, "at least a part of mankind," which destroy the value of the comparison for the purpose of argument, and, like the words "respect," "sympathy," "ridiculous," and "semi-barbarous," show that Liberty, the Anarchist organ *par excellence*, may dogmatize instead of reason, and make personal dictum or caprice the standard of right.

But there is something of more consequence than the vulnerable points in Liberty's logic, for it goes deeper. Granting that this reform does mean the creation of a new order involving losses and sacrifices to the individual for a generation, is that its condemnation? Words cannot express my astonishment at the manner in which Liberty tells its readers that the city operative cannot be tempted "to begin life as a barbarian, even with the hope that in the course of a lifetime he may slightly improve his condition," for he would be a "fool" not to prefer to this the city with its "street bands," "shop windows," "theatres," and "churches," even though he have to "breathe tainted air" and "dress in rags." Ah, it is indeed true, as you say, "man does not live by bread alone," and for that reason he prefers pure air and independence along with isolation and struggle, to tainted air and serfdom along with brass bands and hand organs, gaudy windows, and Black Crook performances. But is that "beginning life as a barbarian," no matter with implements however rude, at places however remote from the centres of pride and luxury, with fruits of toil however slow in ripening, if the persons are moved by the thought of bettering, not their own condition merely, but that of the world, of the generations to come? Have not the pioneers of freedom, the vanguards of civilization, again and again "begun life as the barbarian," so to speak? This reform, it is true, means "bread," but bread for all, though there be luxury for none. We know the advantages of city life, and for that reason we would deny ourselves those advantages in order that cities might spread and civilization expand.

We want the earth, but do not mean to run away with it; there will still be plenty of room,—yes, more than before, far more. It will be the beginning, not the end, of reform; not the last step, but a great stride forward. Socialism and Anarchism will both have a better chance than now, if the insufficiency of the principle is proven. For it is Socialistic in asserting the common ownership of the soil and governmental control of such things as are in their nature monopolies, while it is Anarchistic in leaving all else to the natural channels of free production and exchange, to free contract and spontaneous cooperation.

T. W. CURTIS.

Bound to Go Slow, Even If He Goes Backward.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In discussing Henry George in your paper, you say: "George offers Labor land; Labor insists on both land and tools." Now, why don't you go with George until you get part of what you want,—free land? After that, may be it will be easier to get the rest,—free capital. What labor wants is a leader. George made a magnificent start in New York last fall, when he pooled sixty-eight thousand votes. If free land gets a start of free capital anywhere, why not give it a boost, like practical men, and bide your time on the capital question? I presume you believe in evolution. Nature goes slow, one thing at a time, from the simple to the complex. Let us go up stairs one step at a time. It will be easier and surer than to try and leap the whole flight at once.

LABOR'S FRIEND.

[In the words quoted from me it was not my intention to admit that George's scheme would make land free, but only to say that, were it to do so, still land would be practically useless to the laborer without capital. I oppose the land-tax scheme because it would not make land free, but would simply make a change of landlords, and because it would enormously increase the power of a worse foe to labor than the landlord,—namely, the State. With men like J. K. Ingalls, who really favor free land and think it of chief importance, I have no quarrel. On the contrary, following the advice of my friend and labor's, I "give them a boost" whenever I can, though I think them mistaken in not giving the capital question precedence, and tell them so. George may be a magnificent leader, but he is either a blind or a false one, and, if Labor follows him, it will fall into the ditch. One step at a time is enough for me, but it must not be backward or ditchward. —EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Egoism and Its Opposite.

I acknowledge the kindly spirit with which my friend, Mr. Yarros, received my criticism, and wish to reciprocate his compliment. In this discussion there is not only a difference in our ideas, but a difference in the use of terms. If justice and liberty are not rights, to me they are unmeaning words. To me, therefore, it seems an absurdity, after saying that justice is the condition of happiness, to add that no rights can be recognized. Nor, further, does it seem an accurate use of language to say that a man *chooses* a death which he has been *forced* to accept. But a mere verbal dispute has no charms for me, and may be carried on indefinitely without any useful result. So I will content myself with the statement of my ideas, and submit them to a comparison with Mr. Yarros's.

My young friend (I trust my age is ample excuse for addressing him thus, if Miss Kelly's is not) states the proposition that "personal satisfaction is the sole object in life." This is contradicted by my studies, my observation, and all my experience. Right and wrong are clearly-defined, but adverse, qualities. The terms "selfish" and "disinterested" are necessities of our language, because they signify motives of an opposite, if not antagonistic, nature, between which life is a constant struggle. If men are to live in harmonious social relations, there must be some common standard of action. If each man were guided only by his own desires, there would be continual conflict. Therefore I said that the mutual recognition of individual rights was the best condition of security. What would be the result if all rights were discarded, and love of pleasure became the sole spring of action? Suppose a man took pleasure in doing wrong (this has seemed to be the delight of some persons): how would that promote the general happiness?

A man will labor in support of some object which he deems good and noble at the cost of pain and discomfort to himself. For this he sacrifices his means, his comfort, and perhaps his good name. He does it, not from love of pleasure, because he would find more personal satisfaction in a different course. He does it, let us suppose, that he may do his part to make the world a better place to live in. He foregoes present enjoyment to provide better conditions of happiness for others. Now, what is the proof that this is a nobler motive than that of self-indulgence? It is to be found all through history. Such men have aided human advancement more than all other classes of men. The mere lovers of pleasure are content to "let the world wag"; to be silent in the presence of great wrongs; to be deaf to the cry of human distress; to be indifferent to the outrages that make millions mourn. If there were not such a thing as "devotion to an idea," such people would be, unhappily, more numerous than they are. An idea is the torch that lights the pathway of human progress. An idea is the intangible, but irresistible, force which inspires the noblest purpose.

The character of any action may be (though perhaps not always) stamped by the motive that impels it. This is seen in so trifling a matter as a writer's assumption of a pseudonym. He may wish that his work should be judged on its merits, without reference to the fame or obscurity of the author. In this case his motive may be pure, and his act not deserving of censure. Or he may wish not to be known as the writer of what he prints. If he publishes anonymously because he dares not face the responsibility he would otherwise incur, or because he fears unpleasant personal consequences if he were known, his motive is detestable. (I intend in this illustration no reference to Tak Kak, whom I do not know, and whose identity I cannot guess.)

Take some other classes of actions. Suppose three persons become involved in the meshes of the same circumstance, and, whatever any two of them may do, the third must be a sufferer in consequence. Now, if I understand my friend's philosophy, the Egoist, finding that a certain course of action in this matter would add immensely to his personal satisfaction, would take that course if he thought he would thereafter be "safe and secure in his possessions." On the other hand, the Altruist (as I conceive him) would renounce the thought of his personal satisfaction, and forego the possible pleasure, before he would seek his happiness at the cost of another's misery.

Take another illustration. Here is a great reform or revolution, indispensable to the best welfare of the human family. The Egoist would say, "This is a good thing; but, if I go into it, I shall lose many valued friends, endure the pangs of social ostracism, and perhaps endanger my neck. I live for pleasure, and cannot think of it." The Altruist would say, "If I embrace this cause, my name will become a reproach; I must give up happiness, and make my life one of toil, privation, and obloquy. But I am indebted to the past; and if I have plucked apples from trees I never planted, I must plant trees from which not I but others can gather the fruit. The world's heroes and martyrs helped to make me what I am; if I would emulate their spirit, I must not falter now."

Heroes and martyrs! Why are their names valued among us? Because they rebuke that easy-going, pleasure-loving spirit which would take the world as it is, and make no effort to purify and ennoble it; because human life is not so wretched as it would have been had they never lived and suffered; and because of the existence in human nature of those instincts and impulses which sprang into active

life despite the smothering passions of barbarism, which burst the shackles of superstition and despotism, and without which man today would have been a savage, with no shelter but the caves.

I do not deny that the noble men and women who in life and death have added a new glory to human nature experienced a serene joy in their high purpose; but their joy was moral and not physical,—that is, it was joy of the heart, not of the senses. They did not make happiness the sole object in life, nor seek to avoid pain. They were impelled by impulses they could not resist and be at peace with themselves. They took up their lives, not as a pleasure, but as a burden. Surely there is a radical difference between such a spirit and that which is content with the satisfaction of desire. I fear that Egoism would not swell to any great extent the ranks of heroes and martyrs.

J. M. L. BABCOCK.

Wanted—the Opposite of Egoism.

"Anyone having any information as to the whereabouts of the 'opposite of Egoism,' as well as any knowledge of some characteristic feature which can serve as a means of its detection and identification, will confer a great favor by addressing Mr. J. M. L. Babcock (in care of Liberty, Box 3366), who has been engaged for some time in a fruitless search of that object. The undersigned, though not an authorized agent of Mr. Babcock, takes a deep interest in the matter, and is ready to reasonably remunerate any person or persons furnishing the desired information or helping to lay hold on the 'opposite of Egoism.'"

The above "ad" was hurriedly written after a sympathetic examination of Mr. Babcock's "statement of ideas." I intended to publish it in all the principal labor and reform periodicals in the civilized world, and to postpone my reply to Mr. Babcock till the "ad" should be answered and the "opposite" found.

Not that I hoped to be able to destroy it after it was produced. Indeed, I despaired of my case, and felt that there was no chance for me and no use to exhaust my feeble powers, the moment Mr. Babcock declared that his "young friend's" Egoistic views are "contradicted by his studies, his observation, and all his experience." How could I, a poor young creature, with whom even Miss Kelly scorned to debate serious questions, undertake to argue with Mr. Babcock, whose age Miss Kelly herself would no doubt consider ample excuse for his addressing her as a young friend. No, the question was settled, and I admonished myself to take to heart the lesson and behave better in the future. My purpose in the above "want" was merely the innocent one of securing an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the "opposite of Egoism" and closely study it before accepting it as a guide in place of that usurper, Egoism, who so criminally imposed upon my inexperience and, shamelessly abusing my youthful confidence, led me into ways that are evil.

In short, I wished to become the opposite of an Egoist, which I could not be without knowing what the opposite of Egoism was, which knowledge, alas! I could not find in Mr. Babcock's statement.

Upon further thought, however, I decided to take no hasty action, and to solicit another consultation with Mr. Babcock before proceeding with the execution of my designs. To say the truth, I strongly suspect that I do not understand Mr. Babcock. Perhaps, in fact, my "inaccurate use of language" stands in the way of my having an accurate *understanding* of it.

Mr. Babcock denies that "personal satisfaction is the sole object in life." He says: "Man will labor in support of an object . . . at the cost of pain and discomfort to himself. For this he sacrifices his means, his comfort, and perhaps his good name." But the question is, *why* man will do all that? What is it that makes him follow such a course? I will let Mr. Babcock answer my questions. "They [the noble men who made sacrifices] were impelled by impulses they could not resist and be at peace with themselves." Precisely; but is this the opposite of Egoism? Where is the sacrifice and the self-denial? Those of our readers who have an accurate understanding of language will judge whether it is an "accurate use" of language to say that a man labors for an object at the cost of *sacrifice* because it would be *painful* for him to desist from such labor. My use and understanding of language would lead me to say that the man who labors for an object at the cost of pain does so because he finds such pain as he has to endure in the work far less acute than the pain which any other course would entail upon him. Where a choice of evils is unavoidable, men who do not believe in duty naturally take that course which seems least unpleasant. And we saw that Mr. Babcock entirely ignored the considerations of duty.

Should Mr. Babcock complain of misrepresentation, and remind me that he distinctly stated that "they [the heroes and martyrs] took up their lives, not as a pleasure, but as a burden," I will refer him to his own words: "I do not deny that the noble men . . . experienced a serene joy in their high purposes." Are a "serene joy" and a "burden" synonymous terms in Mr. Babcock's "accurate" use of language? Surely the claim that there is a "radical difference" between being "impelled by impulses which it is impossible to resist and remain at peace with one's self" and "satisfy-

ing a desire" can only be explained by some inaccuracy in the use of language. To me these are simply two forms of expressing the Egoistic explanation of motive for any given conduct. I am aware that Mr. Babcock makes a distinction between joys of the heart and physical joys, and implies that the Egoists, when speaking of happiness and personal gratification, mean only physical joys. But I challenge him and all the other of our opponents to produce a single sentence from the writings of the Egoists which warrants the inference that "joys of the heart" are foreign to our conception of happiness. If Mr. Babcock read my last article with any attention at all, he could not have failed to note that, in speaking of personal pleasures, I mentioned the pleasure which is derived by some from reading Mill's "Logic" or Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus."

Having shown that Mr. Babcock himself offers nothing in explanation of noble deeds other than "serene joy" and the desire to be at peace with one's self, I could lay down my pen and claim a complete victory over the "opposite of Egoism," whatever it may be; but I will not abandon him at such a critical moment. Let us look into his "instances."

The use of *noms de plume* has no relation whatever to the question at issue. The reasons for concealing identities are as numerous as the writers having recourse to pseudonyms. No general rule can be established.

In the hypothetical case of three persons involved, etc., it is safe to say that, whatever the parties may determine upon, that determination will be dictated by "personal happiness." Whether one chooses to be the sufferer, or whether he tries to protect himself at the cost of another's misery, he is merely following the line which is to him of the least resistance. We frequently see people who "love not wisely but too well" do many humiliating and bad things for the purpose of gratifying their idols which they would never do for themselves; and, on the other hand, we know of cases where worshippers preferred to die rather than allow their adored objects to taste of the cup of degradation. In both cases their conduct was thoroughly Egoistic.

People engage in reform movements or become revolutionists because they are "impelled by impulses which they can not resist." They may be forced to renounce some pleasures and endure some hardships, but they find this incomparably easier than to bear the burden of a servile and cowardly existence. Those that are satisfied with things as they are take no part in revolutionary movements. Those who are *dissatisfied* and struggle for some reformation cannot ask us to bow to their superiority and venerate them for their "sacrifices." (Mr. Babcock, exhorting us to prostrate ourselves before the martyrs and heroes of the world's history, points out that it is illogical to say that they *chose* to accept the tragic fates which were *forced* upon them. Cannot Mr. Babcock see that, if the Chicago prisoners were promised liberty on condition of their espousing the side of monopoly, and they, rather than accept freedom at such a price, accepted death, they would be exactly in the position of which I spoke,—*choosing* the death which, in a sense, was *forced* upon them?)

The truth that all men are Egoists once recognized, the question of a "common standard of action" settles itself very easily. No duties and no rights existing, everybody governs himself by his own appetite and understanding. Continual conflict, insecurity of life and possessions, and general confusion being the inevitable outcome of such a state of things, intelligent self-interest slowly but surely develops a common standard and brings about a conception of equal liberty and equitable dealing. The desire for order and security produces harmony and peace. When an individual finds pleasure in violating such common standards, there is no reason in existence for him to deny himself such a pleasure. The consequences of his acts may help to clear up his ideas on the subject, and show him that he has a greater interest in maintaining the general harmony than he supposed he had. In the future he is more careful about his pleasures. But, apart from self-interest, there is absolutely nothing to induce him to show any deference for the rules of conduct which others, be they small or large in numbers, adopt for themselves with a view to secure their own welfare.

To conclude: while I made it apparent that it was impossible for Mr. Babcock to maintain the altruistic illusion without falling into glaring inconsistency and comical self-contradiction, I am far from charging him with either deliberately deceiving himself or trying to deceive others. He simply confuses his thought by the persistent endeavor to make old theological terms voice new ideas and newly-reached conclusions. The Egoists pronounce such labor futile as well as wholly unnecessary, and repudiate the "brainless words" along with the worn-out fictions which they denote; and they expect and insist that the definitions of the terms which they use shall be taken from them and not from unrecognized sources. Is this too much to ask from people who desire to merit the reputation of candor and fairness?

V. YARROS.

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EF American Agent of the London Anarchist, Freedom, Justice, Commonwealth, and To-Day.

Bordello's Labor News Agency,
104 & 106 E. 4TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Liberty

• NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER • PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 8.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

Whole No. 112

They never fail who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates and castle walls—
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 111.

230. It follows from these considerations that all that class of risks—now by far the most considerable—which arise out of the contingencies of speculative commerce and the prevalent dishonesty of commercial nations disappear so soon as true principles are in operation. Hence they cease to be taken into account as a basis of interest or rent on capital. The lender lends with entire confidence, resting upon the security of the property loaned,—which will remain in some form always on hand to meet his demand,—the actual risks from the accidents of nature being covered, so far as practicable, by insurance. He recognizes in principle that his capital earns nothing; hence, if it is surplus with him,—that is, if he desires to make no other present use of it than merely to preserve it,—it becomes at first immaterial to him whether it remains in his own custody or in the custody of a friend, while, in the second place, it is a relief to him to be freed from its administration in the intermediate time; and, finally, he will be, along with all the rest of the community, a participant in the benefits which will result to the whole public from having it occupied in any enterprise conducted upon the Cost Principle. Hence again it follows, as stated in the preceding chapter (222), that “whoever evinces the highest grades of inventing and organizing talent will have the command, freely, of the requisite capital to aid the execution of his designs, limited only by the aggregate amount of surplus capital in the community, as compared with the number of such beneficent enterprises on foot.”

231. It is nevertheless true that under the operation of these principles there are circumstances in which the use of capital is fairly a matter of price. Such is the case whenever the capital loaned is not a surplus above present needs, and when, consequently, to make the loan at all is to postpone one's own present enjoyment, and hence to endure a sacrifice,—to assume cost. It is the same with labor done for another at a time when it is an inconvenience to perform it. To render this distinction, and also the difference between the operation of true principles and of the present false principles, more obvious, let us assume an illustrative case.

Suppose twenty families of emigrants landing in Oregon. All need houses forthwith. But houses for all cannot be built at once. It is assumed, now, that it is morally and economically right that those who are willing to give the largest amount of their present wealth or future labor for the assistance of the others should have their houses built first, that the enhancement of price in consideration of credit is in the nature of interest, and hence that interest is right.

The answer is this: Cost has its positive and negative aspect. It includes, 1. Active performance of painful labor; 2. Passive suffering, sacrifice, deprivation, or endurance. Under this second head I legitimately charge a price for the surrender of the use of capital (my labor being also capital), at any time when it would be really advantageous to me to use it for myself; but the exact measure of the price of such surrender is the amount of that sacrifice,—not the amount of the benefit which I shall confer on another by making it. It is legitimate that the party who postpones building at a sacrifice to himself for the accommodation of another shall charge an enhanced price. So far we seem to go toward admitting the basis of interest, which is assumed. This enhancement of price is entirely different, however, from interest on money, as now in use. Such as it is, it is not only entirely harmonious with, but is absolutely demanded by, the Cost Principle, the foundation of the charge being the cost or pain endured.

232. You are right in assuming that, in the case put, an enhanced price should be charged. You are wrong in assuming that the measure of that enhanced price is the amount of present wealth or future labor which the several parties are respectively willing to give to obtain the accommodation. Those parties will be willing to give most who stand most in want of shelter; in other words, those who would suffer most from being unhoused; in other words, again, the weak and feeble, the invalid, the unprotected women and children. They are willing to give or promise most, because their wants are greatest; in other words, because the value to them of comfortable shelter is greater than it is to the robust and enduring. This, then, is the value principle, or the supply-and-demand principle, as it is sometimes called,—the false principle of commerce which now prevails,—the antipodes of the Cost Principle,—the true principle of commerce, which will prevail under the reign of Equity.

233. Let us see now the application of the Cost Principle to the case in hand. An enhanced price is to be charged by those who postpone their own accommodation, but that enhancement is measured by the amount of sacrifice or inconvenience suffered. Consequently the stronger, the healthy, and those most accustomed to hardships, will postpone their own accommodation for less augmentation of price than others, and the weak and suffering will be housed first, as they ought to be morally, and at the cheapest rate, as they ought to be economically. A false principle always puts on the guise of a true principle. Hence, both the Value Principle and the Cost Principle promise the same thing, and will begin by building the houses of those who are in the greatest want first; but the Value Principle robs the weak for whom it builds, during the process, and then builds more magnificently for the strong, making hewers of wood and drawers of water of the weak forever afterward. It is again seen, therefore, that the Value, or Supply-and-Demand Principle is the essential element of the civilized cannibalism which now prevails, and the Cost Principle the essential element of true or harmonic relations among men.

234. There is still another ground upon which a defence of interest is set up. It is said that trees grow, or, in other words, that property has a natural tendency to increase, and hence that a smaller amount of property in hand now is, upon natural principles, worth as much as a larger amount to come into possession one, two, or three years hence, and hence, again, that I ought to receive more in payment of a debt which is postponed, which is again in the nature of interest.

It has been stated that, in the case of a real inconvenience occasioned by a delay, a price is equitably paid. That admission does not, however, affect the case now put. Cases must be distinguished. It is not true that all wealth increases naturally by time. Some does so, while other kinds deteriorate. Let us apply the principle, however, to the case of an actual increase. It is a consequence of the Cost Principle that natural wealth bears no price; consequently the increase of natural wealth bears no increased price. For example: if cattle increase naturally upon the open prairie, and no human labor is bestowed upon their care, they are the common wealth of all mankind. If a given amount of labor is bestowed upon the

care of a drove of one hundred, that amount of labor, or its equivalent, is the legitimate price of the drove. If, then, a drove of one hundred and fifty can be cared for just as well by the same labor, the legitimate price of the larger drove will be precisely the same as that of the smaller, for not value but cost is the limit of price. Hence, under the operation of the Cost Principle, there is no sacrifice to me in postponing the receipt of property due me on the ground of its prospective natural increase, for, if there is no human labor added to produce the increase, the price remains the same, and I can at the future day purchase the larger quantity at the same rate as I should now give for the smaller. And again, if human labor contributes to the increase, then it is not natural or spontaneous increase, and there will be an augmentation of price; but in that case the augmentation will be merely a precise equivalent for the human labor so bestowed, so that it becomes entirely indifferent with me whether I have the property now in possession and bestow upon it the necessary labor myself, or whether it remains in the possession of another, who bestows the labor, and to whom, at the expiration of the term, I give merely an equivalent,—that is, an equal amount of labor in some other form. Hence, while there is, under the auspices of the Value Principle, which now governs property relations, an apparent sacrifice from the postponement of payment on the ground of natural increase, there is no ground of sacrifice, and consequently no basis for interest, under the Cost Principle.

235. I anticipate an objection like this. What is said here of natural wealth supposes an abundance of that species of wealth. What is said of the cattle on the prairie may be all right if there are enough cattle for all. But so soon as a scarcity occurs, will any one who has possession of a drove divide with others for a due proportion of the labor he has bestowed upon it?

This is a mere question as to what men will do under the pressure of temptation to do wrong. It is clear that the only right the individual has to the drove more than others results from the labor he has bestowed upon it. That makes it his property. He can refuse to dispose of it if he requires it for his own use. If he does dispose of it, the just measure of price is the amount of labor bestowed. As he cannot augment that price, if he acts justly, by retaining it while pressed by the wants of others to dispose of it, the temptation to retain more than he requires for his own wants is removed. There is no motive left to act against his humanity, and, as humanity is an element in the nature of every man, it will of course act to induce him to dispose of what he can spare.

236. Still the objection is not fully answered without this additional statement. It is easy to act upon the true principle,—that is, there is less temptation to deviate from it,—just in proportion to the prevalence of general abundance and the complete adaptation of supply to demand; but, on the other hand, the greater prevalence of abundance and a more perfect adaptation of supply to demand grow directly out of the adoption of the principle. The exercise of the principle will create the atmosphere in which it can itself live with a more and more perfect life. A false principle now prevents the development and proper distribution of wealth. It is no impeachment of the true principle that, under the pressure of want created by the false one, there is a strong temptation to act in turn upon the false instead of the true one.

237. It will be seen, then, that although the Cost Principle allows sometimes of an augmentation of price on the ground of a delay of payment, such augmentation is quite different from interest on money, as now understood. It is, nevertheless, the spice of truth contained in the proposition that delay is a sacrifice which gives plausibility to this argument for interest.

238. Interest differs from any such augmentation of price, 1. Because it relates to the value or benefit of the accommodation to the receiver, and not to the sacrifice or cost to the grantor. 2. Because it goes by rule, and, even when it professes to be based on cost, does not individualize the cases of real sacrifice, apparent sacrifice, and no sacrifice. 3. Because it claims to be based, in part, on the natural increase of wealth, whereas all natural wealth, and consequently the increase of natural wealth, is no legitimate basis of price whatsoever.

Every one must admit the essential justice of the Cost Principle in its primary statement,—namely, that as much burden as you take for my sake so much am I bound to take for your sake. The logical consequences of that admission sweep all interest out of existence, so far as interest is an admission of the right of capital to accumulate more capital, and vindicate the claim of all mankind to the equal enjoyment of every species of natural wealth.

239. The reader must distinguish well between capital itself, and the capacity of capital of itself to make additional accumulations. The Cost Principle makes no attack upon capital. It recognizes capital as the legitimate accumulations of labor. It simply denies that capital itself has any legitimate power, when not used by the owner, to accumulate more capital for him. But what, cries the fat citizen who lives on his rents and whose ideas are steeped in the actual routine of commerce, what is the use of capital which produces no income? It is of use, my good friend, simply for the purpose of being used. It is of use in the same manner, and for the same purpose, as honey accumulated in the hive is of use to the bees. Honey is made for the purpose of being consumed. From the time the bees cease to work, their store of wealth, ceasing to augment, begins to decrease. No contrivance has ever been hit upon among them by which the honey itself should go on making more honey after the bees retired from business. Hence, among bees, the rich do not become richer, nor the poor poorer, except in proportion as they work and eat. Under the operation of the true principles of industry and commerce the same will be true of mankind. Accumulations of wealth will be an object of ambition then, as now, because, so long as they last, they will exempt the owner from toil, if he chooses to be exempt. The man who has wealth will be in the condition of a man who has done his work. He can acquire wealth through his own labor, or through donations, bequests, or inheritance from friends. His capital will be invested in houses, shops, machinery, improvements upon lands, the Labor Notes of others, in everything, in fact, which is legitimately property, precisely as now; but such investments will bring him no rents, profits, or interest, as an augmentation of his capital. Whatever he withdraws, converts into a consumable shape, and consumes, will be so far a diminution of his capital stock, as it will be obvious to every candid mind that it should.

240. Let us look a little more specifically into this operation of the principle, as relates to the rent of lands and houses, the use of machinery, and the like. We have already noticed the effect as relates to the price of land when sold. (82.) On the same grounds there stated, and elsewhere illustrated, the rent of lands is nothing, provided they are maintained in as good a condition, in all respects, as that in which they were when received by him who hires them. If the owner maintains them in that condition, manuring them, fencing them, etc., then the rent is the equivalent of the cost of doing so. If the hirer puts the lands in a better condition than they were in when he received them, the price is due from the owner and renter of the lands to him, inverting the present order of payment, and is measured by the cost of such augmentation of value. So, if the owner sells the lands, it will be remembered that the price is the cost of the successive augmentations of value upon the soil since the land was in its natural state, and which still remain with it. Hence it follows that not only is all speculation in land extinguished, but along with it all temptation to monopolize the soil. There is no ad-

vantage in owning land which one does not want for his present uses, except this,—that one may foresee the probability of his requiring a particular lot for his subsequent private occupation, and may, for that reason, desire to retain the control of it, or rather the right which ownership confers to resume the control of it at a future time. The ownership of the disposable improvements or augmented value upon the soil may also be as convenient an investment for one's surplus wealth as any other, since that can at any time be converted, by sale, into consumable property, to supply his wants. On the other hand, there is no advantage on the part of him who cultivates land in owning the land over hiring it of another, except in the permanency of his tenure. As a mere tenant, he may be required to remove at the expiration of his term for the convenience of another, but, so far as the profitableness of his occupancy is concerned, it is precisely the same whether he owns or hires.

241. As relates to the hiring of houses and structures of all sorts, the operation of the principle is the same. The rent is a mere equivalent of cost to the wear and tear of the premises. If the tenant keeps them in thorough repair, so that there is no depreciation of value, the rent is zero. If, on the other hand, the deterioration is suffered to go on, the annual amount of that deterioration, as averaged upon the term which the property may last, is the annual rent, so that when the property is worn out the owner will have received a full equivalent for it, and have kept his capital good by other investments, or have consumed it in supplying his own wants. Suppose, for example, a house upon a money calculation (all such calculations will be finally resolved into hours of labor or pounds of corn) costs ten thousand dollars, and is estimated to be capable of lasting two hundred years; the annual rent of it will then be fifty dollars per annum. The owner of such a building will then have an annual income of fifty dollars per annum in addition to his earnings from his own labor, which he will consume if he chooses, and at the expiration of the term of two hundred years the whole will be exhausted. If he owns such a property, and wishes to consume it more rapidly, he can sell it to such persons as wish to preserve their capital, and use up the proceeds. It follows that the more permanent the structure the less the rent, so that buildings capable of defying the inroads of time—stone structures and the like, for example—will command no rent at all. Still this is perfectly harmonious, since such edifices are a safe means of investing capital, which really earns nothing let it be invested where it may, and which can be reconverted at any time into consumable property by sale. Where capital earns nothing, selling is just as advantageous as renting, since renting is really selling piecemeal instead of in the gross. Hence, under those circumstances, it is no objection to the purchaser who has capital to invest that the stone house will bring no rent.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 111.

Their mutual burdens in this execrable tragedy balanced each other; their culpability was equal; perhaps his even surpassed that of the Duchess.

Misled by a sort of rape, led astray by ungovernable passion afterwards, Ellen had been fatally, irresistibly led to the suppression of the obstacle which impeded the free exercise of her passion; her commendable feminine repugnance at being shared by two possessors had likewise guided her; and in truth, in such circumstances, the real crime was in having kindled this frenzy!

To the rebuke of the Duchess, he made no answer, and, bending over the catafalque, he contemplated the hideous body with a consternation absolutely edifying, but less that of an inconsolable son than of a repentant criminal, and Lady Ellen could not forbear saying so to him in a low voice, and exhorting him to circumspection.

Silently removing himself a few steps from the monks who were praying, and calmly touching the arm of the young woman, he simply asked her, with a kind of religious solemnity:

"You have, then, no remorse?"

And he, in his astonishment, opened his eyes so wide that the impenitent Lady came near bursting into a laugh, and answered lightly, in a tone whose disdain was not concealed:

"Remorse! . . . Eagerness to have this ended, that is all; my Lord lowered into and sealed within his tomb of stone!"

The left corner of her lips turned up with scorn, and in her eyes, where the gleam of the tapers was reflected, shot a look of pride, of defiance of the terrors of conscience, which sickened Richard, who could find only this exclamation for response: "What a frightful creature!"

And Ellen replied immediately, emphasizing her sickly irony with bravado:

"Because I have not to repent of an action which I have meditated for a long time and which frees me. The abominable crime? Is it a just, a merciful man that I have put out of existence? No: the object of universal execration, a rascal whose hands are red with the blood of a whole people. I have only anticipated the lover of justice who would sooner or later have punished him."

"You should have waited for him."

Richard answered mechanically, preoccupied by dull noises outside which struck his ear; and Ellen lashed him on account of this word which escaped him in his distraction:

"Wait! O the hypocrite, and to rejoice at my deliverance! The profit without the danger, an honest maxim! To desire ardently the death of some one, applaud it, have the benefit of it,—is not this, then, the crime, minus the boldness, the courage, to commit it?"

"Exactly!" said Bradwell, convinced. "But if, in the case of a natural death, only the having wished it constitutes a sufficient motive for remorse, we have a still stronger reason for being frightfully obsessed. . . . For my part—and the merited torment has already commenced—I shall never know again, by day or night, a moment's rest."

"Not so loud. Hush!" said Ellen, who thought that she saw the monk's cowl move in a listening attitude.

"Absorbed in prayer or asleep, they do not hear us."

The uncertain voice of Richard provoked in Ellen an opposition which she formulated, and, looking at his terror-stricken face, she taunted him as a childish coward, afraid of a shadow or of a vain spectre.

"Your altered countenance will betray us; recover yourself; control your blood, your nerves!"

But, insensible to these griefs, Bradwell, without attempting to comfort her, listened, more and more frightened, passing through all the shades of alarm, and hardly controlling a trembling which aroused in the Duchess a protest of violent reproach.

To explain his increasing emotion, Richard tried to induce her to listen also.

The stifled tumult of a struggle near at hand, in which could be distinguished a moving of furniture, stamping, suppressed attempts at cries, and groans. . .

But Ellen discerned nothing of the kind and laughed at his hallucination, asking him if he had not been smoking hasheesh, like the old Treor.

"I swear to you," affirmed Richard.

"That all the tumult has your brain for its seat. I do not wish to pretend to be stronger than I am. I too, in the suffering of these latter days, in certain lapses of my energy, have been haunted by these noises which exist only in ourselves. Calm yourself, then!"

"Before the soldiers present themselves to arrest us," resumed Bradwell, "you may rest assured I shall recover my serenity, and my countenance will not dishonor me. . . . But I admit that the unknown frightens me, and these noises which persist, and which I hear feebly but surely, revolutionize me. Hark! cries are breaking out" . . .

"Hallucinations!" repeated the Duchess, testily; "the hallucination of the massacre in the recent battle. The victims, raised rotting from the soil, detached from their gibbets, are running to curse you, accompanied by their sisters, their daughters, their wives, and it is the chorus of these imprecations which rises in your demented brain."

"No! no! They are killing people, I tell you!"

Lady Ellen listened out of complaisance; but not even the wind whistled in the chimneys. Some accident, she admitted, might have taken place; a cavalier dismounted, a beggar bitten by the dogs, or a scuffle of soldiers, such as often occurred, without reason, for a ration of gin, for nothing, for fun.

"This was not a scuffle, or simultaneous scuffles," insisted Bradwell, "but a battle."

"Between whom? Our Britons and the phantoms of the enemy exterminated everywhere?"

"No, perhaps not so completely; Paddy Neill, who, I believe, escaped from the carnage, and Harvey, who, as you know, succeeded in regaining his troops, and has taken command of them again to force the victory,—these two may have rallied the routed survivors fleeing from all the neighboring villages."

"And you think they would lead them back into this region, occupied by numerous troops?"

"Yes, by outflanking them and baffling their vigilance, which perhaps is relaxing."

"And for what end?"

"For vengeance!" said a grave voice.

"For vengeance!" added another voice, coming, like the first, from a cowl.

And, terrified by this sudden intervention, asking themselves who were these bold priests who responded in this manner to their interrogations, Ellen and Richard remained nailed to their places as they recognized, standing around the corpse, Edwige, the old servant of the priest of Bunclody, Edith, the mother of the soldier Michael, Paddy, whom they had either hanged or disemboweled, and Treor, Marian's grandfather, who was dead!

Do the dead then return now? By the blow of this unexpected apparition, the incredulity of the Duchess was shaken, but not for long. She, like everyone else, had imagined Treor dead, when he still lived, his soul fastened to his old bones, and only in a faint. His friends caring for him with solicitude and perhaps with an empirical science which regular physicians do not possess, the old man had been raised from his pallet, not from the tomb; there was really no need to be frightened as if it were some supernatural manifestation!

Bradwell, on his side, so depressed, straightened himself proudly, fixing with defiance the phantoms, who remained unmoved, their arms extended towards him and towards Ellen!

The peril declared, he was prepared, and he marched deliberately up to Treor, who added, as solemnly and gravely as the God of the Christians in the pictures of the last judgment:

"We are here for your punishment!"

"It is I who punish rebels!" said, boldly, the son of Newington, and he called to his people to seize these four first.

But in the vestibules arose a confused murmur of whispering voices and stamping feet, the noise of a surge, of a human tide rising; and Lady Ellen, thinking that the persons invited to the obsequies were approaching, went precipitately to meet the flood and drive it back, till the required soldiers, seizing the troublesome mourners, should drag them outside. She recoiled, uttering exclamations of fright. A deep serried band of Irish, gloomy, fierce, with a look of the other world, was advancing, and their growls of anger, at sight of her, were not calculated to lead her to expect mercy from their tardy intervention.

She was conscious that they came to execute the threats contained in the warnings addressed to Richard, and, commencing to dread thoroughly the penalties promised Bradwell, but which she would evidently share, notwithstanding her desire to conceal her weakness, she called to her aid the servants, the officers, Lord Muskery Jennings, all those on whom a woman could count.

But at her cries, though the doors opened to make way for those whom she summoned, they all entered gagged, chained, pushed into the room by the Irish, whose compact mass filled all the outlets, and numbers of whom carried on their clothes large, damp, vermilion stains, which shone in the flame of the lamps; from their rags which fumed in the heat of the room exhaled a red steam with the characteristic odor of human blood recently shed.

"Your servants, your friends," said Treor, "are prisoners or dead."

"And you are going to assassinate us in our turn?" replied Lady Ellen, in whom the looks of the crowd of enemies, their features still contracted with the effort of the struggle, inspired a terror which she could not drive off. She tried, however, to conceal it before so many witnesses.

"We have assassinated no one," responded Treor. "All those whom our brothers have stabbed, strangled, put to death in any fashion, we have particularly designated for capital punishment. Not one who has not perpetrated abominable crimes, who has not shown and paraded a gratuitous cruelty. Soldiers! no: execrable executioners! pitiless persecutors! The loyal adversaries whom we know as such, who, in the battles have simply fought with valor, though they have killed more than one of ours, we have been contented to reduce to a state of absolute helplessness. Bound firmly, under bolts, or disarmed and sent away on parole, they live, and can tell the story of our justice. . . . which is going to judge you, Lady Ellen, Duchess of Newington, you, Richard Bradwell."

Richard, folding his arms, without bluster, without wrath, as without fear, looked at the old man in acceptance of his irregular jurisdiction which he did not possess the power to challenge. Defiance, bravado, protestations, or even a pretence of commanding these men who held him in their hands, seemed to him nothing but swagger.

If the hour—and he felt it—had struck for him to answer for his crimes toward his father, well! he was ready, and he said simply and very clearly to Treor:

"Speak!"

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

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A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the excise-man, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

To the Breach, Comrades!

Of the tragedy just enacted at Chicago, what is there to say? Of a deed so foul perpetrated upon men so brave what words are not inadequate to paint the blackness on the one hand and the glory on the other? My heart was never so full, my pen never so halt. As I write, the dying shout of noble Spies comes back to me from the scaffold: "At this moment our silence is more powerful than speech." But, who speaks or who keeps silent, all of us, I am certain, will from this time forth face the struggle before us with stouter hearts and firmer tread for the examples that have been set us by our murdered comrades. If we add to these a clearer vision, the result will not be doubtful.

And when it is achieved and history shall begin to make up its verdict, it will be seen and acknowledged that the John Browns of America's industrial revolution were hanged at Chicago on the Eleventh of November, 1887. The labor movement has had its Harper's Ferry; when will come the emancipation proclamation?

"Not good-bye, but hail, brothers!" telegraphed Josephine Tilton to Albert Parsons on the morning of the fatal day; "from the gallows trap the march shall be taken up. I will listen for the beating of the drum."

The drum-tap has sounded; the forlorn hope has charged; the needed breach has been opened; myriads are falling into line; if we will but make the most of the opportunity so dearly purchased, victory will be ours.

It shall be; it *must* be.

For, as Proudhon says, "like Nemesis of old, whom neither prayers nor threats could move, the Revolution advances, with sombre and inevitable tread, over the flowers with which its devotees strew its path, through the blood of its champions, and over the bodies of its enemies." T.

A New Organ of Philosophical Anarchy.

Of a paper which lately appeared, and which, though not editorially Anarchistic, announced none but Anarchistic contributors,—I refer to "Nemesis," which died with its first number,—it became necessary to frame an estimate for these columns which could not be otherwise than disparaging. Today confronts me with the pleasanter task of extending my warmest welcome and heartiest tribute of praise to another new

paper, which has not only a splendid list of Anarchistic contributors, but an Anarchistic editor as well.

I say a *new* paper though it professes to be an old one revived, because this profession is not borne out by the facts. The title only is a revival; the paper itself is a birth. The title is the one formerly used by A. R. Parsons,—hallowed be his name!—but the "Alarm" now issued by Dyer D. Lum at Chicago is not Parsons's "Alarm" by any means. The name, to be sure, fitted the latter as it does the former, for Parsons sounded the alarm against the social dangers surrounding us in as noble a spirit as that which now prompts Lum; but Lum has the advantage over Parsons of knowing and understanding as Parsons did not the principles whose adoption can alone eliminate and overcome these dangers. Lum's "Alarm" stands on a platform differing as widely as Liberty's from that on which Parsons's "Alarm" stood. In fact, it stands on Liberty's platform identically. Here is its announcement of "Fundamental Principles":

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITIES FOR ALL.—Hence, extinction of privilege and restriction, protection and oppression, chartered rights and vested wrongs.

FREE LAND, MUTUAL CREDIT, AND EQUITABLE COMMERCE.—Hence, abolition of rent, interest, and profits.

SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.—Hence, liberty, the cessation of authority, or industrial emancipation and social cooperation.

This is not the Communism which Parsons's "Alarm" preached so bravely, but its diametrical opposite, the "philosophical Anarchism" of Liberty, and Liberty is proud of the latest fruit of the seed which it has sown. For it is as true that this new paper, transformed from a Communistic to an Anarchistic organ, and now edited by a man who was a State Socialist and a Greenbacker when Liberty first appeared and who still later spent some effort in the futile endeavor to make a patchwork of Communism and Anarchism, is an outgrowth of Liberty's work as that Liberty, in its turn, was an outgrowth of the teachings of Warren and Andrews and Proudhon and Greene.

The first number of the paper keeps well up to the platform; few traces are shown of that tendency to compromise which has sometimes occasioned differences between Comrade Lum and myself; excellent special features are offered as attractions; and a list of contributors is announced which contains the names of George Schumm, Georgia Replogle, and the Kellys, whom I congratulate on having found a worthier channel than "Nemesis" for their thoughts. In view of these considerations, I ask for the "Alarm" all the aid that Liberty's friends can afford it. It is of the greatest importance that such a paper should be published at Chicago, and the man who has the bravery to undertake it deserves copious encouragement. The price is \$1.50 a year, but subscriptions will be received until January 1, 1888, at \$1.00 a year. Letters should be addressed to "Dyer D. Lum, Room 23, 169 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill."

The old "Alarm" is dead! Long live the new "Alarm"! T.

General Walker and the Anarchists.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Some four years ago I had occasion to write a criticism of a work then new,—Professor Ely's "French and German Socialism in Modern Times,"—and I began it with these paragraphs:

It is becoming the fashion in these days for the parsons who are hired, either directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, to whitewash the sins of the plutocrats, and for the professors, who are hired, either directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously, to educate the sons of the plutocrats to continue in the transgressions of their fathers,—it is becoming the fashion for these to preach sermons, deliver lectures, or write books on Socialism, Communism, Anarchism, and the various other phases of the modern labor movement. So general, indeed, has become the practice that any one of them who has not done something in this line begins to feel a vague sense of delinquency in the discharge of his obligations to his employer, and consequently scarce a week passes that does not inflict upon a suffering public from these gentlemen some fresh clerical or professorial analysis, classi-

* This address was delivered before the Anarchists' Club at its last meeting by the editor of Liberty. The meeting occurred prior to the Chicago executions.

fication, interpretation, and explanation of the ominous overhanging social clouds which conceal the thunderbolt that, unless the light of Liberty and Equity dissipates them in time, is to destroy their masters' houses.

The attitudes assumed are as various as the authors are numerous. Some are as lowering as the clouds themselves; others as beaming as the noonday sun. One would annihilate with the violence of his fulminations; another would melt with the warmth of his flattery and the persuasiveness of conciliation. These foolishly betray their spirit of hatred by threats and denunciation; those shrewdly conceal it behind fine words and honeyed phrases. The latest manifestation coming to our notice is of the professedly disinterested order. Richard T. Ely, associate professor of political economy in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore and lecturer on political economy in Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., comes to the front with a small volume on "French and German Socialism in Modern Times," the chapters of which, now somewhat rewritten, were originally so many lectures to the students under his charge, and substantially (not literally) announces himself as follows: "Attention! Behold! I am come to do a service to the friends of law and order by expounding the plans and purposes of the honest, but mistaken, enemies of law and order. But, whereas nearly all my predecessors in this field have been unfair and partial, I intend to be fair and impartial." And we are bound to say that this pretence has been maintained so successfully throughout the book that it can hardly fail to mislead every reader who has not in advance the good fortune to know more than the author about his subject.

I quote these paragraphs at the beginning of this paper because I was forcibly reminded of them on reading the other day in the Boston "Post" a long and very interesting report of an address on "Anarchism and Socialism" delivered the previous evening before the Trinity Club of this city by General Francis A. Walker, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The tone of the address, like that of Professor Ely's book, was seemingly so fair; there was such an apparent effort to carefully discriminate between the different schools of Socialism, and to bestow words of praise wherever, in the speaker's judgment, such were deserved; and a disposition was so frankly exhibited to find important elements of truth in Socialistic teachings,—that I myself, usually so wary and so doubtful of the possibility of any good issuing from the Nazareth of orthodox political economy, was misled, not indeed into acquiescence in the speaker's errors, which were many and egregious, but into a belief in his honesty of purpose and his genuine desire to understand his opponents and represent them accurately. This man, said I to myself, is ready to be set right.

So I wrote him a letter asking the privilege of an hour's interview. The request was phrased as politely as my knowledge of English and of the requirements of courtesy would permit. I congratulated General Walker on his evident disposition to be fair, but hinted as delicately as I could that certain things had escaped him and certain others had misled him. I assured him that I had no expectation of converting him to my views, but was confident that I could give him a better understanding of Anarchism. I told him that, if necessary, I would give him references among the foremost Socialists of America as to my competency to accurately represent Anarchism, and added that for three years I was a regular student in the educational institution of which he is now at the head.

A day or two later I received this reply:

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,
BOSTON, OCTOBER 27, 1887.

DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 25th inst. is received.

I regret that I have not time to go into the subject of Anarchism, as you propose. The report of my speech before the Trinity Club, on the 24th, was altogether unauthorized. I was assured that I was addressing a private club, informally; and, at the last, only assented to the title of the lecture being mentioned.

I dare say the report was also incorrect. Such reports generally are. I have not read it.

Respectfully yours,

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

This letter completely dissolved my illusion. It showed me at once that General Walker's fairness, like that of his brother economist, Professor Ely, lay entirely on the surface, the only difference between them, perhaps, being that, while Professor Ely falsified deliberately and with knowledge of the truth, General Walker spoke in ignorance though posing as a teacher,

and became a hypocrite only after the fact, by refusing to know the truth or have it pointed out to him. Here is a man, famous as an economist, with a reputation to sustain, who has time to prepare and deliver, or else to deliver without preparation, before a private club, on the uppermost and most important question of the day, an address so long that even an inadequate report of it filled a column and a half in the Boston "Post," but has not one hour in which to listen to proof offered in substantiation of a charge of gross error preferred against him by one who for fifteen years has made this question a subject of special study.

It will not do for him to plead in excuse that the "Post's" report, which he has not read, may be incorrect, and that therefore the charge of error may be based on statements unwarrantably attributed to him. It so happens that it falls to my lot as a daily journalist to revise and prepare for publication reports of all descriptions to the number of several hundred a week, and in consequence I know an intelligent report when I see one as infallibly as a painter knows a good picture when he sees one. In the report in question there may be minor inaccuracies; as to that I cannot say: but as a whole it is a report of uncommon excellence and intelligence. Given a report containing a mass of errors, if these errors are the reporter's, they will be a jumble; if, on the other hand, they bear a definite relation to each other and proceed from a common and fundamental error, it is sure that they are not the reporter's errors, but the lecturer's. In this case the error fallen into at the start is so consistently held to and so frequently repeated that it would be contrary to the law of chances to hold the reporter responsible for it; General Walker must answer for it himself. And as he will not listen to a private demonstration offered in a friendly spirit, I am compelled to submit him to a public demonstration offered in a somewhat antagonistic spirit.

What, then, is the fundamental error into which General Walker falls? It is this,—that, in trying, as he claims, to set Anarchism before his hearers as it is seen by its most intelligent advocates, he discriminates between men of whom he instances Prince Kropotkine as typical, as intelligent exponents of scientific Anarchy on the one hand, and, on the other hand, men like the seven under sentence at Chicago, as unintelligent, ignorant, ruffianly scoundrels, who call themselves Anarchists, but are not Anarchists.

Now, I perfectly agree with General Walker that the Chicago men call themselves Anarchists, but are not Anarchists. And inasmuch as my subject compels me to say something in criticism of these men's opinions, and inasmuch also as five days hence they are to die upon the gallows, victims of a tyranny as cruel, as heartless, as horrible, as blind as any that ever bloodied history's pages, you will excuse me, I am sure, if I interrupt my argument, almost before beginning it, long enough to qualify my criticism in advance by a word of tribute and a declaration of fellowship. Instead of ruffianly scoundrels, these men are noble-hearted heroes deeply in love with order, peace, and harmony, loving these so deeply, in fact, that they have not remained contented with any platonic affection worshipping them as ideals ever distant, but have given their lives to a determined effort to win and enjoy them to the fullest. I differ with them vitally in opinion; I disapprove utterly their methods; I dispute emphatically their Anarchism: but as brothers, as dear comrades, animated by the same love, and working, in the broad sense, in a common cause than which there never was a grander, I give them both my hands and my heart in them. Far be it from me to shirk in the slightest the solidarity that unites us. Were I to do so, for trivial ends or from ignoble fears, I should despise myself as a coward. For these brave men I have no apologies to make; I am proud of their courage, I glory in their devotion. If they shall be murdered on Friday next, I fear that the vile deed will prove fraught with consequences from which, if its perpetrators could foresee them, even they, brutes as they are, would recoil in horror and dismay.

I say, however, with General Walker, that these men are not Anarchists, though they call themselves so. But if I prove that Prince Kropotkine agrees with them exactly, both as to the form of social organiza-

tion to be striven for and as to the methods by which to strive for and sustain it, I show thereby that, as they are not Anarchists, he is not one, that General Walker's discrimination is therefore a false one, and that, in making it, he showed utter ignorance of the nature of Anarchism proper. Now, precisely that I propose to prove.

To this end the first question to be asked is: What is the Socialistic creed of the Chicago men? It is a very simple one, consisting of two articles: 1, that all natural wealth and products of labor should be held in common, produced by each according to his powers and distributed to each according to his needs, through the administrative mechanism and under the administrative control of workingmen's societies organized by trades; 2, that every individual should have perfect liberty in all things except the liberty to produce for himself and to exchange with his neighbors outside the channels of the prescribed mechanism. Not stopping to consider here how much any liberties would be worth without the liberty to produce and exchange, I proceed to the second question: How do the Chicago men propose that their creed shall be realized? The answer to this is simpler still, consisting of but one article: that the working people should arm themselves, rise in revolution, forcibly expropriate every proprietor, and then form the necessary workingmen's societies, whose first duty should be to feed, clothe, and shelter the masses out of the common stock, whose second duty should be to organize production for the renewal of the stock, and whose third duty should be to suppress by whatever heroic measures all rebellious individuals who should at any time practically assert their right to produce and exchange for themselves. The literature circulated by this school is now so well known that I do not need to make quotations from it to show that its teachings are as I have stated. I assume that this will not be disputed. It remains to consider whether Kropotkine's teachings materially differ from them. I claim that they do not, and, as Kropotkine's writings are less familiar to Americans, it is necessary to prove this claim by quotations. His chief work is written in French, a volume of some 350 pages entitled "*Paroles d'un Révolté*" ("*Words of a Rebel*"). The title of the closing chapter is "*Expropriation*." From that chapter I now translate and quote as follows:

We have to put an end to the iniquities, the vices, the crimes which result from the idle existence of some and the economic, intellectual, and moral servitude of others. The problem is an immense one. But, since past centuries have left this problem to our generation; since we find ourselves under the historical necessity of working for its complete solution,—we must accept the task. Moreover, we are no longer obliged to grope in the dark for the solution. It has been imposed upon us by history, simultaneously with the problem; it has been and is being stated boldly in all European countries, and it sums up the economic and intellectual development of our century. It is Expropriation; it is Anarchy.

If social wealth remains in the hands of the few who possess it today; if the workshop, the dockyard, and the factory remain the property of the employer; if the railways, the means of transportation, continue in the hands of the companies and the individuals who have monopolized them; if the houses of the cities as well as the country-seats of the lords remain in possession of their actual proprietors, instead of being placed, from the beginning of the revolution, at the gratuitous disposition of all laborers; if all accumulated treasure, whether in the banks or in the houses of the wealthy, does not immediately go back to the collectivity,—since all have contributed to produce it; if the insurgent people do not take possession of all the goods and provisions amassed in the great cities and do not organize to put them within the reach of all who need them; if the land, finally, remains the property of the bankers and usurers,—to whom it belongs today, in fact, if not in law,—and if the great tracts of real estate are not taken away from the great proprietors, to be put within the reach of all who wish to labor on the soil; if, further, there is established a governing class to dictate to a governed class,—the insurrection will not be a revolution, and everything will have to be begun over again. . . .

Expropriation,—that, then, is the watchword which is imposed upon the next revolution, under penalty of failing in its historic mission. The complete expropriation of all who have the means of exploiting human beings. The return to common ownership by the nation of all that can serve in the hands of any one for the exploitation of others.

This extract covers all the doctrines of the Chicago

men, does it not? That it covers common property and distribution according to needs no one can question. That it covers the denial of the right of individual production and exchange is equally clear. Kropotkine says, it is true, that he would allow the individual access to the land; but as he proposes to strip him of capital entirely, and as he declares a few pages further on that without capital agriculture is impossible, it follows that such access is an empty privilege not at all equivalent to the liberty of individual production. But one point remains,—that of the method of expropriation by force; and if any one still feels any doubt of Kropotkine's belief in that, let me remove it by one more quotation:

We must see clearly in private property what it really is, a conscious or unconscious robbery of the substance of all, and seize it joyfully for the common benefit when the hour of revindication shall strike. In all former revolutions, when it was a question of replacing a king of the elder branch by a king of the younger branch or of substituting lawyers for lawyers in the "best of republics," proprietors succeeded proprietors and the social régime had not to change. Accordingly the placards, "Death to robbers!" which were placed at the entrance of every palace were in perfect harmony with the current morality, and many a poor devil caught touching a coin of the king, or perhaps even the bread of the baker, was shot as an example of the justice administered by the people.

The worthy national guard, incarnating in himself all the infamous solemnity of the laws which the monopolists had framed for the defence of their property, pointed with pride to the body stretched across the steps of the palace, and his comrades hailed him as an avenger of the law. Those placards of 1830 and 1848 will not be seen again upon the walls of insurgent cities. No robbery is possible where all belongs to all. "Take and do not waste, for it is all yours, and you will need it." But destroy without delay all that should be overthrown, the bastilles and the prisons, the forts turned against the cities and the unhealthy quarters in which you have so long breathed an atmosphere charged with poison. Install yourselves in the palaces and mansions, and make a bonfire of the piles of bricks and rotten wood of which the sinks in which you have lived were constructed. The instinct of destruction, so natural and so just because it is at the same time the instinct of renovation, will find ample room for satisfaction.

Nothing more incendiary than that was ever uttered in the Haymarket or on the lake front at Chicago by the most rabid agitator of that volcanic city. And if further proof were needed, it could readily be found in the columns of Kropotkine's paper, "*Le Révolté*," in which he lately lauded to the skies as a legitimate act of propagandism the conduct of a member of his party named Duval, who, after a fashion externally indistinguishable from that of a burglar, broke into a house in Paris and plundered it, and who afterwards vindicated his course in court as deliberately entered upon in pursuance of his principles.

In view of these things, I submit that General Walker has no warrant whatever for referring to such men as Kropotkine as true Anarchists and "among the best men in the world," while in the same breath he declares (I use his words as reported in the "Post") that "the mobs at the Haymarket were composed of pickpockets, housebreakers, and hoodlums," and that "the ruffians who are called Anarchists who formed the mob in the Haymarket in Chicago were not Anarchists." If Kropotkine is an Anarchist, then the Chicago men are Anarchists; if the Chicago men are not Anarchists, then Kropotkine is not an Anarchist. If the Chicago men are pickpockets and housebreakers, then Kropotkine is a pickpocket and housebreaker; if Kropotkine is not a pickpocket and housebreaker, then the Chicago men are not pickpockets and housebreakers. The truth is that neither of them are housebreakers in the ordinary sense of the term, but that both of them, in advocating and executing the measures that they do, however unjustifiable these may be from the standpoint of justice and reason, are actuated by the highest and most humane motives. And as to their Anarchism, neither of them are Anarchists. For Anarchism means absolute liberty, nothing more, nothing less. Both Kropotkine and the Chicago men deny liberty in production and exchange, the most important of all liberties,—without which, in fact, all other liberties are of no value or next to none. Both should be called, instead of Anarchists, Revolutionary Communists.

Continued from page 3.

"Listen," said the old man, slowly, and after a pause in which all became profoundly silent: "Richard Bradwell, you did not profess for our race the native hatred of your compatriots; far from that, even; your inclination was toward us, and nevertheless you have associated yourself, without the conviction which would excuse it, in the work of extermination carried on by your English brothers, and you have surpassed them in fury."

"No argument," interrupted Bradwell, proudly, "no formality, no witnesses, no routine proceedings. The conclusion, promptly."

"For those," continued Treor, "whom you have ordered hanged without passion against them, national or personal, for those whom your soldiers, excited by you, have massacred like savages, the penalty of retaliation."

"Yes! yes!" clamored all the Irish, over-excited, warming up at the recital of this odious crime.

"Then," resumed the old man, "for these crimes the punishment indicates itself: shot and fastened then to the gibbet, food for the ravens, as an example to your sad fellows."

"I am ready!" said Bradwell, relieved that he was not charged with the murder of Sir Newington, and not fearing death when life, as he had declared to Ellen, held for him only sleepless nights full of nightmares.

Still calm, he took a few steps towards the Irish who claimed the task of his execution.

But Treor's voice stopped him; it said:

"Sir Richard Bradwell! listen to me again."

And the son of Newington, turning back in astonishment, heard these words:

"You cannot be released with this liberating punishment, for the sentence which you would have incurred for the sole incriminating acts affirmed by me sinks into insignificance beside other crimes more monstrous yet, and, above all, more dishonoring, of which you know!"

"We are lost!" murmured the Duchess, seeking wildly in the crowd a clearing by which she might be permitted to escape, searching among the mass for a look of curiosity, of sympathy, of pity, which she might change into sudden love.

She implored, she tried to subjugate, promising herself entirely; in the eyes turned towards her by admirers of her beauty, of her radiant seductiveness, endeavoring to pour the corrupting philter which emanated from her whole person.

Sir Richard, still very firm but deathly white, waited, with forehead slightly bowed, while Treor explained himself farther:

"I see," said the old man, "that you do not dream of denying, of opposing us with contradictions which, moreover, would be useless; nevertheless this sudden repentance comes too late to move us; at the time of our secret warnings you should have shown it, and complied with our injunctions, which were sufficiently imperative."

There was no response, and a murmur of astonishment ran through those present, friends and enemies, who were ignorant of the charge against the son and the widow of Newington and who questioned each other, Lord Muskery and the other frequenters of the castle protesting in advance.

And, feeling herself sustained by these, the Duchess overcame the cowardice which had taken possession of her, body and soul, brightened her pale features, and resolved to save herself by a daring attitude.

"Of what horrible, dishonoring crimes am I, then, guilty?" she demanded, superb and haughty.

On a sign from Treor, the old servant of Sir Richmond, who had been silent, then spoke:

To be continued.

Despotism Not a Matter of Form.

(New York Sun.)

Government has been the only form of social organization in the past that proved very effective, and to many men it is the only form of organization that can be conceived. It seems preposterous to some persons to say that there shall be any organization whatever unless it be directed and controlled by an overshadowing central authority able to make or unmake according to its pleasure, and exercising its functions under the plea of either divine right or popular right. But divine right and popular right are two forms of expression which correspond with each other in a very startling degree when placed in opposition to individual, personal, or local right. If our social order means anything, it means the enfranchisement of the individual and his right to the control of any legitimate force that he may choose to put in operation in his own behalf. It may be that the framers of our constitution did not sufficiently emphasize their purpose; but they never expected to have to do the thinking for all posterity. Their meaning was clear enough. The position of a communal slave would be even more intolerable than the position of the slave to a personal ruler. The master of the former would be more watchful, more tyrannical, and more free from a sense of personal responsibility than the master of the latter. A nominally republican government exercising despotic powers would be incomparably worse, while it lasted, than a personal despotism. But it would not last very long; for no one would wish to see it last, and it would have no defenders.

There is no remedy for social ills in politics. If some people are poor and dependent, and if there is want and suffering in the world which might be averted, it is a financial problem, and the resources of finance are sufficient for its solution. Men cannot stand alone, it is true, and expect to escape the consequences of their selfishness. But neither can they be mustered under the control of bosses placed too far above them to be held responsible, and find their circumstances made anything but worse. Certainly, if they are poor because they are oppressed, they will not escape from their poverty by increasing and strengthening the agencies of oppression. But their poverty is not due to oppression. Men are born into the world without clothes, and though a few may be born with silver spoons in their mouths, it is not the common lot, and most men have their spoons to get. But they can all get them when they learn to help themselves by helping each other.

It seems almost a pity sometimes that Government in this country was ever intrusted with either the post-office business or the coinage of money. It was possibly unavoidable at the time of the adoption of the constitution; but three-fourths of the agencies of exchange are now furnished through financial institutions, and under suitable regulations for security those institutions could furnish the remainder, and help to break down the dependent, slavish, but at the same time usurping spirit which is growing up in the community.

Anarchy in Northeastern Asia.

(Work and Wages.)

For several weeks past I have been cruising along this extreme northeastern shore of Asia from this point for one hundred and fifty miles or more to the south, visiting several settlements of the natives and studying their customs and modes of living; and as these people are practically unknown to the world let me give the readers of "Work and Wages" a few facts in relation to them.

Whalemen have got to calling the natives of these shores from Cape Navarin north to and around East Cape for an indefinite distance, "Masinkers." This is from the fact that, when ships first came up here thirty years ago or more, the natives would point to themselves and say, "Masinker." This was interpreted at first to be their name, but it was simply an attempt to make the new comers understand that they were among good (masinker being their word for good) or peaceable people. Since then the name has clung to them, and I shall call them such, for the general term of Eskimo would be too general and indefinite.

The only law here is the one born in every human breast: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." If a man wants to move his family and effects to another spot or settlement, there is nobody to object or interfere. If he wants to lie in bed all day, there is no one outside of his family who cares. If he does not want to go hunting, all well and good, for only himself and family are the sufferers. No one outside of his family is dependent on him, nor he or his family dependent upon anybody else. In short, every Masinker is an independent sovereign. He may live in a comparatively large settlement, but there is no chief or council or other government to say, "You shall," or "You shall not." He may go "walrusing" or "sealing," and whatever he gets is his own; he has no tax to pay, nobody to divide with. If he wants to go to such extremes as to murder his wife or anybody else, there is no law to punish him, but just as sure as a murderer does not commit suicide, the friends of the murdered person will kill him. If his son or brother should take up the feud, both families might in the end be killed off.

Experience has taught the Masinker that it is not best to go it alone at all times; he has found that it is better to go in company with one more, but more probably several more. In whaling it has been found that the most successful results are obtained by three canoes going in company. And here comes in the Masinker's spirit of justice. Every man, woman, and child who takes part in the whaling gets a certain "lay" or percentage, just as every man in the whale-ship gets his lay. It is customary to give a bucket of ship bread to every canoe that comes alongside a whaler, and that bread is as carefully divided, to a small fraction, among all those in the boat as is the whale among all those present at the catching.

It will be seen that the Masinkers have everything necessary for the making of a typical community that has been advocated so much, for there is perfect freedom of action and no restraint. If misfortune comes upon a family and starvation seems imminent, the neighbors will put their own families on short allowance to aid them. Should both parents die leaving children, each child will be adopted into some other family and cared for as tenderly and carefully as though it were born there. These people do not lie to each other. Neither do they steal from each other. Every Masinker knows that such misconduct would result in his being driven from house and home, to die, and that nobody in his own or any other settlement would care for or feed him.

HERBERT L. ALDRICH.

AT ANCHOR UNDER EAST CAPE, JUNE 20, 1887.

Indictments by Wholesale.

At last the blow has fallen! We are all indicted. Severally and jointly.

The names of nine of the subscribers on our local list appear as the witnesses cited, presumably to prove the receiving of the indicted copies of "Lucifer" through the mail. Among these names is that of one of our bondsmen, N. H. Harman. Evidently "our friend, the enemy," Mr. McAfee, does not mean to be accused of partiality in selecting witnesses! Five issues of "Lucifer" are indicted. The alleged mailing of a copy of each of these to each of the nine subscribers named in the indictments is a "count" against each of us separately and against all jointly. This makes forty-five counts against each separately and forty-five more against the editors and publishers, jointly, thus aggregating ninety counts each against M. Harman, Geo. Harman and E. C. Walker, or two hundred and seventy in all against the unfortunate members of the "'Lucifer' outfit," to use a favorite expression of a pious local contemporary.

And what is the offending matter? What articles in these five numbers of "Lucifer" are "obscene, lewd, and lascivious?" We do not know. In the indictments, this is alleged of each copy specified:

And said obscene, lewd, and lascivious paper and publication aforesaid so knowingly deposited as aforesaid is of a nature so obscene, lewd, and lascivious as to dispense with the incorporation of the words and figures in this indictment.

What a very modest grand jury! How tenderly solicitous for the morals of the court officials and other unworldly gentlemen!

Seriously, the infamy of such a prosecution renders it impossible to fitly characterize it. When men can be indicted for words written or printed and then be prevented from knowing what those words are until the hour of trial, the attack upon the liberty of the press has assumed so outrageous a form that earnest and thoughtful men are justified in declaring that the machinery of the grand jury system is being used, not to advance the cause of justice, but to carry into execution the schemes of private hate, class interests, and religious bigotry. How do we know what words or paragraphs in these indicted issues of "Lucifer" are "obscene, lewd, and lascivious," as viewed through the smoked glasses of these grand jurymen, and so what is to prevent us from again and again committing the "crime" of writing, printing, and mailing them? What right has a grand jury to tell a man that some words of his are "obscene," etc., and yet refuse to inform him which those words are? Is this Comstockian method of drawing indictments intended to promote "law-breaking"? It certainly has that appearance.

But whether we do or do not know what the offending words and phrases are, we shall never admit that we have exceeded our rights as editors and publishers, for we have not, and we shall continue to conduct our paper to suit ourselves and our subscribers, regardless of the meddling intolerance of McAfee and the obsequious grand juries which do his bidding.

The above-named special agent of the post-office department was in Leavenworth while the grand jury was in session, and to this western Comstock we are indebted for the indictments. He seems anxious to rival in scoundrelism his eastern coadjutor and exemplar. But let none ever forget that he is merely an instrument,—the infamous and unconstitutional law which he enforces is the real enemy, and against that we must direct every force at our command.

We are held in bonds of five hundred dollars each to appear for trial on the second Monday of April, 1888, in the United States District Court at Topeka. N. H. Harman, of Valley Falls, and J. B. Johnson and N. J. Holm, of Topeka, are our bondsmen.

It is a square fight for Free Press. We flatly deny the charge of obscenity. "Lucifer" has never contained an obscene word, even when judged by the anti-natural standards of the dominant religion and sociology. We ask the comradeship and substantial help of the Freethinkers and Humanitarians of the country. To defend in the United States courts against such a charge as this is costly, and the publication of a radical paper such as ours brings in money in a very slow and intermittent stream. To pay current expenses out of our weekly receipts is all that we are able to do, and so, in a crisis like this, we must appeal to our co-workers to help us in our defensive struggle with the powers of intolerance and proscription, a struggle upon whose final issue hangs the liberty to speak and write and print, of every man and woman in our land.

E. C. WALKER.

VALLEY FALLS, KANSAS, OCTOBER 31, 1887.

Ingersoll Preaching Anarchism.

The following interview between Colonel R. G. Ingersoll and a reporter of the New York "Herald" is pretty thoroughly Anarchistic as far as it goes. One cannot read it without a feeling of sorrow that the brilliant man who takes this position regarding government in its relation to the telegraph system does not logically follow out his teaching in all directions.

"What is your opinion of the present telegraphing facilities in the United States?" asked the reporter.

"New railways are being constructed at the rate of several thousand miles a year," was the reply, "and lines of telegraph are a necessity on all these roads. Then extensions to these lines are constantly called for to reach towns that are springing into existence all over the States and Territories of the Union, and other extensions are being built to connect with lines in other countries. In addition to this, the business of the country is rapidly growing, and the number of people who prefer telegraphing to writing is constantly increasing, for the reason that time is becoming more and more important, and the mails are too slow to satisfy the requirements of modern business. The mail begins to sustain the relation to the telegraph that canals do to railways. My opinion is that telegraphic facilities will increase rapidly from year to year."

"I suppose that you are opposed to the Western Union monopoly?"

"I am satisfied that the telegraph business of this country can never be done satisfactorily by one company. If there is only one telegraph company, no matter how cheaply and promptly it may do the business, there will still be the idea that it is a monopoly, and that in some way it is oppressing the people. Every man that meets with the slightest rebuff from the smallest agent will instantly conclude that there ought to be another company. The people believe in reasonable competition, and two companies can satisfy the people far better than one. The Western Union would like to own every wire and every pole in the United States. It would like to fix the rates at such a figure that it could pay a dividend on sixty millions of stock that does not represent a dollar's worth of property. The Western Union, should it become the only telegraph company in the United States, would be, in my opinion, the most dangerous corporation that has ever existed in the United States."

"What is your idea of a postal telegraph company?"

"If you mean what is my idea as to the government buying or building or operating telegraph lines, all I can say is that I am opposed to a purchase by the government of the present telegraph lines of the country. If the government needs lines for the transaction of its own business, it had better build than buy. I do not believe in the government going into any business that can be transacted by individuals. I am opposed to paternalism in government. I want the people to be left to do everything that can be done by individuals or by corporations, and, except as between nations, individuals and corporations can transact all kinds of business better than the government. People who are in favor of giving the telegraph to the government bring forward as an argument the manner in which the government runs the post office. Everybody admits that the post office department is well administered,—that the service is excellent, and that the cost is reasonable,—but I am satisfied that it could be done far cheaper by individuals. As a matter of fact, however, the mails are carried by contract; the work is done by individuals acting for themselves. Suppose the government had to run the railways, the stages, the ships, on which the mails are carried? Certainly it would be far better that the entire work should be done by individual enterprise."

"Have you studied the working of the English postal telegraph system?"

"I know but very little about it. But England is only a little bit of a country, something like one of the States in this Union, and a system that works well there might not be adapted to a country like this. Besides, the people of England are used to having the government do things. The government keeps the cars from running over them. The government has a policeman go with them to keep the people from buying eleven eggs for a dozen, and they like to have all matters of that character attended to by the government."

"Certainly no one can complain here of the cost of telegraphic messages. In no country on the earth are the rates as low. Besides all this, I like the politeness born of competition rather than the airs and arrogance begotten of monopoly, no matter whether the monopoly is that of a company or of a government."

"Why are you opposed to the purchase of the Western Union by the government?"

"Simply because I object to seeing the government fooled. I do not want to see millions of leaning poles and hundreds of thousands of miles of rusted wire, covered with all sorts of contracts and undertakings and guarantees, pushed over to the government as though the whole thing were brand new and prosperous. And besides, I do not want to see the government in the telegraph business. Why should not the government go into other business? The fact that a thing is

a necessity is no reason why the government should attend to it. Clothes and coffins and bread are all necessities, but I do not think that governments should buy up all the bakeries, or make all the coffins, or edit all the papers."

"Could not the Western Union Telegraph Company legally restrain the government from following its routes or from building parallel lines?"

"Certainly not. The government has a right to build a line of telegraph wherever it may desire. It has the right to condemn the Western Union lines, pay the assessed value, and take possession of the property. At the same time I do not believe that any honest government would parallel the lines of a telegraph company or of a railroad, knowing that the result would be the destruction of private property. A government ought to be as honest as it is powerful. One of the great objections to government entering into all kinds of business is that it comes in competition with the individual, and the individual falls. If the government should make up its mind to go into the telegraph business, it would probably purchase existing lines at a fair rate or build new ones, but it certainly would not build the new with the purpose of destroying the old. This would be infamous."

"What would you substitute for the Western Union?"

"Nothing. The Western Union has the right—the same right that any other company has—to carry on the telegraph business. No one wishes to destroy that corporation; probably no one can. But, as I said before, there ought to be more than one telegraph company in the United States. There ought to be good, healthy, reasonable competition,—competition enough at least to make all parties reasonable, fair, and anxious to discharge their obligations to the public in the most satisfactory manner. Competition is polite. Monopoly is arrogant, overbearing, insufferable."

"You will see from this my objection to the government going into the business. The government becomes domineering and arrogant. Neither do I believe that it would be possible for the government to do the business as cheaply as it is now being done."

"Let us leave all business enterprises open to the great public. The true office and business of the government is to see to it that the powers given to corporations are not abused,—that they do not become subversive of the very ends for which they were created."

Critical Notes.

—In No. 108 V. Yarros wrote that "the editor of Liberty and the Russian Nihilists deserve no more credit for their mode of living than the undeveloped pleasure seeker. . . ." Imagining Mr. Yarros as laying aside sympathies or other interest, simply making a cosmic survey, the statement is intelligible and as accurate as it can be while containing the words "deserve" and "credit," which then have no application. Praise and blame artfully applied are simple modes of seeking benefit. When instinctively called forth, they are manifestations of ordinary self-interest, unconscious as unconfessed. But, given the fact that the editor's work is congenial to his readers, they have a balance sheet open with him, and for every good article he receives credit in the measure that they receive pleasure. I will express my disapprobation whenever I feel it, provided that the one who has incurred it is susceptible of being influenced by it and that I wish to influence him. I will deliberately give approbation for the reason that men who are promoting ends in which I feel an interest need to know what encouragement and support they are to have; or I need to know that they know it. You verily deserve well; you have credit with me. But from the enemy you deserve only the credit of a valiant warrior, setting his young men an example of patience, work, and fortitude.

—Mr. F. C. Perrine, in the same number, sneers: "I suppose, then, should your work in this cause happen to interfere with your sound sleep at night, it will be thrown aside." If Mr. Perrine would carefully read the biographies of reformers and note how many of them have shortened their presumably useful lives by neglecting or defying physical conditions of longevity, he might review his estimate of the value of a zeal which ignores health. Does Mr. Perrine lose his sleep, or does he merely expect such suicidal devotion of others?

—The unity of this country is demonstrated by the sameness of villainism in the press. The following extracts are from two leading southern dailies:

The wife of Captain Black, counsel for Chicago's condemned Anarchists, is credited with saying that, "if those men are hanged, their wives will kill their children, and then commit suicide." This may be a little rough on the children, but it may prove a sacrifice of the minority for the good of the majority.—*Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal*.

When Spies is hung, his proxy wife will probably grieve for him by proxy.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution*.

—J. W. Lloyd in No. 107 says: "We need a term antithetical to selfishness to describe the mental attitude of the enlightened Egoist, who clearly perceives the folly of selfishness, the self-wisdom of generosity and justice, who perceives that all crime is vice." I have nothing but contempt for the man who needs to perceive the "self-wisdom" of generosity in order to be generous. This is no reflection upon Mr.

Lloyd, who, I take it, is generous first and perceives the wisdom or folly of his generosity afterward.

TAK KAK.

SEVEN.

They are seven, doomed to die
On the gallows, stern and high,
For their love of liberty.

They are worthy,—judges deem;
So the poisoned presses scream,—
"Hang the noose upon the beam!"

Satan tempts with liberty;
God hath put us where we be;
Man He made for Property.

Property must be secure,
Human flesh must e'er endure;
Rope and lead shall make it sure.

Blaze not forth with banners red,
We may level you with lead;
Very equal are the dead.

Speech is free (with an except—
Say not that the poor have wept,
Fraud hath won and Force hath kept;

Talk not fiercely of your wrongs;
Hush the clamor of your songs;
Words stop short in hempen thongs.)

Meet not in the public square;
Rich men do not wish you there—
Disperse!—or consequences bear.

Women, children, keep away!
Fairer game and targets gay,
Pinkertons are brave today.

Do you long for stations high?—
Look up yonder to the sky;
God in Heaven hears your cry.

Do you long for food to eat?—
See these loaded rifles neat;
Do not hunger on the street.

Have you then no place to dwell?—
Note this dainty prison cell;
We can lodge you cheap and well.

Is your clothing rather scant?—
Lust not for the soft raiment;
Blessed are the well-content.

You are slothful, stir your feet!
Drink not, smoke not, be discreet;
Economy will both ends meet.

This is Right—Majority
Hath decreed it—it must be;
Silence! all who disagree!"

("Truth may reach the people's ear:"—
Ancient Lies are pale with fear,
Church and State in love draw near.

"Once they know—we lose our spoil,
Down with them must earn and toil—
Surely rope and lead will foil.")

Seven men are doomed to die,
On the gibbet, stern and high,
Sacrificed to Tyranny.

Brothers, lay your daggers down,
Smooth your brows from vengeful frown,
Blood can only Freedom drown.

Clear the brain and ope the sight;
Wake all sleepers to the light;
Stronger this than dynamite.

Principles of equity,
Teach afar from sea to sea,
Truth of Equal Liberty.

Then, when millions clearly see
Rising individually,
In that moment they are free.

Government shall hide its head;
Defendment will hold its head—
We have then avenged the dead.

Seven men are doomed to die,
For their love of Liberty—
Take their mantles, you and I!

J. Wm. Lloyd.

Oct. 17, 1887.

Continued from page 5.

In making this discrimination which does not discriminate, General Walker showed that he does not know what Anarchism is. Had he known, he would have drawn his line of discrimination in a very different direction,—between real Anarchists like P. J. Proudhon, Josiah Warren, Lysander Spooner, and their followers, who believe in the liberty of production and exchange, and mis-called Anarchists like Kropotkin and the Chicago men, who deny that liberty. But of the true Anarchism he seems never to have heard. For he says:

All Anarchistic philosophy presumes the Communistic reorganization of society. No Anarchist claims that the principles of Anarchy can be applied to the present or capitalistic state of society. Prince Kropotkin, in common with other Anarchistic writers, claims that the next move of society will be free Communism. We must understand that Anarchism means Communism.

So far is this from true, that Communism was rejected and despised by the original Anarchist, Proudhon, as it has been by his followers to this day. Anarchism would today be utterly separate from Communism if the Jurassien Federation in Switzerland, a Communistic branch of the International, had not broken from the main body in 1873 and usurped the name of Anarchism for its own propaganda, which propaganda, having been carried on with great energy from that day to this, has given General Walker and many others an erroneous idea of Anarchism. To correct this idea we must go to the fountain-head.

In 1840 Proudhon published his first important work, "What is Property? or, An Inquiry into the Principle of Right and of Government." In it the following passage may be found:

What is to be the form of government in the future? I hear some of my younger readers reply: "Why, how can you ask such a question? You are a republican." "A republican! Yes; but that word specifies nothing. *Res publica*; that is, the public thing. Now, whoever is interested in public affairs—no matter under what form of government—may call himself a republican. Even kings are republicans."—"Well! you are a democrat?"—"No."—"What! you would have a monarchy?"—"No."—"A constitutionalist?"—"God forbid!"—"You are then an aristocrat?"—"Not at all."—"You want a mixed government?"—"Still less."—"What are you, then?"—"I am an Anarchist."

"Oh! I understand you; you speak satirically. This is a hit at the government."—"By no means. I have just given you my serious and well-considered profession of faith. Although a firm friend of order, I am (in the full force of the term) an Anarchist. Listen to me."

He then traces in a few pages the decline of the principle of authority, and arrives at the conclusion that, "in a given society, the authority of man over man is inversely proportional to the stage of intellectual development which that society has reached"; that, "just as the right of force and the right of artifice retreat before the steady advance of justice, and must finally be extinguished in equality, so the sovereignty of the will yields to the sovereignty of the reason, and must at last be lost in scientific Socialism"; and that, "as man seeks justice in equality, so society seeks order in Anarchy."

This is the first instance on record, so far as I have been able to discover, of the use of the word Anarchy to denote, not political chaos, but the ideal form of society to which evolution tends. These words made Proudhon the father of the Anarchistic school of Socialism. His use of the word and its adoption by his followers gave it its true standing in political and scientific terminology. Proudhon, then, being the Anarchist *par excellence*, let us examine his attitude towards Communism in order to test thereby General Walker's assertion that "all Anarchistic philosophy presumes the Communistic reorganization of society" and that "Anarchism means Communism."

It probably will surprise many who know nothing of Proudhon save his declaration that "property is robbery" to learn that he was perhaps the most vigorous hater of Communism that ever lived on this planet. But the apparent inconsistency vanishes when you read his book and find that by property he means simply legally-privileged wealth or the power of usury, and not at all the possession by the laborer of his products. Of such possession he was a staunch defender. Bearing

this in mind, listen now to the few paragraphs which I shall read from "What is Property?" and which are separated only by a dozen pages from what I have already quoted from the same work:

I ought not to conceal the fact that property and communism have been considered always the only possible forms of society. This deplorable error has been the life of property. The disadvantages of communism are so obvious that its critics never have needed to employ much eloquence to thoroughly disgust men with it. The irreparability of the injustice which it causes, the violence which it does to attractions and repulsions, the yoke of iron which it fastens upon the will, the moral torture to which it subjects the conscience, the debilitating effect which it has upon society; and, to sum it all up, the pious and stupid uniformity which it enforces upon the free, active, reasoning, unsubmissive personality of man, have shocked common sense, and condemned communism by an irrevocable decree.

The authorities and examples cited in its favor disprove it. The communistic republic of Plato involved slavery; that of Lycurgus employed Helots, whose duty it was to produce for their masters, thus enabling the latter to devote themselves exclusively to athletic sports and to war. Even J. J. Rousseau—confounding communism and equality—has said somewhere that, without slavery, he did not think equality of conditions possible. The communities of the early Church did not last the first century out, and soon degenerated into monasteries. In those of the Jesuits of Paraguay, the condition of the blacks is said by all travellers to be as miserable as that of slaves; and it is a fact that the good Fathers were obliged to surround themselves with ditches and walls to prevent their new converts from escaping. The followers of Babeuf—guided by a lofty horror of property rather than by any definite belief—were ruined by exaggeration of their principles; the St. Simonians, lumping communism and inequality, passed away like a masquerade. The greatest danger to which society is exposed today is that of another shipwreck on this rock.

Singularly enough, systematic communism—the deliberate negation of property—is conceived under the direct influence of the proprietary prejudice; and property is the basis of all communistic theories.

The members of a community, it is true, have no private property; but the community is proprietor, and proprietor not only of the goods, but of the persons and wills. In consequence of this principle of absolute property, labor, which should be only a condition imposed upon man by Nature, becomes in all communities a human commandment, and therefore odious. Passive obedience, irreconcilable with a reflecting will, is strictly enforced. Fidelity to regulations, which are always defective, however wise they may be thought, allows of no complaint. Life, talent, and all the human faculties are the property of the State, which has the right to use them as it pleases for the common good. Private associations are sternly prohibited, in spite of the likes and dislikes of different natures, because to tolerate them would be to introduce small communities within the large one, and consequently private property; the strong work for the weak, although this ought to be left to benevolence, and not enforced, advised, or enjoined; the industrious work for the lazy, although this is unjust; the clever work for the foolish, although this is absurd; and, finally, man—casting aside his personality, his spontaneity, his genius, and his affections—humbly annihilates himself at the feet of the majestic and inflexible Commune!

Communism is inequality, but not as property is. Property is the exploitation of the weak by the strong. Communism is the exploitation of the strong by the weak. In property, inequality of conditions is the result of force, under whatever name it be disguised: physical and mental force; force of events, chance, *fortune*; force of accumulated property, &c. In communism, inequality springs from placing mediocrity on a level with excellence. This damaging equation is repellent to the conscience, and causes merit to complain; for, although it may be the duty of the strong to aid the weak, they prefer to do it out of generosity,—they never will endure a comparison. Give them equal opportunities of labor, and equal wages, but never allow their jealousy to be awakened by mutual suspicion of unfaithfulness in the performance of the common task.

Communism is oppression and slavery. Man is very willing to obey the law of duty, serve his country, and oblige his friends; but he wishes to labor when he pleases, where he pleases, and as much as he pleases. He wishes to dispose of his own time, to be governed only by necessity, to choose his friendships, his recreation, and his discipline; to act from judgment, not by command; to sacrifice himself through selfishness, not through servile obligation. Communism is essentially opposed to the free exercise of our faculties, to our noblest desires, to our deepest feelings. Any plan which could be devised for reconciling it with the demands of the individual reason and will would end only in changing the thing while preserving the name. Now, if we are honest truth-seekers, we shall avoid disputes about words.

Thus, communism violates the sovereignty of the conscience, and equality: the first, by restricting spontaneity of mind and heart, and freedom of thought and action; the

second, by placing labor and *laziness*, skill and stupidity, and even vice and virtue on an equality in point of comfort. For the rest, if property is impossible on account of the desire to accumulate, communism would soon become so through the desire to shirk.

This extract sufficiently disposes of General Walker's claim. He probably has never read it. In fact, I should judge from his address to the Trinity Club that his sole knowledge of Anarchism was derived from one very mild article written by Prince Kropotkin for the "Nineteenth Century." I think I have proven what I started to prove,—that his discriminations between Anarchists have no existence outside of his own imagination, and that he knows next to nothing of this subject upon which he professes to teach others. His address contained a number of other errors which I might as easily expose, had not this paper already extended beyond the limits originally set for it. Time also forbids me to explain the true idea of Anarchism. That I must leave for some future occasion. The lesson that I have endeavored to teach today I find stated by General Walker. He says: "Even our public speakers themselves exhibit a gross ignorance of the principles of Anarchism and Socialism as they are held by large bodies of intelligent men." Of all his remarks to the Trinity Club, that was nearly the only one the truth of which he succeeded in establishing; and that one he established, not by argument, but by the object-teacher's method of personal illustration and example.

On Picket Duty.

"Liquor, land, labor, and money,—these four,—but the greatest of these is money." Right you are, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher.

Mrs. Slenker is cleared on an error in the indictment against her. It is to be hoped that the authorities will have the good sense and decency not to reindict her. In any event the delay can do her case no harm.

I call attention to the appeal of E. C. Walker in another column for funds to enable the two Harman and himself to fight the prosecution to which they are subjected under the obscenity laws. Liberty seconds the appeal most heartily, and hopes to see the defence fund roll up to generous proportions.

The next meeting of the Anarchists' Club will be held Sunday afternoon, November 20, at half past two o'clock, in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont Street. A. H. Simpson will make the opening address, his subject being: "The Principle of Freethought the Principle of Anarchy." He will show that the secularization of the State logically leads to the abolition of the State.

Nearly all of value that has been said regarding events at Chicago has been condensed by J. Wm. Lloyd, with true poetic fire and instinct, into the soul-stirring lines printed in another column. He wrote them some weeks before the executions, when it was supposed that seven instead of five would die. The poem was read at the memorial meeting held in this city, and aroused great enthusiasm.

It is many years since so remarkable a meeting has been held in Boston as that which gathered in New Era Hall on Friday night, November 11, to mourn the loss, honor the memory, and profit by the example of the comrades who had that day been snatched from them by the brutal arm of power. Whoever witnessed the grief-stricken earnestness and deep-set enthusiasm manifested by nearly every person present must have felt the folly, I should think, of resisting the advance of an idea thus potent to move the hearts of sober-minded men and women.

It would be interesting to know just how much the New York "Sun" means by the admirable editorial remarks which Liberty reprints in this issue. In showing that the republican form of government does not exclude oppression, that government ought to cease to meddle with private business enterprise, and especially that the coining of money should be left to private hands, it is either ignorant of the full purport of its words, or else makes these radical assertions with mental reservations. For the realization of its proposals would compel capitalists to work for a living, a consummation for which Charles A. Dana is not reputed to have any very devout wish.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 9.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1887.

Whole No. 113.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

If I had the address of the correspondent who asked "La Révolte" for a list of Anarchistic journals in the English language and was misled by its answer, I should send him the following reply: Liberty, "Lucifer," "Honesty," and the "Alarm."

General Lloyd Bryce, whose primitive simplicity verges on the point of positive idiocy, tells the Nihilists, in a "North American Review" article, that to blow up a Czar is not to destroy civilization. Oh, no; it is to kill barbarism and tyranny in the interest of civilization.

The essay on "Anarchism: Its Aims and Methods," to which so much space is given in this issue, was written by Victor Yarros to be read at the first public meeting of the Anarchists' Club, and has been adopted by the Club as an authorized exposition of its purposes. It will soon be issued in pamphlet form.

Stephen Pearl Andrews' "Science of Society" ends in this number. But I shall follow it with a controversy on the Cost Principle which Mr. Andrews once had with the New York "Tribune" and which will serve admirably as an appendix to the "Science of Society" whenever I am able to publish that work in book form.

The Denver "Labor Enquirer" acknowledges the receipt of Gronlund's new book, "C. A. Ira, or Danton in the French Revolution." Who was this Monsieur Ira? Was he a Girondist or a Montagnard? Or is the name simply a pseudonym employed by Danton? Let us know something about this new figure in the French Revolution.

The next meeting of the Anarchists' Club will be held in Codman Hall on Sunday, December 4, at half past two o'clock, and will be addressed by D. H. Biggs. Subject: "The Tendency to Anarchism." In view of Mr. Biggs's prominence as a labor reformer, the fact that this will be his first public utterance in favor of the Anarchistic movement will draw a large audience to listen to it.

By the article, "What is Needed," reprinted in another column from "Lucifer," it will be seen that E. C. Walker is again writing quite in his old vein. The article was evidently written in correction and rebuke of the senior editor of "Lucifer," as it was preceded by an article from Mr. Harman's pen in support of Moses Hull's schemes for making over the government by the referendum and other ridiculously inadequate reforms.

Henry George consoles himself in his defeat by the encouraging consideration that "there are at least thirty-five thousand voters in the city of New York who cannot be seduced away from a principle." Perhaps he will be more cheerful when I remind him that, when the prohibition vote of New York city is added to that of United Labor, the number of men who "cannot be seduced away from principles" will be as high as seventy thousand.

In pronouncing sentence upon Henry Tueber, one of the Union Hill people who were guilty of the great crime of wishing to hold a meeting to express sympathy with the stricken of Chicago, the judge told him

that the existing institutions of this government "must be changed only by the ballot-box." Then the next time that Mr. Morrison or Mr. Carlisle addresses a meeting in favor of free trade, he ought to have the hose turned on him,—the way in which the police dispersed the Union Hill meeting,—and be told to go to the "palladium of our liberty" if he wants to change existing institutions.

Henry George's defeat did not affect God in the slightest degree: he got his usual share of taffy. "I thank God," said Mr. George, "for our defeat; corrupt men will no longer be attracted to us." When the land tax panacea proves an utter delusion, Mr. George will still be able to thank God for not exposing the government to the temptation of misappropriating the proceeds of the rental value of the land. But I fail to see how such indifference on God's part to the new crusade can be harmonized with the oft-repeated assertion of McGlynn and George that God takes a deep interest in the success of the anti-poverty agitation.

The Providence "People" lays it down as one of three "fundamentals" that "every child should be guaranteed a free complete education, physically, mentally, morally, and industrially." What is a *complete* education? Who's got one that he can guarantee? Who, if he had one and nothing else, could afford to impart it to another free of charge? Even if he could afford to, why should he do so? Why should he not be paid for doing so? If he is to be paid, who should pay him except the recipient of the education or those upon whom the recipient is directly dependent? Do not these questions cut under the "fundamental" of the "People"? Is it, then, a fundamental, after all?

John F. Kelly recently asked the Detroit "Advance" some pertinent and puzzling questions regarding the relation of Ricardo's theory of rent to the land-value tax. Several hundred words were strung together in such a manner as to give the appearance of answers, but it requires an acuter mind than mine to discern their bearing on the questions. The "Advance" hopes that none of its readers "will fall into the mistake of thinking that John F. Kelly of New York is asking questions because he really wants to get information." I hope that none of its readers will fall into the mistake of supposing that there is any one in the "Advance" office, now that Joe Labadie has resigned the editorship, who could by any chance be capable of giving Mr. Kelly any information whatever on a question of political economy.

Kropotkin's paper, "La Révolte," in answer to an inquiring correspondent, says: "Here is the list of the Anarchistic journals published in the English language which we know,—'Freedom,' the 'Anarchist,' 'Honesty,' and the 'Alarm.'" I call upon the editor of "La Révolte," who has been familiar with Liberty from the beginning of its existence, to describe specifically the standard of Anarchism which admits "Honesty" and excludes Liberty. What does he find of an Anarchistic nature in "Honesty" which he does not find in Liberty? What does he find of an Archistic nature in Liberty which he does not find in "Honesty"? I might ask him the same questions, substituting the "Alarm" for "Honesty"; but, as the new "Alarm" had not appeared when he prepared the above list, he could not have foreseen that it was to differ from the old "Alarm" by not advocating Com-

munist. If "La Révolte" had restricted its list to "Freedom," the "Anarchist," and the old "Alarm," its classification would have been at least intelligible, whatever one might think of the standard adopted; but when it included "Honesty" and left out Liberty, its order became chaos. In every essential of Anarchism Liberty and "Honesty" stand on the same platform, and "La Révolte" cannot deny it. I ask my comrade Andrade, the editor of "Honesty," as a favor to me, to state explicitly in his next issue whether I am right or wrong in this declaration.

Before the Chicago executions a correspondent of the Boston "Investigator" asserted that the men under sentence were all Infidels. The editor answered that "whether they are all Infidels may or may not be a fact, but our opponent gives no authority for making this statement." A fortnight later another correspondent vehemently denied that the men were either Liberals or Infidels. Upon this the editor remarked: "We do not *know* whether they are Liberals or not; but as they are not subscribers to the 'Investigator' and supporters of it, the fair inference seems to be that they are not Liberals or Infidels." If the subscription list of the "Investigator" contains the entire army of Liberals, and if the editor continues his present rate of decline into dotage, the entire army of Liberals will soon dwindle to the limits of Paine Hall and thence be speedily transferred to an asylum for imbeciles.

In the matter of scholarship there is much pretension and very little reality. It is an every-day occurrence to find men of high literary and philosophical reputation writing with the utmost confidence about matters of which they know little or nothing, and in their own special lines too. Now, one would suppose that such men as E. Belfort Bax and William Morris would not have attempted to write a historical treatise on "Socialism from the Root Up" without first thoroughly qualifying themselves by the requisite research. But that they did not do so is thoroughly established by the chapter which they devoted to so important a personage in Socialistic history as Proudhon. It is my belief that neither of them ever read "What is Property?" or any other of that author's works. They may have looked between the covers of some of them and skimmed passages here and there, but even this seems almost impossible in view of the colossal error into which they fall when they say that "in Proudhon's 'What is Property?' his position is that of a Communist pure and simple." Let any one contrast with this nonsensically false statement the long extract from "What is Property?" on the subject of Communism which appeared in the last issue of Liberty near the end of my reply to General Walker, and judge for himself how much credence should be given to any unverified assertion that may hereafter emanate from either Bax or Morris. When I first read in the "Commonweal" their chapter on Proudhon, I dismissed it as too ridiculous for notice; but later, when a subscriber to Liberty wrote me that he had read it and was half inclined by it to think Proudhon a fool, I promised to give it some attention. This paragraph, however, if read in connection with the quotation in the last issue, will satisfy him, I think, especially when I assure him that the chapter contained other statements as literally false, and as a whole conveyed a false impression by its inadequacy, bias, and lack of appreciation.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

PART SECOND.

COST THE LIMIT OF PRICE:

A Scientific Measure of Honesty in Trade as One of the Fundamental Principles in the Solution of the Social Problem.

Continued from No. 112.

242. But it may be objected that, if persons were able to hire stone houses free of rent, they would not hire others of a more perishable material. Clearly not, if there were enough of the more permanent ones to supply the demand. If there were nearly enough, the less permanent and consequently more expensive ones would be less rentable and less saleable, and would therefore offer a less secure investment for the capitalist. Hence, again, the tendency of this operation of the principle is to force the capitalist to build indestructible edifices, and, finally, to house the whole population free of rent. Is that consummation to be deplored? But at that point, urges the objector, houses cease to be saleable; hence they cease to be properly convertible into consumable products, and there will no longer be any motive with the possessor of surplus wealth to construct houses at all. Precisely so. But that point is just the point at which all the houses that are required by the whole people have been already built. Is there any calamity in ceasing to provide a supply when there is no longer any demand? It will be high time, then, that surplus capital shall be invested in other provisions for human wants, in loans to genius for the working out of new designs, and the like. There need be no fear, with the ever-rising scale of luxury and refinement, that there will occur any glut of the aggregate demand for such surplus accumulations.

243. The operation of the principle is again the same with reference to machinery, and hence the Cost Principle settles triumphantly, as nothing else can, this, the most vexatious question perhaps of modern economical science. The machine earns nothing. The capital invested in it is merely kept good for the owner. The dividend due to the machine is solely the wear and tear of the machine. Hence machinery ceases to work against the laborer, and begins to work exclusively for him. Every member of community comes at once to participate equally in all the advantages of every labor-saving process. Wealth has no longer any monopoly of those advantages. Cost being the limit of price, the price of every product is reduced to every purchaser by just so much as the cost of its production is diminished by the aid of machinery. Hence machinery, like competition, now the enemy of the laborer, will be converted into his cooperating servant and most efficient benefactor. (159, 163, 208.)

244. I must not omit, before closing this chapter, to notice the remaining ground upon which the habit of paying interest on money, and consequently rent on capital, now rests, and along with it the power of capital over labor,—namely, the scarcity and expensiveness of the circulating medium hitherto in use. There is not enough of the so-called precious metals to serve the purposes of commerce as a proper medium of exchange, their intrinsic value and insufficient supply making them the subjects of monopoly in the hands of the money-dealers. This point has been already adverted to, and the remedy shown to be the substitution of the Labor Note. (77.)

245. It will be appropriate now also to say a few words in relation to the capacity of the individual Labor Note to expand into a general system of currency. As that capacity depends somewhat upon the prevalence of confidence consequent upon a general habit of honesty in the community, it could not be so favorably presented until the power of the Cost Principle in operation, to engender that habit, had been previously shown.

246. In every small community in which the Labor Note is used, there will be very soon some one individual whose notes will come more into use than those of others,—the storekeeper, for example, in the village. It will be safe for him to issue Labor Notes to any extent which he can redeem in his own labor, in goods from his shelves, or in the Labor Notes of others. His business will bring him continually into possession of the Labor Notes of all his customers,—at first only in payment for his own labor in serving them,—the cash cost of the goods being paid in cash,—but, finally, with the extension of the system which we are now supposing, for the original cost of the goods as well. Having these notes in possession, it will be the same thing whether he puts them in circulation, or whether he puts his own notes in circulation for an equal amount and retains those of his customers as the means of redemption. Convenience will be in favor of the latter method, so far as it shall be found in practice to be safe; which will be in proportion to the growth of the general habit of honesty; which will be again in exact proportion to the general adoption of the Cost Principle as the governing principle of commerce. Wherever the honesty of the storekeeper can be entirely relied upon, guarded as it will be by the usage of keeping his books entirely open at all times to the inspection of the public, the practice may grow up of each inhabitant of the village exchanging Labor Notes with him for as much currency as he requires for his own use, and issuing the notes of the storekeeper instead of his own. In this manner the storekeeper becomes the village banker, and makes out and signs all the currency in use in his neighborhood, and, as the doing so becomes a burden, charges the cost upon every issue. By this means the detail of each person's signing and issuing his own notes will be finally avoided, and the banking of the village surrendered into the hands of one person. Every movement should begin, however, for safety, in general individual banking, much in the same manner as it will be found expedient and cheaper in practice, in the early stages of experiment under the Cost Principle, to go back to the manufacture by hand of many articles which are manufactured outside by the aid of machinery, and intrinsically, of course, at a much cheaper rate.

247. The system of banking in Labor Notes by the wholesale, or by one individual for a village, neighborhood, or other community, thus begun, may be extended to the larger towns, and finally to the cities. In the large towns and cities, instead of the business being a mere appendage to the store or post-office, it will become an independent branch of business by itself,—the banker issuing his own notes against those of smaller country bankers held in deposit, as theirs in turn are issued against those of a still smaller class deposited with them, and these again finally against the primary notes of the citizens generally. The notes of the metropolitan bankers will then become a national currency, issued without interest, to the whole community, and at no expense beyond the cost of the mere labor involved in each exchange or issue.

248. It is obvious that such a system of banking is only adapted to a state of society in which there is a high state of confidence in individual good faith. It will be equally obvious, however, to every reader who has rightly apprehended the drift of this treatise, that such a condition of society will be the legitimate result

of the application of right principles. It will be alike obvious to every one who reflects that no true order of society can exist—the problem to be worked out—while bad faith and general dishonesty remain. The system of currency here slightly developed is adapted to society expurgated of those elements. Its benefits are immense. The fact that we cannot participate in them now may serve to remind us of the sacrifice we incur by adhering to principles which beget mutual overreaching and bad faith as their legitimate progeny.

249. We come, finally, to the consideration of the much-abused "Wages System," to escape which Social Reformers of all schools have proposed rushing into combinations of interest of some sort, to the destruction, as we have seen, of individual sovereignty and freedom. The concrete of our existing labor and commercial arrangements is felt to be disharmonic and oppressive; hence every feature of it is liable to be denounced in turn, in the absence of correct scientific discrimination between what is fundamentally right and wrong in the system. It is in consequence of this liability that Individuality has fallen into disrepute among Reformers, as if in it were the essential element of discord, whereas it has been shown that Individuality is the sole basis of all harmonic adjustment. In like manner the relation of employer and employed is stigmatized daily as vicious in itself, and the ideal is entertained of each individual being so employed as to be his own "boss," to use the language of the trades, and to work solely for himself. No such arrangement is either desirable or feasible. It is not all men who are made for designers, contrivers, and directors. That is perhaps one of the most exact generalizations of mankind into classes by which they are divided into Originators, Organizers, and Executors. The first are least numerous, the second more numerous, and the last most numerous. It is right that those who originate should impress themselves on the execution of their designs, either directly, or through the intervention of the organizing class. Naturally each is content with the performance of his own function, according to his organization. The few only will desire to lead; the mass of mankind will prefer to follow, so soon as an equality of rewards renders it alike honorable either to follow or to lead.

250. It is, then, a natural relation that one man should employ another to aid him in actualizing his design; that he who has a design to execute should adjoin to himself the labor of him who has none, or no other one than that of securing the means of his own subsistence in circumstances of personal comfort. For that purpose—the execution of the design—they two enter into a combination, while in interest they are still individual and distinct,—the interest of one being in his design, and that of the other in the wages he is to earn. But every combined movement demands an individual lead. Hence, in the execution of the design, the one must guide and the other follow, and the more absolute the submission of the one mind to the other, the more harmonious the movement. Hence, it is proper and right that one man should hire another, and, if he hires him, it is proper and right that he should remunerate him for his labor, and such remuneration is wages. Hence, it follows that the "Wages System" is essentially proper and right. It is right that one man employ another, it is right that he pay him wages, and it is right that he direct him absolutely, arbitrarily, if you will, in the performance of his labor, while, on the other hand, it is the business of him who is employed implicitly to obey,—that is, to surrender any will of his own in relation to a design not his own, and to conceive and execute the will of the other.

251. The wrong of our existing system is not, then, to be sought in Individualism, it is not to be sought in the want of Coöperation, except as that grows to some extent out of the want of Equity, nor is it to be sought in the relation of employer and employed. It is right that the great manufacturer should plan, and either alone, or through the aid of assistants under his direction, organize his mammoth establishment. It is right that he should employ and direct his hundred or his five hundred men. It is not true that those men do not even now coöperate with each other and with him, as it is right and proper that they should. (52.) It is right that he should pay them wages for their work. It is not in any, nor in all of these features combined, that the wrong of our present system is to be sought for and found. It is in the simple failure to do Equity. It is not that men are employed and paid, but that they are not paid justly, and that no measure of Justice or Equity has ever heretofore been known among men.

252. When all avenues are alike open to you and me, there is no hardship in the fact that I, having no genius for great enterprises, or preferring to avoid the responsible charge of them, choose freely to labor under your direction for the execution of your designs. It is a great hardship, however, if I am first forced into that position by a system of labor and wealth which leaves me no election, and then robbed, by the operation of the same system, of one half or two thirds of my earnings, for your benefit. In the large establishment, such as we are now contemplating, conducted on the Cost Principle, the proprietor will realize no more in the form of pecuniary results from the undertaking than the humblest laborer employed by him, unless he works harder, and not so much if he does not work so hard,—taking into account all the elements of labor or repugnance, both physical and mental.

253. But who, if the temptations of profit-making were removed, would assume the responsibility and burden of devising, organizing, and conducting an extensive and complicated business concern? The question is thoughtlessly asked, and dictated by the control which old associations have over the mind. In the first place, the burden and responsibility, precisely such as they are, more or less, to the individual who thus assumes a leading position, as compared with the disagreeableness of other occupations as estimated by himself solely, are the limit of the reward of his function. The greater the burden the greater the price. The Cost Principle does not pronounce, arbitrarily, that the conductor of the large and complicated business shall be paid a very low price for his labor. It merely decides that he shall be paid according to the relative degree of repugnance of that kind of occupation, as judged of by himself,—subject to no other checks than those which are supplied by his own conscience, and the competition of others who may deem it less repugnant than he. Hence, if that kind of occupation actually imposes an intrinsic burden ten times or one hundred times as great as mere executive labor, then the principle accompanies us quite out to that point, and gives to him who serves in that capacity ten or one hundred times as much price as to the ordinary laborer. The principle holds good wherever it conducts; but the result will be, in fact, far otherwise. There are men who are organized for the lead of large and complicated enterprises, to whom positions demanding great powers of mental combination, and devolving heavy responsibilities, are the most attractive. By such, such positions will be filled at a pecuniary price less rather than more than will be awarded to labors less flattering to the tastes and to the ambition for leading and responsible posts.

254. There is a class of Communist Reformers to whom this whole discussion relating to price will be distasteful. They wish to be rid of price altogether. They aspire to arrive, by a short cut, at a condition of society in which labor shall be solely according to attractions, and supply only measured by the wants of the individual. That ideal has in it, doubtless, a partial prophecy of the truth. It is, however, like the point of no friction in machinery,—a point always to be aimed at, and continually approximated, but never absolutely attained. The tendency to a modified practical communism will develop itself in proportion to the relaxa-

tion of the hold of the individual upon private property or possession, which will be again in proportion to the prevalence of general abundance. The effect of the Cost Principle will be to augment the general wealth by means of the Economies, Attractive Industry, and a more perfect Coöperation; hence the tendency of the Cost Principle, in operation, will be toward the extinguishment of all price. Price being according to repugnance, it will constantly decrease with the more attractive conditions of industry until, if the point be ever attained at which all labor shall be done from pure attraction, price will cease altogether. Hence, in so far as the Communist has faith in the possibility of attaining the conditions, may he have faith in that result. The Cost Principle begins with us, then, in the midst of repugnant labor as it now is, and does Equity there. It accompanies us with the decrease of repugnance and renders the price less, and finally it attends us quite out to the ideal point of pure attraction and the cessation of all price. It is the mistake of the Communist to assume that the goal has been attained, or that it is possible to attain it by any sudden leap, avoiding the intermediate steps.

255. Still it is important to observe that the absence of price is not the absence of ownership, which last is confusion. Hence, the Cost Principle never lands in Communism in that sense. All property will still belong to individual owners, who will exercise absolute rights over it—as an essential condition of order—even though a price be not demanded. Take an illustration. A drink of water, a pin, or a wafer is not now ordinarily a subject of price, as articles of more considerable value will not be with greater abundance, and still they belong to individual owners. You will take a wafer from my desk without even consulting me. It is not worth my while to assert my ownership. But if on doing so repeatedly you render yourself offensive by puffing tobacco smoke in my face, or otherwise, I fall back upon my right of property, and refuse you the accommodation.

256. In conclusion, it will strike the judicious reader that the Cost Principle is wonderfully searching, subtle, and exact; that it marks the line with precision between what is right and what is wrong in the present system, and between what is right and what is wrong in all the proposed systems of Social Reform; that it is eclectic and discriminating; that it combines, in fine, the simplicity of fundamental truth in its primary statement with that minuteness of application to the most ramified details which entitle it to the appellation of a Universal Principle.

THE END.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 112.

"I accuse you," said she with emotion, "of having given orders for the murder of my venerated master," and she recounted the horrors of the assault of Gowan's Mob.

The Duchess smiled disdainfully, and replied that she would not condescend to such puerile denials. The priest had conspired against the castle, as formerly he had conspired against the village. In civil wars equivocal persons, double traitors, merit death at the hands of both the opposing parties. Therefore she assumed the responsibility of this execution.

She fixed her bold eyes upon the old servant, who turned hers away in the confusion of such insolence; and, becoming excited in this game for the defence of her menaced body, certain that her beauty in this duel was enhanced by her animation and her will to captivate the assembly, she cast triumphant glances in all directions to gain partisans for herself.

"And the death of Sir Newington, the Duke, your husband, do you assume that also, with a light heart?" asked Treor, in the midst of a general murmur.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded several voices, those of the Lords, friends of the deceased and of the Duchess. . . .

And, simulating utter stupefaction, like a true actress, her mouth slightly gaping, her eyes rounded, Lady Ellen looked at Treor, and shook her head with a movement which signified: Has he gone mad, or does his impudence know no bounds?

Then, turning towards the assembly, she explained her mimicry.

"I have pitied this old man," she said with an extraordinary audacity, with convincing inflections of the voice; "perhaps in the intoxication of hasheesh he does not remember; at least it may be that the misfortunes of his country, the disasters about him, the implacable war, have deranged his faculties. The death of Newington, the crime to which the Duke succumbed, is his work!"

"Over the body of the victim," said Treor, gravely, extending his hand over the catafalque, "I swear that I am innocent of this crime, even by way of retaliation, by imprudence, by accident; Duchess, approach then, and take, if you dare, the same oath."

Feigning not to understand that he accused her, and as if he had simply invited her to support her testimony by this solemn act, she said:

"He submits me to the oath on the subject of the murder of my regretted husband; well! I swear, and is there really need of my swearing? Can there be hesitation between my affirmation and his? I swear that everybody knows that which report has published everywhere, without encountering the shadow of a doubt. This Treor, in his cell, played astonishing airs on his violin, more than supernatural in their character, and it was I who had the weakness, the charity, the humanity, to have his violin given him to lighten the rigors of his captivity, which were extreme at his age."

"By premeditation!" interrupted Paddy Neill, whose frightful face impressed the Duchess painfully.

She continued, however, with the same volubility:

"I listened, ravished and at the same time enervated, to this demoniacal music . . . and the Duke offered to send for the musician, and I made the mistake of accepting. Once before us—but I repeat that of which no one is ignorant, and I must annoy with my repetitions. Once before us, he was no longer a man; he was like one possessed; he was drunk, he was mad, a furious madman who abused us, who insulted us, who lifted his hand against the Duke, who seized me by the skirt. . . ."

"This is not the version which you at first fabricated?" said Treor, drily.

"Silence for the accused!" cried Lord Muskery; "go on with your testimony, Duchess!"

"The servant who led me in," resumed Treor, not at all disconcerted, "returned, attracted by my disorderly clamor,—for I was drunk, I admit, drunk from the hasheesh which they furnished me,—at my request, I confess, but granted for Lady Ellen's purposes; this servant questioned the Duchess, and, to get him away, she responded that the Duke was in no danger; at that moment, he was rolling in frightful agony, a prey to infernal sufferings."

"So that you claim the Duchess as your accomplice?" said Lord Jennings, sneering.

"The author of the crime!" declared Treor, in a strong voice, rousing among the English a storm difficult to calm.

Amid the tempest special clamors rose.

"Shameless, impudent fellow!" cried Muskery, addressing Treor, and, notwithstanding the bonds which fettered him, trying to walk towards him!

"He accuses innocence, virtue, of his crime!" thundered Jennings.

"Ah! why are we bound and made incapable of punishing this impostor as he merits?" resumed Muskery, trying to break his chains.

Their guardians bound them more securely, they too becoming more furious and reiterating the assertion of their chosen leader:

"Yes! yes! the Duchess is only a vulgar poisoner!"

But Treor imposed silence on them, and coldly invited the others to calm their generous indignation.

"Criminals have counsel, but no champions," said he; "listen to us, hear the witnesses, you may then present the defence of the guilty. . . ."

And, in spite of the protests, the burning comments, the curses of the Lords and rebellious friends of Lady Ellen, who became all the more turbulent as the repression showed signs of indulgence, Treor told the story, and again described his entrance into the room and the symptoms of poisoning shown by Sir Newington, already struck at that moment with the dagger picked up by Sir Richard on the battle-field.

"Very well invented!" said the Duchess.

"Don't interrupt!" cried several persons at once, some of them even among the English.

The old man's tone of simple sincerity, the authority of his frank and serenely majestic countenance, won him, little by little, the previously hostile part of the audience, and many of those who were not yet convinced at least desired to enlighten themselves by hearing to its close this clear, cold, precise, crushing indictment.

The poignant phrases of the struggle of Newington against death, the sinister rallery with which Treor welcomed the enraged death-rattle, and then the emotion of the old man on being sobered by perceiving that he was dealing with an unfortunate, his powerlessness to help him,—all this part of the narrative moved the hearts of the most unfeeling, and filled them with a belief in its truth.

And when Treor came to the hope of the dying man on recognizing the Duchess through the half-open tapestries, and in his paroxysm of rage suddenly divining that his death-blow came from her, Treor reproduced the scene with such eloquence that no doubt existed save in a few minds, and he could command that the prisoners' bonds be loosened, with no danger that these, once free in their movements, would use them to attempt, as they would have done two minutes sooner, some mad manifestation in behalf of Lady Ellen.

But a sudden change was worked in favor of the young woman when the old man, finishing the relation of the facts, recalled the furious outburst of the monstrous Lady, how she had gagged him with her little hands, thrown him down close to Newington, and then called, with all her might, in order that witnesses might establish the crime, exciting those who came in to rush on the pretended culprit and riddle him with mortal wounds.

"Kill him then!" she cried; "he breathes yet, open his veins; under the weight of your knees, under the blows of your heels, press out his old soul!"

Truly, this was too much honor, and, looking at the Duchess, her quiet features, her resigned smile of scorn at the enormity of the fable with which they were trying to overwhelm her, gave her the look of a grand person vilely slandered, who disdained to defend herself; and most of her partisans, who had been for an instant turned against her, turned back quickly, and protested anew.

A hardened criminal, a criminal by trade, who is at least not just beginning his career, could alone be capable of this persistence, of this artifice, of this ferocious desperation in crime.

He who wishes to prove too much proves nothing.

The adage pleaded victoriously against Treor, and they muttered it.

Vainly he recounted the supreme desire for vengeance which tortured Newington in his last convulsion, his attempt to drag his poisoner with him to death, and in what way the Duke, in his vain rage, had died at the feet of the culprit.

A dull rumor, then interrupted by denials in an undertone, ran through the ranks of the nobility whose class feeling forbade them to accept the hypothesis of such acts of violence, customary among the lower orders, perhaps, but unknown in their aristocratic spheres.

Recourse to poison or the dagger would not be, on the whole, derogatory to the Duchess; but her nature would revolt at this pugilistic wrangling; her education, her elevation to the nobility, obliged her not to resort to such, even in the passion of the crime, even in the terror of being discovered.

No one pretended that the old man lied; that he knowingly, deliberately, and with an infernal assurance, accused the Duchess wrongfully; but, as they would recall, he confessed himself that he was in a state of deep intoxication from hasheesh!

All that he honestly believed he had seen was hallucination, a delusion of his perverted, obliterated senses; yes, the Duchess, intervening at the call of her husband, had, perhaps, brutally pushed Treor away, imagining him the assassin; and Newington possibly caught hold of her, as a drowning man catches at his rescuer. As for the poisoning by the dagger, probably Treor, without criminal intention, had scratched the Duke, or the Lord himself had cut his skin.

In any case, Lady Ellen was clear of guilt. And her friends raised their voices to formulate such means of defence as would conciliate all ill feeling and close the debates.

On their counsel, the Duchess did not refuse to lend herself to this compromise; and when Treor drew from one of his pockets, as one of his proofs, the fine satin shoe perforated at the tip with the holes evidently made by desperate teeth, her advocates still explained the bite by the delirium of Newington, who, at the last moment, might easily have taken his pitying wife for an enemy.

"Yes, yes, that's it! Let there be no more charges; let us proceed to the obsequies!" urged a considerable number of persons among the English.

"Yes!" sighed the Irish also, being in haste to finish and to leave this room, in which, under the suffocating heat caused by so numerous an assemblage, the decomposition of the body which had lain on the catafalque too long was proceeding more and more rapidly.

"Let us finish," demanded Muskery, "and, outside of this place, of this impure air, you can do with us, your prisoners, what seems good to you."

"Let the Duchess, then, confess her crime!" said Treor, slowly.

What! he persisted in his accusation!

It was not enough for him to be acquitted of the charge which weighed upon him, and again a sudden change was observed, unfavorable to Lady Ellen.

Since the old man insisted in this way, it must really be that he believed in the guilt of the Duchess; and, imbued with justice as he appeared, it could not be that he founded his belief only on deceitful appearances.

To be continued.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER 3, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Light for a Light-Bearer.

Now that the long controversy between M. Harman and E. C. Walker, editors of "Lucifer, the Light-Bearer," has been brought to a close, I accept the invitation of Mr. Harman (tendered to all his readers, of whom I am one) to express my views on his present attitude on the question of voting for repeal of bad laws. I hope that, when I am weighed in the balance of "gentility," I shall not be found wanting, but will come up to the standard of Mr. Harman's definition of a "true liberal, a logical Anarchist."

In considering the question of the use of the ballot, it seems to me [am I modest enough, Mr. Harman?] the first question to be asked is whether we have a right to vote at all, or, to state myself in the language of Egoism, whether the existence of society and its highest interests can best be secured by allowing the free use of this instrument to the individual members thereof. And from the standpoint of the Anarchistic philosophy there can be but one answer to this question. Except in a society formed by intelligent people on a voluntary basis, voting is wrong, despotic, archaic, and unjustifiable. To vote is to govern; it is also to be governed. As an Anarchist, Mr. Harman must condemn both the tyranny and the slavery of the ballot in any society retaining the element of compulsion. If Anarchists should agree to manage the affairs of associations composed of their own kind exclusively on the modern plan of reciprocal tyranny and universal meddling as represented in the ballot institution, no question could be raised except that of sanity. But in the world as we find it today, with men divided into masters and slaves, to use the ballot is to become a partner in the gigantic conspiracy against equal rights and equity and to assume the responsibility for its existence.

Granting these propositions,—and I am unable to see how Mr. Harman can dispute them,—what argument is there in favor of voting for repeal which does not apply to voting for enactment of laws? I can discover no vital difference between attempting to saddle the people with laws which they do not all want and conspiring to repeal laws which part of the people cherish as beneficial and sacred. In both cases it is the use of force by the majority upon the minority. Individualists have as much right to disregard or abolish, for themselves, old laws imposed upon them against their consent as to establish new laws for their own observance; but they have no more right to compel people to wipe out laws which the latter desire to have on the statute books than to make them submit to new laws which they succeed in putting there. It's a very poor excuse to claim the right to vote for the repeal of laws on the ground of unwittingly or ignorantly having been instrumental in enacting them, for "two wrongs never make a right."

Perhaps at this point Mr. Harman will object to my

discussing the question from the standpoint of Anarchistic principles, and justify his position by considerations of necessity and expediency. "Being in a state of war, it is impossible to be strictly faithful to principle; the right of self-defence entitles us to the use of any potent means to gain our independence." Were Mr. Harman to make answer in this vein, I should certainly acknowledge his right to use the force of the ballot, just as I maintain that dynamiters have a right to throw bombs in self-defence, but the right to use the ballot would include the right to make laws as well as the right to unmake them. In fact, any method is justifiable in our war against the invasive and aggressive State. The question is simply one of policy and practical wisdom. As Mr. Tucker once expressed it, in the matter of offering resistance to and using force against the State, the thing to settle is what form of resistance resists best, which is the most forcible of all kinds of force. And, looking at the ballot from this point, nothing can be said in its favor. It is the poorest, the most impotent, the most uncertain of weapons. Even Mr. Harman is forced to admit that it is almost impossible to get a law repealed through the ballot. If I were to become disappointed in the power of passive resistance and confronted with the alternative of adopting either dynamite or ballot-box force as a weapon against the State, I should choose dynamite without a moment's hesitation. Not only is it far more powerful, but it has the additional merit of being preeminently a revolutionary force, while the ballot is a legal instrument and is used by all friends of "law and order." To propagate Anarchism while regularly visiting the polls is impossible, because the people will in nine cases out of ten note your act without paying any attention to your long-winded explanations, and the act being seemingly a contradiction of the Anarchistic principle, derision and contempt will fall to your lot.

There are other considerations to be advanced in opposition to voting, but I will reserve them for some future time, giving now the floor to Mr. Harman, if he chooses to reply.

V. YARROS.

An Inconsistency Accounted For.

E. C. Walker, commenting in "Lucifer" upon my notice of the reappearance of the "Alarm," calls me to account for crediting its editor, Dyer D. Lum, with a knowledge and understanding of "philosophical Anarchy," when, in that very issue of the "Alarm" which I was reviewing, he had resented the Denver "Labor Enquirer's" allusion to the Chicago victims as "so-called Anarchists." Mr. Walker argues that, if Mr. Lum really understood Anarchism himself, he would not commit the gross error of claiming Parsons and his comrades as Anarchists, but would class them as advanced Socialists, as the "Labor Enquirer" does.

This argument, it must be admitted, has every appearance of validity, but this is because it leaves one fact entirely out of the account,—namely, that Mr. Lum is a very peculiar man. When it suits his purpose to be inconsistent, no absurdity appalls him. The more glaring it is, the more savage the enjoyment he takes in entertaining it.

By the side of some of the Chicago men he in the past had worked. He knew them and he loved them. But in the course of time he outgrew them in his thought. Although he knew this perfectly well, still, when they got into trouble and by their noble conduct won the admiration of all men capable of admiration, the old feeling of comradeship was so strong in him that he could not bear to hear another, even a friend, declare that these men were fundamentally in error. He has been steadily willing to make such a declaration himself, but has claimed the privilege of doing so as a monopoly. In No. 93 of Liberty he spoke thus of Spies: "An old Socialist, he has learned that the ballot is a superstition, and *this* he believes to be Anarchy! . . . State Socialist as he is,—but without knowing it,—I shall ever keep his memory green." But if any one else ventured to say as much, he would shut his eyes to all his sober discussion of principles, and blindly, wilfully, obstinately deny it.

This is Mr. Lum's peculiarity.

Hence, when I saw his paragraph of rebuke to the

"Labor Enquirer," I knew how to take it. I knew that the pulsations of a warm heart had temporarily beaten his reason into submission and made him utterly careless for consistency. I lamented the fact, but I could not let it outweigh for a moment the evidence of his intelligent hold on Anarchistic doctrine which his editorials showed.

Mr. Walker, however, has done well to point out the inconsistency, for it was dangerously misleading to the average reader. But I find it not a little amusing that Mr. Lum, who not long ago announced in "Lucifer" that he should revive the "Alarm" and thereby draw away from "Lucifer" the fire which Liberty was then pouring into it, should receive his first broadside, not from Liberty, but from "Lucifer" itself.

T.

Violence Breeds Violence.

Every believer in Socialism, in Communism, in Anarchism, and in every other ism, who thinks, or who has the faintest idea, that any permanent good can be done in the world by the use of violence should stop and study well the passions raised in his own heart by the Chicago executions. He will find there, among other things, and in varying quantities, rage, contempt, a strengthened desire to annihilate the State, as firm a belief as ever in his principles, and a fierce determination to continue in his work. Then he should stop again and study equally well the fact that it is these same passions which he arouses in the hearts of the State's people every time he says anything about using violence. After he has considered how little effect the State's violence has upon him and upon his belief in his principles and his advocacy thereof, he can spend a little time profitably in thinking what an equally small effect his talk about violence is going to have on the people who constitute the State, who believe that in its American form it is the perfection of human political wisdom, and that in its continuance lies the only hope, not only of their safety, but also of benefit to the race. He can terrify them, and in their terror they can only strike back and hug their beliefs all the closer. What ought to be, if it has in it any truth whatever, and what must be, if it is to have any root whatever, a struggle of intellectual forces and the final supremacy of that which shows the stronger reason and the greater utility, can become, by the use of violence, nothing but a brute battle for physical supremacy with a rabid determination on each side to exterminate the other.

And it happens that the probabilities of extermination are all on the wrong side.

F. F. K.

The Boycott and Its Limit.

London "Jus" does not see clearly in the matter of boycotting. "Every man," it says, "has a perfect right to refuse to hold intercourse with any other man or class from whom he chooses to keep aloof. But where does liberty come in when several persons conspire together to put pressure upon another to induce or coerce him (by threats expressed or implied) to refrain also from intercourse with the boycotted man? It is not that the boycotted man has grounds of legal complaint against those who voluntarily put him in coventry. His complaint is against those who compel (under whatsoever sanction) third persons to do likewise. Surely the distinction is specific." Specific, yes, but not rational. The line of real distinction does not run in the direction which "Jus" tries to give it. Its course does not lie between the second person and a third person, but between the threats of invasion and the threats of ostracism by which either the second or a third person is coerced or induced. All boycotting, no matter of what person, consists either in the utterance of a threat or in its execution. A man has a right to threaten what he has a right to execute. The boundary line of justifiable boycotting is fixed by the nature of the threat used. B and C, laborers, are entitled to quit buying shoes of A, a manufacturer, for any reason whatever or for no reason at all. Therefore they are entitled to say to A: "If you do not discharge the non-union men in your employ, we will quit buying shoes of you." Similarly they are entitled to quit buying clothes of D, a tailor. Therefore they are entitled to say to D: "If you do not cooperate with us

in endeavoring to induce A to discharge his non-union employees,—that is, if you do not quit buying shoes of him,—we will quit buying clothes of you.” But B and C are not entitled to burn A’s shop or D’s shop. Hence they are not entitled to say to A that they will burn his shop unless he discharges his non-union employees, or to D that they will burn his shop unless he withdraws his patronage from A. Is it not clear that the rightful attitude of B and C depends wholly upon the question whether or not the attitude is invasive in itself, and not at all upon the question whether the object of it is A or D? T.

It was amusing and highly gratifying in the recent political campaign to hear that pair of time-servers, Patrick Ford and Henry George, tell the truth about each other. “They who undertake to ‘knock out’ the Old Man at the Vatican undertake a mighty big contract.” In saying these words Patrick spoke from experience. He once ventured into the ring himself with the Pope for an antagonist. But while he was proudly putting in his biggest licks, the crafty Roman slugger dealt him a blow that brought him permanently to his knees. It took the shape of a boycott upon the “Irish World.” The priests alone who “stopped their paper,” to say nothing of their obedient flocks, were numbered by thousands. Patrick promptly threw up the sponge, and from that day to this no more subservient lickspittle than he has knelt before the Catholic hierarchy. Consequently, on receiving orders a few weeks ago to himself take part in boycotting the new rebel, McGlynn, and his backer, George, he obeyed with all haste, and the same double-leaded, double-column rhetoric in which Patrick used to hurl defiance at the Church has lately been doing duty against the priest whose rebellion he at first aided and abetted and the “prophet” who was once his chosen guide in political economy. Little sympathy, however, for McGlynn, and none at all for George, can be felt by those who have witnessed the cowardice and treachery which both priest and “prophet” developed as soon as they became politicians and began their scramble for votes. Their course has enabled the contemptible Ford to cover them with the same contempt that long ago stripped him of the vast influence which he once possessed.

In the dispute between M. Harman and E. C. Walker, editors of “Lucifer,” concerning the ballot as an Anarchistic instrument, Harman described Walker’s position as “a very decided reversion or declension towards the impractical, the ultra-individualistic, the intensely egoistic, the pretentious, the arrogant, the exclusive, the intolerant propaganda of B. R. Tucker and the rest of the so-called ‘Philosophical Anarchists.’” A famous German writer, Börne, was once subjected by an opponent to an onslaught not unlike the above in its free use of adjective epithets. Börne replied that this method of argument was very easy; that there was no art in it at all; that it needed only a dictionary. And thereupon he rained upon his opponent’s head three solid pages of epithets taken from the dictionary in their alphabetical order. I mention this here simply as a hint to Mr. Harman of how I might return his compliments in kind, were not the pages of Liberty too valuable.

In the introduction to his book on “Danton,” Laurence Gronlund says that he assumes “the coöperative commonwealth [or State Socialism] to be, if not the final, at least the next stage in the evolution of human societies.” Has it dawned upon the mind of this Socialist author that Anarchy is to be the ultimate condition of social existence?

Was This George’s Doing?

[J. K. Ingalls in Social Science.]

It seems beyond question that, when Mr. Parnell betrayed the cause of the Irish Land League, in the treaty of Kilmainham, by suppressing the “No Rent” manifesto, Mr. George coincided with his action, and is supposed to have influenced Mr. Davitt, who was at first opposed to it. Mr. George could hardly have failed to see that, if the doctrine of “no rent” prevailed, there would be no land values to be taxed away.

Another Critical Note.

In the last number of Liberty Tak Kak says that he has “nothing but contempt for the man who needs to perceive the ‘self-wisdom’ of generosity in order to be generous.” While holding this opinion, of course he cannot feel any need of perceiving the self-wisdom of expressing contempt before airing that passionate thought.

If self-wisdom and intelligent egoism are synonymous terms, which I take them to be, what then does Tak Kak consider is the use of intelligent egoism? If he admits that all genuine acts of charity are manifestations of generosity, and that there are some such acts performed by others which touch his sentiments of sympathy and generosity, and yet do not meet with his approval because of his intelligence, then is he contemptible in his own eyes. If he does not admit this, it is evident that his generosity must be divorced from his intelligence.

GEO. B. PRESCOTT, JR.

NEWARK, NOVEMBER 20, 1887.

[I fully expected that some such criticism as the above would follow Tak Kak’s last contribution. The passage commented upon by Mr. Prescott was expressed with less than Tak Kak’s usual clearness, and I read it more than twice before I perceived its meaning (supposing that I now understand it correctly). Then I saw that Tak Kak referred only to *being generous*, not to *acting generously*. He did not mean that he admires the man who always does the deed to which a generous impulse prompts him regardless of the verdict of his intelligence upon the wisdom of such deed; he only meant that he despises the man who does not first feel the generous impulse and find his highest pleasure in it before he considers whether in the given instance it is wise or foolish to do the generous deed. So understood, his remark was entirely in harmony with the intelligent egoism which he has advocated so ably in these columns. I do not offer this explanation, however, in order to forestall Tak Kak; he certainly can defend himself much better than I can defend him.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

The Robbers’ Shameless Boast.

The banker no longer defends himself from the charges which labor makes against him, but resorts to Boss Tweed’s rejoinder: “What are you going to do about it?” All defence of money monopoly and the existing social order becomes ridiculous and futile, all assault upon them becomes needless, after the following audacious confession, which appeared editorially a few months ago in the organ of the national banks, the “Bankers’ Monthly”:

It is no libel on the characteristics and tendencies of the present or any other age to say that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer, for such is the inevitable result of the natural law of financial gravitation. Just as easy and naturally as a moist snow-ball gathers size by rolling down hill, does money gather accretions of interest by steadily descending the gentle declivity of time. The farmer who mortgaged his place complained that, while he worked hard every day in the week, the mortgage worked nights, Sundays, week-days, and all, and so in the end beat him. It always has been thus, and always will be thus.

Money makes money with but little or no effort on the part of its owner, and the larger the sum of money, the larger, of course, are its aggregate gains,—the huge pile mounting higher and higher by a never-ceasing arithmetical progression. In getting rich the chiefest obstacles are encountered in securing the first five thousand dollars or ten thousand dollars,—the first snow-ball to start down the hill.

Various moral, economic, and social questions arise in view of these facts; but there is no good in discussing them. The facts are before us, and they cannot be annihilated or ignored. It would be better for all parties to accept them, and govern their action accordingly, than to spend time, breath, and energy fruitlessly in trying to fight against fate.

The work of organizing and establishing new banks in all parts of the country goes forward with unabated zeal. Since the publication of the January issue of our “Banker’s Directory,” there have been no less than three hundred and fifty new banks formed in the United States. The amount of capital in each of these has varied from ten thousand dollars to three million dollars. It would seem that the profitable limit in this business must be surely reached before a great while, but at present it is not in sight, nor is there any great probability that it will be, as long as money finds borrowers at six, eight, ten, and twelve per cent. interest on call or time loans. It is, indeed, an extraordinary harvest time with banks, and it is no wonder that unemployed capital should desire to “get into the swim” while it lasts, and receive a share of the gains. For all except clerks and the manager, a banking business is an easy and rapid way of making money, with no more than the average amount of risk at-

tending it. Moreover, it is eminently a genteel and dignified occupation. There is something very respectful and potential in the title of banker. It sounds good, and it is good, to those who can legitimately bear it.

We hear no more now of national banks giving up their charters and reorganizing under State laws, or of reducing the amount of their note circulation to a minimum on account of the withdrawal of the three per cent. bonds. On the contrary, the national banks are now buying four and four and a half per cent. bonds.

Of course, we greatly rejoice in the present prosperity of all our friends and patrons, and only hope that in the excess of zeal the banking interests of the country will not be pushed to a degree of tension which will cause the cords of safety to snap asunder suddenly in the near future.

What is Needed.

[E. C. Walker in Lucifer.]

Not patch-work “methods” of reform, not patent legislative nostrums, but the education of the people in the primary lessons of SELF-RULE and SELF-HELP. Not reforms in law-making, but a vast increase in the work of law-repealing and nullification through the absorbent substitution of private, associative initiative. Not the referendum, for, if the units of the majority are not capable of determining questions of finance, industry, morals, etc., etc., for themselves, they certainly are not capable of determining them for others, nor is the collective majority capable of determining them for the minority.

One thing that is needed is that men of brains shall have more faith in the whole truth that they see. One of the chief reasons why the people grow so slowly is the strange delusion of so many desire-to-be reformers who act just as though they thought that the way to reform human conditions was for them to follow instead of leading the masses.

Speak your deepest, truest convictions, or keep silent. Better not teach at all than to consciously mistake. It is easier to write on the blank page than on the blotched one; so, if you cannot write on the human brain what is your highest conception of truth, write nothing; leave a clean sheet for others. Don’t follow the example of the Protestants, and render those who listen to you incapable of logical thinking, by trying to teach them to attempt the impossible task of reconciling the irreconcilable,—Liberty and Despotism, Individuality and Authority.

GIVE ALL TO LOVE.

Give all to love;
Obey thy heart;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good-fame,
Plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse.

’Tis a brave master;
Let it have scope:
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope:
High and more high
It dives into noon,
With wing unspent,
Untold intent;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path,
And the outlets of the sky.

It was not for the mean;
It requireth courage stout,
Souls above doubt,
Valor unbending;
Such ’twill reward,—
They shall return
More than they were,
And ever ascending.

Leave all for love;
Yet, hear me, yet,
One word more thy heart beloved,
One pulse more of firm endeavor,—
Keep thee today,
Tomorrow, forever,
Free as an Arab
Of thy beloved.

Cling with life to the maid;
But when the surprise,
First vague shadow of surmise
Flits across her bosom young
Of a joy apart from thee,
Free be she, fancy-free;
Nor thou detain her vesture’s hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

Though thou loved her as thyself,
As a self of purer clay,
Though her parting dims the day,
Stealing grace from all alive;
Heartily know,
When half-gods go,
The gods arrive.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Anarchism: Its Aims and Methods.

Those of you, Ladies and Gentlemen, who have familiarized yourselves with the constitution of the Boston Anarchists' Club—and we most earnestly request all of you to bestow upon that document a candid and thoughtful consideration—have not failed to notice the contents of Article II, which reads as follows:

The purpose of the Club is the abolition of all government imposed upon man by man by holding public meetings, lectures, and debates, distributing Anarchistic literature, and all other agencies, methods, and measures not themselves partaking of the nature of such government.

The "abolition of government imposed upon man by man" is the definition of the term *An-archy*, which, in the form of a negation, is made to express the basic and central affirmation underlying our philosophy and system of thought, its equivalent, stated in positive form, being *Individual Sovereignty*, or *Egoism*.

This Club, then, is organized by individuals who refuse to sanction the existence of the *State*, and who are determined to labor for its overthrow and for the realization of individual liberty. It is essential that there should be no uncertainty in regard to our position. We reject all forms of government,—that is, external regulation,—and demand to be allowed full freedom in the exercise of all our faculties and powers without any interference or control whatever. And we hold that we are justified in employing any and all means not themselves partaking of the nature of government for the purpose of securing the desired ends,—that is to say, in trying to achieve freedom for ourselves, we are entitled to the use of all Anarchistic means and to none that are in any sense Archistic. We do not presume to speak for others; consequently, when we declare war upon government, we do so only so far as it relates to our own interests and crosses our own paths. We do not propose to dictate to others and force them to accept our ideas of reform, for that would be equivalent to an attempt to impose our government upon them. We fully assume the cost and the responsibility of the exercise of our freedom, which ends immediately where the equal freedom of our fellow-man begins. Those who have no fault to find with the existing State may continue to support it; those who flatter themselves that they have discovered a more perfect State should be free to establish it for themselves and enjoy its blessings or suffer from its inherent evils; and all the various classes and sets of dreamers who have peculiar notions regarding things ought to be allowed to realize their dreams, provided that none of them infringe upon the liberties of outsiders. In the end only the fittest would survive, and intelligence and knowledge gained through observing and comparing the results of all the systems in operation would be the chief factors in determining that survival.

Vaguely conveyed in the language of the constitutional provision, the implication, once understood, cannot fail to impress the intelligent investigator with a profound sense of respect for this new departure in the world of reform. The unimpeachable record of history fatally establishes the presence, in almost all reform movements to which a greater or smaller influence on man and society may be justly ascribed, of the common incriminating feature of unjustifiable coercion and extreme carelessness in the choice of methods. The ideal, the theory, the utopia, monopolized the attention; the mode of application had to be determined by other factors. The end justified the means: consequently, all that pertained to the practical sides of the divine and glorious ideas upon which alone the salvation of mankind rested was dismissed as too "material" and unworthy of consideration. To establish an undefinable "Right," nothing was wrong; to "fight" for "peace" was not thought paradoxical. Like orthodox Christianity, which is incapable of perceiving any inharmoniousness between its avowed general mission of saving fallen humanity and bringing it heavenly bliss, and its cool and deliberate consignment of millions of beings to eternal tortures and anguish, nearly all reform movements, inspired by lofty aims and brilliant utopias, sought to materialize by and through means which could have no effect other than reactionary and evil-aggravating. For the first time in the history of great movements, "principle" and "policy" are made to conform to one and the same standard, and subject to the domination of one and the same guiding power, in the theory and practice of Anarchy. Whether looked upon as expounders of certain truths and apostles of a certain system of philosophy, or whether studied as practical rebels and conspirators against existing iniquitous institutions, the same consistency, plumb-line adherence to well-defined limits, and scrupulous regard for the rights of the non-Anarchists distinguish the Anarchist reformers. Theoretically defending individual liberty, and appealing to the intelligence of the people for endorsement of their scientific conclusions, the Anarchists are prepared to set the example of practical non-interference. They aspire to be teachers, but they have no intention of becoming dictators; they are ready to lead the people out of the wilderness to the promised land, but they do not mean to drive them by force.

Having explained the meaning of the article quoted above, we are confronted with the necessity of stating our reasons for (1) our opposition and enmity toward the State and (2)

for our confident belief that Anarchy would improve and elevate the world's condition.

This, as we all know, is a practical age. We have no patience with people who waste time and thought on the consideration of any but the most burning, vital, practical, and urgent questions of the hour; and we have nothing but contempt and ridicule for the reformers and social philosophers who invent impracticable schemes, offer puzzling solutions, and flood the world with utopias, sentimental effusions, and fanciful ideals. We seek immediate and tangible benefits from everything that makes claim to our attention, and our first question regarding anything we may be asked to look into is whether the matter is closely allied to material prosperity.

Before we proceed with the main argument, we must, in view of this circumstance, comment upon one current notion concerning the Anarchistic doctrine,—a notion which, because very plausible on the surface, is misleading and dangerous. Some kindly-disposed people, intending it as a compliment, frequently refer to Anarchy as that ideal and millennial state of society of which prophets spoke and philosophers wrote and poets sang and dreamers of all ages drew fantastic pictures. We are comforted by the admission that humanity is sure to attain that high perfection which will obliterate all distinctions and make laws unnecessary. Every man will be a law unto himself, and government a thing unknown.

While duly appreciating the generosity and benevolence of this view of Anarchy, we must make the disappointing declaration nevertheless that there is no more truth and intelligent comprehension of Anarchistic philosophy in it than there is in its antipode, which is entertained by a far greater number of people not distinguished for excessive liberality and toleration,—namely, the view which can discover nothing in Anarchy except chaos and universal war. Anarchy brings peace, and brings it in the here and the now. Sickly sentimentalism and ferocious savagery are alike foreign to Anarchism, which is simply and objectively the Science of Society and the text-book of Justice, and which concerns itself very little about the remote future, but deals with the present and the very next step of progress.

What is it that absorbs and preoccupies the thinking mind of the world today? A multitude and variety of pressing problems. There are infinite abuses to be removed, evils to be abolished, maladies to be cured, grievances to be settled, wrongs to be righted. There are all sorts of movements on foot aiming at reform. Starting from the same point in earnest search for truth, reformers travel in all directions, and explore all roads and by-ways, in the end finding themselves in a circle, in the midst of a raging battle and hopeless confusion. Unguided by intelligence, the abundant crop of good intentions and noble impulses paves the road to the hell of modern universal uncertainty and insecurity. Anarchism throws a flood of light upon this wild scene, and clearly outlines the issue as well as the methods of settling it. It sums up the whole complicated situation in the following trenchant declaration:

GOVERNMENT IS THE FATHER OF ALL SOCIAL EVIL;

while it reveals the true and perfect solution of the problem in the formula of Proudhon:

LIBERTY THE MOTHER, NOT THE DAUGHTER, OF ORDER.

The Anarchists' motto is: "No more government of man by man," and their chief battle with the State,—the State, that debases man; the State, that prostitutes woman; the State, that corrupts children; the State, that trammels love; the State, that stifles thought; the State, that monopolizes land; the State, that limits credit; the State, that restricts exchange; the State, that gives idle capital the power of increase and allows it, through interest, rent, and profits, to rob industrious labor of its products."

They do not claim that the mere abolition of the State would instantly result in the world's regeneration; but they assert that nothing short of such abolition will be sufficient to enable those factors and forces upon which the world's regeneration does depend to fully and freely enter into play. Not all the crimes with which the State is charged in the above indictment, which is copied verbatim from the first number of the Anarchists' organ, *Liberty*, have been directly and deliberately committed by it; but indirectly it is the cause of their continued existence, if not of their origin.

We need not attempt here to trace the growth of the social disease back to its prime source. It is inessential to the purpose of our argument to undertake a search for the "cause of causes." When placing the responsibility for most of the modern social evils at the door of the State, we do not for a moment lose sight of the indisputable fact that the firm hold which the State has on the minds of the people is due to some general cause for which the State, being a result, cannot be held accountable. Later we shall have occasion to touch upon the fact of the people's fond nursing of the viper; at present we are concerned with the nature of the State, its past, and its effect on human relations.

The State, as Herbert Spencer says, is begotten of aggression and by aggression. It is essentially a war-institution. Both primitive and modern history abound with convincing evidence that coercive government owes its origin, as well as its preservation and opportunities for extension, to special

climatic, geographical, and other physical conditions. War was the agent of evolution and the means whereby tribes unfavorably situated secured their survival. The political State, in whatever form, represents, in its main and unvarying features, that type of social organization which is best adapted to the necessities and emergencies of warlike people. On the other hand we read [See Spencer's "Political Institutions" and Tyler's "Anthropology"] and hear very frequently of tribes and small communities living in peace and contentment in the utter absence of a coercive power, or of what we call government. They have their methods and agencies for restraining trespassers, and they find them entirely adequate. Recognizing thus that the State is not an accident in history, and conceding even that it was both necessary and serviceable to the progressive development of society, the Anarchists, however, maintain that its legitimate occupation is entirely gone, and that it is at present playing a very abnormal part in the social life of civilized and industrial nations, interfering with things which brook no interference, undertaking the management of affairs it knows nothing about, and assuming tasks for which it has not the least fitness. Disaster and failure follow its footsteps. It is an engine of destruction, constitutionally incapable of constructive functions. The smooth, regular, and unobstructed running of the social machine requires the annihilation and removal of the State, this immense wreck, which so many are seeking to remodel and reconstruct for the purpose of adapting it to new uses. The State must die, if society is to live. To attempt to cure society by State medicine is to intensify its suffering and make its recovery more and more doubtful.

No one will pretend at this late day that statute regulations and restrictions hold society together, either exclusively or largely. The growth of social ties necessitates the diminution of warlike propensities. The same causes that brought social life into existence, gaining strength and weight by constant activity, are operating to perfect both persons and environment and make the adaptation between them complete. This adaptation, the Anarchists assert, is hindered by the State. For what does the State do? Does it confine itself to the narrow function of restraining and punishing criminals? It does not. (And, besides, that could be done without its expensive and cumbersome machinery.) Is the State a handmaid to society, ministering to its wants and attending to its needs and conveniences? It is not. The State is industriously engaged in granting privileges, creating distinctions, and producing inequalities. These tend to disrupt society, and therefore the people, having no respect for them, violate them at every turn. To protect these monopolies and to enforce the laws an army of public officials and police becomes necessary. Should the State be wiped out, with all its inequalities and inequities, very little motive for crime would be left. Our industrial civilization, with its two concomitants,—unconscious, automatic cooperation and conscious, voluntary association for various purposes, is powerfully conducive to mutual respect and defence. And no penalty for wrong-doing would be more dreaded or more effective than a temporary or permanent exclusion of the offender from the social benefits. The principles of the State are the principles, and its methods and tactics are the methods and tactics, of war. Just as peaceful industrial pursuits and the application of autonomous principles are incompatible with continuous warfare, or rigorous vigilance and preparation for war, so the existence of the State and its pernicious activities cripple the body social and extinguish the spontaneous spirit animating it.

Perhaps the distinction between the indirect influence of the principles of Society and the direct compulsion of the brutal State will be more firmly grasped when the effects of the application of both methods of regulation on a particular instance are studied and contrasted. Stephen Pearl Andrews uses this luminous illustration:

The highest type of human society in the existing social order is found in the parlor. In the elegant and refined reunions of the cultured classes there is none of the impertinent interference of legislation. The individuality of each is fully admitted. Intercourse, therefore, is perfectly free. Conversation is continuous, brilliant, and varied. Groups are formed according to attraction. They are continually broken up, and re-formed, through the operation of the same subtle and all-pervading influence. Mutual deference pervades all classes, and the most perfect harmony ever yet attained in complex human relations prevails. . . . If there are laws of etiquette at all, they are mere suggestions of principles admitted into and judged of for himself by each individual mind.

Here, pertinently observes Mr. Andrews, we find circumstances which most men, including legislators and statesmen, would have us dread and avoid as invariably and inevitably productive of chaos, confusion, social war, and general demoralization, working out exactly opposite results, presenting a spectacle of ideal order. And he asks:

Suppose the intercourse of the parlor to be regulated by special legislation. Let the time which each gentleman shall be allowed to speak to each lady be fixed by law; the position in which they should sit or stand be precisely regulated; the subjects which they shall be allowed to speak of, and the tone of voice and accompanying gestures carefully defined,—all under pretext of preventing disorder and encroachment upon each other's privileges and rights, and can anything be conceived better calculated or more certain to convert social intercourse into intolerable slavery and hopeless confusion?

All will unhesitatingly admit the beauty of *laissez faire* principles in the parlor; yet few will listen to the proposal to carry them into other branches of social existence, which fact convicts them of pitiful lack of appreciation of the real nature of the phenomena. Legislation in the parlor is not intolerable because the parlor requires no regulation, but because it requires another *kind* of regulation. And that kind of regulation is far more stringent and rigid than any Draconian code, which, however, does not prevent it from being cheerfully and gracefully complied with. Liberty is the mother of the order reigning in the parlor. When persons voluntarily unite for the purpose of carrying out a common design, or supplying a want equally felt by all, little difficulty is experienced in maintaining harmony among the sovereign members of the association. As long as one finds it to his interest or pleasure to be a unit of a particular body, he is certain to zealously guard it against dissolution or partial derangement.

Mr. Andrews's illustration disposes with thoroughness of the quasi-philosophic argument often made against the central doctrine of Anarchy, to the effect that freedom is anti-social, and that Individual Sovereignty implies a return to barbarism. For the command of a man to himself is essentially different from the command of governor to governed. The freedom here contended for is freedom from arbitrary authority and compulsory regulation assumed by men against the will and interest of other men fully equal, if not superior, to them, and not freedom from natural limitations or restrictions imposed by conditions outside of the control of man. The cultured and refined member of society who, in order to command the respect of his peers, to win the confidence and love of his inferiors, and to gain self-approval, minutely analyzes his conduct and thoroughly disciplines himself, is in no sense less free than the isolated savage with his strong, uncontrollable passions and fierce instincts. The savage having become civilized, *savage* freedom no longer attracts him. But no change affects his aversion for dictatorial government; on the contrary, the deeper his social attachments, the more intense his hatred of direct coercion.

To abolish government and extend personal freedom, then, is not to endanger social stability, but to surround it with additional guarantees.

Next to the principle of voluntarism, as a basis and condition of social existence, stands the principle of equality. Not the authoritarian equality of the paternal reformers, but natural equality. No society can maintain itself if it is divided into classes having distinct or antagonistic interests. Equality of opportunities and freedom of development of the faculties tend to produce an equality which is wholly consistent with variety. But governments set men against men and classes against classes by their favoritism, system of privileges, and special opportunities. This artificial inequality gives rise to class prejudices, jealousy, hatred, and discord. It tempts and forces some to commit crimes, while it reduces others to abject slavery. Thus it gradually undermines society. Soon comes revolution, and a civilization is in ruins. The modern conflict between the rich and the poor would not exist but for the State, which feeds on strife and is strengthened in war. A solution of the labor problem would involve a dissolution of the State. For all that is required to such solution is State non-interference. Labor would reap its full reward, if the State did not furnish a special class of people with weapons and means whereby the latter is enabled to enslave and plunder the former. The State produces nothing and possesses nothing. If it is seen to give something to anybody, that must have been taken forcibly or fraudulently from somebody else. In a state of freedom, nothing would command a price except labor, and the fact that idlers and non-producers find it possible to deprive labor of its due through rent, interest, and profits, which, being a reward of capital, could not exist under freedom, is sufficient to indicate to logical minds the real source of the labor troubles as well as their efficient cause.

Most of our eminent political and sociological writers, alive to the organic evils of government, concur in the opinion that the State ought to be deprived of all power to regulate industry, commerce, and morals, and restricted solely to the function of protecting persons and property against invasion and criminal aggression. Even if governments ever *could* be reduced to this modest occupation, the Anarchist would still decline to surrender into their keeping his person and property, because he knows that no monopoly ever remained faithful to its patrons. If protection is desirable, it can only be secured through the competition of various associations organized for that purpose and appearing in a free market to solicit the custom of the sovereign individuals. And there would be no more ground for compelling a man to support a protective force which he has no use for or no confidence in than there is for forcing him to join a religious institution in the interest of his spiritual salvation. But government exhibits no willingness to narrow its circle; realizing that, after being reduced to a police-force, the tendency to reduce it further and further will continue (especially since it will inevitably fail to satisfactorily perform its office) till it reaches zero, government is bound to meddle with every detail of the citizen's life, slowly developing into an absolute despotism.

Be that as it may, the question of the scope and proportions of governmental power is a subordinate and purely practical

question, which cannot be intelligently discussed in the absence of a definite understanding of first principles. When an association is organized on a voluntary basis, and members have the right to withdraw at any time, no limit need be put beforehand to the field of its operations. The members can increase and diminish its functions at will, and experience may safely be relied upon for demonstrating just what the amount of benefit there is to be derived from associative effort. The question is as to the recognition of government in principle. If it is fundamentally indefensible, then, no matter what good it may effect incidentally or accidentally, it can never compensate the individual for the outrage and injury inflicted upon him in stealing his freedom and personal rights in the first place. The principle of government once recognized, however partial and qualified the recognition, the practical irresistible tendency is toward absorption by the government of all functions that are not physically the exclusive property of the individual. For, this question of limits being a matter upon which opinions may differ, who but the government can finally decide? And is it likely to decide against itself and openly confess incapacity? It may be well for those who are favoring compromises and half-measures to carefully consider this point.

"There is a strange heterogeneity in our political faiths," says Herbert Spencer. "Systems that have had their day . . . are patched with modern notions utterly unlike in quality and color; and men gravely display these systems, wear them and walk about in them, quite unconscious of their grotesqueness. This transition state of ours, partaking as it does equally of the past and the future, breeds hybrid theories exhibiting the oddest union of bygone despotism and coming freedom." Anarchists lay particular stress upon the vital truth that all reform, to be reform, must be in the line of the "coming freedom," or, rather, must be *the* freedom. Anything that conflicts with the tendency toward freedom, and contains the elements of the past,—of compulsion and governmental regulation, though it may seem to confer an advantage, and though it may in fact bring relief in a special instance, must inevitably produce a corresponding, if not a greater, amount of mischief in an unexpected quarter. The State may seem to prove a benefactor on some occasions; but its benefits, even if real, are purchased at too great an expense: for it is these trifling benefits that secure it perpetual reprisals and give it new leases of life. When not very narrowly viewed, these small benefits are seen to be fertile sources of misery. Buckle said that the only good legislation is that repealing other legislation. But the State has no intention of committing suicide; as fast as old laws are repealed new ones are manufactured, and each of these laws creates a market for a number of others. Being driven by artificially established barriers and iniquitous laws to the commission of crimes, more law, a "stronger government," are required to repress and punish the offenders so driven. Reformers who really strive for a freer and better future should beware of "looking back" to the infernal dominion of authority. One glance, a slight turn,—and all is lost. The straight path of liberty must be followed without hesitation, without reservation, without regret.

The question logically arising at this juncture is whether, seeing the State to be a solid fact, we are justified in immediately proceeding to attack it without waiting for the whole mass of citizens to join us in the engagement. Now, we have already warned you against the assumption that Anarchists seek to abolish the State *for all*, without consulting the preferences of all. Anarchists have neither the desire, nor the idea of its being necessary or favorable to them, to suppress other forms of social organization. In fact, they could not pretend to be Anarchists, if they contemplated any forcible conversion of people to their beliefs; and they would show little confidence in the intrinsic strength of their practical system, if they feared the competition of other systems. No; the Anarchists do not propose to save people from folly and injury against their will. All they ask is to be let alone,—to be allowed to ignore or practically to abolish the State for themselves. If there are victims of the divinity spook among you, who still would preach the rendering unto Caesar what is alleged to be his by divine right, they will be "commended to cold oblivion." We address ourselves exclusively to upholders of government by consent. How, we ask, can a government said to be founded on the consent of the governed consistently continue to govern people after they unequivocally declare their hostility to it and demand to be released from its chains? Surely no government can be based on consent which does not take the trouble to learn the people's wishes; and surely no government can be more despicable, unprincipled, and cowardly than that which drowns the cries of anguish and of suffering of the slaves whom it crushes beneath its iron heel in loud boasts of popular choice and noisy celebrations of independence. Can there be any stronger evidence of the criminal and treasonable character of the State than the fact of its compelling people to support and obey it in spite of their protests? If this government is based on consent, then the Anarchists, who very emphatically do not consent to tolerate the abuses, knavery, incompetency, and ignorant folly of our law-makers, should be allowed to enjoy perfect peace, so far as the State is concerned, as long as they do not invade the liberties of such people as *do* consent to have the government act for them and over them. Consent, to mean anything, must be of course

individual consent. Now, if an individual chooses to forego the "protection" which the government offers to his person and property, it is manifestly absurd for the government to insist upon taking care of him and taxing him for it. Yet we all know that this "government by consent" will no more allow Anarchists to live in their own way than the Czar of all the Russias would. What possible excuse is there for regulating the private life, habits, business affairs, etc., of persons who do not infringe upon anybody's rights? None whatever, and all the hypocritical twaddle about the dignity of the law, the interests of morality, and the rights of the collectivity, is nothing but a mask for irresponsible usurpation. This alternative no one can escape: either the individual is above all human institutions, and then no institution can forcibly exact his aid and allegiance, or man is subordinate to laws and institutions, and then popular government is a crime against divine law.

Doubtless there are many who, reconciled to majority rule as the least objectionable form of rule, interpret "government by consent" to mean the consent of a majority of the governed. But, in the first place, majorities never rule. It is a political maxim that power ever tends to concentrate in few hands, and the blind submission of unreasoning minds is mistaken for intelligent ratification. And assuming that the majority do have the proper qualifications to pronounce judgment upon legislative work, and actually do express their will, by what process of reasoning is the conclusion reached that minorities are bound to abide by the decision of majorities? Either majorities can govern minorities in all things or in absolutely none. That we do not meet any champions of the omnipotence of majorities shows that there is no principle behind majoritism. Those who believe in natural rights and natural justice can make no exception in favor of majority government. If we all have equal natural rights to life and liberty, and if no one can rightfully, under any pretext whatever, violate these individual rights, then it is impossible to understand how A and B, who could exercise no authority over C when acting independently and separately, find themselves possessed of rightful authority over him the moment they agree to act conjointly. Whatever their ideas of expediency, when pressed for a *just* solution, all believers in natural rights must concede that individuals have a perfect right to abolish the State for themselves, and must condemn all interference of the majority with them as contrary to the law of natural justice. As to those who hold might to be the only "right" in nature, and who know of no law of justice except such as enlightened self-interest seekers determine upon as most conducive to the happiness of all and each, certainly *they* cannot approve majority rule. Their desideratum being perfect peace, security, and social harmony, they cannot consciously admit any discord-breeding element. Minorities are not easily crushed out in this enlightened age. Buckle said that natural science is democratic; it would be more correct to say that natural science is Anarchic. In proportion as men become liberated mentally from superstitious reverence for phantoms, spooks, and "clothes"—in the broad sense of Herr Teufelsdröckh—and learn to look upon might as the only guarantee of equal freedom and security do Anarchic principles begin to prevail and authority begin to decay. Dynamite has no respect for numbers. Majorities are taught to have some consideration for individual liberties when they are shown the practical uses of the "resources of civilization." Gunpowder shook the thrones; dynamite paralyzes majorities. Growing intelligence, coupled with the increasing opportunities for successful resistance, is daily sweeping away the remnants of the despotism of the human world's childhood. The sovereignty of the individual is becoming a reality. Majoritism, never sustained by principle, can no longer be defended on grounds of expediency.

Clearly, therefore, consent must mean individual consent, and a government claiming to be founded on consent which, by force of majoritism, denies the individual right of secession is violating its own constitutional safeguards and breaking faith with the citizens whom it induced to accept its services and protection.

But Anarchists have even greater cause to complain. They never delegated any offices to the government and never made any promises to support it. Consequently it is barefaced tyranny and transparent sophistry to deny them the *original* right to govern themselves, or not govern themselves, as they please. Unavoidably the conclusion is forced on all thinking minds that the Anarchists are well supplied with arguments justifying their demand to be excused from further connection with the government. We stand here today to proclaim our determination to fight for the freedom which should be ours. We challenge the governmentalists to show cause why we should not be released. And we warn the State that we will not consult its wishes as to the weapons to be used against it.

And here we have come to the point where a statement in regard to the highly important question of methods is in order. After having presented our conviction that the abolition of the State is absolutely indispensable to social evolution and the true solution of all the burning issues of the day, and after having cautioned you against identifying us with the world's worst enemies, the *missionaries*, whether

social, political, or religious, who, devoted to the divine truth which they feel themselves to be possessed of and considering it a sacred obligation to reform society according to their infallible principles, become crusaders and convert the people by bullets or ballots, an answer may appropriately be made to the question what the Anarchists, for themselves, propose to do and how they mean to obtain their divorce from the faithless State.

Let no one be misled by the Anarchists' emphatic opposition to coercion into attributing to them the championship of the Christian non-resistance policy. All Anarchists believe, in accordance with the right of self-defence, that "against tyrants all means are justifiable," and that "all is fair in war." The Anarchists are at war with the State, and must regard as foes (though aiming to make them friends) all those who in any way uphold and strengthen its hands in its criminal career. The school believing in inalienable natural rights regard the State as an invader, who, having wantonly trampled under foot individual rights, thereby forfeits all claim to consideration and no longer retains any rights which the aggrieved individuals are bound to respect. Being immoral itself, it cannot ask its victims to govern themselves by moral codes. In restraining and punishing the aggressor, therefore, the school referred to deems itself fairly entitled to the use of any and all means, guiding itself in the matter of practical choice of methods by considerations of expediency and wise strategy purely and solely. As to those Anarchists who are conscious only of the sovereignty of might, and can discover no rights in nature, of course nothing but wisdom and prudence can have any weight with them in deciding upon methods with which to assail the State. Thus the Anarchists claim that they would be entirely beyond reproach, so far as the principle of equal rights is concerned, were they to practise the latest discoveries in the science of revolutionary warfare on the direct agents of the State or even on the indirect defenders of it whom the plea of ignorance or honest motive do not save from being regarded as *particeps criminis*. But they realize that it would be suicidal for them to assume the offensive and make direct attack upon the State; for, being few in number, they would speedily be conquered and annihilated. While those blind slaves, the masses of the people, in their ignorance of true social principles, are worshipping the power which grinds them to powder, and stand ready to defend it with their last drop of blood, crucifying its antagonists and their own best well-wishers as fiends and enemies of society, to fight the State amounts to rendering it a great service and strengthening its evil power. Wisdom teaches that it is in the interest of the Anarchist cause to accept methods which, though doing their work slowly and even imperceptibly, compensate for this drawback, if such it be, by the virtue of leading surely and safely to the final triumph. Premature change, or desperate attempts to make the world move onward in disregard of the laws of social growth, result in violent reaction. The practical abolition of the State would be a very easy matter, if the State *idea* were once abolished in the *minds* of a considerable number of people. But despotism may rest in peaceful slumber so long as dense ignorance keeps watch over it and guards it against assault. It is the policy of the Anarchists to win the confidence and respect of the people and array them against the State, if not to the extent of fraternizing with the former in their battle against the latter, then, at least, to the extent of maintaining a neutral and indifferent position. This policy precludes the use of all but constructive and educational methods. To smash the idol is to excite the rage and hatred of the worshipper; to gently and gradually dissipate the fog of superstition and expose the worthlessness and impotency of the idol may require patience, time, and endurance, but the issue is certain and satisfactory. All Anarchist workers devote their energies in the direction of spreading the light of true social principles, popularizing political and economic science, and illustrating the beauty and excellence of voluntaryism and general recognition of the right of individual self-government. All forces are concentrated on the work of creating a strong anti-State tendency, — a tendency that shall prepare the conditions and pave the way for the carrying out, on an extensive scale, of the Anarchists' plan of passive resistance to the State, through which the emancipation is to be principally realized and the great change introduced.

Light and rational ideas can reach the masses but to a slight degree. The Anarchists do not delude themselves with the false expectation of converting the world and reorganizing society by mere theoretical propaganda. Intellectual development and sober thinking are luxuries which the poor, degraded, half-starved victims of ages of injustice can neither enjoy nor appreciate; consequently the social transformation, which can only be hastened by being thoroughly understood, can look for little encouragement and positive help from the masses. The intelligent and influential few are the sole active factors in reform, and they are formidable, unconquerable, when, by skillful diplomacy, they succeed in eliminating the sympathies of the masses from the State and subjecting the latter to the necessity of struggling for its existence unaided by its usual numerous allies. Such a state of things the Anarchists have in their power to bring about. The masses will not be practically enlisted in the reform movement, but they will be disinclined to exterminate those

who shall be in the front line on the day of the opening of the campaign against the State.

As soon as numerical strength and other important considerations warrant it, the rebellious minority quietly establishes the new system and inaugurates an order based on Anarchy and equity. Practical teaching and application of new ideas to the various branches of activity and relations of life become the order of the day. The State, by its very efforts to suppress this movement, will insure its own speedy downfall. In its enfeebled state, any extravagant expenditure of energy and vitality will bring it nearer to the grave.

Thus, whatever their *rights* in this matter, the judgment, the natural sentiments, the necessities of the environment, all point to peaceable and constructive methods as the methods by which the great industrial problem is to be permanently solved. Such methods, fortunately, can be employed freely and openly. Were it otherwise, all revolutionary forces would unite in the defence of the elementary right of free discussion, and force would take the place of reason. That right recovered, force should be left a monopoly in the hands of the State, and reason be made the sole weapon of attack by the army of progress, except, perhaps, in some rare instances, when it may be found advisable and serviceable for purposes of propaganda to provoke the State, by some hostile demonstration, to ill-considered acts of repression, especially if the inherent injustice of the State should be strikingly exemplified by its conduct.

Authoritarians, basing their philosophy on force and artifice, have no need to investigate the question of methods, but can use all at once; Anarchists, proposing no compulsory reforms, but simply aiming to demonstrate the superiority of free association by object lessons, must be on their guard against any methods that tend to deprive them of the opportunity to follow out their programme.

That the State may not be blessed by its enemies, and that society may not perish at the hands of its impetuous and indiscriminating friends, Anarchism raises the torch of Liberty, which illuminates the past, giving all social students a clear insight into the meaning of history and the laws of societary development, and which is destined to guide the human world through the chaotic present into the bright future.

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For American Agent of the London Anarchist, Freedom, Justice, Commonweal, and To-Day.

Bordello's Labor News Agency,

104 & 106 E. 4TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 10.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1887.

Whole No. 114.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Henry George's "Standard" agrees with an opponent that "there can be no *natural* property value in land not created by labor," and says: "Therefore we propose to tax away that *legal* property value in land which is not created by labor." It would seem more natural, more simple, more direct to do away with this *legal* value by abolishing the law. That is what the Anarchists propose.

At the next meeting of the Anarchists' Club, to be held in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont Street, Sunday afternoon, December 18, at half past two o'clock, the principal address will be delivered by E. B. McKenzie on "The Sovereignty of the Individual." The success of the Club continues. Its audiences are larger than those drawn by any other labor organization holding regular public meetings in Boston.

It is a common thing to see references, both in the capitalistic and the labor press, to one individual or another as "the arch-Anarchist." Such a term shows how little the writer knows of the meaning of Anarchy. It never could have occurred to him that the affirmative *arch* before the hyphen is precisely the same *arch* to which, after the hyphen, a negative form is given by the privative *an*. There is no more sense in the term arch-Anarchist than in the term theistic-Atheist.

By the kindness of generous friends a special edition of ten thousand copies of this issue of Liberty is printed and will be distributed broadcast over the United States. Two extra copies are mailed to each subscriber, and it is hoped that these will be given to interested truth-seekers. Whoever obtains a copy of the special edition is requested to notice that it is printed on cheap news paper. The regular edition furnished to subscribers is always printed on an excellent quality of book paper.

"The little child that is familiar with the Christian Catechism is really more enlightened on truths that should come home to every rational mind than the most profound philosophers of Pagan antiquity, or even of the so-called philosophers of our own times. He has mastered the great problem of life. He knows his origin, his sublime destiny, and the means of attaining it." This utterance is not from "Puck," but from an article by that gifted amateur humorist, Cardinal Gibbons, in the "North American Review."

The sermon of Rev. John C. Kimball of Hartford, one of the leading lights of the Unitarian denomination, is so conspicuous and honorable an exception to the fiendish utterances of almost the entire body of his fellow-clergymen of all sects in regard to the hanging of our Chicago comrades that I surrender a very large portion of my space to the publication in this issue of the text as originally delivered. It was nearly all in type before I knew that the author had revised and added to his discourse and published it in pamphlet form, together with an account of the persecution which his bravery has brought upon him (unparalleled since anti-slavery days), his address in his defence, and his triumph over his adversaries. I can best make amends for the inadequacy of this report by recommending every one of the thousands of people in whose

hands this issue will be placed to send to Rev. John C. Kimball, Hartford, Conn., for one or more copies of the pamphlet. The price is but ten cents, and the discourse with its history is worth for preservation or for distribution many times that sum. As an exposition of Anarchism the sermon is in many respects far from reliable, but as a rebuke of the prevailing attitude towards new and revolutionary thought in such marked contrast with the treatment that it deserves it has not been surpassed for many a day.

Taking his cue from the English Personal Rights Association, which exists to secure the exercise of individual liberty, T. B. Wakeman, in the "Free-thinkers' Magazine," advocates the formation of a similar society in this country, enumerating among the objects to which it might well devote itself the handing-over of the railroads, telegraphs, and many other things to the State and the passage of liquor laws as stringent as the laws governing the sale of poisons. If the use to which Mr. Wakeman is putting their example were to be brought to the notice of the officers of the English society,—say Auberon Herbert or Peter Taylor or Jacob Bright,—I fancy that the next "personal right" they would set about vindicating would be the right not to be misrepresented.

The "Anti-Monopolist," published at Enterprise, Kansas, declares that, "of the twenty-two prominent anti-monopoly papers in Kansas, twenty sustain the Henry George land value tax, one opposes it slightly, and the other admits it has never studied the question and is not ready to take sides until it has done so." Does the "Anti-Monopolist" mean to say that "Lucifer" is not prominent, or that there are twenty-two anti-monopoly papers in Kansas more prominent than "Lucifer," or that "Lucifer" is not an anti-monopoly paper, or that it is not published in Kansas, or that it sustains the land value tax, or that it opposes it slightly, or that it admits it has never studied the question? The "Anti-Monopolist's" statement seems to necessarily involve some one of these things as a corollary, and yet I had supposed them all to be false.

THE WEAVER.

[Recited by George Engel in his cell the night before he was murdered.]

With tearless eyes, in despair and gloom,
Gnashing their teeth, they sit at the loom.
Thy shroud, we weave, Germany of old,
We weave into it the curse three-fold.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

A curse to the false gods we prayed to in vain.
In the winter's cold, in hunger and pain.
Our hope, our waiting, all were for naught;
He fooled us, he mocked us,—a terrible thought.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

A curse to the King of the rich,
For none of our misery his heart did reach.
He takes our money, the very last cent;
To shoot us like dogs his soldiers he sent.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

A curse to the State, O false fatherland.
Shame and disgrace are nursed by the hand
Where blossoms are early broken by storm,
And in rot and moth delights the worm.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

The rattling loom, the shuttle's flight,
We are busy weaving, day and night.
Thy shroud, we weave, Germany of old,
We weave into it the curse three-fold.
We are weaving, weaving, weaving.

Heinrich Heine.

Rev. John C. Kimball on Anarchy.

[A sermon preached in Unity Church, Hartford, November 13, 1887.]

Luke xxiii: 20, 21, 22, 23, 24. Pilate willing to release Jesus spake again unto them; but they cried saying crucify him, crucify him. And he said unto them the third time, I have found no cause of death in him. And they were instant with loud voices requiring that he might be crucified. And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed. And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required.

These words were written of an event which occurred more than eighteen hundred years ago, and of a person who is now worshipped throughout a large part of Christendom as another God; and yet how accurately they describe what has occurred this past week with reference to the despised Chicago Anarchists and the state of popular feeling which has led to their death! The deed is over now, the popular clamor answered, the so-called majesty of the law vindicated; and no arguments, no pleadings before Pilate, no appeals to justice and mercy and the higher sentiment of civilization, can be of any avail to save their bodily lives. But the subject itself is not over. Their teachings, their acts, and their execution are only the first red-lined chapter of what is to be a whole thousand-paged volume of the world's coming history. Never has the popular mind been so wrought up over any hanging, unless it was that of John Brown; never so every word, act, and look of men reported; never such inquiries made as to what the animating principle could have been that has so inspired and upheld them in the face of death as in their case. And now, though they themselves have gone, it is our duty as citizens, as Christians, and as students of social philosophy, to consider the principles involved and the lessons taught by this experience, so as to be ready for action in other like, certain-to-come emergencies.

What is Anarchy? What the doctrine for which these men have sacrificed their lives and which so many others, some of them the profoundest thinkers of the age, are teaching, and are equally ready to die for, in every civilized country on the globe? It must be something worth studying. Men, so many and so wide-spread, do not become martyrs for a mere whim. I know it is dangerous to a decent man's reputation even to mention the word; know that he cannot take it up even as an object of investigation, so violent is the prejudice against it, without being suspected as himself an enemy of good order and society. But, in spite of this, I have learned long since that the only way to deal even with a rattlesnake's fang is not merely to kill its owner, but to study it scientifically; learned that the best friend of society is, not he who shuts his eyes to everything in its foes except the wickedness of their being arrayed against it, but he, rather, who candidly investigates the reason of their hostility and seeks to remove it and make them friends. And it is in this spirit, not necessarily as an Anarchist, but as a fair-minded Christian man, who can do justice here, as everywhere, to what he hates, were that the case, that I say what I am about to on the subject.

Anarchy is ordinarily understood to mean a state of utter confusion, disorder, and violence in society, a state in which numberless petty factions are making war on each other for supremacy with one victorious today and another tomorrow, and in which all the safeguards to life and property are destroyed,—a state in which everybody does what is right in his own eyes, and that right sure to be wrong. There is certainly good honest ground for this use of the word; and when it is remembered what historically has been the horror of such a condition of things whenever and wherever it has been tried,—in the French Revolution, for instance,—it is not strange that a dread of it, and a hatred of all who would inaugurate it here, have been wrought into our very Anglo-Saxon blood.

Possibly there are men in the world now who would like to bring about this kind of Anarchy. All robbers and villains, all the classes of people who get their living by merely preying on society, probably would. But this is not the Anarchy that the Chicago men and their fellow-workers believe in,—is as wide from it as the patriot soldier's shot for liberty is from the murderer's blow for money. The word means literally without government, not without law and order; and this is all that one large class of Anarchists intend by its

Continued on page 6.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

APPENDIX.

I.

A REVIEW.

Continued from No. 113.

EQUITABLE COMMERCE. A NEW DEVELOPMENT OF PRINCIPLES, PROPOSED AS ELEMENTS OF NEW SOCIETY. By JOSIAH WARREN. 12 mo. pp. 117. Fowlers & Wells.*

This is a new and enlarged edition of the original work on Social Science which has furnished its present editor, Mr. S. P. Andrews, with the basis for the views which he has set forth with so much force of argument and felicity of illustration in his recent publications, entitled "The True Constitution of Government" and "Cost the Limit of Price." Of the profound importance which he attaches to the alleged discoveries of Mr. Warren no one can doubt after reading the preface to this volume. He announces it as "one of the most remarkable ever printed,—a condensed presentation of the most fundamental principles of Social Science ever yet discovered." He does not "hesitate to affirm that there is more scientific truth, positively new to the world, and immensely important in its bearings upon the destiny of mankind, contained in it than was ever before consigned to the same number of pages." It is the deep conviction of the truth of their system which is cherished both by Mr. Warren and Mr. Andrews, we are willing to own, which has awakened our interest in the subject, rather than any sympathy with its methods or any faith in its pretensions. We have an inborn catholicity of taste for everything which claims to be a scientific improvement, and can never repudiate a theory which challenges our acceptance on rational grounds without first endeavoring to look at it in the point of view in which it is presented. Indeed, we hold it the duty of every free mind to exercise a large hospitality to novel systems, in proportion to the scorn and neglect which they are likely to experience at the hands of a timid and unreasoning conservatism. In the present case we can not better show our appreciation of the ability and genuine devotion to social progress displayed in this little volume than by the perfect frankness with which we shall criticise its claims.

One of the two leading principles to which the work is devoted receives our hearty concurrence. This is the establishment of individual sovereignty as the object of social organization. A variety of forcible considerations, in support of the position, are brought forward by Mr. Warren. But on this point his views cannot pretend to novelty. They have, perhaps, never been more admirably stated than by Mr. Andrews in his treatise on "Government"; but they more or less distinctly pervade the writings of all who have perceived the superiority of man to his accidents. In our opinion the guarantee of individual rights is the paramount object of reform. Our zeal for the masses is based on a sense of the individual injustice which arises from the usurpation of privilege. The most complete development of humanity in all its parts, all its members, all its fragments, is as much the purpose of a true social order as the most perfect action of the productive elements of the earth and atmosphere is the aim of a true system of agriculture. It is the inspiration of this idea which has prompted the efforts of every wise social reformer, and most emphatically of Charles Fourier, the most philosophical, the most profound, and the most comprehensive of all teachers of social science in the nineteenth century. We quarrel with the present order of society because it enslaves the man to institutions, subjects the masses (the aggregate of individuality) to oppressive and crushing influences, keeps the noblest elements of humanity in a state of slumber or paralysis, leaves no scope to the various manifestations of genius, reduces the people to a dead level of custom and fashion, and absolutely deprives myriads of the living, breathing, aspiring beings, who bear the impress of creative Deity on their natures, of the essential conditions of physical health, spiritual culture, interior harmony, and glorious beatitude, which is implied in the Christian verity that man is made in the image of God.

The development and sovereignty of the individual is a chimera without the possession of property. The universal instinct which dreads poverty as the crowning terror of life is a genuine impulse of nature. If in one sense it is true that the rich man cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven, it is equally true in another sense that the Kingdom of Heaven cannot enter within the soul of the poor man. He is shut out from the command of himself, which is the essential foundation of celestial felicity. He cannot do what he will with his own; for he has neither choice nor ownership. He is under bondage to the external world, to society, to his own physical wants. His very selfhood is eaten out of him by the canker of sharp necessity and inexorable care. He has no guarantee that he can find a place to lay his head, for houses and lands are monopolized. He may be in want of food to eat, for the silver and gold are no longer the Lord's, nor the cattle on a thousand hills, but have become the prey of the strong, and the shrewd, and the ungodly. Even the right to gain his bread by the sweat of his brow depends on the convenience of capital, which may be the least in need of his work when he most wants something to eat. Still less has he any chance of attaining the spiritual culture and harmony which are the birthright of man, the golden fruitage of affection and hope, the enchantments of poetry, the charms of divine philosophy, the ample revelations of science, and the serene grandeur of thought and feeling inspired by the consciousness of an ever-present God. Alas! he is the first to lose the sentiment of humanity amid the dismal shades of ignorance and the blind terrors of superstition.

Hence we maintain that man cannot be a man without property. He cannot be his own without an outward ownership. He cannot be master of his soul without first being master of external nature. If he would be an individual, he must also be a proprietor. In fact, this is involved in the very significance of the terms. If the individual is *divided off* (*individualized*), he must possess something peculiar, *proper to himself* (*proprium*, property), or he might as well be lost in the mass.

Socialism, accordingly, which aims to make all society a body of proprietors,—giving each man the ownership of everything essential to his development,—establishes the Sovereignty of the Individual.

The whole course of political progress tends to the same result. He must be stone-blind who does not see that the revolutionary spirit of the age is a struggle for Individual Sovereignty,—for the inauguration of man in the power and glory of universal humanity. This tendency is apparent from the progress of history,

and its successive gradations may be easily traced to their first principles in human nature.

In a state of society where brute force and cunning are the prominent features, monarchy is the natural, perhaps the inevitable order. The sovereignty of one man usurps the sovereignty of the people. The will of the masses, and, of course, the will of the individuals composing the masses, is lost in the will of the despot. The sentiment of humanity is absorbed in the possession of power. A step in advance is gained by the development of aristocracy. The sovereignty is claimed by a privileged few, to whom the masses are subservient instead of to the monarchy. But here is a step toward the diffusion of privilege. The one-man power has yielded to the power of the magnates. Humanity, however, is far from its goal. The will of "the dear God who loveth all" is not yet accomplished. Democracy must be established, proclaiming equality against privilege, the people against the aristocracy, the masses against classes, man against men. But the practical working of democracy effects only the sovereignty of the majority. Taking power from the few, who had seized it from the monarch (the one-man power), it gives it to the many. But with all its pretensions democracy does not emancipate the masses. The Sovereignty of the Individual has not yet arrived, because the majority to a great extent ignores the interests of the minority, and the majority of today may become the minority of tomorrow. Hence democracy does not guarantee the rights of universal humanity; hence it is but a stepping-stone to better things to come; and hence a new and larger development in the cycle of the ages is as certain as that man has been made partaker of an infinite nature. The last step is the emancipation of humanity by inaugurating the Sovereignty of the Individual. This is the object of Socialism, or at least that form of Socialism which is better known as Association. The Socialist or Associative idea of human society is not monarchy, the sovereignty of one man, nor aristocracy, the sovereignty of a privileged class, nor democracy, the sovereignty of a majority for the time being, but humanity, or the integral Sovereignty of the Individual.

This, as we have stated, is a prominent thesis of the present work. But it is not so original as the author seems to suppose. It underlies, more or less definitely expressed, the great humanitarian movement, the instinct of which gave such a fervent inspiration to Rousseau, which found a devoted apostle in Herder, which softened the arid formulas of Kant and Fichte by the promise of a glorious future for the race, which has blended with the highest philosophy and poetry of the present age, which has fired the master-spirits of the world with quenchless fervor, and which, in another form, is now everywhere at work in the hearts of the people, and with "fear of change perplexing monarchs." Among social reformers by profession St. Simon and Fourier regarded the Sovereignty of the Individual as the ultimate end of a true social order. Differing from each other and from the author of this volume as to the methods of its attainment, they agree in the supremacy of man over institutions as the true destiny of the race. The same idea has been elaborated, we need not say, with rare force of logic and eloquence, by our friend Henry James; and, though less directly and consciously, is the dominant thought in the most valuable writings of Dr. Channing and Theodore Parker. We do not call in question the fact that Mr. Warren has drawn his system from his own mind. In that sense his claim to originality will stand good. There is no reason to suppose that he owes it to foreign suggestion. But he exaggerates his own share in its promulgation. He is by no means the exclusive herald of an idea with which the age is fermenting.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 113.

He must possess irrefutable proofs; let him, then, produce them: he had to summon witnesses; let them appear!

As if to respond to this tacit invitation, Treor, by a sign, gave an order to two Bunclodyans, Murphy Gall and Nett Droling, and they pushed in front of them the astonished Miss Hobart, ignorant of what they wanted and frozen with fear when Treor named her.

"Miss, one evening, the evening of the hunt when the Duke of Newington, run away with by his horse, narrowly escaped being crushed at the bottom of a precipice," he said, "you were leaning your elbow on one of the windows of the castle, and you witnessed a tragedy which has not yet been brought to the light, but no phase of which escaped you; recall and repeat what you saw, if you are without hatred, without passion against the Duchess; through a friendship of which this woman is unworthy, conceal nothing; do not disguise the truth."

Very red with the fire of all eyes converging on her with a feverish curiosity, and her habitual worldly frivolity paralyzed at the gloomy appearance of this extraordinary tribunal, Miss Hobart was disconcerted and really recalled but vaguely the far-off pictures which Treor evoked; and, moreover, her mind had been so saturated with hasheesh that she had contemplated them in a stupid horror.

She objected, but Treor nevertheless exhorted her to reveal all, if her memory could furnish her the information sought and required.

But, now that the reminiscences began to stand out more and more clearly, and the light outlines to take on more substance, the incorporeal to incarnate itself in tangible personalities, the amiable young lady, terrified at the consequences of her testimony, was silent.

"Speak!" Treor warned her.

She preserved, nevertheless, an obstinate speechlessness; a second time he summoned her to obey, and, timidly, still pleading the mental aberration caused in her that evening by meddling with hasheesh, she retraced the long and moving scene of the murder of the gelder. Almost every one present knew the *dénouement*—Casper fallen into the midst of the pack and devoured alive; but at the narration of the circumstances, so shudderingly pathetic, of this long passion of the drunkard and at the manœuvre of his perfidious executioner, the flesh of the hearers quivered with fright, perspiration started under their hair, an oppressive feeling of horror restrained their breathing and stifled the exclamations of a wrath which was boiling in their breasts.

For, though most of those present doubted the story of this odious and bloody trap, and banished it to the domain of nightmare, they were nevertheless struck with the similarity of the observations of Treor and Miss Hobart in their intoxication.

The principal peculiarity of the hasheesh in Lady Ellen's case consisted, then, in deforming her into the principal character in an immense crime. But just now she accepted without reserve the responsibility for the martyrdom of Sir Richmond, in spite of the abominations amid which it was perpetrated, and she did not revolt at the orgies of the rascals employed by Gowan; it must be, then, that, under her caressing manners, her alluring grace, her enveloping charm, her outward seductiveness, she concealed a soul as ferocious as it was insidious and crafty, a soul of

*This review, and the reply from Mr. Andrews which follows it, appeared originally in the New York "Tribune." The review is supposed to have been written by George Ripley, a prominent disciple of Fourier and at one time president of the Brook Farm Association.

a felon together with a felon's enigmatical and treacherous exterior, undulating carriage, and swinging gait.

At this very moment, her eyes contracted under her half-closed lids, the prominence of her contracted brows accenting the retreating of her forehead, crouching as if ready to spring, she resembled a lioness, cunning, vindictive, and cruel, and she made many of those who were looking at her shiver.

Since the decease of Newington, the dogs had howled day and night, and had been banished to a distant kennel in the middle of the woods.

Suddenly set free, the entire pack, collected at the gate of the castle, set up their chorus of lamentations, and the sinister, prolonged howlings impressed the Duchess painfully; she imagined that they were going to throw her as food to these beasts probably starved for the purpose,—a quarry like that in which had perished the gelder, and by way of retaliation.

But Treor, after having left her for a few seconds to the horror of this fear, banished it. He reserved for her a worse torment. Her cowardly murder of Casper was only a secondary matter, and committed only to annihilate the awkward instrument, the indiscreet accomplice, of her then unsuccessful attempts upon the Duke's life!

The ball which grazed Sir Newington's head on the green of Bunclody really came, as Tom Lichfield had said, from the gun of Casper, and the irritation of the Duke's horse in the hunt was also the work of Casper, commanded by Lady Ellen.

The Duchess protested with virulence, treating as miserable inventions all these stories, based on what? The wanderings of an eater of hasheesh, confirmed by the aberration of another victim of hallucination: so many idle tales which would burst like soap-bubbles on any impartial examination.

With a look, she questioned the audience, but their eyes turned away from hers; she felt herself no longer sustained except by the rare obstinacy of those tenaciously infatuated, of those generous and upright souls who could not admit that a young and pretty creature could abandon herself to crime with such aptitude and persistency, not recoiling from any atrocity, even the most excessive!

And the gallant Muskery, the interpreter of the sentiments of several Lords at his side, argued the anomaly of a woman, of humble extraction, attaining to the height of rank, of name, of riches, and preparing for herself, with her own hands, a sudden, irremediable fall into the abyss, reigning in the castle and dreaming of the prison, enjoying a life most unexpected, most brilliant, most enviable, and aspiring to an ignominious death.

Such a decline of gratitude, such a perversion of taste, such a misconception of one's interests, are not to be found.

Did not Newington yield to all the wishes, all the whims, of the adored Lady Ellen? We rid ourselves only of our burdens! The Duke, so to speak, crawled at the feet of the young woman; one kills only the despotic master, not the submissive, respectful, fervent slave.

"But the husband whom one hates, in order to belong only to the lover with whom one is smitten."

"Lady Ellen has no lovers," loudly replied Muskery, who had courted the Duchess and judged from his repulse that Ellen's virtue was unassailable.

"She has Richard Bradwell for a lover," answered Treor.

"It is false!" cried Muskery.

"A falsehood which is not to be discussed," said the Duchess at the same time, shrugging her shoulders, but deigning nevertheless, in a jesting and haughty manner, to refute the imputation.

Richard her lover! And who invented, then, this silly story? Treor, Marian's grandfather. He was, however, not ignorant, unless through unheard-of blindness or deafness, of the unlawful love of Richard for his granddaughter; and if he had any doubt up to the time of the battle, on that day Richard had clearly expressed it, it would seem. All the Irish, all the English officers, all the surviving soldiers were witnesses of it; Bradwell had been the laughing-stock of his camp!

"One thing astonishes me," closed the Duchess impudently; "it is that, leaping from his funeral bed, Newington does not rise in fury at this reminder to confirm my words."

She was winning. The variable crowd of English, familiar with the facts which she invoked in her defence, manifested its approbation of this argument.

But Treor replied to the Duchess coldly, and as if there had been no question of his grandchild.

"I repeat," said he, "that Lady Ellen, in spite of her denials, has Richard Bradwell for a lover."

"It is false!" cried Muskery again, surprised that Richard did not rise with the energy of indignation against an imposture so monstrous.

Everybody, even she, was astonished at his silence; they summoned him, Muskery called on him; but he, unmoved, deaf to the insinuations, insensible to the rumors of unanimous reprobation excited by the revelation of Treor, looked fixedly, without thought, upon the ducal corpse, which he had approached, with folded arms, and head lowered, according to his habit when near the catafalque.

At intervals his lips moved in silence, uttering some private word, and he did not move from this attitude, notwithstanding the line of witnesses who testified to details tending to establish the adultery of the son and wife of Newington.

"They lie, they are avenging themselves, they are paid to ruin me, they are buying their liberty," answered Lady Ellen, vehemently, to each of their imputations.

But the sonorousness of her distracted voice did not move Bradwell from his stern trance, nor did the rustling, almost the contact, of the witnesses heard, of whom Treor demanded the oath, sworn over the corpse!

But, on the whole, all the testimony was debateable; the charge was supported by no crushing arguments. The promenades, the *tête-à-têtes* cited, the unconstraint, the caresses, the liberties charged, had not, perhaps, passed the limits of an unimportant familiarity.

A servant, it is true, pretended to have observed demonstrations more compromising, to have seen Sir Richard enter at night the apartments of the Duchess, and reciprocally Lady Ellen glide at night, and twenty times rather than once, into those of Sir Richard; but the chamber-maids of the accused flatly contradicted him.

Obstinately the valet persisted that he had heard the most serious dialogue between the mistress and the lover; she saying, "To be by turns in his arms and in yours sickens me; he must die!" and Sir Bradwell exclaiming, "No, no, he is my father, you shall not kill him."

The maids of the Duchess proved that the lackey, discharged some time before for theft, was taking vile revenge.

And new, impassioned debates arose; they admitted generally the crime of the Duchess, but not yet the motive, not the adultery, which nothing decisively affirmed and against which Muskery set himself, screaming himself hoarse, with a heat worthy of a better cause, excited by the Duchess, declaring herself the victim of one infamy more.

"Bradwell!" said Treor, in the tumult of the controversies; but he had to touch the shoulder of the young man, who did not hear him.

"What?" said he, at last.

"Deny then that you are the lover of Lady Ellen," cried Muskery, "and that it was to be yours alone that she has poisoned the Duke, after having, on various occasions, tried to rid herself of him, especially with the aid of Casper, whom they accuse her also of ridding herself of by a crime."

The old Lord had given all his voice to this request, and put into it an accent which dictated to Bradwell his response, signifying: "Even if you must perjure yourself to save her, deny, deny, deny still, deny always!"

But, in spite of this pressing invitation, Sir Bradwell remained silent; and when Treor questioned him on the subject of his relations with Ellen, he still did not speak; but, on the question being renewed, he answered, after hesitation:

"What is it to you, approvers on one side, conquerors on the other?"

A murmur greeted the inconclusive reply, an evasion rather than an answer.

And, in face of the hue and cry, of the exclamations, of the loudly-confessed disappointment, he went on:

"Let them shoot me; let them hasten to hang me; I accept even torture; what need of any more questions?"

He seemed to be rousing from a heavy sleep and disposed to fall back again, in any case desirous that they should not disturb him in his absorption, in which doubtless he enjoyed comparative peace,—that of the conscience communing with itself at the approach of accepted death.

But this persistent refusal to explain himself was equal to an acquiescence in the assertions of the accusers and involved the condemnation of his mistress, and Lady Ellen, comprehending this perfectly, begged him to speak.

"They charge me, Richard, with the burden of your silence; a word from you will extricate me from the grasp of this implacable tribunal, which is animated, I wish to believe, by the sentiment of the justice which it has undertaken to enforce; venomous witnesses pretend that I am your mistress, and they infer from this imposture that I have poisoned the Duke, my husband, to become your wife; tell them that we are to each other only affectionate relatives and nothing more."

Bradwell could not repress a look of weariness, but continued to maintain silence, and this obstinacy, confounding the Duchess, plunged her into a terror which she could not well conceal.

"Speak, then, Richard, I beg of you, speak! Have you gone over to my enemies? But my death will result, if you persist in refusing to speak."

And, addressing herself to Treor, to Paddy, to all the people present, she said:

"His suffering has doubtless impaired his mind, destroyed his understanding. Did he not show his insanity even on the battle-field? Regarding his love for Marian, which prevented him from possessing me, I appeal to all women; one does not divide his affections; his passion, repulsed, has unsettled his weak brain, and the mourning for his father, this sudden catastrophe, has finished the work of deranging his reason, not completely but temporarily,—sufficiently, nevertheless, to render him incapable of heeding what is going on around him; so that he does not comprehend under what a load they are crushing me without his caring to lift it from my head."

"What next?" exclaimed Richard, annoyed at all this "quarrel," and immediately plunging again, terribly gloomy, into his repentant prostration.

"And you wish my destiny to hang on a word that may at last come from this mouth? This would be scandalous," resumed the Duchess. "Let them believe me and cease to accuse me, or let them call my word in question and lead me to my punishment!"

She cast again a triumphant look over the assembly, certain of having made an impression by her vibrating tone, the logic of her dilemma, the energy of her conclusions, and her superb attitude, her shoulders erect, and carrying high her head beautified by excitement.

But Treor, who would not so lose ground or be stung by declamations, interrogated Bradwell once more:

To be continued.

History Repeated—With a Difference.

In May, 1854, the slave Anthony Burns was kidnapped. He was held in Boston Court House. Against this outrage a meeting was held in Faneuil Hall. The Boston "Commonwealth," proud of its record on behalf of Liberty—in the days gone by—the other day reprinted some extracts to show how it stood in the then unpopular days. Its news columns then reported that at the meeting at Faneuil Hall "Theodore Parker and Wendell Phillips made eloquent addresses and stirred up a remarkable enthusiasm." An attempt was made to rescue Burns from his durance in the Court House, during which a deputy United States marshal, who "protected" Burns, got killed. The militia was called out to protect the Court House. The Sunday following, at the Music Hall, Theodore Parker delivered his "Lesson for the Day." He attacked the slave system, the law that protected and fostered it, and the judge who administered the law. Referring to Judge Loring, before whom Burns was brought for trial, he said:

Edward Greeley Loring, Judge of Probate for the county of Suffolk, in the State of Massachusetts, Fugitive Slave Bill Commissioner of the United States, before these citizens of Boston, on Ascension Sunday, I charge you with the death of that man who was murdered last Friday night. He was your fellow-servant in kidnapping. He dies at your hand. You fired the shot which makes his wife a widow, his child an orphan. I charge you with the peril of twelve men, arrested for murder, and on trial for their lives. I charge you with filling the court house with one hundred and eighty-four hired ruffians of the United States, and alarming not only this city for her liberties that are in peril, but stirring up the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts with indignation which no man knows how to stop,—which no man can stop. You have done it all.

It will be observed that there were just four more hired ruffians around the Court House than there were at the Haymarket meeting, and that four more men were on trial for murder. But the men were not convicted. There were Parkers and Phillipses and Garrisones and Pillsburys in those days. Today we have Joe Cook and Henry George and Powderly—and some more. That was before the war. Things have changed since then, but the infallible newspaper, like the infallible church, is the same now as then. The same papers that clamored for blood then now clamor for blood again. The Boston "Journal" of May 29, referring to Mr. Parker's address, said: "If any one is more guilty than another [of Batchelder's death], it is the Rev. Theodore Parker."

Here is a choice sample from the "Democratic Advocate," June 15, 1854:

How can the *thing* Parker stand in the presence of his God and smack his lips over the warm blood of a newly-sacrificed victim [Batchelder]. . . . If the civil authorities will not enforce the law, let the people take it into their own hands, and shoot them [Parker and Phillips] down as they would highwaymen or murderers. . . . Suspend a few Parkers and Wendell Phillipses from the bough of the first tree, and the cowardly assassins will scamper like frightened sheep.

It is fortunate, perhaps, that Phillips and Parker lived before the war. Then they could hang John Brown only because he *did* an overt act. In these days they could be hanged not for what they did, but for what they might do, if—if the Supreme Court and the newspapers think they *ought* to be hanged.

A. H. SIMPSON.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER 17, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Anarchy and Christianity.

Elaborate and detailed criticism of Mr. Kimball's sermon on Anarchy would be out of place. Having gone so far, he may be safely left to complete the journey. Further investigation will remove the errors and misstatements into which he certainly could not help falling. Owing to the wide-spread confusion and popular misinformation prevailing in relation to the subject of the isms,—"confusion made worse confounded" by the utterances of alleged public teachers,—it is almost impossible for outsiders to form intelligent estimates of the various phases of the revolutionary movement. Thus Mr. Kimball was led to identify the teachings of Proudhon with those of Marx, characterizing them both as believers in none except intellectual force; and thus it is that he makes Aveling share Most's desire "to help along" the revolution with dynamite. Mr. Kimball is guilty of a more fundamental and serious error, and of one for which it is more difficult to account, when he speaks of a class of Anarchists who "disbelieve in government and in society both," and who would "plunge the knife deeper down than statute books." As an Anarchist, I can confidently assure Mr. Kimball that none of my brother Anarchists dream of "destroying" society, but that, on the contrary, all unite in the conviction that society is by its own organic laws and the nature of its constitution spontaneously being lifted to perfection, and that government is the only force which holds it in check and interferes with its natural progress. No doubt Mr. Kimball has in mind some school of authoritarian reconstructionists of existing society, whom he miscalls Anarchists. But I pass on to the point which principally concerns me. It is the reasons offered by Mr. Kimball in explanation of his own position on the question of Anarchy.

Eloquently and forcibly expressing the views of the philosophical Anarchists, and accepting their ideal of a future condition, Mr. Kimball, nevertheless, claims his divorce from them in the here and the now on the ground that government is "absolutely necessary" as an expedient while not all men prove themselves capable of wise self-government. Believing in Anarchy as an ideal, he does not think the world "ripe for its realization"; he is not an Anarchist "simply and solely for the reason that, though believing in Christ's doctrine of 'resist not evil,' etc., he does not put it in practice,—the reason that our environment and our human nature have not yet been developed into a fitness for them." Now, I am not prepared to rebuke Mr. Kimball for his half-hearted devotion to his Master, though I must remind him that, for a professed follower of Christ, to plead in the way he does is to beg the question and to virtually decline to act in accordance with the Master's injunctions altogether. Jesus did not mean his disciples to wait for the ideal state, but expressly instructed them as to their immediate conduct. If Christian doctrines can only be

carried out in a perfect world, then Christianity, as a working factor, *does not exist* in the present; what, pray, is to bring the world up to the perfect state? As a minister, Mr. Kimball is illogical; as a man, he is very sensible. I, as an Anarchist, while recognizing that Jesus preached some Anarchistic ideas, can attach no value and no practical worth to his efforts. He appealed to sentiment, which is sterile and powerless as against the force of economic and political circumstances. So it costs me nothing to entirely forgive Mr. Kimball his inconsistency as a minister for the sake of his common sense. But his intelligence must answer my question how the world is to attain Anarchy, if Anarchistic conduct is not to be expected as long as the world is *not* perfect, and who is to do the purifying and perfecting.

Government, says Mr. Kimball. "It is a bridge over the stream to humanity's better land"; "in its true function, it is the control of the lower elements of society by its best." Granting for a moment this theoretically absurd proposition, let me ask Mr. Kimball if eighteen centuries of experience under governmental moulding and fitting of the people for the ideal Christian state is not sufficient to demonstrate the effectiveness or futility of the "expedient." How long ought it to take us to pass the bridge? Surely, in the course of eighteen hundred years of indefatigable and steady pilgrimage under the lead of "government," we ought, if not to have reached the promised land, then, at least, to have come near it. What is the reality? Let the eleventh of last November answer! And not only are we not encouraged by the government, but Mr. Kimball sadly confesses that practically the "expedient" very often hinders rather than aids the evolution of the world. Is it not time to pause and reconsider the arguments which led to the employment of the expedient? Is it not in order to examine the results of the long experiment and decide upon future proceedings? Answering these questions in the affirmative, the Anarchists are discovering, as a result of their investigations, that the expedient is no expedient at all, and that the arguments in its favor are fallacious and unsound. Emancipation first, and improvement afterwards. Only relaxation of government and gradual familiarization with freedom and Anarchic conditions can eventually bring human nature into fitness with the ideal order of society. To expect government to prepare and fit men for Anarchy is to expect poison to restore a patient's health. Hygienic conditions make recovery possible. Society needs liberty's hygiene.

Think not, Mr. Kimball, that the Anarchists would straightway level down the whole structure of government. No, they would still "resist evil" and restrain the "lower elements" of society. But for those that are already a law unto themselves, and who can be trusted to walk in the path of righteousness, the kingdom of heaven should now come; and for all the rest, in so far as they *do* show a disposition to act honorably, there should be perfect liberty. Because some persons, some times, in some matters, are incapable of self-control, shall we govern all alike and at all times? What sane mind will entertain this view?

Jesus taught us not to resist evil; and, as that was impracticable sentimentality, the world ignored it. Christianity, in its pure and ideal form, is simply a dream of the future. Anarchy appears to point out the way of eradicating evil and teaches us *not to resist good*. Evil may be and should be resisted while it exists, but *only* evil. Government stifles pure thought and honest aspiration. Government prostitutes and debases manhood. We cry therefore, abolish it!

V. YARROS.

The New York "Sun," in an editorial opposing governmental control of railroads, takes occasion to express regret at the blunder of the founders of this republic who made the postal service a government monopoly. Is it possible that the "Sun" has not heard of Lysander Spooner's famous argument in support of his belief that the postal service never *was* intended to be a government monopoly? If so, by all means let it familiarize itself with that remarkable document. But, whatever the intention of the framers of the constitution, if the "Sun" believes the postal

monopoly to be an evil, why not *abolish* it, even if it may involve an amendment of the constitution? The constitution exists for the people, not the people for the "eternal" constitution. (Liberty cares nothing about the constitution, but it discusses this from the "Sun's" own standpoint.) A few years ago the "Sun" bitterly opposed the effort of the business men of New York to establish a private mail, but it is never too late to repent and reform.

James Freeman Clarke, in the "North American Review" gives this reason why he is not a free religionist: "Free religion seems to me opposed to the law of evolution and incompatible with it. Evolution educes the present from the past by a continuous process, while Free religion separates itself from the past by ignoring the personality of Jesus." Being an evolutionist, Mr. Clarke cannot embrace a religion which, by its repudiation of the essential element of all the religions which preceded it, practically attempts to create something out of nothing. But he does not explain why he is a Christian and how he reconciles the theory of evolution with the myth of the fall of man and the mission of Jesus. Intelligent people are generally of the opinion that *all* religion "is opposed to the law of evolution and incompatible with it," and, unless Mr. Clarke rises to further enlighten us as to why he is a religionist, he will be curiously viewed as one who strained at a gnat after swallowing a whole caravan of camels.

The Demagogue and the Sophist.

[Rejected by the Standard.]

Mr. George:

After reading carefully your article on the case of the Chicago Anarchists, and also Judge Maguire's legal opinion, in the recent issue of the "Standard," I am at a loss to know whether amazement, humiliation, or indignation control my feelings, although the three passions strive for mastery. Equally at a loss I am to understand whether you believe in Anarchy or Socialism—they being, as you admit, antipodes, the one desiring the coercion of the individual for the benefit of the State, and the other desiring the coercion of the State for the benefit of the individual. Verily you

Wriggle in and wriggle out,
Leaving the reader still in doubt.

But on one point there can be no doubt: that is, on the pure demagogism (this word seems harsh, but I know of no other that so well expresses the idea) of your entire article, and on the sophistry of the Judge's legal opinion in this case. Said a gentleman today, after reading yesterday's "Standard": "Can it be that Henry George, after all, has become a mere 'ward politician,' a panderer to the mob?" I regret to say, it looks so.

Believing, as I and many of my friends do, that your idea of the principles of taxation will promote the best form of government, nothing that you can write, or say, or do, will affect my action so far as the encouragement of that principle is concerned when government is in question. And yet such an article as that from your pen almost makes one despair of ever reaching the goal of better government through that form of coercion or force known as the ballot, which, after all, is simply a system of the majority coercing or ruling or governing the minority. Today the adherents of the theory of the taxation of land values, as a means to an end, are being coerced most cruelly by a vast majority,—which does not prove that majorities are right, or that a government by the majority is right. Those who believe in the proposition that "the best government is that which governs least" might feel that the vast majority who will, very likely, in time govern this country on the theory of the taxation of land values alone, are oppressors, and the novel spectacle may be presented of an uprising to annihilate even this relic of the "divine right" of one or more men to govern others. That would simply be progression, unless it is assumed that the government, by the machinery evolved under the necessities of the principle of taxing land values, is utopian and hence perfection.

You say that "Anarchy is a reaction from Socialism." Well, what if it is? Socialism is a reaction from that sort of anarchy which leaves the monopolies and the rich nabobs lawless, free to prowl upon those unfortunate waifs of humanity who have not been able to join the shining few in the realms of golden splendor and lights far above the iron castles which keep the masses in ignorance and rags. "Henry Georgism" is a reaction from that paradox which I shall call lawless socialism, because it means a surfeit of law, but of the kind which governs only those whom the law-makers wish it to govern. But is that any argument against Mr. George's theory? Hardly; and yet it is "the argument of despair," for, if this or some other means of relief is not afforded soon, "the impulse of men bitterly conscious of

injustice and seeing no way out" will force them to do something desperate.

So "Anarchy is an importation into the United States," is it? Shame on anybody who will make such absurd flings as that! What has it to do with the question? Absolutely nothing. It is simply a cringing evasion of the question and a pandering to public sentiment,—a method which the poverty press makes use of to strike down Henry George, Dr. McGlynn, and all who want to better the condition of their fellow-men. Unless there is a glaring anachronism, Christianity is "an importation into the United States." So is the printing press; so is the principle of the taxation of land values; and so is—but what's the use of attempting an enumeration of the good and bad things and ideas which are entirely "un-American"? I did hope that Henry George would not fall into that low pithole of ignorance or subterfuge. But Henry George is only a man, after all, even if he has not yet quite become a demagogue.

After my pleasant talks with Judge Maguire, his cold legal deductions in regard to the equity of the findings in the case of those seven men in Chicago come like a blasting wind on a field of flowers. They strike one with frigid loathing of legal enactments. They seem born of a social condition which sacrifices the individual to the State with a relentlessness worthy of the Inquisition.

It seems strange that neither Henry George nor Judge Maguire should have thought it worth the while, in making up their minds as to the legal status of the case, to "go back of the returns," as it were; i. e., to inquire into the nature and character of the evidence on which these men were condemned. Did it never occur to them that this evidence may have been suborned, that "Pinkerton thugs," time-serving policemen, angry and alarmed monopolists, may each and all have had a motive in making the case against these men appear just as bad as possible? No; it seems never to have occurred to them. And yet the friends of the condemned men say that the evidence produced and the methods resorted to in securing the conviction of the men, were the most glaring outrages on a so-called system of justice they ever witnessed. It has come to it that courts have declared that Pinkerton's men are not to be believed under oath, except where it is to their known interest to tell the truth. And the same proposition is notoriously true of the average urban policeman, who holds his position through the "pull" of some low ward politician. And when it comes to swearing that black is white, who can beat a monopolist in the full vigor of his determination to crush the enemy? Yet Henry George and Judge Maguire take the evidence formulated and furnished by these men with a *sans froid* that would seem to say, "Well, here's the evidence; damn the facts; and who cares for the sentiment of mitigating circumstances?"

It does seem strange that these two able proponents of a great and revolutionary principle, a principle which is so revolutionary that its leaders declare it will abolish poverty and put men on a grand equality so far as opportunities are concerned,—and that is all that any honest man asks for,—it seems strange, I say, that these two men could not have said something for or against these seven men at a time when their word would have had some weight in settling the great controversy as to their fate. Believing them deserving of being hanged, it is strange the leaders of the United Labor party should not have given timely notice to the public that the methods and principles of the Anarchists were not the principles and methods of this new party. Or, if the merest scintilla of doubt as to the wisdom or justness of executing the extreme sentence was entertained, why not have demanded a halt and still farther time for reconnoitring? I looked for some word from Mr. George, but only a strange silence brooded. This may be diplomatic, but it is not noble. "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Judge Maguire makes this strange statement:

Any man may freely advocate the abolition of government, or commit any like folly, without any interference on the part of the representatives of the law, and no man has ever been molested for so doing. Mr. Tucker of Boston has been for many years advocating Anarchy in his paper, Liberty, and no person has ever interfered with him.

But does Judge Maguire pretend to say that, if Liberty had been published in Chicago, Mr. Tucker's sayings would not have been construed into causes which incited the Anarchists to talk "seditiously" and "revolutionary"? And how easy to have arrested and hanged Mr. Tucker with the others! Does Judge Maguire suppose that, were a riot to occur in Boston, under similar circumstances, Mr. Tucker and Liberty would not be held responsible? Of course Mr. Tucker in Boston was not tried for what was done in Chicago. Neither were the abolitionists in Boston tried for what some rash and over-zealous friend of freedom said or did in Charleston in *ante-bellum* days. It is true, Wendell Phillips and Horace Greeley were not "interfered with" because John Brown raided Harper's Ferry in the interest of freedom, and got hanged for his pains. Oh, no! They were not "molested." But who doubts that they "incited" John Brown, and many other martyrs, to become victims of the thing they all hated so much, and the only thing that makes slavery and misery,—the law? But I think they would have been forcibly "molested" and sternly "interfered with," had they advocated in Richmond or Charleston what they did in New York and Boston.

The whole written opinion of Judge Maguire on this subject is cruelly, coldly legal. It must afford the "saviours of society" a good deal of comfort. None of them could have made a better plea for "conservatism," for "law and order," for "anti-revolutionary" methods. He took the evidence as he found it, as the "fence" does stolen goods, not caring whence it came. It was evidence, and that was enough. He has no censure for the police who charged on a peaceable meeting, which the mayor of Chicago had authorized and had even just addressed; * there were no considerations for the fact that this meeting had been called to protest against murder; not a single doubt does he seem to entertain that all the detective and police stories about Anarchists and bombs and dynamite were not innocent and guileless of fraud; in fact, he finds no mitigating circumstances at all, and he seems only anxious to uphold a judicial system which could hang him for inciting this same riot just as equitably as it could any of those who were hanged. I have heard him condemn the present order of things just as vehemently as ever the Anarchists did. He preaches revolution just as truly as the Anarchist does. He wants it accomplished by force, moreover; it matters not that that force is the ballot-box, for it is force, all the same; it is the iron rule of the majority over the minority; it is surrounding the minority with bonds which restrict it and restrain it of its liberty. Under the present system Jay Gould is at liberty to accumulate millions of dollars. Anarchist Judge Maguire comes along and destroys that law which makes one man a millionaire and ten thousand paupers; but then, changing from Dr. Jekyll Maguire, he becomes Mr. Hyde Maguire, and, while Jay Gould's liberty to plunder the masses is curtailed under Dr. Jekyll, under Mr. Hyde the "revolutionary" and "un-American" Anarchist must be hanged! High consistency, this!

But above and beyond all the reasons why Henry George and Judge Maguire should have evinced some show of sympathy for the condemned men is the fact that these Anarchists were fighting the common enemy of mankind,—the system which produces the robber monopolists. The latter slowly pinch, starve, and freeze millions of human beings. They put up the price of coal, of wheat, of clothing, when it suits their whim or convenience. They crush out the small business man; they foreclose the mortgage on the store, the home, and the farm. When the "panic" which they bring about comes, they say it is because of over-production. As Henry George has said, there is so much wheat produced that thousands are dying of starvation; so many new clothes made that people must go in rags; so many shoes that the poor must go bare-footed. Over-production, forsooth! But who ever heard of a policeman dragging one of these monopolists to court and hanging him for starving his thousands?

This is the miserable system which the Anarchists condemn. They demand a change. It may seem a remarkable coincidence, but it is a fact that Henry George and Judge Maguire have been heard condemning the same system, and, what, in the eyes of the "saviours of society," is still worse, demanding a change. Aye, a complete, radical, and revolutionary change! They actually unite with the Anarchists in demanding that poverty be abolished. And yet it seems strange that Henry George and Judge Maguire should form an alliance offensive and defensive with the Jay Goulds of society and applaud the hanging of Anarchists because Pinkerton's thugs and their allies, the police, say they had evidence connecting them in a conspiracy during which certain men were killed who would not have been killed had they not, in obedience to the demands of a mob, begun clubbing a peaceable meeting. They must feel honored by the alliance, and by the plaudits which these monarchs of capital bestow for fighting the latter's battles so well. The man who dares brave public opinion and the ignorant clamoring mob is a brave man, and he must be sustained by a strong belief that his cause is a just one. Men who will die for their opinions rather than ask a pardon from a governor are not cowards, certainly, and future generations will doubtless accord them as much praise as those who stood by silently and saw the judicial crime, and then, to gain public applause, cried out: Let them be crucified! It is not the first time men have been killed by law for opinion's sake; nor is it the first time that the cruel executioners of that miserable problem called law have sought to make the martyr appear a bad and dangerous character, even to the crucifixion between thieves.

Only Anarchists know what the theory of Anarchy is. The masses are misled by the dictionary definition, and by the idiotic howling and driveling of a mob of ignorant, lying hirelings popularly known as editors and reporters. These people, as a rule, sell their opinions to the highest bidders, and the highest bidders, of course, are the Uriah Heeps and the Jay Goulds. Hoping to better their own conditions and desiring rather to cater to or anticipate public opinion, these unsavory slaves of a system which they seem unable to comprehend go on and do their master's bidding with wall-eyed and ogling impudence and Hessian-like servileness.

The Anarchist knows that his methods are peaceful ones,

* Here the writer is slightly in error. Mayor Harrison did not address the meeting. But he was among the audience until the meeting was nearly over, and not until he had gone home did the police attempt to stop the proceedings. — Editor Liberty.

all the newspapers and magazine articles to the contrary notwithstanding. Let alone, he would preach peace and all the arts of peace. He even differs with Henry George and Judge Maguire in his system of revolutionary propaganda. The latter openly advocate the use of force, the coercion of the minority by the majority. But the Anarchist does not believe in coercion at all as an aggressive means, and would not use the force of the ballot to accomplish his ends. The great majority of the Anarchists do not vote at all; and the few of them who do vote do so under protest, and merely as an expedient by which they hope to avoid the necessity for the exercise of more violent force.

W. T. DOTY.

PORT JERVIS, NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1887.

Socialistic Letters.

[Le Radical.]

There are two Socialisms.

One is communistic, the other solidaritarian.

One is dictatorial, the other libertarian.

One is metaphysical, the other positive.

One is dogmatic, the other scientific.

One is emotional, the other reflective.

One is destructive, the other constructive.

Both are in pursuit of the greatest possible welfare for all.

One aims to establish happiness for all, the other to enable each to be happy in his own way.

The first regards the State as a society *sui generis*, of an especial essence, the product of a sort of divine right outside of and above all society, with special rights and able to exact special obediences; the second considers the State as an association like any other, generally managed worse than others.

The first proclaims the sovereignty of the State, the second recognizes no sort of sovereignty.

One wishes all monopolies to be held by the State; the other wishes the abolition of all monopolies.

One wishes the governed class to become the governing class; the other wishes the disappearance of classes.

Both declare that the existing state of things cannot last.

The first considers revolution as the indispensable agent of evolution; the second teaches that repression alone turns evolution into revolution.

The first has faith in a cataclysm.

The second knows that social progress will result from the free play of individual efforts.

Both understand that we are entering upon a new historic phase.

One wishes that there should be none but proletaires.

The other wishes that there should be no more proletaires.

The first wishes to take everything from everybody.

The second wishes to leave each in possession of his own.

The one wishes to expropriate everybody.

The other wishes everybody to be a proprietor.

The first says: "Do as the government wishes."

The second says: "Do as you wish yourself."

The former threatens with despotism.

The latter promises liberty.

The former makes the citizen the subject of the State.

The latter makes the State the employee of the citizen.

One proclaims that labor pains will be necessary to the birth of the new world.

The other declares that real progress will not cause suffering to any one.

The first has confidence in social war.

The other believes only in the works of peace.

One aspires to command, to regulate, to legislate.

The other wishes to attain the minimum of command, of regulation, of legislation.

One would be followed by the most atrocious of reactions.

The other opens unlimited horizons to progress.

The first will fail; the other will succeed.

Both desire equality.

One by lowering heads that are too high.

The other by raising heads that are too low.

One sees equality under a common yoke.

The other will secure equality in complete liberty.

One is intolerant, the other tolerant.

One frightens, the other reassures.

The first wishes to instruct everybody.

The second wishes to enable everybody to instruct himself.

The first wishes to support everybody.

The second wishes to enable everybody to support himself.

One says:

The land to the State.

The mine to the State.

The tool to the State.

The product to the State.

The other says:

The land to the cultivator.

The mine to the miner.

The tool to the laborer.

The product to the producer.

There are only these two Socialisms.

One is the infancy of Socialism; the other is its manhood.

One is already the past; the other is the future.

One will give place to the other.

Today each of us must choose for one or the other of these two Socialisms, or else confess that he is not a Socialist.

ERNEST LESIGNE.

Continued from page 1.

use,—a state of society in which there is simply no government, that is, no arbitrary and legislative control of men's actions. It is human laws, not natural or divine laws, that they would get rid of; statute books, not society, they would destroy. Instead of wishing to bring about a condition of confusion, violence, and disorder, they would bring about the very opposite of this, a higher peace and order. They believe that the present confusion, violence, and disorder of society are due to the interference of artificial government with natural laws, and that the only way to get rid of these evils is to get rid of their artificial, human, and necessarily imperfect cause. Nature, they say, in all her other associations, acts only on her own interior laws. The grasses and flowers of the summer meadow, waving together in a glorious company, have no statute books. The birds in the grove, the shoals of fishes in the sea, the beavers building their dam, and the cities of the ants,—perfect societies in their way,—choose no legislators, and maintain no governors, sheriffs, and police, none at least, but those who are their natural leaders. Yea, the family, the original state and type of society, has only natural government. And, if these can get along without artificial laws, why should man, with his higher intelligence, submit to their enactments? The disciples of Anarchy in this sense are not opposed to society, but are rather Socialists in the most thorough-going sense. Man they recognize as a natural social being. If left to himself, his own God-given instincts would lead him into an organization more complete than any which human art can devise, an organization like that of the human body in which every member would find his place and work, and in which all could coöperate harmoniously together. Governments of every kind, democratic and republican as well as autocratic and monarchical, are to them bad, almost equally bad, because they are only the different cords with which is bound the free man of nature; and when they war against them, they say, it is not in the interest of lawlessness and disorder, but for the sake of the larger liberty, larger than ever yet has been fought for, in which man uncompelled shall live obedient all the more to nature's own eternal law.

Now this position, as you see, is one which at least as a theory is entirely philosophical. It is in perfect harmony with that idea which is gradually permeating all modern thought, that nature is not the foe of man, but his friend, the very voice of God, and that her laws need no supplementing, but only to be carried out to be sufficient for all his needs,—an idea which is the foundation principle of all science, an idea which lies at the very core of evolution, an idea that we liberals fully recognize in the sphere of religion, an idea that medicine has caught a glimpse of, an idea that all the legislative progress of the last two hundred years has been tending towards,—the idea that the best governed people are those who are least governed,—yea, more than this, is the central idea of Jesus himself in his doctrine of the kingdom of God on earth; and the amusing and amazing thing in all this recent discussion of the Anarchists is to see evolutionists, statesmen, and Christians holding up their hands in horror over a doctrine which is the inevitable fruit of their own best faith, and what they are teaching their children, as the most sacred duty of life, every night to pray for,—Thy kingdom come.

But believing all this, why, it may be asked, are not you yourself an Anarchist? Why, recognizing the principle, should you disclaim the name? Simply and solely because I do not think the world is ripe yet for its realization; simply and solely for the reason that I and so many other Christians, while believing in Christ's doctrines of "Resist not evil;" "From him that would borrow of thee turn not away;" "If any man take thy coat, give him thy cloak also;" do not put them in daily practice,—the reason that our environment and our human nature have not yet been developed into a fitness for them. Government is indeed, as I believe in common with every Anarchist, not an eternal fixture,—is only a temporary expedient. But, as an expedient, I believe, as the Anarchist does not, that it is absolutely necessary, and so natural. It is a bridge over the stream to humanity's better land, is what the old Jewish law was to religion,—a schoolmaster to bring it to Christ; is what self-government is to the individual man, a means of bringing his lower nature up into harmony with his highest. Every man, to start with, has to govern his lower nature by edicts from his higher,—cannot yield to all his appetites and passions, natural as they are; otherwise he would have at once the lower anarchy within; cannot do it, because, older and stronger than the spirit, they have not yet learned to work in harmony with the spirit's laws. But this is not to last forever. By-and-by, with every true Christian man, there comes a time when appetite and passion, as the direct result of this arbitrary control, come into such harmony with the spirit and with the divine law that they never need any control, that their instinctive prompting is only for what is right and good, which is the higher anarchy within, the very state which Paul describes in his famous seventh chapter of Romans as the highest Christian attainment, "the law of the spirit of life making him free of the law of sin and death."

So with society. Government in its true function—alas, that practically it is so often the other way—is simply the control of its lower elements by its best. It is necessary now, because the lowest are as yet undeveloped, are under

the dominion of appetite and passion, and cannot be trusted to govern themselves. What we need for ages yet is to perfect government, not destroy it; perfect, too, these lower elements of society, religion's work,—you see how the whole thing falls in with my ideal of a church,—and then by-and-by, just in proportion as we all come under the great spiritual law of life, just in proportion as each member of society does instinctively what is right, the need of outward law will pass away, the same as in the evolution of man's physical system bones, muscles, and organs of various kinds, each of the utmost value to him once, have fallen into disuse and shrivelled up. Then the kingdom of heaven comes; men dwell together as a family, each doing voluntarily his part, and the higher social anarchy—people with no legislative government—everywhere prevails.

I have spoken thus far of only one class of Anarchists, those who believe in society and only disbelieve in government. But there is another class who go a great ways further than this, disbelieving in government and in society both,—at any rate in all existing society. They look around them and see wrongs, oppressions, poverties, degradations, evils of every kind, which do not arise from law, bad as it is, but from the very structure of society itself as it now is, evils—as for instance the natural tyranny of the rich over the poor and the strong over the weak—that doing away with legislation would tend only to increase. They would plunge the knife deeper down than statute books,—would destroy society itself as now organized, especially its economic organization, some to build it up again, and some to have it remain in its distinct individual elements, as really man's higher condition. What is to be said of this form of anarchy,—that in such a dog's teeth there can be any good? Yes, even here. Human progress is conditioned in this, as in all other relations, on two great antagonistic forces, the one ever tending to sink the individual, and to make man as a whole, man organized into one grand social structure, its end; the other taking the individual man as its highest aim and making society subordinate to his highest development. Each tendency carried to the extreme would be ruinous; a perfect society in which each man was only a part of man, become only a monster defeating its own object, which is to make men and women, who alone can survive death; and a perfect individualism in which each would give the other no social help, fail equally of reaching the highest manhood and womanhood. We need them both, as in the solar system we do the centripetal and centrifugal forces; and God, nature, with that exquisite wisdom, which is displayed everywhere, gives us both; and their names are organization and individualism, Socialism and—Anarchy, each operating on humanity, and each playing back and forth on the other with that rhythmic movement which is characteristic of everything in the universe.

For ages past the organizing tendency has been the strongest, and it is so now. Everywhere men are combining alike into society and into societies. No business can be done without the formation of a company or a corporation; and the result is what? Enormous wealth, but diminished manhood; a wonderful factory, but the individual workmen only a wheel in its whirl; the citizen a splendid member of society, but in some respects less even than his savage ancestor a complete man.

Suppose the process to go on without limit, what would the result be? All society a corporation; all workers parts of a huge machine, the composite man everywhere, the composing men and women nowhere. But nature no more allows such a result as this in society than she does the planets in her skies to mass themselves in the sun. In her majestic rhythm, the centripetal, the integrating, forces are reaching the limit of safety, they exhaust themselves, and the centrifugal, the differentiating, forces, those which tend to give prominence to the individual, take their turn of greater activity, the process which is now going on. Where and what are they? Why, some of them are these very Anarchists, these direct opposers of society that are springing up notoriously the world over, such a marked feature of our times. And what are we doing with them? Recognizing nature's beautiful law, so full of the world's higher safety, and giving a cordial welcome to its agents? No; hanging them!

Yet not all. The Anarchist movement in society looked upon with such horror is only one form of the individualizing tendency that is at work as an offset to the integration of the past. What is Unitarianism, what all Protestantism, but Anarchy in religion, the resistance of the private man to the organized churches and creeds of other days? What independence of political action, but Anarchy as regards the old party bonds? What all liberty but the assertion of the rights of the individual against the organized governments of the world? These men we hang were but carrying forward into one more field—foolishly, perhaps, as regards means—the very principle that we and our fathers carried into ours, foolishly sometimes, too, as to means; and that we are all so rejoicing in today. Anarchy is simply one of the terms in that great law of differentiation and integration that Spencer has laid down as the fundamental truth of evolution, a law which so many persons recognize proudly in the weed and the dead earth, but which they are as blind as bats to in society and on the scale of humanity. And, considered philosophically, it is just as legitimate, has just as good a claim to be recognized, as the opposite one of integration.

But this is not all. What starts men into being Anarchists? It is not that they study evolution and say to each other, "Go-to, now, the organizing force of society has gone far enough; let us disorganize, just to have the rhythm and keep things balanced." Most of them probably never heard of evolution and would laugh at it if they should. What they see and feel is the wrongs, the sorrows, the degradations and oppressions, the evils and imperfections of society; and it is these that turn them against it, these which inspire them to strike it down. Who shall deny that such things exist? Who say that some of them, at least, do not inhere in the social structure itself, as, for instance, its whole competitive system working such good, yet working, also, such terrible hardships? Who that we have reached yet even the type of society which, however improved, is to be the world's finality?

How is a better one to be reached? Not certainly by an utter tearing of the present one down and beginning all anew. That is never the method of evolution; and practically it would be as absurd as to resolve the universe back to its atoms, losing all its ages of growth, and begin with them over, bringing it after ages more of work only again where it is now. The method of evolution is to disintegrate to a certain extent, loosen the old organized materials sufficiently to use them over again; the rock into soil on which for the plant to grow; the plant into nutriment for beast and man; and so onward and upward, who shall say how far? It is to do this service for society that the Anarchist force comes in. It is a rebellion against society not simply because it is society, but because of its evils, imperfections, and wrongs, these being all directly that it cares for. And it is in disintegrating its elements for higher combinations, not destroying them, that its real work is done, whether it thinks so or not. Precisely in the same way comes the organic impulse. For when the dissolution has gone far enough, a new set of evils arise, disorder, violence, all those disturbances which are commonly called anarchy; and it is to protect themselves from these that men unite and begin again to build up. Who shall say it is not in each of its terms a beautiful feature of the divine economy? Read history by it, and you will see how true it is in its philosophy, see what a wonderful new light it throws on some of its darkest chapters. It is the evils of society, first on one side and then on the other, which make it first integrate and then disintegrate; its evils which drive the shuttle back and forth which is weaving in its mighty loom forever a higher good. And giving proper scope to both, they will accomplish together what neither could alone, build our race up at last—not yet, but at last—into the perfect man and at the same time into perfect men and women, a course, it seems to me, as grand in statesmanship and practical philanthropy as it is sound in religion and in theoretical philosophy.

Recognizing thus the philosophical principle which lies at the basis of the Anarchical movement, the way is prepared for answering, not empirically and passionately, but logically and calmly, the second question at issue: Ought the Chicago Anarchists to have been hung as murderers? answering it, too, with an emphatic No. It is not an answer which turns on the point of whether they were actual conspirators against the government and society, deliberately intending to use the bombs for their overthrow,—though I think when passion has passed away, we shall all see this, as we now do the hanging of John Brown and Mrs. Surratt, in a very different light,—not an answer, either, which turns on the justification in any way of their violence. Let me say in the strongest terms that I do not justify violence. Violence should always be the last resort of a principle. I do not believe in the use even of violent words. Arguments, facts, ideas, the truth spoken in love, the philosophy that recognizes the true place, even of its opposite,—these are its natural, God-given weapons, these the bombs, as Proudhon and Karl Marx have shown, with which for Anarchy to make its assaults; and in the moral even more than in the military field the greatness of a victory is to be measured by the fewness, not the number, of its battle grounds. At the same time it is to be remembered that a cause is not to be condemned on the score merely of the cranks and fools who get together under its name, or of the mistakes and follies even of its sensible upholders. Every great tide is sure to bear with it a multitude of straws and chips; every great movement to run into some excesses and follies. Religion itself, as we well know, has not been without its horrors. Well could Madame Roland exclaim, "O Liberty, Liberty, what crimes are done in thy name." Even our civil war, so full of real heroes and martyrs, had, also, by the hundred, its cranks and lunatics, not all, either, in the ranks. So it is not strange that a movement like this should have its Mosts and Avelings and its hot heads who would help it along with dynamite and bombs.

But admitting to the fullest extent the fact of a conspiracy, and the folly and wickedness of the violence used; admitting, as I do, that the government had the right to slay every one of the Anarchists, if need were, in putting down their assault, this does not furnish a reason for putting them to death afterwards in cold blood.

They ought not to have been so punished, first of all, because their crime, bad as it was, cannot in any fair sense of the word be called murder. Murder is the killing of a person to gratify some private bad motive, as revenge, or rob-

bery, or to conceal the evidence against some other crime, as theft or lust. But no one has ever claimed that the Anarchists were actuated at the start by any such bad motives as these, whatever bad feeling they might have had afterwards against the authorities. Some of them had recently been down among the Hocking Valley miners and beheld there scenes of suffering and oppression which we at the East, if we knew but a tithe of them, would be as horrified at as they were. At the very time of the outbreak they were surrounded by thousands of workmen who were out on a strike for the eight-hour rule and smarting under a sense of injustice and wrong. Their sympathies were aroused, their moral natures maddened by what they saw; and it was in behalf of these men, rather than for themselves, that they conspired, so far as they did; to denounce the government and the state of society that would tolerate such outrages, that they met together; and to defend themselves against the police trying to break up such a meeting, that their bombs were thrown. And to punish them for it with the same penalty of the gallows as the thief who creeps into a house and strikes down his victim for money, or the ruffian who waylays and ravishes and murders an innocent girl, is to ignore the whole Christian doctrine of motives as the measure of guilt, and to confound and dishonor the very name of justice.

Worse than this, at the very time these Anarchists, striking, as they believed, a blow for suffering humanity, were being hung, there were over a hundred first-class murderers, murderers about whose selfish motives there could be no question, abroad free in our land. We have had twenty foul killings of this kind in our own State of Connecticut this past year. Illinois and every State has had them, with two or three new ones every day,—murders that one-tenth part of the energy, time, and money spent on these Chicago men might, to some extent, at least, have ferreted out. And if any hanging was to be done, if the majesty of the law was indeed to be sustained with blood, what unbiased man will say it would not have been better to begin with the undoubted murderers first, rather than let all the other wheels of justice stop to hang those whose crime was the striking of a blow for an idea?

Again, I believe they ought not to have been punished as murderers, because all experience shows that the taking of such lives is not only useless as a means of suppressing their cause, but often in after years a loss and shame to the people and to the State by which it is done. If they were indeed the representatives of a principle, as I have tried to show, a gigantic swing of society from its organizing to its individualizing side, then government might as well attempt to stop the earth from passing out of summer into winter by hanging its inhabitants as to stop their movement by putting a gallows in its way. No nation ever yet succeeded in wiping out a great social tendency with the shedding of blood. The stream which, left to itself, might have been a mild blessing, dammed up, becomes a raging, wasteful flood. What we need is to direct the energies of such men, full of grand humanitarian enthusiasms, into helpful channels to cure the evils of which they complain, not keep the evils and kill the complainers. We have invested them now with the glory of martyrs, have made the mistake which governments in all ages have made,—that of judging the significance of a movement by the crankiness of its pioneers. All great revolutions are preceded by the outbursts of a few eccentric impatient spirits, failures themselves, but whose martyr fires stir the blood and light the way for others to follow, Arnold Van Winkleheids, who rush ahead on the foe, gathering into their own bleeding breasts the spears through whose broken line their countrymen march to victory. It is never the sober, industrious, law-abiding citizens who inaugurate the steps of the world's progress, but, as Emerson says, the wild, restless, law-breaking spirits,—these, the despised of the State, that are the darlings of humanity; these, the most worthless citizens of the kingdoms of earth, that are the choice ones for advancing the kingdoms of God. Woe to the nation which really succeeds in killing them off! Spain tried it, and what is Spain today? France, with her Huguenots, and she has paid the penalty on many a battle-field since. Its folly, to be sure, is never seen at the time, never recognized by the State as anything but "the triumph of law and order." Thirty years ago John Brown went down into Virginia to free the negro, as rash and foolish an undertaking, and as truly a conspiracy, as the assaults of the Anarchists on society at this later day. He, too, was tried and hung, and all the virtuous newspapers of the land, and all the sober, law-abiding citizens, talked of it and rejoiced in it precisely as they have over these recent executions—get their files and see if it is not so—yet in less than three years afterwards five hundred thousand men were marching, under the nation's banner, south to do the same law-breaking work to the song and inspiration of the old man's name; and with many of these same papers, the crank and fool of yesterday, is the saint and martyr of today, their editors, indeed, as Lowell says:

Making virtue of the faith they had denied.

And these recent victims to the law and order,—though their individual names may be forgotten, though they may become a part of the indistinguishable crowd who in all ages have died on defeated battle-fields, and died, apparently, as

the criminal dies, as the foes of society: not the less on God's greater muster roll will they be counted in the list of those who have died for man, and not the less their deeds be a part of the influence to which the world, by and by, for the overturning of these same evils, will itself go "marching on."

Again, I believe they ought not to have been punished as murderers because of the degrading effect which the barbarism of its method has had on our whole broad land. The entire management of the wretched business, from beginning to end,—the suspense in which the victims were kept, month after month, as to their fate, reaching down to the very eve of their execution; the cruelty that was shown to their wives and families—Mrs. Parsons appealing at the gates of the prison for a last look at her husband till she dropped down on the pavement in a swoon—the insults heaped by the jail officials on those who were admitted within its precincts; the horrible method taken by one poor wretch to end his life; the prolonged struggles of the others on the gallows; and then all the details of the affair paraded with pictures in the daily press and sent into every family of the land for children to see and mothers with unborn babes to be influenced by,—could anything be more demoralizing, anything less likely to impress a person with the majesty of the law? Why, if the same thing had been done in Ireland or Russia, how our newspapers would have rung with denunciations of its barbarism! Yea, as it is, in some of them, side by side with a savage endorsement of what our own government has done, you will find equally savage criticisms of England's treatment of O'Brien and the Irish resistance of law.

Then on the other side the bearing and words of the prisoners, melodramatic and posing very likely, but still wonderfully impressive; their personal characters so far removed from those of ordinary murderers; their intelligence, enthusiasm, and devotion to their principles down to the very last; the groups of women gathered around them with their wifely and romantic attachments stronger than death; Spies's noble offer to die for his comrades, could they be spared; and the unflinching courage and serenity with which they all met their fate,—the newspapers may try to belittle them and laugh them down, but they are the very ore out of which the poets and balladists of all ages have wrought the lines of song which have shaped the world's onward way, and to which the golden youth of humanity generation after generation has thrilled and—marched. We can recognize their quality in other lands and other times,—these same editors who cannot find words harsh enough to stigmatize their present exemplars, hardly find phrases strong enough to honor them in a Prudence Crandall or a John Brown, literally fulfilling the lines:

From the tombs of the old prophets
Steal the funeral lamps away
To light the martyr fagots
Round the prophets of today.

And yet with all this, there are millions of plain common people to whom even now the one thing which shines pre-scient out of this whole affair is the majesty of Anarchy rather than of law.

I have one reason more to offer why they should not have been punished as murderers, the showing it would have been to other men, the world over, of the immense difference there could be between a republic and a monarchy in dealing with a State offense. Anarchists generally have derived their hatreds of governments from their knowledge and experience of them in Europe; and, as they have seen there only tyrannies grinding down the common people, they very naturally class them all together, wherever found, as the foe of man. We had a most splendid chance to show them practically their mistake, show them that there was at least one government on earth so strong in itself and in the affections of its people that it had no need of killing in return even those whose hands had been raised against its life. It did this very thing with Jefferson Davis and his associates, the men whose conspiracy caused the death, not of seven policemen, but of more than five hundred thousand of its sons. And who doubts that by reason of it the nation is a stronger and more honored nation today in the estimate of men everywhere than it would have been, had it, out of a sentimental regard for the "majesty of law," taken their lives? So it might have been in the case of this smaller band. But as it is what have we done? Gone back to the old bloody methods of the past; put our republic in the same category with the despotisms and tyrannies of Europe, as not large or strong enough to treat leniently a child's foolish thrust against itself; and, to vindicate law, have struck a blow against liberty, that will be felt as wide as the world.

Friends, treating this subject so difficult in itself, with the bold, free hand that I have, not stopping to put in all the shadings and qualifications it might in other circumstances have been well to give, I hope I have made my position fairly understood. It is not that I approve the acts of the executed men, but that I recognize the principle and the force that are behind and within the acts; their desire, undeniable, while striking at government and society, to save the larger man for whom government and society exist; their impulse, below its foolish outside, as a part of nature's own law. You who know me can well believe it is not from any desire of a mere sensation that I have spoken, but in all the earnestness and sincerity of both mind and heart faith. The analysis I have

given of Anarchy and of its place in sociology may be stigmatized by some omniscient editor as theoretical, fine-spun, a mere minister's conceit; but not the less will it be recognized, the more thoroughly it is examined, as a part of that magnificent philosophy in accordance with which the whole practical world is evolving today, the master-key that one by one is unlocking its dark chambers and opening its treasure chests. If I read the laws of evolution and the signs of the times aright, the force touched upon in this occurrence is to play a mighty part in the world's future. Happy the nation, happy the social state, that shall learn to deal with it aright, learn to use it as the friend, not foe, of progress. It is to help place it in such a light that I have spoken. And if in doing so I have seemed too kind, too sympathetic, too much a defender of its recent unfortunate exponents, remember the severity and unscrupulousness with which everything has been arrayed against them month after month, and consider whether something a little strong the other way may not come appropriately from a pulpit set to proclaim a religion of mercy and the higher justice, and from a preacher ordained as the follower of one who met his own death as a breaker of law and in response to the popular cry, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Ralph Waldo Emerson on the Law.

In dealing with the State, we ought to remember that its institutions are not aboriginal, though they existed before we were born; that they are not superior to the citizen; that every one of them was once the act of a single man; every law and usage was a man's expedient to meet a particular case; that they all are imitable, all alterable; we may make as good; we may make better.

The wise know that foolish legislation is a rope of sand, which perishes in the twisting.

The law is only a memorandum.

Our statute is a currency, which we stamp with our own portrait; it soon becomes unrecognizable, and in process of time will return to the mint.

The attributes of a person, his wit and his moral energy, will exercise, under any law or extinguishing tyranny, their proper force,—if not openly, then covertly; if not for the law, then against it; if not wholesomely, then poisonously; with right or by might.

Every actual State is corrupt.

Good men must not obey the laws too well.

What satire on government can equal the severity of censure conveyed in the word *politic*, which now for ages has signified *cunning*, intimating that the State is a trick?

This undertaking for another is the blunder which stands in colossal ugliness in the governments of the world. It is the same thing in numbers as in a pair, only not quite so intelligible. I can see well enough a great difference between my setting myself down to a self-control, and my going to make somebody else act after my views: but when a quarter of the human race assume to tell me what I must do, I may be too much disturbed by the circumstances to see so clearly the absurdity of their command.

Our institutions, though in coincidence with the spirit of the age, have not any exemption from the practical defects which have discredited other forms.

Any laws but those which men make for themselves are laughable. If I put myself in the place of my child, and we stand in one thought, and see that things are thus or thus, that perception is law for him and me. We are both there, both act. But if, without carrying him into the thought, I look over into his plot, and, guessing how it is with him, ordain this or that, he will never obey me. This is the history of governments,—one man does something which is to bind another. A man who cannot be acquainted with me, taxes me; looking from afar at me, ordains that a part of my labor shall go to this or that whimsical end, not as I, but as he happens to fancy. Behold the consequence. Of all debts, men are least willing to pay the taxes. What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they think they get their money's worth except for these.

The less government we have, the better; the fewer laws and the less confided power.

The tendencies of the times favor the idea of self-government, and leave the individual, for all code, to the rewards and penalties of his own constitution, which work with more energy than we believe, whilst we depend on artificial restraints.

We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force.

If a man found himself so rich-natured that he could enter into strict relations with the best persons, and make life serene around him by the dignity and sweetness of his behavior, could he afford to circumvent the favor of the caucus and the press, and covet relations so hollow and pompous as those of a politician? Surely nobody would be a charlatan, who could afford to be sincere.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 11.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

Whole No. 115.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty:
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

My old friend, A. H. Wood, of Lunenburg, refers, in a private letter, to a remark made by the late William Sparrell of Boston to the effect that he could govern himself much cheaper than he could hire it done. I never heard of Mr. Sparrell before, but I am already convinced that he was a rare philosopher.

As that phase of the Egoistic discussion which Mr. Babcock and Mr. Yarros have been conducting seems to have reached a point where the disputants are at a deadlock, it is useless to devote more space to it. Readers not already convinced one way or the other are not likely to be affected by further repetitions. Therefore this phase of the controversy is declared closed.

That newspaper lying is a commodity furnished in answer to a demand, as "F. F. K." points out in another column, is a truism among close observers. But how does this excuse the newspapers, or make it less necessary to bring and keep this lamentable fact before the eyes of those who observe less closely? What is the persistent exposure of this among other evils but a constant spreading of the light? Our statutes are manufactured in answer to a demand. Are they less to be denounced on that account? Superstition is supplied in answer to a demand. Is the church to be shielded for that reason from the withering shafts of ridicule? How are we to decrease these demands except by showing the evils of the things demanded?

The next meeting of the Anarchists' Club will be more than usually interesting. Instead of an essay followed by general discussion, there will be a debate between two speakers. The question, in substance if not in form, will be: "Does Henry George's plan of the taxation of land values offer a scientific, just, and adequate solution of the labor problem?" E. M. White, a prominent member of the Land and Labor Club, will affirm; Victor Yarros will deny. The exact order of proceedings has not been determined, but the speakers will alternate in addresses ranging from half an hour to ten minutes in length. The meeting will be held on Sunday, January 1, at half past two o'clock, in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont Street. Liberty wishes the Club a happy and prosperous New Year.

Many persons at a distance have expressed a desire to see the Constitution of the Anarchists' Club. They may now gratify it by ordering a copy of Victor Yarros's pamphlet, "Anarchism: Its Aims and Methods," advertised elsewhere. The Constitution is contained in the pamphlet. Persons who desire to distribute this pamphlet can procure it at the very low rate of three cents a copy, if they will take a hundred copies. At the same terms they can procure Olive Schreiner's "Three Dreams in a Desert," which Sarah E. Holmes has published in pamphlet form in response to a demand created by its recent appearance in Liberty. She will also publish shortly, as a four page tract, the keen and brilliant "Socialistic Letter" by Ernest Lesigne which appeared in the last issue of Liberty, giving it the title: "The Two Socialisms: Governmental and Anarchistic." All these additions to the Anarchistic propaganda will greatly increase its efficacy.

Liberty and the Communists.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I remember a note in one of the earlier numbers of Liberty in which you objected to "La Révolte's" calling you or your paper "comrade." Now I see in the article, "To the Breach, Comrades," that you call Parsons, Spies, *et als.* comrades. This seems the more contrary to your plumb-line, since in the same issue you prove that the Chicago men's conception of Anarchism was the same as Kropotkine's. If you disapprove of the aims and methods of the Chicago Anarchists, or Communists, if you please, how was it that you eulogized them and wrote the poem, "They never fail who die in a great cause; . . . and conduct the world at last to freedom"? In fact, the brilliancy of your eulogy on Chicago's dead Anarchists is dimmed by what you wrote on those men when they were alive.

There is another thing to which I like to call the attention of your readers. In the article, "General Walker and the Anarchists," you stated that the Chicago Anarchists would have the working men's societies (Communes) "suppress by whatever heroic measures all rebellious individuals who should at any time practically assert their rights to produce and exchange for themselves." This is not true, and I think you would find it very hard to point to any article written by the Chicago Anarchists which would prove your assertion. But, on the contrary, if your readers will search in the back numbers of Liberty, they will find that Mr. Appleton (X) once put the same question to John Most and that the latter emphatically (with a big "Ja!") answered that the individual will have the right to produce and exchange according to his taste.

As a matter of fact, the main difference between the Chicago and Boston Anarchists seems to be this: The former based their theories on the collectivity, and never cared to say anything about the individual,—in fact, they *ignored* him,—while the latter, the Boston Anarchists, took the individual as the foundation of their teachings, and practically *destroyed* the right of the collectivity. "Society has no rights," said Mr. Tucker in some issue of Liberty.

In all the quotations from Kropotkine's "Expropriation" I fail to find that he advocates expropriation of anything but the *means of exploiting human beings*. But that does not prove that he would deprive the individual laborer of his tools. M. FRANKLIN.

It is not true that I ever objected to "La Révolte's" calling me "comrade." These are the facts. That paper had called Liberty *bourgeois* and therefore not Anarchistic. I proved in answer that from the Anarchistic standpoint the heretic was "La Révolte," not Liberty. In this I had the support of John F. Kelly, now a prominent writer for the "Alarm." "La Révolte" never met my argument. But later it offered its hand to Anarchistic journals in all parts of the world, mentioning Boston especially. I answered: "I accept it cordially." Then I added: "But I am still waiting for 'La Révolte' to assure and convince me that, in recommending the people collectively to take and keep possession of all wealth, it is not grossly violating the indubitably Anarchistic principle of freedom of production and exchange. It is now Liberty's turn to be a little select in the matter of its fellowship." It is evident that in the unequivocal expression, "I accept it cordially," I declared my comradeship with "La Révolte" in exactly the same sense that I declared it with the Chicago men in the issue of Liberty which Mr. Franklin now criticises—namely, in the sense of our common striving for human welfare,—and that the additional remarks were simply in the nature of a hint to "La Révolte" that it had not answered me, and that comradeship, in Liberty's view, was not a thing to be put on and off at "La Révolte's" convenience.

In printing the lines "They never fail," etc. (I thank Mr. Franklin for the compliment, but it was Lord Byron, not I, who *wrote* those glorious lines) I did nothing inconsistent with my disapproval of the Chicago men's methods. In the same issue I expressly said: "I disapprove utterly their methods; I dispute emphatically their Anarchism; but as brothers, as dear comrades, animated by the same love, and working, in the broad sense, in a common cause than which there never was a grander, I give them both my hands." In my view, any one who dies a martyr in this "common cause," thereby, no matter what his individual opinions, concentrates the spirit of inquiry upon it and hence "augments the deep and sweeping thoughts which conduct the world at last to freedom." That is what I declared in quoting Byron's lines. What, pray, has this to do with the question of methods?

Against Mr. Franklin's denial of my interpretation of the Chicago men's position, I must simply place my assertion—not having the files to quote from—that the "Alarm" has printed article after article which sustain my assertion. And besides, was not Most's "Beast of Property" one of their chief text-books? What did Most's "big 'Ja!'" amount to? As much as the "big 'Ja!'" with which the State Socialists answer the same question when pushed to it, and Mr. Franklin knows that they do not mean what they say. No more does Most; else why did he tell me, as I long ago reported in Liberty, that after the revolution, if one man should work for wages, the old system would be reared again, and that, if any one should insist on doing so, force would be used to stop him? Does Mr. Franklin call that allowing the individual the right to produce and exchange?

But Mr. Franklin goes on to interpret the position of the Chicago men for himself, and in doing so he completely destroys his own defence of them and sustains my criticism. The Chicago Anarchists, he says, *ignored* the individual. Now, what is Anarchism but the doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual? And if that is Anarchism, how can those who ignore the individual be Anarchists?

Kropotkine's doctrine of expropriation seems to me to involve a denial to the individual of his tools; but, whether it does or not, it certainly involves a denial of his right to exchange, and that is as Archistic as to deny his right to produce. For instance, a man makes a spade. This he is allowed to keep, because he has a right to produce. But he makes a second spade. This must be taken from him, because it is a means of exploitation,—in other words, because, while he has it, he can *exchange* his money or something else for another man's labor. Isn't it evident that it would be no more a denial of liberty to take the first spade than the second? I have proved it over and over again, and my arguments on this point have often won Mr. Franklin's approval. But, alas! I one day was obliged to expose some of the rascalities committed by Most's lieutenants in New York, and a little while afterward, when the Chicago bomb was thrown, I declined to allow sentiment to obliterate all distinctions between opposite ideas, and since then twice two have not been four to Mr. Franklin. He has had a long fit of the sulks, in which he is still plunged, and his only moments of joy are when a copy of Liberty reaches him in which he finds some fancied flaw to peck at. Well, the above is the best that he can do.

T.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

APPENDIX.

Continued from No. 114.

We have said that the possession of property is essential to the sovereignty of the individual. In this statement we find the refutation of Mr. Warren's second principle, that "Cost is the Limit of Price." According to this theory, equal amounts of labor are made to balance each other, without regard to the value of the product. Equitable Commerce, it maintains, is the exchange of the results of equal labor, as virtual equivalents. A commodity which has cost you the labor of an hour is to be exchanged on equal terms for one that has cost me labor to the same amount of time, irrespective of the utility of the product to either party.

Now we utterly fail to perceive the connection of this principle, with that of the sovereignty of the individual. On the contrary, we are persuaded that they are in irreconcilable antagonism.

The sovereignty of the individual is secured only by the guarantee of individual property. Universal freedom depends on universal ownership. But the right of property is based on the right of the individual to the products of his labor. If there is an intuitive principle in the science of society, it is this. Just in proportion as this natural right is set aside, the individual loses one of the most important elements of sovereignty. We do not say that an individual, or a society of individuals, may not waive their exercise of this right, for the sake of another order of considerations. For instance, I yield the rigid application of the principle, in behalf of social charity. I assent to the arrangement by which a portion of the products of my labor is assigned to the child, the sick, the infirm, the aged; but this is a voluntary act in obedience to my conviction, that the strong ought to share the burden of the weak. It is not enforced by the law of natural justice, in the distribution of products, but adopted as the dictate of benevolent sentiment. Or I may belong to an industrial association, consisting of various branches of industry, and organized on the plan of dividing the aggregate product of labor, according to the amount performed, instead of allowing each individual to enjoy the actual, specific product of his labor. But this, again, is a voluntary abdication of a natural right in the interests of social unity. It is prompted by the sentiment of friendship, a desire for an equality surpassing that of nature, or by other motives, no matter what. No one can pretend that it is the result of a scientific analysis of the methods of industrial repartition. In like manner, I can conceive of a society founded on the principle of "Cost the Limit of Price," as laid down in this volume; and though I should not be sanguine of its success in producing integral harmony, it might be attended with advantages so far superior to the present order, as to justly challenge a fair trial for the experiment. But this admission does not countenance the scientific accuracy of the principle; for which we find no valid reason set forth by the author, and which, in our opinion, is at war with the natural right of the individual to the products of his labor.

It follows from this right that my title to the products of my labor is good against the world. No man gave it to me, and no man can take it from me. It is not the result of any legislation of monarch, parliament, or congress, not determined by the vote of any majority, but the enactment of the supreme and divine law inherent in the organization of my nature. But if the product of my labor is my own, no one can decide the terms on which I shall part with it but myself. The right of exchanging it at pleasure is involved in the right of ownership. The attempt to establish a compulsory law for this purpose is a gross violation of my acknowledged sovereignty. This view, we think, is fatal to the theory in question, apart from the practical inconveniences that would arise from its application.

We have admitted that the right of the individual to the products of his labor may be set aside or suspended by arrangements to which he gives his voluntary assent. But this does not militate with the scientific validity of the principle. In Communism—of which Mr. Warren's system is one form, in spite of its pretensions to exclusive individualism—it is renounced in favor of equal distribution, for the sake of absolute equality. Integrating the society as one man, Communism distributes the aggregate products to the aggregate mass. In Association—which, be it well understood, is heaven-wide from Communism—the principle is waived in favor of a graduated distribution of products, for the sake of integral harmony, proceeding from graduated inequality. In the system of Mr. Warren, which makes "Cost the Limit of Price," the principle is renounced in favor of an arbitrary arrangement, which, as far as we can see, has no foundation but in the fancy of its inventor. If, in one hour, A produces an article which has ten times the value—measured by its adaptation to supply human wants—of one produced in the same time by B, the parties are bound to exchange them, if exchanged at all, on perfectly equal terms. The absolute ownership of the article is thus destroyed, by an arbitrary restriction on the process of exchange. Could there be a more flagrant violation of the Sovereignty of the Individual?

Mr. Warren argues that, making value the limit of price is identical with the maxim of trade, that a thing is worth what it will bring, and that hence it is productive of all the evils due to the "system of civilized cannibalism by which the masses of human beings are mercilessly ground to powder for the accumulation of the wealth of the few." But this is a fallacy, arising from losing sight of the distinction between mercantile value and absolute value. The mercantile value of a commodity is quite a different thing from its absolute value. The former is determined by several external elements; the latter, by intrinsic qualities. The mercantile value, or the market price of an article, depends on the law of demand and supply, on the prevalence of speculation, on the plenty or scarcity of money, and numerous other conditions irrespective of its absolute value. This is decided by the adaptation of the article to the satisfaction of human wants. Setting aside the mercantile value, then, as factitious, we contend that the adjustment of price, according to absolute value, as one element in the problem, is necessary to the maintenance of Individual Sovereignty. The product being the property of the producer, and its value dependent on its intrinsic qualities, his natural right is defeated by limiting its price to the cost of production. This must be one element, it is true; but another, and one equally essential, is its absolute value. From these elements the price must be decided by the agreement of the parties. A basket of strawberries and a vase of flowers may be produced by the same amount of labor, but it does not follow that they are exchangeable values; their relation must depend on the tastes of the parties in the trade; if I am willing to give three baskets of strawberries for a vase of flowers, or three hours of my labor for one of yours, it is an equitable transaction, and no arbitrary arrangement can prevent it without infringing the liberty of the Individual.

The reverse of this is implied in Mr. Warren's system, and the presence of this fallacy vitiates much of his reasoning. If the same amount of labor, in different cases, does not produce the same product, it follows that unequal products must be exchanged on equal terms. At first blush this is contrary to equity. Nor does

Mr. Warren succeed in making out a reconciliation. He says, indeed, that the genius, skill, facility of execution, or what not, which makes the labor of one man more productive than another, is a natural gift, and must be paid like all the gifts of nature, that is to say, not paid at all. But this is begging the question. Genius and skill are no less indispensable elements of production than muscular force, and no scientific reason, as far as we know, has ever been alleged, why the latter should receive remuneration and not the former. If the agencies of production are to be remunerated at all, why should not the whole of them be remunerated? On what principle is the selection made? Shall the brute force which is devoted to labor be entitled to the product, while the skill which directs and utilizes that force is deprived of its share? This, it seems to us, so far from sustaining Individual Sovereignty, tramples it under foot. The Communists say that the products of labor shall be distributed, not according to the amount of labor, but equally, irrespective of labor, or at least, if a difference is made, it shall be according to the wants of the individual, not according to his industry. Very well. This may be benevolent, but it is not scientific. It proceeds from the law of friendship, not from that of distributive justice. Mr. Warren, while claiming to sustain individuality, approaches Communism, which is the grave of individuality. The Communists set aside all the elements of production as the basis of remuneration. Mr. Warren sets aside all but one element, and yet claims to be at the antipodes of Communism. The Communists are consistent at the expense of individuality; Mr. Warren saves individuality at the expense of his consistency.

"So much of your labor as I take," says Mr. Warren, "so much of my labor must I give." But suppose that one hour of your labor gives a product of ten times the intrinsic value of mine, shall I pretend that an hour of my labor is an equivalent for an hour of yours? Who is to reap the benefit of the difference in value—the individual producer, or the great body of producers? If you say the individual producer, you renounce the principle that cost is the limit of price. If you say the great body of producers, you take the ground of the Communists. But this is to surrender both the principle of individuality and that of the scientific distribution of products.

"Every individual should sustain as much of the common burden as is sustained by anybody on his account." True; but how is the share of the burden to be measured? By the time of labor, says Mr. W., including its difficulty and disagreeableness. By the useful effect of labor, says the common sense of mankind, except in the Communists, who sacrifice distributive justice to the sentiment of friendship. Suppose a field of grain is to be harvested, where the growth is uniform, as well as the facility of labor; does the skilful reaper fail to sustain his share of the labor, because he accomplishes as much in one day as the bungler does in two? If he performs an equal amount of work, shall he not take his own time for its performance? On Mr. Warren's theory, the skilful reaper and the bungler must work through the same length of time, without regard to the useful effect of their labor, in order equally to discharge their obligations to each other. But this is sheer Communism, since it deprives the individual of the fruit of his labor for the benefit of the mass.

It will be seen that we regard Mr. Warren's theory of "Equitable Commerce" as a failure. We have no space to indicate more fully the objections to which it is liable. Instead of making "Cost the Limit of Price," we would carry into effect the great natural law of giving the producer the ownership of his products. The neglect of this is at the foundation of slavery, pauperism, crime, and the myriads of social evils which the philanthropist deplores, and which it is the function of social science to remedy. Let the products of labor, in all cases, be guaranteed to the producer; and the material condition of individual sovereignty will be fulfilled. This principle should be made the basis of all plans for social reform; and when it is wisely applied we shall see the "new Heaven and a new Earth," which is promised by the divinest instincts of man, and to doubt of which would be practical Atheism.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 114.

"Sir Richard," said he, raising his voice, "answer: I demand it. Lady Ellen, in her defence, calls upon you. Does there exist between you, as she claims, only the affection of relatives? Or are you incestuous lovers, as I maintain? Before your father, affirm one or the other, and you will be believed."

Bradwell, lifting his head, listened, but with a vexed face, annoyed at this proof which he was invited to give and irritated with Ellen for suggesting it.

After having had the audacity of the crime, she lacked the courage of supporting the consequences, and took refuge, to escape them, in impudent lies, a cowardly denial of her past and of the end toward which, so brave when she hoped for final impunity, she marched without shrinking.

He despised her, and did not dream for an instant of lending himself to the fraudulent acquiescence which she demanded; but no more did he feel a desire to contradict her and thereby betray her.

And again he plunged into his extreme dejection.

"Do not prolong a painful and infamous event; decide," said Ellen to Treor.

She waited with effrontery, thinking to secure her end by force of assurance.

But tranquilly, coldly, severely, imperturbably, Treor replied:

"A last experiment, madam! Comply yourself with that from which Sir Richard shrinks; do not recoil from the oath which you have just evaded."

A few words pronounced hastily, without earnest intent, of no more importance than a prayer muttered with the lips. Indeed! if such an empty sham would suffice to extricate her, the Duchess would not hesitate; she felt no apprehension, no silly scruple, about this Platonic step to save herself!

And the best way, on these occasions, being to act promptly, she advanced rapidly to hurry through the ceremony, and already had lifted her arm, when Bradwell, rushing up to her and lowering her hand, his eyes red and his face deathly pale, prevented her from carrying this sacrilegious profanation farther.

"No, no," said he, "I forbid you!"

And this time an almost universal clamor arose, which was equivalent to a verdict.

With the exception of a few dissenting voices of no importance, they were recognized as guilty.

Vainly Lady Ellen essayed a last protest, simulating a sudden indignation, far from her soul, at the judgment of this crowd which she insulted in order to regain its support, accusing her faltering friends of cowardice.

But, after their fluctuations, certainty was now planted ineradicably in their minds, and Treor was able to pronounce sentence amid whispers of approval.

First he addressed himself for a last time to the Lords who had been consulting, inquiring if they could yet bring proofs in favor of the Duchess or Bradwell; then he said:

"Hear the penalty to be inflicted upon them: they shall be imprisoned in this room with their victim . . . till death ensues."

"No! not that, no!" cried the Duchess, frozen at this prospect, which was received likewise in dull stupor by the assembly.

"They shall suffer hunger as the Irish suffered it," continued the old man, developing the grounds of the punishment inflicted; "they shall die by the side of this hideously decomposing corpse, as during the famines the Irish perished by the side of the corpses of sons, of fathers, of mothers, of wives, too numerous to be buried and infesting the air with their corruption."

Lady Ellen, her inflexibility broken, shaken by an unspeakable fear, her spirit of rebellion positively killed, accepted her defeat, but not such implacability as this, and implored Treor:

"No, some other punishment," said she, quite beside herself; "the rope, the axe, but not this sequestration with the dead. Muskery, Jennings, protest, and all the others too, in the name of humanity! You also, Bradwell!"

"It is you who tremble now," said Richard, victorious. "No more pride, then!"

"Do not be deceived. . . . What revolts me, fills me with a terror which I can not conceal, is not the moral idea of this funeral cohabitation. I do not fear that the phantom of the Duke will judge me after you, and persecute me without rest: and the proof of this is that I confess what I have so obstinately denied. Yes, Richard was my lover, and the corpse lying on this stately bed, but powerless to avenge himself, is our common work. I even assume the heavier share of the material responsibility; I planned the work and perpetrated it, having only his assent.

"I struck Treor to the floor as he was calling for help. . . . Previously I had, on two occasions, urged Casper to assassinate the Duke, and, as has been testified, I got rid of this Casper under the horrible conditions which have been revealed. . . . I avow, then, all that is desired, without remorse, without regrets. I acted through passion. . . . My only excuse is the force of this passion.

"But I do not plead extenuating circumstances, and I brave the punishment, whatever it may be, outside of that to which you sentence me. The block, the gallows, the wheel, even quartering, it matters little! None of them shall wring from me the least cry of pain or fear.

"But, for mercy's sake, not this prospect of my last moments near a corpse which spreads around it such a horrible pestilence. . . . No, no, no!"

They comprehended her ardent request, but nevertheless thought it strange that she should make this speech to excite pity, and thus cynically display her crimes which she boldly claimed as deeds of prowess.

And, on a tacit order from Treor, the Irish withdrew little by little, dragging along their prisoners, none among them having the smallest desire to intercede in behalf of the monstrous Lady, the very genius of the depths of crime.

"They are going!" she cried, perceiving their silent exodus, and she ran to leave with the crowd, beside herself, violent, haggard.

They pushed her back on all sides.

She tried to break a passage by force, but they threw her back into the middle of the room, and the four judges of the court disappeared, while she cried vainly:

"I will not! I will not! I will not!"

CHAPTER XII.

Lady Ellen screamed in vain; only the armor was moved by her protests, resounding under the shock of her voice; and in the distance died out, little by little, the murmur of the ebbing human tide. There was no hope of salvation but in herself; the Duchess threw herself again upon the doors, and, stiffening herself, tried to shake them. Massive, of thick wood barbed with iron, they did not yield. Ellen appealed to Bradwell for assistance.

"Break them down, Richard!"

And while waiting for her accomplice, still somnolent at the foot of the catafalque, to decide to move, she cried out furiously at her jailers:

"You are bandits."

But the door only threw back her voice in her face. She was infuriated, however, and tried to force the bolts, calling Bradwell, who did not move from his erect position by the catafalque, with arms folded, and wrapped in thought.

Since the doors would not yield, she thought of the windows, suspecting that they were fastened! No! She believed she was saved. To descend a story, that would not be difficult. . . . The little fresh air stored between the shutters and the windows seemed good. The shutters, however, resisted her push; they were barricaded. Terribly disappointed and temporarily discouraged, finding herself at the end of her resources, tears flowed from her large, spiritless, feverish eyes.

"Resignation!" said Bradwell, sententiously, in a voice which rolled through all the halls, reinforced by the steel of the armor.

"Never!" replied the Duchess with energy. "Patience at the most. It is impossible that this be anything more than a test. The Irish have a worship of the dead. . . . They will not leave Lord Newington without burial. . . . But answer, then, Richard! Confirm my hope, my illusion, if it be one!"

She pressed him, hoping only for one commonplace word to deceive her! But he did not abandon his coldness:

"Perhaps it would be better to give yourself to repentance, turn your prayers to Heaven, which has pity and forgives!"

"God," sneered Lady Ellen, "if he existed, would take pity first on the miseries of Ireland!"

And as if seeking in the hermetic walls some unknown, miraculous exit, she inspected the room with an increasing terror, reflecting on the hours to come.

"Ah! to agonize here," she said, "is to die many times over. . . . And when the tapers shall be consumed, these lamps exhausted and extinct, to remain plunged in this offensive darkness! What an abomination!"

"If you had foreseen the chastisement, my father would be still alive," queried Bradwell.

But she did not hear him, all absorbed in the impending horror, and she continued:

"You will kill me rather, will you not?"

Then, dismissing again the overwhelming certainty of their final abandonment, she said:

"Yes, this is surely only a test. . . . They are watching us. Hush: silence will mislead them. . . . They will open the doors."

Softly, lightly, on tiptoe, she went to each of the doors by turns, and listened a few seconds.

But not a sound came to her, not an approaching step, no murmur, no stifled words.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a fury of wrath, "it is madness to count on any pity whatever. For mercy's sake, Richard, for mercy's sake, kill me!"

"I have no weapons!" he replied plainly.

"Stifle me, strangle me, break my head against the walls!"

She was becoming terribly excited; Bradwell tried to calm her.

"Since I entreat you," she insisted. "You have no right to refuse me; you brought me here. . . . I was tranquil, honestly faithful to my duty. All my life overturned; the birth, growth, and domination of the passion which rendered me criminal, — this is all your work, commenced the night when you took possession of me. . . . Give me back in death the peace which you took from me!"

"As you said," Richard answered, "this is perhaps only a test. . . . No discouragement, then; no sharpening of your terrors!"

"You do not believe what you say," replied Lady Ellen. "Moreover, how long will this test last? A day? Two days? This would be too much. See, then, the hideousness of the corpse, and how fast the decomposition is proceeding. If it is the killing me which offends you, invent a means of dying together. . . . Does none exist?"

The fear of the death-agony under such conditions, of the hunger which would torture them, in the midst of this putrid atmosphere and all this infection which they would breathe in their last convulsions, — this disgusting prospect revolted and demoralized her; and, extreme in everything, now that she looked upon suicide as a deliverance, she clung with more and more ardor to the idea of destroying herself.

"Ah! a fire, a conflagration!" she cried, radiant at the discovery; and she ran to the tapers, seized one eagerly, and applied it to the velvet hangings of the funeral canopy.

But Bradwell tore it violently from her and pushed her back.

"We shall burn in hell!" he said.

"Presently! This is a more prompt, less frightful death; I wish to expire!"

He grasped her wrists firmly, and, bruised by this clutch, she struggled to extricate herself.

What religious mania possessed him? Heaven, hell? She knew as much as he about them, having been educated amid these empty words. Heaven extended itself here on earth over happy lovers; hell they were now enduring. Nothing described in the books of priests, of whatever faith, offered a parallel to the torments which she endured, and which would follow.

And, succeeding in making Richard loose his hold, she cried:

"The fire! go away, I will light it in spite of you."

"With what, then?" said he.

She again seized a taper, but he took it from her like the other, and by turns extinguished them all, and, that no spark might be left by which she could light the fire for which she longed, he overturned the expiring torches, and complete darkness reigned.

"Oh! the night! the night!" she exclaimed, in unutterable fright, and took refuge in a mad run to the extremity of the room, stopped only by the wall, while Bradwell, remaining close to the catafalque, knelt in the darkness.

"Pardon, my father," said he; "pardon!"

He did not pray, did not appeal to the God in whom he believed in order to move him: if he had given such advice to Lady Ellen, it was out of kindness, because he saw that she was laboring under a fit of madness. For himself, even as he braved chastisement on earth, he did not recognize the right to try, by cowardly supplications, to escape it in another world.

"Richard! Richard!"

The Duchess, who would have made way with herself at once, hidden in a corner, trembled at this silence of the night, and called her lover with a failing voice.

Not a ray of light came to her, either from under the doors or through the interstices of the shutters, and vainly Ellen tried to accustom her eyes to this dense darkness which prolonged gazing did not diminish. She only brought into the tired pupils gray undulations which danced and broke into foam like waves, and the clashing of which caused, at last, a piercing pain.

The Duchess, under this physical suffering, closed her eye-lids; but then the vision of the corpse began to outline itself confusedly, at first in the envelopment of a thick mist, then, little by little, more distinctly. Soon the details came out, the hands and face, for example, with extraordinary clearness, more searching than nature, and more and more frightfully pronounced.

Lady Ellen dreamed that this face had formerly touched hers, that this mouth had rested on her own; and this gave her a sensation of such profound disgust that it seemed to her that the putridity was infusing itself into her own veins, poisoning her blood, and causing a decomposition which was already softening her bones and her superb flesh, and reducing her to a spongy mass, a melting and liquefying paste.

Then, seized with an unparalleled terror, she renewed her desperate calls, in a hoarse voice.

"Richard! Richard! do not leave me so alone. . . . Come! I entreat you!"

Bradwell not responding, she resumed, speaking to herself, wandering:

"He has gone! He has gone! . . . They have pardoned him, or he has discovered a concealed outlet."

Confirmed in this conviction by the persistence of Bradwell's silence, she wished also to profit by the opportunity to escape, and, with arms stretched out, that she might not strike against the furniture or walls, she walked very rapidly, full of hope, already deluded with the idea that she was breathing more freely; but suddenly she gave a cry, a shriek rather, as if she were being burned or skinned alive.

The sudden aspect, the unexpected contact with a slimy reptile would have induced a less piercing, less superhuman cry, and, in fact, her hands falling on the head of the corpse, the impression had been worse.

As before, when the darkness came, she fled precipitately, as if pursued by a pack of hounds, by a frenzied crowd, crying in the insanity of her confusion:

"The corpse! I touched it! I touched it! Richard, help, help!"

Bradwell was moved with pity, and, rising, he said to Newington:

"Pardon her, also, now."

At his words the unhappy woman became a little quieter, but only to implore the death which she had just before solicited.

"Yes, death, immediate death," said she; "see, I beg you on my knees."

"On your knees not before me, that I may render you this service, but before your victim; humiliate yourself, repent! Peace will descend upon your conscience as it has upon mine."

"After that, will you kill me?" she asked, ready for any affectation, even disposed, now, to make an effort towards the sincerity of remorse which he advised.

"No, I will not kill you," responded Bradwell; "moreover, you will no longer beg me to."

And the impulse of repentance, just outlined, which would, perhaps, have developed, was instantly repressed.

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed.

She wiped upon her skirt her hand moist from the dead body, but it retained the sensation as keenly as if it were still resting on the vile flesh, and the vision of the corpse, which had for an instant disappeared from her eyes, came back there with an intensity which would no longer be dissipated.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., DECEMBER 31, 1887.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Anarchy in German.

It is with the keenest satisfaction and the heartiest joy that I announce to readers and comrades, and especially to German-Americans everywhere, that Liberty has secured the active coöperation, to begin early in the new year, of George Schumm and Emma Schumm, and that the first and most important fruit of this coöperation will be the appearance, probably in March, of a fortnightly Anarchistic journal, to be called Liberty, but to be printed entirely in the German language. With the exception of "Die Zukunft," which was published for a short time in Philadelphia, this will be, so far as I know, the only thoroughly Anarchistic German journal ever published in the world, and it comes at the right time to help in giving impetus, shape, and substance to the tendency which the more intelligent of the German State Socialists are showing in various quarters to abandon their long-cherished authoritarian tenets for a principle more in harmony with the genius of modern progress. The paper will be of the same shape and size as the English Liberty, and the two will alternate in the order of publication,—the English appearing one week and the German the next. The subscription price will be one dollar a year.

No persons could be found more admirably adapted to the execution of this undertaking than the Schumms. It will be remembered that in the final issue of the "Radical Review," that excellent journal which they once published in Chicago, they announced their acceptance of the Anarchistic doctrine, toward which they had been steadily drifting for many months. Since then it has been their ardent desire to find some channel in which they could render steady service to their newly-espoused cause. This is afforded by the enterprise now projected. Earnest, honest, brave, energetic, devoted, intelligent, understanding their subject, and capable of presenting it in English and German with equal facility and felicity, they will come to their work with an equipment of mind, character, and study that cannot fail to produce extraordinary results. Furthermore, Mr. Schumm is well known among the Germans, being entitled to their esteem and confidence by his services as the trusted associate of Karl Heinzen, of whose "Pionier," probably the ablest German periodical ever published in America, he was for a number of months in charge; by his connection with "Der Wecker" of San Francisco; and by his frequent and able contributions to "Der Frei-

denker," "Der Arme Teufel," and other German papers of importance. Mr. and Mrs. Schumm are now living in St. Paul, Minnesota, but they will start for Boston in February and on their arrival initiate promptly the work which they propose to take in hand.

And now, Germans of America, aye, and Americans too, will you join hands with us in this work? The new paper will have to struggle to gain a foothold. It will need your best and your utmost endeavor in its behalf. Send in your subscriptions at once. (Address them to Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 3366, Boston, Mass.) Many of you can afford to take more than one copy. Let each take as many as his purse will permit, and distribute them among his friends. Let each reader of Liberty go to all the Germans in his vicinity and inform them of the new enterprise. Let him collect the post-office addresses of as many Germans as possible and send them to Liberty. Let the subject be canvassed everywhere. Only by such work can this project succeed and its important objects be achieved. We shall give you a paper worthy of your support. Will you support it? We await your answer. T.

Reflections on the Chicago Tragedy.

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky, arrives the snow" on this first day of December. Reckless, without care for "number or proportion," the myriad-handed Snowstorm, as Emerson describes him, seems intent on making all the world his own, and, before another sun appears to illumine the Northwest, he will have clothed it in a glittering dress of white-robed innocence. But though the world be innocent, the people living in it are not. They are guilty, really very guilty, entirely given over to the "Thalergelispel," entirely mindless of what should concern them most, and their garments are stained with noble blood. Twenty-eight years ago they led John Brown to the gallows for breaking a lance for liberty; and only the other week they again committed such a deed as it makes the heart sore to think of. Shut up in my room, my thought goes out to those heroic souls who, for leaving the trodden paths of men too soon, and with weak hands though mighty hearts daring the unpastured dragon of arbitrary privilege and legalised rapine in his den, have been ruthlessly exterminated in Chicago by very devils, while the men they had agonized for stood dumbly by. The contemplation of these facts is sufficient to destroy one's confidence in human goodness. And as I am writing I cannot avoid the sad reflection that, while these men lost nothing by their execution, the world has made itself poorer thereby in the treasure it ought to cherish highest,—the love of liberty and justice. For in these men was incarnated this love.

I have never been affiliated with August Spies and his brave comrades in the strict partisan sense, but, were I a poet, they should not go without the "meed of some melodious tear" from me, now that they have sealed the cause for which they lived so unselfishly with a noble death.

Mrs. Hutchinson, remarking on her husband's feelings at the death of the Regicides, said that "he looked on himself as judged in their judgment and executed in their execution." I am constrained to confess to a similar state of feeling with regard to the judgment and execution of the Chicago revolutionaries. I certainly feel condemned in their execution. The society that could commit this infamous crime cannot have my loyalty. Crime? Aye, crime. Familiar with the proceedings of the trial of these men, and all the essential facts in the case as they have been brought out, I do not hesitate to pronounce this execution as one of the most appalling Mammonite crimes recorded in history. And I say calmly, Woe unto the order of things that is responsible therefor!

The most dispiriting rôle played in this awful tragedy was that of the press. For downright cold-blooded brutality the treatment of August Spies and his noble comrades at the hands of the Anglo- and German-

American bourgeois press is unexcelled, if not unexampled. It needs but to glance at the Chicago "Times," "Die Illinois Staatszeitung," the "Daily News," not to mention any of the papers published outside of Chicago, to acquiesce in the literal truth of this observation. To jackals and hyenas rather than to men gifted with heart and brain can have been committed the conduct of these concerns. Men could not so have debased themselves. The future historian will refer to the journalistic outbreak of the brute instinct in connection with the case of the Chicago revolutionaries for proof and illustration of the deep barbarism that must have held sway among the American people as late as the last quarter of the much-vaunted nineteenth century. The "able editors" seemed to be in actual distress for the want of words and epithets abusive and opprobrious enough to heap upon the men who, notwithstanding certain grave mistakes made by them, yet represented to the world the promise and the glory of a higher order of things than the civilized cannibalism into which they found themselves born, and which it was their high calling to help remove. The journalistic jackals and hyenas seemed to bear language itself a grudge for its refusal to embody and convey the full malignity of their venom. Never did they refer to the unfortunate men already in the merciless grasp of capital otherwise than as assassins, banditti, and common murderers, and never did they tire of prognosticating for them "the death of dogs," though, as the event has since demonstrated most eloquently, they had within themselves the mettle proper only to heroes.

But there is really no occasion for surprise over the infamous behavior of the villainous press in respect of our friends, martyrs to the revolution that is making all things new; for

Mammon led them on;

Mammon, the least-erected spirit that fell
From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.

However, we shall not lose courage. With a heart for any fate we boldly face the future. Though the enemies of liberty have won a victory, though the natural office of the press as an advocate of truth and justice has been perverted by the least-erected of all of Milton's hell-hounds into that of a base slanderer and reviler of truth and justice, and though naught but evil times be in store for us, times of persecution, sore trial, and heart-breakings, we shall continue to bear aloft the standard of Anarchy, looking through the present gloom, without misgiving or doubt, forward to the day long ago beheld by the divine Shelley, when man shall be

Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed,
Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king
Over himself, just, gentle, wise; but Man.

GEORGE SCHUMM.

A Reason for Hanging Anarchists.

The New York "World" tells its readers that Anarchy means "without a leader." The "World" has been looking in the dictionaries, I infer. It finds "leader" as well as "tyrant." But nevertheless the "World" is a misleader. If the "World" had wished to explain the meaning of Anarchy as a doctrine or as an actual movement, it could have found definitions by Anarchists, and it could have noted the practices of Anarchists in association. Can it point to any exponent of Anarchy who defines it as a movement without a leader? Can the "World" give an instance from the practice of Anarchists wherein they do not avail themselves of leadership like other people? If the "World" can do neither of these things, it is convicted of ignoring what Anarchy is, and of imposing upon its readers. This course would excite scarcely any remark, if it were not for the fact that the subject is treated in no mere speculative manner in the "World," but very seriously and practically. That paper preaches against Anarchy as a crime, to be suppressed by imprisonment and hanging. The crime of being "without a leader." The mugwumps must be careful. The "World" will perhaps want them imprisoned and hanged next year. TAK KAK.

Rights and Duties Under Anarchy.

Old readers of this paper will remember the appearance in its columns, about two years ago, of a series of questions propounded by the writer of the following letter and accompanied by editorial answers. Today my interrogator questions me further; this time, however, no longer as a confident combatant, but as an earnest inquirer. As I replied to him then according to his pugnacity, so I reply to him now according to his friendliness.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Will you please insert the following questions in your paper with your answers thereto, and oblige an ethical, political, and humanitarian student?

1. Do you, as an Anarchist, believe any one human being ever has the right to judge for another what he ought or ought not to do?

The terms of this question need definition. Assuming, however, the word "right" to be used in the sense of the limit which the principle of equal liberty logically places upon might, and the phrase "judge for another" to include not only the formation of judgment but the enforcement thereof, and the word "ought" to be equivalent to *must* or *shall*, I answer: Yes. But the only cases in which a human being ever has such right over another are those in which the other's doing or failure to do involves an overstepping of the limit of might just referred to. That is what was meant when it was said in an early number of Liberty that "man's only duty is to respect others' rights." It might well have been added that man's only right over others is to enforce that duty.

2. Do you believe any number combined ever have such a right?

Yes. The right of any number combined is whatever right the individuals combining possess and voluntarily delegate to it. It follows from this, and from the previous answer, that, as individuals sometimes have the right in question, so a number combined may have it.

3. Do you believe one, or any number, ever have the right to prevent another from doing as he pleases?

Yes. This question is answered by the two previous answers taken together.

4. Do you believe it admissible, as an Anarchist, to use what influence can be exerted without the aid of brute force to induce one to live as seems to you best?

Please explain what influence, if any, you think might be employed in harmony with Anarchistic principles?

Yes. The influence of reason; the influence of persuasion; the influence of attraction; the influence of education; the influence of example; the influence of public opinion; the influence of social ostracism; the influence of unhampered economic forces; the influence of better prospects; and doubtless other influences which do not now occur to me.

5. Do you believe there is such a thing as private ownership of property, viewed from an Anarchistic standpoint? If so, please give a way or rule to determine whether one owns a thing or not.

Yes. Anarchism being neither more nor less than the principle of equal liberty, property, in an Anarchistic society, must accord with this principle. The only form of property which meets this condition is that which secures each in the possession of his own products, or of such products of others as he may have obtained unconditionally without the use of fraud or force, and in the realization of all titles to such products which he may hold by virtue of free contract with others. Possession, unvitiated by fraud or force, of values to which no one else holds a title unvitiated by fraud or force, and the possession of similarly unvitiated titles to values, constitute the Anarchistic criterion of ownership. By fraud I do not mean that which is simply contrary to equity, but deceit and false pretence in all their forms.

6. Is it right to confine such as injure others and prove themselves unsafe to be at large? If so, is there a way consistent with Anarchy to determine the nature of the confinement, and how long it shall continue?

Yes. Such confinement is sometimes right because it is sometimes the wisest way of vindicating the right asserted in the answer to the first question. There

are many ways consistent with Anarchy of determining the nature and duration of such confinement. Jury trial, in its original form, is one way, and in my judgment the best way yet devised.

7. Are the good people under obligations to feed, clothe, and make comfortable such as they find it necessary to confine?

No. In other words, it is allowable to punish invaders by torture. But, if the "good" people are not fiends, they are not likely to defend themselves by torture until the penalties of death and tolerable confinement have shown themselves destitute of efficacy.

I ask these questions partly for myself, and partly because I believe many others have met difficulties on the road to Anarchism which a rational, lucid answer would remove.

Perhaps you have been over this ground many times, and may feel impatient to find any one as much in the dark as I, but all would-be reformers have to keep reiterating their position to all new-comers, and I trust you will try and make every thing clear to me, and to others who may be as unfortunate as myself.

S. BLODGETT.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

Time and space are the only limits to my willingness to answer intelligent questions regarding that science whose rudiments I profess to teach, and I trust that my efforts on this occasion may not prove entirely inadequate to the commendable end which my very welcome correspondent had in view.

T.

No Charity Without Justice.

"Labor demands justice, not charity," is a phrase frequently employed by reformers and writers for the labor press, indicating that, while resenting and refusing to accept charity from the hands of the robber class, viewing it as an insult added to injury, the idea of questioning the very possibility of charity where justice is not has not yet entered the minds of the oppressed proletarians. They are offended when the capitalists, after exploiting them and driving them to the painful necessity of looking to charity as a means of sustaining themselves, offer them gratuitous aid, innocently supposing the capitalist class to really desire to atone in a measure by charity for the injustice of the capitalistic system. Burning indignation and intense hatred would take the place of the feeling of shame if the laborer should learn that charity itself is turned by capitalism into a means of merciless exploitation and an instrument, refined and modernized, of torture and fraud. A close study of the operation of the capitalistic system would enable the intelligent student to clearly discern that the charity of the capitalist class (not of individual capitalists, who may have the best intentions) is a sugared pill containing the most deadly poison, and that, as a class, the capitalists are utterly deprived of the power of effecting anything intrinsically good.

Under the head of "Mischievous Benevolence," we read in a recent issue of the New York Sunday "Sun":

No more interesting fact has been brought to light by the "Sun's" investigation of the condition of New York sewing women than that of the mischief caused by well-meaning but misdirected benevolence. The wages of the slaves of the sewing machine and of the needle are ground down and kept down, not only by competition among self-supporting workers and by that of workers who have fathers, brothers, or husbands to lean upon, but also by that of workers who are partially or wholly housed, fed, and clothed by charity.

Most conspicuous, but not by any means most important, among the agencies which indirectly help to reduce women's wages are the great institutions, both Catholic and Protestant, which shelter and educate poor girls, and which naturally, but thoughtlessly, make the recipients of their bounty contribute to their expenses by doing needle-work at prices below the market rate. Less prominent, but probably more extensive, are the results of the aid extended by private almoners to perfectly well-deserving poor women, who, in consequence of the assistance thus given them, can afford to work for wages which, without the addition of alms, would not suffice for their maintenance. Every church has some such cases on its books, and every family has one or more dependents which it helps, not always in money, but certainly with clothing, fuel, and oftentimes with food, besides occasionally paying arrears of rent. The aggregate of these little items makes a mighty whole, and weighs with crushing force upon women who are too proud to accept such help, or so unfortunate as not to have it offered them.

Giving to one who has not, or helping one who has very little, the capitalist makes others, who in any case

have only a bare subsistence, pay for his charity with tears of blood. The world can only see his gloved hand extended in the act of benevolence, but it does not follow it to the place and scene of robbery and homicide. Yet this is the real function of the modern wealthy philanthropist. Unlike Robin Hood, who took from the rich and gave to the poor, he takes from one half-starved victim in order to provide for another. Never any poorer for it himself, he gains credit and reputation for his humanity.

Men and women of sober mind and loving heart, behold the outcome and direct product of the capitalistic system! Human beings are not naturally fiends; even capitalists are not, as a rule, strangers to noble aspirations and earnest desire to do good. But the system makes criminals of them all, and with cruel mockery turns their best acts into sources of the worst misery to their slaves. Not only justice, but even charity, is made impossible under the present economic organization, which is nourished and maintained by the State. To establish equity, to inaugurate the relation of justice, and to make charity (in cases when such is needed) a thing rather than a name, it is necessary to abolish the State. Only in this way can what the "Sun" calls "the complicated and difficult problem of human misery" be satisfactorily solved.

V. YARROS.

One of Liberty's early subscribers, a Pennsylvania miner, who has been, in proportion to his limited means, one of the most generous patrons of its propaganda, accompanied a recent order for pamphlets with the statement that he intended to "make an effort to establish a circulating library of Anarchistic literature." This is an excellent idea. Any workingman who has a few dollars laid by, but feels that he cannot afford to spend them, might order one copy of each of the publications advertised in Liberty, and by lending them to his fellow-laborers at the rate of a cent or two a week, get back the full cost by the time the pamphlets should be worn out, at the same time having the satisfaction of knowing that he had done valuable service in spreading the light. How superior this Anarchistic plan to the Communistic method of starting a workingmen's free reading-room and begging labor papers to supply it with their literature without price, when the struggling journals thus appealed to, dependent as they are upon the subscriptions of individual laborers, ought at the very least to be paid promptly and full price for the single copy which, being read by a hundred persons in common, very likely deprives the publishers of half a dozen or more subscribers!

Elsewhere is printed a letter received from a clergyman to whom a copy of the last issue of Liberty had been sent. It will be observed that he had the courtesy to return the paper. Thus Rev. Mr. Eaton, despite the narrow-minded conservatism of which he seems so proud, unwittingly betrays the influence of the march of progress even upon gentlemen of his ilk. Cotton Mather would have burned it.

Very Polite—for a Clergyman.

To the Editor of Liberty (an Anarchist paper published in Boston, Mass.):

I am no Anarchist, nor have I any sympathy with or love for the teachings, acts, or methods of Anarchism. I regard the discourse of Rev. John C. Kimball, published in this number of Liberty, which I return to you herewith, as absurd, preposterous, impious, and bordering closely on treason and blasphemy. I firmly and conscientiously believe that the hanging of the four murderers, your "Chicago comrades," was in every respect justifiable and in the interest of law, good order, and for the security of human life, property, and social order.

I do not want any of your books or papers advocating or even apologizing for Anarchy in any of its forms or guises.

Yours, etc., S. W. EATON.

ROCHESTER, MINN., DECEMBER 23, 1887.

To Such Morality We Don't Object.

[Eugène Mouton.]

Out of all this hodge-podge I have really retained but one thing,—namely, that morality consists in doing as one likes; that, to do as one likes, one must be free; and that consequently the man who is not free, being unable to do as he likes, is necessarily immoral.

Continued from page 3.

She comprehended the phantoms at which she had laughed of old, the spectres which haunt the imagination and which paralyze or derange the mind; and, mechanically, without reflecting that a bandage over her closed lids could not protect from inner apparitions, she carried her hand to her eyes.

"My God! my hand," she cried instantly, "my infected hand on my face, and I do not fall."

"Repent!" said Bradwell, continuing his laconic and monotonous sermon.

"Repentance! It is stupid! Will it lift from me my hallucination, purify the air, disinfect my forehead, my hand?"

"You will recover that force of soul which drives away obsessions; you will again become mistress of yourself."

"Really?"

Ah! If Richard was not deceiving her, if he did not deceive himself, if the receipt which he indicated possessed the efficacy which he claimed, the Duchess would not hesitate to try it; only, of what was she to repent?

"Repent of the crime first. . . and of what then?" she questioned. "Of the passion which made me commit it?"

"Certainly," said Richard.

"Real sorrow for this passion?" said she, "promises for the future, if we should have one, if we should escape from here by an unexpected miracle, which will not take place? A promise not to fall into it again, to repudiate it?"

She interrogated with a renewal of her scorn.

"Are you not cured, then, by this tragic end; for it is the end. . . Do not count on your salvation; you will be disabused."

"You are cured, you," she replied, a prey to a revival of spite. "If the impossible miracle should deliver us, — Adieu forever, is it not? And you would run to your Marian! Say, answer; answer me, answer me, then!"

During their colloquy she had approached, guided by the voice, and now, opposite Bradwell and near him, she spoke to him with hisses which he felt.

"Answer, then," she insisted in a rising wrath and shaking him by the facing of his coat, without moving him, however, or causing him to obey this virulent injunction; on the contrary, he contented himself with gently detaching her arm.

And she resumed:

"You are silent . . . because you never lie, because you do not wish to lie, because you do not know. . . Oh, well! this conviction will aid me in enduring death more patiently. At least, you will never be anything to this girl."

"It is not a question of her!" said Richard.

"You are lying this time . . . or as good as lying. Certainly. . . You do not speak . . . but your thought wanders off to her, I am sure of it. You are where she is, you have learned perhaps that she exists; or dead, your thought goes to her grave, to her body abandoned in the furrow of a field, the rut of a road. And this is why you have not a vivid impression of the horror which surrounds us. Of her, living or dead, and of whom I am jealous, I forbid you to think. . . Do you understand?"

"Do not excite yourself further," exclaimed Bradwell; and his voice expressed a pitiful disdain. . .

"If I should insult her, your adored Marian, you would strangle me?" asked the Duchess.

Her precipitate question was made in the tone of a positive affirmation, and the Duchess seemed to triumph.

The wished-for, solicited death, which he so obstinately refused her, she would obtain in this way, and so finish her torture, which might last how many days!

To be continued.

Socialistic Letters.

(Le Radical.)

Property is liberty.

To have provisions, garments, and a house of one's own is to have the liberty, power, and certainty of eating, dressing, and lodging.

To have raw material of one's own, a tool of one's own to transform the raw material into consumable product, and, if the raw material be stock and the tool a machine, workshop, or factory, to hold as property one's share of this stock, of these implements, of this factory, workshop, or machine, is to have the liberty, power, and certainty of laboring, of disposing of the fruit of one's labor, of consuming or buying one's product.

Property, — that is a firm, solid, palpable, concrete basis for abstract rights.

Do you possess the workable material and the tool? You are in complete possession of the right to labor, and, what is more, of the right of labor, — of the right to produce and the right to enjoy your product in its entirety.

Do you possess only your arms, your knowledge, your intelligence? You have but one right, — that of choosing between dying of hunger and taking a master; between utter want and sacrificing your dignity, extending your hand for a little bread after having done a great deal of work; between not being clothed and wearing the livery of another.

Not to have a share in property, — that has been slavery, that has been servitude, that is the proletariat.

For, if property for all means comfort for all, on the other hand monopoly of all available property by a certain number, even a majority, means misery and oppression for the excluded; if the accession of each to property means liberty of labor and security of product, on the other hand proprietary monopoly means the power of the monopolist to be the master of another, to make another labor, and to dispose of the fruit of another's labor.

The historic evolution is as follows:

Humanity, on becoming conscious, saw that the means of existence is property, and the struggle for existence then became blended with the struggle for property.

Appropriation, which in the future will have no other source than the effort of the industrial laborer, was originally an act of conquest, the monopoly realized by that savage labor, war. A race of prey founded itself upon another race, a barbarous people upon an industrious people. Hurrah! the German warriors cut up the Roman Empire into lots and shared it between them; the French of the North became lords over all the lands and fruits of the South; the Norman pillagers distributed England among themselves; and the English allotted themselves each a bit of Ireland.

There began the modern history of property. Violence, robbery by open force, massacre, having presided over this original distribution, oppression followed for the conquered, the pillaged, the sons of the massacred.

What is worth taking is worth keeping. The highway robbers having become landlords — and after them their descendants — conceived the idea of fortifying themselves in their conquered positions, of surrounding their estates with barriers, ditches, walls, and, what is better, laws.

The peoples of our day still suffer from the yoke imposed by the conquerors of those days. Lords have succeeded each other, aristocrats have replaced each other, jostling each other,

taking by strategy what had been acquired by violence, robbing the old robbers by usury, speculation, and corruption, but always protected by the bulwark of laws erected to deny labor access to property.

The entire Code is the book of guarantees imposed to prevent property, the means of production, the instrument of liberty, dignity, equality, from passing out of the hands of the primitive monopolist into those of the contemporary producer; the Code is the isolation of servants confronted with the coalition of masters; it is the prohibition of real contract between employer and employee; it is the constraint of the latter to accept from the former exactly the minimum of wages indispensable to subsistence; and in any case where all these guarantees may have been vain, where a few laborers, by a fortunate stroke, may have succeeded in accumulating a little capital, the Code is a trap set to catch these little savings, the canalization ingeniously organized so that all that has temporarily left the hands of the monopolist may return to them by an adroit system of drainage, — so that the water, as the saying is in the villages, may always go to the river.

Nevertheless violence, which is trouble in historic evolution, can institute no lasting work. In vain does the cyclone raise prodigiously the sea, lift all the water high and leave nothing below; the tempest passes, — for every tempest is ephemeral, — and, after a series of eddies, the movement of the waves ends, as every movement in a mass ends, in stable equilibrium, a level.

After wars, after violences, after conquests of centuries of tempests, in spite of barriers and fortresses, in spite of laws, every continuous movement in the social mass tends toward stable equilibrium.

All the means of production on one side; no property, no means of production, on the other, — that is the opposite of equilibrium: but every mass tends to separate; monopolies are condemned to dissemination, every mountain will fill a valley, and the mountains of wealth accumulated under one and the same domination will fill the empty pockets of the people, powerless as they will be to resist the toil of these termites of millions and millions of laborers arrived at a consciousness of their own value and their own strength, and who will bend themselves untiringly to the conquest in their turn of their place in the sunshine, of their corner of their own, of their tools, of their means of labor, of their property, of their liberty.

And when this effort shall be accomplished, social equilibrium will be established, and with it that universal comfort which seems, even in our day, to be but a generous dream.

ERNEST LESIGNE.

Why Newspapers Lie.

It seems to me that it is a waste of both time and nervous force to berate the press. Not that the newspapers do not deserve everything that has been said against them, and even more. But it is misdirected energy to pour out the phials of wrath upon them and their proprietors because they constantly and wilfully misrepresent everything connected with Anarchism. The papers, the proprietors, and, more than all, the poor fellows who do the actual work, are not entirely to blame. And the matter cannot be mended by heaping abusive adjectives upon them. It is the great populace that reads the papers, advertises in them, and makes them pay that is the cause of it all. The newspapers publish what their patrons want to read. Their proprietors regard news matters and comment thereon as merchantable commodities to be fitted to the public wish just as any other commodity is. It won't do any good to discuss the ethical side of that question. The matter stands thus, and will continue to be thus for some time to come. The facts as they are must be faced and made the best of. And the one great fact in this newspaper matter is that a paper which would tell the truth frankly upon all matters and upon all occasions is not in demand. One that would tell the truth about Anarchistic matters is particularly not in demand. That is something about which the great people who support the papers do not want to know the truth. They want to be told what will accord with their preconceived ideas and their inherited prejudices. And they will support the newspaper that does this and put out of doors the newspaper that does not. With the publisher it is a question of profits or no profits. And as it is the profits that he publishes the paper for, what else can be expected of him? If the publisher of any great daily in the United States thought that he could materially and permanently increase his circulation by having all Socialistic matters truthfully reported and fairly commented on, the staff of his paper would receive new instructions at once. But they all know that such a course would have the opposite effect. And that is why they constantly and wilfully lie about these things.

I can see but two ways of bettering this state of things. One is to persuade the newspaper publishers to publish their papers in the interests of truth and justice instead of their pockets. The other is to enlighten the populace enough so that it will want to hear the truth instead of lies. The former is hopeless, and the latter is — well, it will take a long time.

But I do know, too, or, at least, I feel quite sure, that the same energy which is spent in berating the press will do more good if it is used in spreading the light.

F. F. K.

Self-Wisdom and Egoism.

To the Editor of Liberty:

"Self-wisdom" is not synonymous, not co-extensive, to my mind with intelligent Egoism. From this statement G. B. Prescott, Jr., can revise his argument. The author of the term "self-wisdom" gave no definition. Among the meanings which he may have had is this: Wisdom directed to the care for self. In this case the person has himself in view as an object. He is planning and deliberating what will build up, guard, and preserve himself, — add to his pleasures or release him from his pains. This must certainly be a large share of intelligent activity; but this is not the specific characterization of Egoism, as I use the term. Egoistic is whoever and whatever acts out the self. In writing this I am doubtless gratifying myself, but to inform Mr. Prescott is my object. Were I contemplating and working for some well-assured benefit to myself, held in prospect before my mental vision, and calculated to be the result of this writing, that would be "self-wisdom." But if I am the subject, the doer, and in nowise an object to myself, the spontaneous act is Egoistic simply, — 'tis my own, — but not a matter of "self-wisdom." In such case I do not have self present to mind as an object. Now all generosity is of this character. If calculated to benefit self, it would not be generosity. The man who would never do a generous act till he had calculated it to be profitable would perhaps seem generous, but the appearance would be deceptive. The intelligent generous man must indeed learn by experience that he needs to guard against ruining himself by generosity, but, even as he grows cautious, he never needs to know more than that it is not unsafe to follow his natural bent of generosity. That is to say, he does not need the contemplation of any increment of pleasure to himself. His pleasure is: his pain at seeing suffering is: and he acts unless checked by considerations of wisdom and unwisdom, not necessarily of "self"-wisdom. If his thought is this, — to guard against evil to others, — it is wisdom to stop and reflect whether, in a given case, it is well to follow the impulse of generosity. Now, to act so unless checked by reflection is quite different from needing the stimulus of a consciously-entertained prospect of benefit to self.

TAK KAK.

The Opposite of Egoism.

I am utterly unable to conjecture why my friend, Mr. Yarros, professes to be ignorant of the existence of the opposite of Egoism. What has he been combatting in this discussion, if not the opposite of Egoism? He sometimes names it altruism; but usually sneers at it as "moralism,"—whatever he may mean by that. The terms in which he sets up this ignorance are hardly courteous; yet I acquit him of intentional impertinence. But I must say that such treatment of a serious question is flippant and trifling.

The issue here is squarely between selfishness and unselfishness (sometimes designated by the term of benevolence, and sometimes by that of disinterestedness). If these are not opposites, all things in the world are one. If not opposites, then there is no distinction between right and wrong, justice and injustice. If so, then why prefer liberty to slavery, or rail at authority and the State?

The fraud, injustice, and oppression which have darkened the world with sorrow may be traced to selfishness. To unselfishness belongs the credit of the achievements which have brought gladness to the human race.

If a man takes a certain course in life in the impulse of a high and noble purpose, he certainly does not do it in the mere love of pleasure. He may feel a serene joy in his purpose, as I said, while the life to which it impels him is a burden. This distinction is so obvious that I wonder my friend should overlook it.

If a man makes another wretched to secure his own happiness, he is "following the line which is to him of the least resistance." Such is Egoism, as my friend states it. The opposite of Egoism is this: No man worthy of the name will knowingly and willingly sacrifice another's happiness to secure his own. No principle or motive can be just or true which does not recognize the equal rights of all persons. But Egoism, in its folly, makes happiness the sole object of life, even if one can be happy only at another's expense. Wherein is this better than the maxims of the despot or the passion of the debauchee?

If a man is forced into a position where he can save his life only by dishonor, it is an abuse of language to say he chooses death. In such a case a decent man has no choice whatever. If he were free, it is certain he would choose neither death nor dishonor. The proposition that a free man, if he were not insane, who made happiness the sole object of his life, would voluntarily choose death, is so absurd that it refutes itself.

My friend says that men make personal sacrifices for noble objects because they find this "incomparably easier" than any other course would be; that they "find the pain far less acute" than any other career would entail upon them. Now think of the long line of noble men and women whose lives, flashing through the ages, mark the successive steps of human advancement; who, by going with the current, might have passed their lives in ease and pleasure; yet who, in unselfish devotion to human good, gave themselves to toil, penury, obloquy, the prison, and the scaffold, that others to come after them might enjoy better conditions of life,—and say, if you can, that they went through the flames of martyrdom because that was "incomparably easier" than to glide into the "primrose path of dalliance,"—that they made themselves of no reputation, and became the offscouring of the earth, because the pain of such a life was "far less acute" than that of any other. I say that such a paltry and puerile theory of their motives and impulses is an insult to their memory; and—with entire respect for my friend—betrays ignorance of the nobler part of human nature. No! The men who make happiness the sole object of life may crawl into inglorious graves; but they who forget themselves till their names become immortal may live in the grateful memory of mankind.

I must reject the theory of Egoism, as presented in this discussion, because it makes no distinction between the better and the baser motives which actuate men; because it puts the lofty and high-souled purpose and the meanest passion on the same low level. The impulse of a martyr is not to be confounded with the motives of a pimp.

The defect in the reasoning of my friend is due, I suspect, to the fact that there are depths of human experience which he has not fathomed, and qualities of human nature which he does not comprehend. I do not say this as a reproach,—for such limitations are to be expected at his time of life. But, persuaded that he will continue in the pursuit of knowledge which he has so splendidly begun, and considering the pleasure which attends it, I congratulate him on the years of happiness yet to be his.

J. M. L. BABCOCK.

Not to be Continued.

As Mr. Babcock seems to be again at the beginning of the discussion, I am at its end. No new argument having been advanced and no novel objection brought out, there is no necessity for me to add anything in reply to Mr. Babcock's last article. If Mr. Babcock wants an answer, and if there are any readers who cannot easily form in their own minds a satisfactory answer to Mr. Babcock, I refer both him and them to my first statement in this discussion, entitled "Egoism Seen Through a Mist." I value the columns of Liberty much too highly to fill them with repetitions and rehashes of

arguments sufficiently developed and adequately explained on previous occasions. Only I must now stop long enough to direct Mr. Babcock's attention to the fact that he is "off the track," and that, "like the flowers that bloom in the spring," his eloquent and impassioned words about unselfish conduct and its effect on the world, "have nothing to do with the case." The issue is not, and never has been, "squarely between selfishness and unselfishness," but between duty and inclination, self-interest and sacrifice of self. The question is not as to differences in actual conduct as observed in life, but as to motives, principles regulating and determining conduct. In the article mentioned above the readers will find, not only a full recognition of such differences, but an attempt at finding their cause and reason as well. No one maintained that, for instance, to give alms is not different from stealing from a blind beggar the coins which some one else gave him. But I do maintain that the alms-giver is no less an Egoist and is no more making a sacrifice than the miserable egotist who steals the coins to make himself happy by a drink at the nearest saloon. The most short-sighted can see that the thief and the brute act in the way they do from no other cause than the desire to increase their own pleasure and satisfy their own needs. But no sooner is one observed in an act of offering aid or doing a gratuitous service to another or pursuing an occupation which opens no prospect of dollars and cents, than a deluge of sermons in glorification of duty and sacrifice reduces the world of thought and common sense to waste and ruin. Egoists merely repudiate and ridicule the alleged element of duty and sacrifice of the second class of actions.

Enough, however, so far as the main point of Mr. Babcock's article is concerned. "Ere we part," let me note a few of the secondary points, the side-issues.

"I am utterly unable to conjecture why my friend, Mr. Babcock, pretends not to understand why I treated the 'serious question' of the 'opposite of Egoism' in a 'flippant and trifling' manner. I have no doubt that the intelligent jury before whom we made our arguments are satisfied of the legitimacy of my hilarity. I convicted Mr. Babcock of infidelity to Mrs. Duty and of flirting and making overtures to lovely Miss Inclination; and he being the trusted champion of the old scarecrow, I naturally felt like winking when I perceived how my young client, of whom, though fond, I am not the least jealous, is warming herself into his heart.

Mr. Babcock thinks that no free and sane man would ever voluntarily choose death as a means of happiness, in which I can but agree with him. I never made any reference to free men; I spoke of men forced by environment and conditions of life into the alternative of choosing either death or a life of degradation and dishonor. . . . "Hold on!" interrupts me Mr. Babcock, excitedly; "it is an abuse of language to say men choose death in such cases; decent men have no choice whatever. . . ." True, Mr. Babcock, most true, decent men have no choice whatever, and that is precisely why I said that it is incomparably easier for them to accept death than to violate their nature, that the pain of any other course would be far more acute. "Then they don't choose!" exclaims Mr. Babcock; "they are forced to die." Ah, but they choose to be decent. See?

If decent men could live in freedom and peace, no Egoist would ever be a martyr. Freedom and peace not being possible at present for any decent man, Egoists, "who cannot resist their impulses," have to suffer pain and misery in consequence of their Egoistic persistency in conduct not approved by the "powers that be."

Perhaps it is true that there are "depths of human experience" which I have not fathomed and qualities of human nature which I do not comprehend; but you, Mr. Babcock, why, when you "reject" my "paltry and puerile" theory, do you so very carefully refrain from telling us what those noble qualities are? Do you begin to realize that "noble qualities" which prompt men to "unselfish" action is no more an anti-Egoistic argument than a "serene joy in a high purpose"? Methinks all the true believers in duty and haters of Egoism who followed the discussion and listened to your defence of their position are now praying to be saved from their friend.

V. YARROS.

Egoism vs. Altruism.

Egoism flows at the base of human action and finds its source in instinct, action being distinguished by selfishness and its opposite,—unselfishness. Mankind are selfish in proportion to their ignorance, and unselfish in proportion as they reason and reflect. As thoughtlessness is opposite to, or the absence of, thoughtfulness, so selfishness is opposed to unselfishness. The cause of an action is one thing and the action another; and as the action is sometimes the result of ignorance and at other times the product of intelligence, it would seem that some distinction should be made. Respectfully I submit the following definition to the altruist:

Egoism: the principle of self-interest, whether ignorantly (selfishly) or intelligently (unselfishly) expressed.

Admit the justness of the above, altruist, and you will find that you are, after all, an Egoist; for altruism, being opposed to selfishness (not self-interest), can no longer be considered a principle, but simply one expression of a great principle,—namely, Egoism: and the Egoist will see that the real ques-

tion of difference touches an expression of this principle, but does not intrude on the principle itself.

ORMONDE.

Individual Happiness the Object of Life.

[Grant Allen in the Forum.]

If human life has in this very restricted sense any general object at all,—any conscious object present as a rule to the mind of the individual,—that object is undoubtedly happiness; and happiness may be approximately defined as a decided surplus of personal pleasure over personal pain. In the species as a whole, no such object is primarily inherent; race preservation is the sole generic aim and purpose. But inasmuch as pleasure, on the whole, roughly coincides with race-preservative activities, and pain, on the whole, roughly coincides with race-destructive activities, it follows that these two apparently distinct objects, the unconscious generic aim and the conscious individual aim, are at bottom practically almost identical. In other words, what to the race is preservative instinct is to the individual, in nine cases out of ten, conscious pursuit of his own happiness.

His own happiness, I say advisedly; but not necessarily to the exclusion of the happiness of others. Quite the contrary: even among the lowest races some regard for wives and offspring enters into the concept of happiness for the individual; and among the outcomes of the highest races pleasure for others has become a necessary element in pleasure for self. Misery for others, especially when brought home to us, suffices to make most members of the higher races thoroughly miserable; and the tendency is always to minimize as far as possible such misery, and to equalize as far as possible all available means of pleasure.

Whelps of the Same Dam.

[A. L. Ballou in Truth Seeker.]

In Mr. George's search for the causes of the unjust distribution of wealth, he ignores a most potent factor,—legislation; he seeks in nature for laws that are in man only. He says the increase in nature is the cause of interest. It may have suggested interest in the mind of man, as Shylock's reference to Jacob's thrift would seem to indicate, but this is no cause.

I fear Mr. George, in his onslaught upon land monopoly, has overlooked another formidable enemy of labor, a second whelp of the same dam,—money monopoly. If there is any difference between the two, it is one of degree, not of kind; and to chain one and to let the other run would be, to say the least, unwise.

Now Mr. George makes an ethical point: "That alone is wise which is just; that alone is enduring which is right. In the narrow scale of individual actions and individual life this truth may be often obscured, but in the wider field of national life it everywhere stands out." I, too, would "bow to this arbitrament, and accept this test." Is this "unearned increase," that robs labor and rewards loafers,—is it just? Is it right? If it is not, then let us smother this idea of "necessary evil," and drown the pups.

And if their *Alma Mater*, the State, stands in the way, why, it must be bad for the State; for, as George says, "If the conclusions that we reach run counter to our prejudices, let us not flinch; if they challenge institutions that have long been deemed wise and natural, let us not turn back."

"By Their Fruit Ye Shall Know Them."

[From the Autobiography of Washington Walling, ex-Police Superintendent of New York City.]

I have noticed one remarkable fact in connection with the intimate relations between politics and crime, which is this: All the sneaks, hypocrites, and higher grade of criminals, when questioned upon the subject, almost invariably lay claim to be adherents to the Republican party; while, on the other hand, criminals of the lower order—those who rob by violence and brute force—lay claim in no uncertain tones to being practical and energetic exponents of true Democratic principles. Of course, it is far from my intention to say that every Republican is a sanctimonious sneak, hypocrite, or forger; or that every Democrat is a burglar, footpad, pimp, or rough. Nevertheless, what I have alluded to is the fact.

Our judiciary and prosecuting officers are elected and controlled in a great measure by the very elements they are called upon to punish and keep in check.

Although, of course, all things are possible, yet I would not count among probable contingencies, under the present system of government in New York, the hanging of any one of its millionaires, no matter how unprovoked or premeditated the murder. Those individuals who have been executed during the last generation have all been without money, and usually with no friends. Many murders have been committed by rich men, but they either did not come to trial or they were found to be insane by an "intelligent" jury. I believe that Mr. Jay Gould could today commit any crime in the decalogue with impunity. I do not mean to say that Mr. Gould is a dishonest man, nor would I have the reader infer that he would wrong any one, but I believe that Mr. Gould, backed by his fifty millions, could defy justice in the city of New York.

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Liberty

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Vol. V.—No. 12.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1888.

Whole No. 116.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

"Compulsory Voting" is the title of an article in the "North American Review" and the author's remedy for the evils now threatening our free and glorious institutions.

"Those who have faith in anything court candid criticism of it," says the Providence "People." Yes, and such criticism they try to answer. This test makes it plain that Henry George has no faith in his land-value tax.

A Chicago woman was dressing for her wedding when her dress caught fire and she was burned to death. Moral: have no wedding and marriage ceremonies. As to the unfortunate woman, a sudden death is always preferable to slow roasting over the consuming fire of the hell of marriage slavery.

One of the most interesting features of Liberty hereafter will be Comrade Labadie's contribution of "Cranky Notions." He tells me that I must not hold him strictly to an appearance in each issue; but I may at least tell my readers that he has made me the Irishman's promise to be regular, and, if he can't be regular, to be as regular as he can. His first instalment will be found on the seventh page. His suggestive paragraph on the telegraph monopoly is especially rich in food for thought.

When asked if he would accept the nomination of the United Labor party for the presidency, Henry George replied as all politicians do that he is "in the hands of his friends." In other words, "Barkis is willing." But his "friends" don't seem to have much enthusiasm for their prophet. Rev. H. O. Pentecost, to whose admonition that principle, not policy, should govern the action of the labor party Mr. George, in the interval between an after-election and the opening of a new campaign, is "very sensitive," favors the putting up of a candidate, "but not necessarily Mr. George." Many of his followers call him a demagogue, and others are astonished to hear William Morris denounce him as a "traitor." The way of the transgressor is hard, and George now pays the penalty of his shameful stand on the Chicago executions during the election campaign when he was not "sensitive" to the brave and noble attitude of his follower, Pentecost.

James Parton touchingly describes the attractions of presidential campaigns in the "Forum." The people, after all, decide for the right and the good, he says; and if his most cherished and strongest convictions were an issue in a campaign, and the people declared against them, he would begin to doubt them. The people generally, it seems, by some mysterious process, obtain wisdom and scientific information from a source entirely inaccessible to poor individual mortals, for whom it is impossible to form any valuable opinions except by study, mental work, and varied experiences. Mr. Parton contemptuously refers to the Protectionist school, and believes in free trade. Yet, though the arguments of the learned economists and able writers who stand for protection failed to convince Mr. Parton of the good of protection, he would begin to doubt his free trade theories if this mass of ignorant and illiterate people should vote for protection.

In theology Mr. Parton is a freethinker, but in politics he is a slave of the blindest superstition.

The debate at the last meeting of the Anarchists' Club between Victor Yarros and E. M. White upon the Henry George remedy for social ills drew a large audience in spite of the severe storm. In opening in opposition to the land-value tax Mr. Yarros suffered from the disadvantage of having to devote a portion of his time to a statement of the position which he intended to attack. Nevertheless, in the time left him, he assailed it with thrusts so keen that Mr. White did not deem it prudent to try to parry them, but devoted nearly all his effort to combatting the free money theory, which was not at all in question at the time. Mr. Yarros, in his subsequent speeches, strove hard to hold his opponent to the matter in hand, but in vain; Mr. White remained possessed of the idea that he had been challenged to attack Anarchism instead of to defend the George theory of taxation. At the next meeting of the Club, to be held in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont Street, on Sunday, January 15, at half past two o'clock, H. M. Bearce will read a paper entitled, "Monopoly the Foundation of Usury." Mr. Bearce has given a great deal of thought to the money question, and all that he has to say upon it is well worthy of attention.

That is a very important point which Ernest Lesigne discusses in the "Socialistic Letter" printed in this number. The main strength of the argument for State Socialism has always resided in the claim, till lately undisputed, that the permanent tendency of progress in the production and distribution of wealth is in the direction of more and more complicated and costly processes, requiring greater and greater concentration of capital and labor. But, as M. Lesigne points out, the idea is beginning to dawn upon minds—there are scientists who even profess to demonstrate it by facts—that the tendency referred to is but a phase of progress, and one which will not endure. On the contrary, a reversal of it is confidently looked for. Processes are expected to become cheaper, more compact, and more easily manageable, until they shall again come within the capacity of individuals and small combinations. Such a reversal has already been experienced in the course taken by improvements in implements and materials of destruction. Military progress was for a long time toward the complex and the large scale, requiring immense armies and vast outlays. But the tendency of more recent discoveries and devices has been toward placing individuals on a par with armies by enabling them to wield powers which no aggregation of troops can withstand. Already, it is believed, Lieutenant Zalinski with his dynamite gun could shield any seaport against the entire British navy. With the supplanting of steam by electricity and other advances of which we know not, it seems more than likely that the constructive capacity of the individual will keep pace with his destructive. In that case what will become of State Socialism?

A Proudhon Class has been in operation in Boston for several weeks, and has already demonstrated beyond dispute its value as a means of propagandism. Among its members are included, besides several well-known Anarchists who are not sufficiently familiar with French to study Proudhon satisfactorily by themselves, a prominent State Socialist (perhaps the ablest in Boston), a strong believer in the land-value tax, a bourgeois of liberal and humanitarian tendencies, a

recent convert from Greenbackism to the free-money theory, several studious working men and women, and representatives of the editorial staffs of three prominent Boston dailies. The number of members is restricted to twelve,—a number well adapted for easy conversational discussion,—and the class is full. The method pursued is a simple one. A member already tolerably conversant with the writings of Proudhon, and able to render French in English with some degree of fluency, reads aloud, at the weekly meetings of the class, successive instalments or chapters of one of Proudhon's works, devoting to the book as many evenings as are necessary to finish it. Whenever any inquiry or comment occurs to a member, he is expected to promptly interrupt the reader, state his difficulty or suggestion, and gain or throw what light he can by an immediate interchange of views with the other members. The author's stimulating sentences occasion frequent episodes of this character, from which even those who have already studied Proudhon glean much profit. The book chosen as the first to be thus read is the "General Idea of the Revolution in the Nineteenth Century," generally considered the best textbook of Anarchism ever printed. The members show the greatest interest in it, and it is plain that those who do not accept the author's ideas are steadily gaining a clearer conception of that to which they are opposed. Now, there being nothing so helpful to truth, nothing so disastrous to error, as clear conceptions, the Proudhon Class, within its sphere, is necessarily a potent agency for good, which ought to be speedily utilized by Anarchists wherever the plan is feasible.

"HOCH DIE ANARCHIE!"

"Hoch die Anarchie!" cried Engel,
As he rose to meet his fate,
Perishing for Truth and Justice,
Victim of the tyrant's hate.

Spoke thus proudly to his foemen,
Sent the war-cry that he gave
Ringing from the gloomy gallows
As he stepped into the grave.

Sent the words to every people
Who shall seek for Freedom's light,
Who can discard tyrant's emblems
And emerge from Error's night.

Ever will that dying challenge,
Sent to tyrants everywhere,
Roll adown the coming ages
And re-echo on the air.

Fischer, Engel, Spies, and Parsons,
Lingg, the bravest, best of all,
Standing up, brave heroes, for us,
Perishing at Freedom's call.

Shall they die and be forgotten?
Shall the battle-cry they gave
Die upon our lips in silence,
And go with them to the grave?

Shall the onward march of progress
Stop at tyrant's cursed "Must"?
Shall eternal Truth be vanquished
And be trampled into dust?

Never, while the soil of freemen
Blushes red with martyrs' blood.
Never, while the hearts of others
Wait to shed their crimson flood.

Rise, my comrades! Rise, ye brave ones!
Fling the scarlet banner out;
Let once more the glad earth tremble
With the sound of Freedom's shout.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 115.

A week doubtless, hunger destroying you slowly, little by little, before twisting you in those convulsions of unheard-of sufferings which still are not the last, but are followed by intolerable, increasing exhaustion and an agony which is death coupled with the consciousness of the final catastrophe.

And she began to curse Treor's granddaughter, who would not have him, but remained as insensible to his prayers as to his threats, and who, certainly, had listened to others. Not Paddy Neill, that monster: that was only to divert suspicion. . . . Who knew if a sudden enticement had not thrown her into the arms of an English soldier?

"Yes, a handsome soldier, well-built, like a Hercules; delicate, dreamy young girls sometimes find in such coarse dreams satisfaction of their craving nature!"

"Duchess!" exclaimed Richard, really becoming angry.

And she went on:

"You, Richard, with your taciturn air, your thoughtful attitudes, did not respond to her ideal. You would have been content to sigh at her feet, to sing songs to her, to recite verses to her, timidly kissing, in your boldest moments, the tips of her fingers. That was not what she needed, but the brutal assault of a powerful man."

"Ellen!"

This time, Richard seized her by the throat to arrest the flood of insults; but, under the pressure, there came a rattle, a cry of joy, and he let go.

"You are wrong not to finish me," she said, "for I shall begin again."

"No! I swear to you"

"You will prevent me, how?"

"By leading you to the foot of the catafalque and forcing you to kneel there, your face touching the funeral cloth; and, if you are not hushed by that, then I will place the hand of the corpse on your lips to stifle your blasphemy!"

"No, no! I will say no more!"

And, in a new fit of her mad fears, in which she shivered through her whole body, cold and bathed in an abundant sweat, she turned away from Richard that he might not, in a frenzy of sudden rage, seize her and put into execution his diabolical threat.

But this recollection of Marian, evoked by her for her own purposes, roused in her rancorous soul the keen hatred of her rival, and, daring no longer to insult the young girl, she still felt the irresistible need of expressing her sentiment:

"Your Marian! your Marian! your Marian!" she said, raging; then she added:

"Ah! how I wish she were in my place!"

She sneered and resumed:

"I am becoming reasonable, am I not? I am making honorable amends; I should like her to be with you. . . . in your arms. . . ."

"So much censure, and at such a moment! I pity you, madam."

The Duchess, weeping, was in despair; now there was no longer any hope, as there had been just before, of salvation by an approaching violent death.

There was unfolding in her mind, in advance, the too long series of her last interminable days, without anything to mark the passing time, and the horror of which increased steadily from hour to hour, unless an attack of madness should suddenly extinguish reason, and leave to wander in this infected place only the animal in her more or less courageous in enduring bodily pain.

And she wished for insanity as she had wished for death.

At first, however, she tried to divert her thought, to bring it back to the memory of some fact of former days, before the crime.

She endeavored to recall the beginnings of her passion for Richard, or of some day when they had lived in the delights of a tender interview, or their adventurous rides far from the castle, the nights audaciously stolen from the Duke, in imminent peril of surprise, the intense joys of which were doubled by the apprehension of mortal danger; but no phrase of this past of forbidden love could she now retrace in her brain.

Nothing but fugitive impressions, corners of a picture, half-displayed and instantly effaced, figures which outlined themselves for a second and vanished like smoke, phrases the sound of which dissolved in the air, as if they had come from mouths which had suddenly lost the faculty of speech.

Then the Duchess fixed her attention more especially on the abhorred face of Marian, but succeeded no better in keeping this profile before her, for the odor of the corpse which was permeating the room brought back unceasingly the vision of Newington on his bed, and she called, at last, with all her might for mental alienation to come to her rescue.

And she meditated on the means of gaining this refuge; perhaps she could succeed by knocking her head against the wall often and violently, by accumulating so many hideous things at once before her mind that her faculties could not resist.

Yes, this last receipt was the best, and since Richard forbade her to abuse Marian under penalty of being dragged up to the catafalque and having her lips closed by the vile hand of the corpse, she would resume the litany of her base insults, and in a few minutes, all hope being lost through the intensity of horror, she would roll inert on the stone floor, insensible to all the tortures of the agony which awaited her.

But while she was still hesitating to take this frightful resolution, sounds of hurried steps resounded in the corridors, and a key was heard in the lock, a grinding on the hinges, a breath of fresh air entered, and a voice said immediately:

"Quick! You can escape! Fly from this room, quickly, and outside, with precautions, with prudence, you will be safe."

"Marian!" Richard had exclaimed, as soon as the first words were spoken.

"Marian!" the Duchess, in turn, had murmured gloomily.

"See, my Lady, if you wish to fly, profit by this generous offer," said Bradwell.

"If I wish it!" cried the Duchess in a tone of victory.

In the darkness, Richard had not seen Ellen, who, gliding along the floor, almost without touching it, had moved towards the open door, and he comprehended her manœuvre only when it had noisily closed again and the key again had turned.

"She has locked us in, the wretch!" he muttered.

Through the wood, the Duchess cried:

"Thank me, then, Richard, I give you your Marian."

"My God!" said Richard, "what a frightful thing! Oh! it is not for myself that I tremble; it is for you, Marian. Of course no one knows the step you have taken."

"No one!"

"In that case, you are lost, condemned to die with me the death which was destined for her."

"O well! I have on my conscience no crime to aggravate my agony."

Suddenly, a thread of light darted under the door, and they could hear a shriveling noise on the other side.

"It sounds like fire!" said Bradwell, frightened.

"Before leaving," cried Ellen, "I illuminate your betrothal."

"Oh! the execrable woman, who has lighted a fire by which you will be devoured, Marian, by which you will be devoured alive! Ah! why, why did you take pity on us?"

"Because I love you!" said the young girl, gently.

CHAPTER XIII.

Still again the fortunes of war had turned.

Surprised in certain combats, betrayed by auxiliaries imprudently enlisted in the ranks of the insurrection,—the low herd of the cities, who, at the first engagement, disbanded in a "save-himself-who-can" way disastrous in its result,—the United Irishmen, experiencing several consecutive defeats, decimated, weakened, demoralized, no longer held the country with the same spirit, the same confidence.

The defection of the quota of the colliers dealt them a last blow. These recruits, enlisted into regiments with the hope of seeing them accomplish wonderful exploits, not only quitted them suddenly on the eve of an attack by the English, abandoning the positions which they had orders to guard and to contest, but also took away during the night the fire-arms and munitions of all their comrades in camp; and, without other defensive weapons than pikes against a strong enemy furnished with guns of rare precision and provided with respectable artillery, the troops of the revolution were obliged to retreat, not without a struggle, foot by foot, before a constantly increasing number of English divisions reinforced from all sides.

Around Cumslen-Park there was the same sudden downfall: landed surreptitiously, while the castle was in flames, regiments, attacking the insurgents unexpectedly, had defeated and routed them, and were now reconnoitring the country, patrols picking up on all sides the wretches fallen on the roads, enfeebled by their loss of blood, consumed by the fever of their wounds, dying of hunger and cold in the severe temperature which prevailed.

And the repression was not limited to the combatants, to those whose hands retained, even after being bathed with care, the dirt of the powder in the folds of their rough skin, or the blisters made by the pikes upon the epidermis; they arrested all who belonged to the family of the "poor old woman," the men who had gone back into the country, and the others, refugees or those who remained in their huts,—the children, the women, the old people, as well as the men!

Convoys of the wretches whom they were leading to prison, exile, or execution after a show of absurd trials, followed each other along the roads, in the morning mists, over the ground hardened by the frost, which attained an excessive intensity.

Not from pity, but for themselves, that they might not fall, overcome with stiffness, the soldier-jailers, when a little wood was within reach, lighted fires at which the prisoners received permission to thaw out their freezing limbs at a distance, and there remained constantly, behind the column, those whose feet refused service, and who were soon stretched on the rugged earth, hardening there, taking singular forms of branches, trunks of uprooted trees.

In certain detachments, the severity towards the vanquished enemy was complicated with an ironical cruelty. When those who were so painfully chilled, overcome by suffering, begged permission to approach the fire, they invited them ceremoniously.

"How then! they have a right to it in exchange for the warming given to Sir Bradwell and Lady Newington;" and they pushed them towards the flames till the latter licked their clothes; and some were burned frightfully, amid the coarse and noisy mirth of their executioners.

They put an end to their tortures of the damned, equally with a joke.

"They are too warm, cool them again now;" and, with a blow of a gun, they would kill them, or draw their blood by piercing them with bayonets.

These soldiers had less fierce souls than the Ancient Britons, and if they sometimes abandoned themselves to deplorable atrocities, it was not from native ferocity, but often for diversion in sport.

From time to time they would feign a lack of watchfulness, in order that one of their captives might attempt to escape, and when he had gone so far as to conceive the possibility of salvation, the most skilful shooters would lay a wager on the one who should send, without demolishing him, the most morally discouraging balls: in the legs first, without breaking them, in order to retard his walk, in the body without striking an organ essential to life. The unskilful one who killed the run-away or even broke the bones in his legs lost and paid.

All this without hatred, but, on the contrary, with a certain esteem for the enemy whose valor in action could not be denied, or firmness of soul in adversity, or indomitable courage when put to the test.

The business, moreover, demanded severities, without which the prisoners would have rebelled and made off.

Their spirit of revolt, in spite of all disappointments and the defeat from which it would doubtless take some years to recover, was not completely subdued, but manifested itself in proud replies, which soldiers of order must not tolerate.

"Are we going to take root here?" said a sergeant after a halt too far prolonged. "It is freezing hard enough to break a stone."

"But not hard enough to break your heart," responded one of the prisoners.

"Come, old man, forward!" commanded the same sergeant, roughly handling a poor old man of seventy years, infirm and overwhelmed with suffering.

"My legs refuse to do service," replied the old man. "Finish me!"

"Not yet!" sneered an officer. "You must have participated in more than ten revolts. That merits the cross; carry it!"

"Let us both carry it," cried a tall lad, offering his shoulder to his grandfather to support him: "I will be in all the revolts to come."

"Wait, you seed of rebels, we will prevent your sprouting and bearing fruit."

And, with a blow of his gun, the soldier who had made the threat completely crushed his skull.

And especially when they had passed the night on the bare ground and in the beautiful starlight did the soldiers rise in a bad humor and torment their band of prisoners.

At daylight they began to march; and, finding obstinate sleepers, crouched down in the ditches, shrivelled up in a furrow, they would shake them like plum-trees, or simply give them a few kicks to warm them up, or even prick them with the points of their swords when, in spite of everything, they did not awake.

"Freeze," they said, and the band would move on, abandoning the sad human wail.

And it was in this way that one morning, ten days after the fire at Cumslen Park, a woman, carefully wrapped in ragged shawls, her face veiled, resisted every summons of the soldiers who exhorted her to rise from the pile of stones on which she was leaning, crouched in a heap, her face on her knees, clasping her legs with her arms and folded hands.

The evening before, they had picked her up roaming about the encampment, and she had vainly tried to escape; once seen, her strength failed her; immediately overpowered in the field, she still vainly struggled like a she-devil; her resistance did not last long, and on its ending in a faint, they threw her, like a bundle, on the stones where they found her again at daybreak.

Several times during the night she extended her hands to the fire, and they might have distinguished their fineness, although stained with mud, and guessed, from their elegant grace, that they belonged to a young woman; but she did not risk these exhibitions when any one, English or Irish, was near.

And they might have seen her turn her head, but without unveiling it, towards a bit of bread that had fallen from the greasy pocket of a soldier and greedily watch it a long hour at least.

They walked over it, and she felt a twinge of disappointment; a plaintive sigh escaped her, and, when no one was near, she rushed upon the trampled, dirty, vile crumb, and, barely wiping it with her dress, devoured it with her white, sharp teeth.

Now, motionless, as if sealed to the earth, as if petrified, she did not move, notwithstanding their punches.

"I am going to wake her if she is only sleeping, but not her last sleep," said one of the soldiers. And he bent down quickly, threw her at full length, lifted the skirts of the wretched woman and threw them over her head, denuding the splendid body which shone on the gray earth in the dawning light of the morning.

And the comrades gathered to contemplate this picture, applaud it, and make obscene comments on it; neither the biting cold nor this foul hilarity roused the young woman from her marble apathy, and they concluded that she had passed from life to death, or that she would do so in a very few moments.

"She will die there!" said a surly sergeant; "come, let us move on!"

"It is only dogs and Irishmen who die," observed one of his comrades, "and if you will take the trouble to look closely at the lady, who is well worth this trouble, you will see that with such stockings, as soft as her perfumed skin, this is no beggar."

These stockings, really fine and lustrous, contrasted with the tattered clothes of the apparently poor woman; and their black color contrasting with the whiteness of her skin, they were puzzled.

They were worn as mourning, for whom? Newington? Then the woman escaped from the castle must be one of the servants at Cumslen Park; in what capacity? A maid, doubtless, of the Duchess. She had dressed herself in this tattered garb to mislead the Irish whom she might encounter; so be it! But why had she not at once declared her identity? Why her desperation when they captured her, why these pains to hide her face?

To be continued.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

APPENDIX.

II.

REPLY TO THE TRIBUNE BY MR. ANDREWS.

(Continued from No. 115.)

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

You recently bestowed three columns and a half upon a notice of "Equitable Commerce; a New Development of Principles Proposed as Elements of New Society," by Josiah Warren, with an incidental notice of "The True Constitution of Government" and "Cost the Limit of Price"—works upon the same general subject—"The Science of Society"—by myself. The criticism may be regarded as relating to the circle of principles advocated by Mr. Warren and myself rather than to either of us simply as writers, and hence I feel authorized to step aside from usage so far as to reply to the criticism, the conclusion arrived at, which I cannot but think an unfortunate one for you, being that Mr. Warren's theory of "Equitable Commerce" is a failure.

The books in question are not of the kind that can be profitably reviewed without being attentively read. The hurry and clatter of newspaper machinery are not, I am aware, favorable to the weighty consideration of those profound philosophical truths which lie much below the surface. If a critic, under such circumstances, should fail, therefore, fully to grasp the significance of a circle of principles so revolutionary, and yet so simple, so perfectly harmonious in their relations to each other, so absolutely indispensable each to the working out of the other, and so thoroughly responsive to every demand of exalted human aspiration after Social Order and Freedom and Harmony, it should not be charged on him as a defect of acumen, or of sympathetic affinity for truth, but merely to the want of opportunity.

You accept and adopt the first of this circle of principles, "The Sovereignty of the Individual," but simply put in a caveat against the claim of exclusive originality on the part of Mr. Warren. This question of originality is one of little importance, and one to which no man would attach less consequence than Mr. Warren himself. The important question is, "Is it true?" and on this we agree. Nevertheless, it is, after all, likewise simply true that Mr. Warren is the first man in the world clearly to define this idea as a Principle, instead of a vague aspiration, to fix it in a Formula, to settle its Legitimate Limitation, to propound it as one of the Grand Practical Solutions of the Social Problem, and to connect it with its Correlated Principles in this solution. It is true that the idea, simply as such, has "more or less distinctly" pervaded the writings of nearly every modern reformer, that it swells and palpitates in every aspiration after a better future, and inspires even the blindest exertion after human emancipation. It is true that it is implicated remotely and prophetically in Fourier's formula of "Destinies proportioned to Attractions," as it is in the American Declaration of Independence, which affirms that all men are entitled to "Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness"; but all this is a very different thing from the distinct announcement of the "Sovereignty of each Individual to be exercised at his own Cost," propounded as a scientific substitute for all Laws and Governments, and as one of the immediate working instrumentalities of Social Reform. So at least it seems to me. If it be not so, and Social Reformers of other schools accept and even claim the priority in the announcement of this Principle, as we accept and state it, why, so much the better; only don't let them get frightened when they discover the whole meaning of all they are committed to.

But in the next place you come upon the next of our principles in the circle, namely, that "Cost is the Equitable Limit of Price." From this you dissent, on grounds which show that you have not fully grasped the idea of the manner in which

Principles are appropriately put forth after all notion of authority or enforcement is abandoned. The gist of your objections is contained in the following statements:

We have said that the possession of property is essential to the Sovereignty of the Individual. In this statement we find the refutation of Mr. Warren's second principle, that "Cost is the Limit of Price." According to this theory, equal amounts of [equally repugnant] labor are made to balance each other, without regard to the value of the product. Equitable Commerce, it maintains, is the exchange of the results of equal labor as virtual equivalents. A commodity which has cost you the labor of an hour is to be exchanged on equal terms for one that has cost me labor to the same amount of time, irrespective of the utility of the product to either party.

Again:

Individual property is based on the right of the Individual to the products of his own labor. But if the product of my labor is my own, no one can decide the terms on which I shall part with it but myself. The right of exchanging it at pleasure is involved in the right of ownership. The attempt to establish a compulsory law for this purpose is a gross violation of my acknowledged Sovereignty. This view, we think, is fatal to the theory in question, apart from the practical inconveniences that would arise from its application.

This indictment seems to consist of three counts, stated or implied. 1. That we deny that the Individual is entitled to the product of his own labor. 2. That we repudiate, in some sense not specified, the possession of property, and the right of exchanging it at pleasure. And 3. That we attempt to establish a compulsory law to regulate price in gross violation of our own other fundamental principle, "The Sovereignty of the Individual." To all of these counts we simply plead not guilty, and put ourselves upon the country. Indeed, we are utterly unable to account for the fact that any man, having looked into our books, could have made them otherwise than by recurring to another of our principles, "Infinite Individuality," which embraces and accounts for every conceivable diversity in the understanding of language.

The proposition that "the Individual is entitled to the products of his own labor," cannot, it is true, be accepted without limitation and modification. If I have employed my labor in hunting, catching, and handcuffing you, and reducing you to submission, it can hardly be assumed as an axiom of Social Science that I become entitled to the ownership of you thereby. So, if I employ my superior wit, or skill, or accumulative labor, which is power, in reducing you by more subtle means to a condition of servitude, the axiom in question cannot be adduced in justification. In order to entitle me to the products of my own labor, my labor must have been justly bestowed; that is, it must have been exerted at my own cost; that is again, I must not throw the burdensome consequences of my conduct on others. Cost enters, therefore, in the final analysis, into the question of ownership. But let that pass. The question more immediately up now relates to the exchange of products confessedly belonging to the parties. We admit, under the modification stated, that every man is entitled to the product of his own labor. Even this basis, chosen by our critic, excludes natural wealth, including uncultured or natural skill, from any claim for remuneration, and carries him headlong in our direction, as he will find when he has leisure to follow out his principle into its logical consequences.

As to the second count, that we repudiate property and the right of accumulating and exchanging at will, we simply deny. We only repudiate the right of accumulating other people's property; and as for exchanges, they are the burden of our whole doctrine.

As to the third, the attempt to establish a compulsory law to regulate price. This you regard as a gross violation of the Sovereignty of the Individual. Verily, so do we; and if we attempted anything of the kind, undoubtedly "Equitable Commerce" would be a failure. It is simply for the reason that we do nothing of the sort that it is not a failure, and is not, saving the judgment of the "Tribune," like to be. It is precisely for the reason that we hold the doctrine of the Sovereignty of the Individual that we are forever prohibited from establishing not only this, but any other compulsory law. But this does not, we apprehend, prohibit us from discovering, accepting, announcing, and acting upon Principles. It is precisely this difference between a compulsory law and a Principle which our critic has failed to apprehend, and which the world sadly needs to appreciate. It is this misapprehension which lies at the bottom of the hasty decision he has rendered upon the System of Principles brought to his attention, which being rectified, the decision itself goes to the ground as destitute of any support or validity. As this is the hinge of the whole matter at issue, therefore, let us endeavor to make it a little clear.

We do not deny your right to the product, and the full product of your labor. We allow you to retain the possession of it as long as you choose. Nay, further, if you determine to dispose of it, we do not require nor insist in any manner upon your disposing of it otherwise than upon any terms that you choose, if you can find a purchaser. We do not oppose a feather's weight to your entire freedom. We commit no encroachment upon the fullest exercise of your Individual Sovereignty. We can not do so consistently with ourselves. We admit your full title to the freedom, first, of not selling at all, and then of selling for any price, no matter how great the hardship to the purchaser. In other words, you are entitled to the freedom of doing right or wrong, for the better or the worse, with what is clearly your own. This leaves the question, however, of what it is right or wrong for you to do, entirely open to be settled, further on, by other principles—but to be settled still solely by and for yourself, with no foreign interference whatsoever. Is it not possible that being thus entirely freed from compulsion, and thrown entirely upon yourself for a decision, you may wish to know for yourself which is the right and which the wrong principle upon which to carry on your exchanges—which will place you in harmonious, equitable, and the most truly advantageous relations with your fellow-men; which will bring you into antagonism with all the world, confusion, general insecurity of condition, and prevalent wretchedness. Will the man who shall communicate that knowledge to you thereby commit any breach of your Individual Sovereignty, provided he "adapts the supply to the demand"? If you are desirous of knowing the laws of health, and I make you aware of the Principle of Physiology which demands the ventilation of houses, is that "a gross violation of the Sovereignty of the Individual"? If I undertook to compel you to construct your habitation upon a given plan, even for your benefit, I admit that it would be so; but, is simply communicating the knowledge to such as want it any encroachment? If a dozen individuals, operated upon by such knowledge, voluntarily, in concert or separately, enlarge their windows or otherwise modify their residences to insure this desirable end, is there any surrender on their part of their Individual Sovereignty? Yet to assert this would be precisely equivalent to the fault found with our circle of Principles, by the "Tribune."

It does not follow, because I have the right, and every other man has the right to the products of his labor and to the liberty of retaining them forever in his own hands, that it is, therefore, either right or best that all men should retain all their own products, and that there should be no commerce whatsoever. Neither does it follow, because any man has the right to the freedom to sell his products in any manner that he pleases, that it is, therefore, either right or best that he should sell

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
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Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 14, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Anarchy in German.

Early in the spring, probably in March, there will be issued from this office the first number of a fortnightly Anarchistic journal, to be called Liberty, but to be printed entirely in the German language. Though the new paper will be under the same general management that controls the English Liberty, its active editors will be George Schumm and Emma Schumm, who are coming to Boston from Minnesota to undertake the work. The paper will be of the same shape and size as the English Liberty, and the two will alternate in the order of publication,—the English appearing one week and the German the next. The subscription price will be one dollar a year. Send in your subscriptions at once to Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 3366, Boston, Mass.

For the First and Last Time.

When the Chicago "Alarm" was revived by Dyer D. Lum, Liberty gave it a cordial greeting, welcoming it not as the Communistic organ which it once was, but as the journal of genuine Anarchism which it seemingly had become. For sole acknowledgment of this friendly salutation, the "Alarm" contained a paragraph from which not one of several intelligent people to whom I submitted it could gather any meaning beyond the fact, upon which all agreed, that it was intended as a sneer. Liberty's greeting, however, was criticised—and very justly—by E. C. Walker in "Lucifer" as not wholly warranted, in view of the fact that the initial number of the "Alarm" contained paragraphs which, if not savoring of Communism, at least tended to confound it with Anarchism. I was forced to recognize the inconsistency, but I sought to explain it on the hypothesis that Mr. Lum, while really holding sound principles, was sometimes willing to obscure them under the influence of a mistaken spirit of chivalry toward the Chicago victims. It now appears—and one needs but to read the scathing letter of Mr. Yarros to Mr. Lum in another column to be abundantly convinced of it—that my interpretation of Mr. Lum's conduct was far too charitable. His frequent, petty, and too evidently malicious sneers at Liberty and its propaganda,—but for which he today would know no more of Anarchism than he knows of intellectual honesty,—coupled with his fawning readiness to applaud in others who give him their support the expression of views identical with those which he contemptuously condemns when declared by those whom he prefers to consider as rivals dangerous to his designs, show that he is trying to curry favor where he can and deliberately subordinating all considerations of justice and decency to the success of his newspaper enterprise, regardless of perspicuity and consistency. Such conduct, generally speaking, is beneath notice. It receives

notice here simply because my recent remarks regarding Mr. Lum cannot stand unqualified. But hereafter he may fling his gibes as he will; this is their first, and will remain their last, consideration at my hands.

T.

Vengeance.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE COMMUNIST-ANARCHISTS OF CHICAGO.

War and authority are companions; peace and liberty are companions. . . . Bloodshed in itself is pure loss.

B. R. Tucker.

At the mouth of the tomb, in the very presence of your murdered dead, your hearts swelling with alternating emotions of joy and gloom, of glory and regret, of pride and pain, the echoes of those noble dying words still throbbing in your ears, you, the Communist-Anarchists of Chicago, found yourselves face to face with this stern question: "What now! Men of Anarchy, will you have revenge?"

And in voices loud or low, fiercely, sternly, solemnly, you took the awful oath: "We will!"

And we too, the Individualist-Anarchists of the world, who had loved and honored these dead heroes, though we could not, in their life, in all things walk with them, echoed after you the solemn vow: "We will!"

But how? The question of methods now becomes paramount. Shall it be by war? Shall we, with Robert Reitzel, "demand blood for blood" and "learn to bitterly hate"? Shall we pursue these men, who have slain our beloved, with the secret awful shadow of our implacable vengeance? Shall the bludgeon smite them down in the darkness, the poisoned dagger sting them at midday, the terrible volcanoes of dynamite roar out their doom in the still hours of midnight?

Or shall we raise ourselves in our might, in hordes, like howling wolves of the steppe; and, in a revolution of blood, frightful with sword and torch and bomb, lay their cities, their dungeons, their courthouses, palaces, and drawing-rooms, in smoking ruins, tear their armies and police forces into bloody fragments, and thus, by the awful forces of Hate and Fear, avenge the dead and make room for liberty? With pale, set faces, with eyes black with fury, between their clenched teeth, thousands have answered: "Yes!" but unhesitatingly, emphatically, we answer: "No!"

Yet if ever, from the dawn of history, there was a deed so foul perpetrated on men so innocent that it was held to undoubtedly justify war, this judicial crime must rank its peer. The tyrant hand of Power was stretched out for blood, and the veins of our bravest and most eloquent were emptied to fill the cup.

But, comrades, *cui bono*? What good has bloodshed ever done? What stains has it ever wiped away—nay, has it not simply hidden them 'neath a darker blot? Let us have done with the foolish fiction of blood-atonement, in all its forms, once and forever.

You tell me that war has overthrown dynasties, broken down thrones, slain tyrants, exterminated armies, liberated nations. Granted; but what are all these worth? It has overturned kings that other monarchs might rule; from its broken thrones other and heavier thrones have been built; its slain tyrants, like dead flies, have only bred others and more; for every army it destroys it calls ten thousand into life, and its liberated nations have never been liberated peoples.

You say that by conflict and struggle humanity has developed strength and secured survival of its fittest. Something in that, too. The struggle with man, like the struggle with nature, has developed muscle, brain, and courage; but that does not prove that the struggle with man is not vastly poorer in such results, and vastly more expensive in obtaining them, than the struggle with nature. Evil tends ever, like the cassida root, to evaporate its poison and become good, but while the poison remains it is evil still. Human good is human happiness, and the happiness that comes by war has come mainly in spite of it. It may sound sentimental to say so, but I sincerely believe that the tender love and forgiving pity of women and the helpless cries of babes have done more for the

development and perpetuation of *every* thing worthy in human nature than all the furious passions, brutal blows, and savage hates of men from time beyond speech. The gentle scholar, sitting in his quiet room, questioning nature as to her secrets, and teaching his fellows her replies, is doing more for liberty than would a judgment of God that should slay with fire every ruler on the round earth from the Czar to a Chicago policeman. If knowledge in general is worth so much, the value of knowledge in particular, of science applied to the teaching of liberty and the organization of free men, is altogether beyond calculation.

The world has had enough of blood. For untold ages the daily sun has looked down upon human beings struggling in deadly fight; from untold time it has sunk at night 'mid the smoke and dust of battle-fields and risen in the morning on crops of carnage, through mists of blood. Night after night the fair moon has shone on wall and camp, glittered on helm and blade, or turned pale in the light of burning cities. For thousands on thousands of years the white, set faces of the slain have stared vacantly at the blue sky of day and the jeweled stars of night; the fountain of wounds has flowed perpetually; the groans of the dying have never stopped, the wail of the widows and orphans has never ceased. What good has it all done? Is it not enough?

Time was when a martial mania possessed me. I worshipped Force and believed in its salvation. I fretted like a war-horse at the ringing roll of the drums and the brazen clamor of the shrill-lipped bugles. I strained like a hound on the leash when I heard the measured tramp "of armed heels," saw the waving plumes and banners, the prancing steeds, and the glittering steel. Alas! my enthusiasm was but the brainless fancy of a fool. There is a damnable intoxication about the pomp and passion of war more hellish than hasheesh, more insane than opium or alcohol. It overcomes the reason like the insidious fumes of a poison. It tempts us to our doom like a whirlpool or a giddy height.

Comrades, it is just this intoxication in war that makes it fatally dangerous to us. It destroys individuality and blasts the growth of the independent reason. It draws men in shouting insane herds to work the will of their crafty and merciless masters. The soldier reckons nothing of liberty, and cannot. He is drunk with force. He is alternately, and at the same time, a slave and a tyrant. He is a robber without remorse, a murderer without compunction, an incendiary without inducement. He abdicates his free will. He forgets that he is a man, and becomes a dog, tearing those whom his master directs. He is as much a machine of death and pain as the musket he carries.

Assassination has something to be said in its favor. Assassins have done some good work for liberty. The assassin retains and develops his reason and individuality. As the third step in his career (after preparation and action) is martyrdom, he develops moral courage of the highest type. If what he should be, he is, like Brutus, a prince among men. But this remedy of assassination, to be effectual, should be common and often repeated. This cannot be. It is probably too contrary to the ordinary habits and instincts of humanity to be so. The assassin for liberty, worthy of the name, is a seldom product. The qualities necessary to make a man humane enough to joy to die for liberty, and yet, without tremor or compunction, in cold blood, take human life, are too dissimilar to be often united in the same man. Tyrants are alert, brave, well-guarded. The assassin can strike but once; and that blow, statistics show, is usually a failure, and that blow kills him. There is too much good stuff in the assassin for him to be wasted in that way. He is worth too much as a teacher and agitator of quiet *radical* revolution to throw away his life trying to prick one of the pimples of the social disease. He does but little, even if most successful, and in all events his act provokes a terrible retaliation from those he angers upon those he loved; every screw of government is given a tighter turn. Worst of all, it horrifies too many of those we wish to win, and makes them stand aloof. It is all too inefficient, too expensive. Let us have done with it.

Liberty begins in the brain, and throbs in the heart,

and works in the hand of the individual. Every wise and comprehensive thought, every gentle and loving emotion, every generous and honorable instinct, every tender sympathy and refined aspiration,—these all make way for Liberty. Every whisper of self-respect draws her like a magnet; every fearless word and expression of individuality puts one by her side; every endurance of pain and dishonor for the maintenance of human dignity and equal right uplifts one to the glorious equality of her children. Every thing that makes the individual jealous and regardful of his dignity and untrammelled growth as a separate person, and scrupulous to regard the dignity and comfort of others because he perceives that their happiness is indispensable to his, makes for Liberty; and everything that obliterates his individuality and makes him heedless of the sympathies that bind him to his fellows, in no matter how slight a degree, makes against her. Individuality, solidarity, these two; war destroys both, and assassination cuts through the latter.

If we, then, who love Liberty and follow her, though it be never so far off; if we who have her light in our hearts, though it be ever so feeble; if we consent to become assassins and soldiers, slaves and tyrants, slayers and spoilers, to kill, burn, and destroy, hate and avenge,—when we stand (what are left of us) conquerors upon a world in ruins, and declare ourselves free, what then?

This. We shall find that the lessons War has set us are but too well learned; that we have lost the road to liberty and extinguished our light; that we have become as other men are; that the very children begotten in our years of strife are soul-birth-marked with injustice; that the world is as it was before, and we worse, and the whole sad business is to do over again.

You cannot be free unless your fellows are. You cannot make men free by frightening them; you cannot free them by hating them; and every time that you stir up their stupid, stubborn, blind passions in the matter of Liberty, you succeed only in putting a stumbling block in her path. She can come only by the evolution, growth, and development of men's minds by education, till they finally comprehend the supreme importance of freedom to their personal happiness. Every influential man thus won is worth more than the taking of a city,—is a gain for all time.

No one knows how a contest of arms will end. If we drink blood, we can be drowned in blood; if we take the sword, we may perish by the sword; our flags can be captured, our cannon dismounted. But if we lay aside all threats and deeds of violence, we are invincible, irresistible. What can courts, kings, armies, lawyers, policemen, do against authors and thinkers, philosophers, poets, and printers, logic and sympathy? Let them try. Break a pen, and it writes on in letters of fire on a midday sky; destroy a press, and its ink will blot the pages of history forever; "suppress" a book, and everybody reads it; "suppress" an author, and you give him world-wide fame; condemn a propaganda, and you become its chief apostle; capture a *colporteur*, and the winds of heaven will scatter his tracts to the ends of the earth.

Those who battle with knowledge find themselves in the toils of the Unseen; they are stabbed by invisibles; they struggle madly, but their blows fall only on themselves; they are tormented by the consciousness that they are being used as instruments to accomplish their own defeat.

If a thousand men are killed in battle, who cares? If a million warriors should be slain, Fame would but pat the conqueror on the back and say, "Twas a famous victory"; but if so much as a fine be imposed on a sincere man who teaches truth and hates violence, the world holds its breath in attention; and if he be slain, Humanity weeps for her lover.

The blood of a soldier is no more than the rust on his gun-barrel; but if the blood of an inoffensive man is spilled, Treason stalks in the camp and Shame carries the standard. One martyr wins a greater victory than a regiment of men in battle array can ever hope to; and his victory is certain, while theirs is most uncertain.

I tell you, Communists of Chicago, that your eight martyrs have done more to advance your cause than would the sacking of eight cities like Chicago. But I

tell you again that the blood of the first man you assassinate by way of revenge will wipe out half their work, and when the first dynamite bomb thrown by your revengeful hands enters a drawing-room window and tears the tender flesh of innocent women and babes, the whole of it will be undone. If the manes of Spies and Parsons could revisit this life, would it be the sight of the slain bodies of their persecutors that would give them most complete satisfaction? Nay, these men were too noble, too magnanimous, to delight in blood and pain. It was liberty, justice, happiness, that they loved, and for the promotion of which they lived and died. War was not with them an end, but a means; and if we can secure their end by peaceful means, we shall avenge them in the way that they themselves in their wisest moments would have preferred.

In the propaganda of liberty failure can only come by making men misunderstand, fear, and hate us; success can only come by convincing the brain and touching the heart.

Swear you, then, Communists of Chicago, if you will, to a vengeance of blood; we swear to a *vengeance of success*: if you succeed, you fail; but we shall not fail.

J. WM. LLOYD.

Socialistic Letters.

[Le Radical.]

Some ten years ago I wrote an essay which led to the somewhat unexpected conclusion that every error, as well as every truth, is the product of experience.

In the case of error the experience is incomplete, that is all; but as those who are mistaken have seen, or have done what passes for seeing, there is no occasion for astonishment at finding that so many of them get angry when told that they are mistaken.

To the collectivists I say simply this:

You have drawn conclusions before having seen enough.

It is a repetition of the story of the Englishman who, landing on one of our shores, met a woman; the woman was red-haired; the Englishman again boarded his vessel, having written in his diary: "In France the women are all red-haired."

The intellectual fathers of so-called scientific collectivism—Karl Marx, for instance, to cite only one name—belonged to that generation which was adult in 1830, and their conclusions date from an earlier period than 1848.

The revival of the memories of the Revolution was just at its height; historians were singing the praises of the great epoch, the suppression of servitude and privilege, the proclamation of liberty for all, of equal rights for all, the disappearance of aristocracy.

To be sure, they had just seen this nobility of the past aped by an aristocracy of military braggarts; to be sure, they had seen it coming back, short-winded, in the enemy's vans; but that was only a nightmare, and, thanks to the glorious three, though there were still a king, at least there were no more lords.

They were marching at a rapid pace towards complete equality.

Suddenly there arose an unknown thing, a sort of elevated tower, such as the old manors had, with a high panache. And walls rose all around it, bare, as cold as those of a fortress. The walls opened and closed at fixed hours, and under the arches passed multitudes, emaciated, debilitated, bent, and one could not tell whether it was fear or fatigue that prevented them from straightening up their bodies. In these modern castles the lord. A new servitude was born.

The high chimneys multiplied, and also the number of masters. A new aristocracy had arisen, brutal, monopolizing, coarse, plundering, arrogant, without bowels, inhuman, devoted to figures, devoted to gain, a predatory race, which thought less of man than of a beast of burden, for beasts had to be bought while man could be had for nothing; irresponsible, for, shrewder than its predecessors who had to feed the slave and protect the serf, it had found a way of avoiding every kind of obligation towards the proletariat.

And yet the proletaires disputed with each other for the favor of peopling these modern dungeons, of rowing in these galleys; they rushed, jostled one another, and fought at the doors to get in.

This was because the growth of all these high chimneys had carried hunger into many laborers' homes; the connecting rod of the great engine had replaced human arms. There remained but one resource,—to make themselves wheels in the factory, instruments, valets of the monster machine, servants of the master of this monster.

Those eager for equality, the sons of the revolutionists, reflected; and those who were to become communists and then collectivists were made dizzy by the noise which issued from these modern dungeons that rose in black spots, like prisons on a soil green only the day before. They had no care, no anxiety save on account of this plague of an aristocracy which every day accumulated more, and this other plague of an enslaved proletariat.

That was the fact of the time; what would the future be, if the matter should not be ordered in some way?

And straightway they concluded:

"Since the aristocracy amasses more and more capital, means of production, and wealth, the time will soon come when it will have taken everything and when the nation will form two nations,—one a mistress minority possessing everything, the other a servant having nothing and living at the mercy of the first. This matter will have to be arranged, then; and since machinery is the cause of this cursed aristocracy, its strength, its creator, its sustainer, and since machines nevertheless are indispensable, we will keep the machines, but we will abolish the aristocracy. How? By handing over to the State, to the government, all the means of production."

Whence a multitude of systems, solidly built, very fine on paper, but which would be also very dangerous in practice, since for the tyranny of the aristocracy, so much to be dreaded, they substitute the tyranny of political power, no less dreadful, no less iniquitous, odious, degrading, no less detestable.

Ah! let us beware of deductions!

Now, while the bloated aristocracy took from the belly after the fashion of the Esquimaux, and the system-makers systematized, a multitude of good people of a practical turn, handlers of tools, men of education, small mechanics, engineers, who had not the remotest intention of allowing themselves to be devoured by the capitalistic ogre or enslaved by the communistic despot, set to work as soon as the first moment of stupor was over.

At all times there have been these temperaments of free men wishing to remain free; they conquered the aristocracy of the Middle Ages and the despotism of the monarchical State; they will conquer the aristocracy of the nineteenth century, and will keep the dreams of communistic despotism in the cloudy realm of the imagination.

Big machines are menacing, embarrassing, and monopolizing, say to themselves these free and intelligent beings. Modern lords, you have in them a very fine armament. They are to you what high walls, breast-plates, and shields were to your predecessors. The villain could make no impression on them.

Precisely, but gunpowder was invented, and the castles were deserted by the serfs, abandoned by the masters themselves, who could no longer live in them. There remained but a few miserable ruins, to serve as examples to lords to come.

During the last thirty years or more, but since Karl Marx constructed his conclusions, they have been inventing little motors, little tools which will deliver the victims of the mechanical monster; the little industry of the artisan, for a moment thrown into confusion, is being reorganized; the machine is becoming democratic, portable, convenient, cheap, accessible, and shows its superiority over the monsters of the great factory in that it can wait without suffering at times when there is no work; it no longer holds the laborer at its disposition, it is becoming at the disposition of man.

In a near future all laborers, even the proletaires of today, each one by himself or in small groups of associates, will have their own machines, their own tools, and the desert will be in the industrial fortresses of today, around the high chimneys extinct, between the walls become lamentable. The sons of the aristocracy of iron and silver will work for a living,—which will not be a great calamity,—and historians will relate how the industrious people recovered their liberty, compromised for an instant by the infancy of machinery and the first spread of industrialism.

Such are the facts of science which the communists of the time of Louis Philippe should have been able to foresee, and which the so-called scientific collectivism of today has forgotten to see.

ERNEST LESIGNE.

Neal Dow Gets Older and Wiser.

The constitutionality of prohibition was recently before the United States Supreme Court, and Neal Dow was asked what he thought would be the outcome of it. "I should feel no uneasiness as to the outcome of these cases if my faith in the integrity of courts were now as strong as it was before I became better acquainted with the world and with men. I am by no means sure that the personal habits of the judges and their social surroundings may not be a large factor in the determination of this question." Fearing that the decision would be in favor of anti-Prohibitionists (and that it would carry with it the dictum that grog shops are sheltered by the Constitution of the United States), he remarked: "However monstrous such an opinion of the court would be, the possibility of it, I think, will depend very much upon the character of the judges and their personal habits, and upon their affiliations."

A. H. S.

After Liberty's Own Heart.

[George Eliot.]

He was one of those large-hearted, sweet-blooded natures that never know a narrow or a grudging thought; epicurean, if you will, with no enthusiasm, no self-scourging sense of duty, but yet of a sufficiently subtle moral fibre to have an unwearying tenderness for obscure suffering.

them upon the very worst principle that can be conceived of. It can not be rightly said that any man has a right to do wrong; but every man *has the right to the freedom to do wrong*. In other words, he has the right not to be interfered with in the exercise of his own judgment of right, although it may lead him to do what all the world pronounce wrong, provided only that he acts *at his own cost*, that is, that he do not throw the burdensome consequences of his acts on others.

Having thus completely disposed of the charge that the "Cost Principle" is *per se* an infraction of the other Principle—"The Sovereignty of the Individual"—the question returns, what is the *right Principle* to regulate the exchange of products between man and man? I ask this question, not for the purpose of enforcing that Principle compulsorily upon you, but for the purpose of satisfying the intellectual and moral attributes of *my* nature. You ask it, if at all, in the same manner, for yourself. In reply, we have placed before us two different Principles; one, that of the exchange of equivalent Values or Benefits; the other, that of the exchange of equivalent Costs or Burdens. One is the *Value Principle*, the other is the *Cost Principle*. The one now prevails in the world, the other we contend for—not, be it remembered, to enforce it upon any body, but as the true or right thing. I have found no less than two hundred and fourteen pages absolutely requisite to set forth, in the most condensed manner, the parallel between the two. I can not repeat (in a newspaper article) what I have thus said. I can not conceive how, having read the book, you could simply repeat the old theory, the wrong, the outrage, the civilized cannibalism of which are too patent to be either disguised or palliated. It is equally inconceivable how, having read the book, you could reject the simplicity, the obvious truth, and the high harmonic results of the Cost Principle. We may, perhaps, seek for the solution in the radical misconception into which you had been betrayed by haste, and which I have endeavored to rectify.

Not having time or space here, then, to expound or defend the Cost Principle, permit me to conclude, dogmatically and prophetically, by affirming somewhat in relation thereto. It is nothing less than the grand reformatory idea in commerce, corresponding to the Protestant idea in the religious world, and to the idea of Self-Government in the political; and inasmuch as "Commerce is King," pre-eminently so, in this age, it is the Grand Idea of the Age. It is now in its infancy. Many a man who will cast his eye over this discussion will hardly know what the words mean. "Cost the Limit of Price," will be to him a jargon of terms. Nevertheless in those words is contained the Most Fundamental, the Most Potent, and the Most Revolutionary Idea of the nineteenth century; a watchword of Reform which comes not humbly, saying, "By your leave," but with power, saying to the capitalist, "You must." By means of it, the rendering of justice to labor is no longer to be a matter of Grace, but of Necessity. It is an idea, too, which is to permeate the public mind without bluster, without agitation. Already the organization of Equity Villages is going on with a quietness which leaves them to be sought for by those who have a demand for truer relations among men, and with a real success which will dispense with all criticism at an early day. The time is not distant when the fact that a leading Social reformer and reviewer pronounced the Cost Principle a failure, will be quoted among the Curiosities of Literature.

Neither Fish Nor Flesh.

AN OPEN LETTER TO DYER D. LUM, EDITOR OF THE "ALARM."

Sir:

In No. 3 of your paper you printed an article on the "Chicago Anarchists" in which occurred the following passage:

I am pained to see many have used the phrase "so-called Anarchists" or "Communists" when referring to them. Before the jury, the judge, and the public they have not hesitated to avow themselves as Anarchists, and gloried in the term.

To use the above questionable designation is virtually to brand their own assertion as false, or to imply that they were unable to indicate their own position in Socialism.

The inference is, of course, that you do *not* use the "questionable designation" and do *not* "brand their assertion" regarding their being Anarchists "as false."

Indeed, you go on to express your confident belief that the "social heretics" thoroughly understood and unequivocally adhered to the fundamental principles of Anarchism. You assure us that "they proclaimed the abolition of privilege over land"; that "in asserting men's inalienable right to possession and use of the soil . . . they refused to lower the claim by compromising provisos"; that "their mission was to proclaim the broader gospel of abolition of all legal privileges, confident that freemen were able to arrange all minor details"; that they knew "that social cooperation was abundantly able, under free competition, to organize credit without seeking privilege by denying equal freedom." You aver that "in proclaiming unconditional abolition of enforced regulation . . . they were proclaiming Anarchy," and that they held "that, as freedom prevailed, coöperation would necessarily result."

Doubtless a large number of readers of your paper, not acquainted with your past record or with the teachings of the men you undertook to defend, accepted your statement as truthful and accurate.

But as I happened to know that all of your statements, without a single exception, were utterly and totally baseless and contradictory of fact, and as I felt certain that you knew that I knew that you knew them yourself to be false, I wrote you a letter, inviting you to explain a few things and to answer ten definite and "leading" questions. These were my questions:

1. Are not the views of Most identical with those held by Spies and Parsons as preached in their papers? If not, wherein are the differences?
2. Are not the teachings of Most similar to those of Kropotkin, and do not both Most and Kropotkin call themselves "Communist Anarchists,"—the very name by which our Chicago friends advertised themselves to the world?
3. Is not "Communist Anarchism" merely another name for State Socialism on a small scale?
4. Do not Kropotkin and Most preach expropriation of present owners of land and capital and public control of the same, to the exclusion of private ownership of capital and all means of production?
5. Did you not state in Boston Liberty that Spies, though really a State Socialist, mis-called himself an Anarchist on the strength of his opposition to the ballot as a revolutionary instrument? What induced you to change your estimate of Spies since then?
6. Did not the old "Alarm," in reply to a correspondent who interrogated its editors as to the difference between the "Boston Anarchists" and the Anarchists of Chicago, say that what Karl Marx thought of Proudhon—namely, that he was not a Socialist, but a *bourgeois* reformer—was true of Proudhon's Boston disciples, and that the Chicago Anarchists were Communists?
7. Did not Parsons attribute to competition many of our economic disturbances, and did not you tell me, when you visited New Haven, that you intended to write an article on competition for the "Alarm" with a view to correct its absurd declarations against it?
8. Do not "La Révolution" and "Freiheit" deny that Boston Liberty and Kansas "Lucifer" are Anarchistic papers, and do they not give it as their reason for such a denial that the papers named believe in free competition and private property?
9. Did not Most emphatically affirm, when questioned by Benjamin R. Tucker upon the subject, that no one would be allowed to work for wages after the revolution, and did not he characterize the "Boston Anarchists" as *bourgeois* because they insisted on the right of individual free contract?

10. Does not Anarchy, in the true sense, mean liberty of individual production and exchange, accumulation and enjoyment?

Experience has taught me not to expect fairness and regard for consistency from you in polemics. I had reason to believe that evasion, artful dodging, and discreet silence would constitute the main part of your answer to my letter; and you have not disappointed me. But, even as it stands, your answer is sufficiently plain to convict you of deliberate, intentional, and conscious falsification and misrepresentation of facts, of glaring self-contradiction, of juggling with words, and of contemptible trickery. You thus answer me:

1. Not being a reader of German, I am not prepared to expound the views of Most, and as Parsons was equally ignorant I have not the encyclopedic knowledge to tell the difference between them.
2. I think very likely.
3. As defined by Yarros, yes.
4. Yes.
5. Virtually, yes; have never deemed the matter of sufficient importance to undergo a change of conviction.
6. It is very likely, but as the authorities confiscated the files I cannot refer to them.
7. Yes.
8. I cannot answer this in a monosyllable, and do not deem it of sufficient importance to write a pamphlet on the question.
9. I neither know nor care.
10. Yes.

Were I now to say, as I think, that the dead revolutionists knew nothing of the principles of scientific Anarchism, freely advocated Archistic and despotic measures, and, calling themselves for no apparent reason "Anarchist Communists," contemptuously characterized the true philosophy of Individualism, as taught and defended by Proudhon, Warren, Greene, Andrews, Spooner, Herbert, and others, of which they never betrayed a comprehensive conception, as "*bourgeois*," anti-Socialistic, and non-revolutionary, I would find confirmation of my opinion in your answers to my third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh questions.

Such being the fact, will you now explain why you felt pain and indignation at seeing the men referred to as Communists and so-called Anarchists? What is your excuse for "branding their assertion as false"?

You pronounced Spies a State Socialist, and you have not "undergone any change of conviction." Do you confess, then, that the entire article on the "Chicago Anarchists" was absurdly false and dishonestly misleading? Where was the necessity of violently and desperately struggling with Lingg's childish notions about the future economic relations, and of your vain effort to twist his words and confuse the reader in order to make out that Lingg was a man who intelligently accepted Anarchism and unconditionally repudiated coercion of the individual? Why, realizing the futility of the task, did you break out in a malicious and gratuitous attack upon those who, respecting Lingg for his true merits and giving him credit for what he really was, preferred to soberly view his errors as such and to interpret his words in the light of his own evident meaning? If you are content to leave Spies a State Socialist, why do you labor to save Lingg from suspicion?

Change of opinion seems to be with you a mere question of expediency. Thought and evidence are factors unknown to you in the matter of forming estimates. "Have not deemed the matter of sufficient importance," you tell me. Do you change your conviction whenever you think it is important for you to do so; and do you profess beliefs contrary to ascertained proof just because you do not think it worth while to "undergo a change"? It may have been a "slip of the pen," but you have inadvertently told the truth.

Only those "who arrogantly claim a pedagogical censorship over the exposition of Anarchy," you tell us, can question Lingg's right to the name. But in the last "Alarm" you print a crushing criticism of Lingg's "improvements" on the "old school," which you characterize as "sharp and logical," from J. F. Kelly, who is one of those who "arrogantly" claim the right to deny that Lingg and his comrades represented Anarchy. As consistency is a meaningless word to you, I shall not invoke it.

Permit me to thank you for your kindness in accepting my letter. To be sure, you warned me that you would publish nothing more from me on this subject; but, as your motive was a highly altruistic one,—regard for the taste of your readers, whom you did not think I could interest,—I do not complain. I feel that I am very dull and intolerable. I could say, perhaps, many *instructive* things on this question, but you do not publish your paper for any such "pedagogic" purposes. You do not aspire to be a "schoolmaster"; you "strive to say what the common people think," and "endeavor to think what they mean and to set forth in your own way their half-inarticulate cry." I might question your usefulness, and think your views as to the functions of an editor very singular and peculiar, but my Anarchism enjoins upon me the recognition of your right to do things in your own way. Börne said that every man has a perfect right to be a fool, and he only objected to the Germans' carrying this right to the point of abuse. Editors have a right not to know, but, if you speak the truth when you plead ignorance of the views of Most, Kropotkin, and other prominent agitators in the revolutionary movement, I can hardly think you have reasonable ground to hope to succeed in making your paper a "representative" journal of reform. But I know better. However, you can have the choice between ignorance and disgraceful hypocrisy.

Summed up, your answers amount to this: Well, what if I was inconsistent; what if I said at other times that Spies was a State Socialist, that Parsons decried free competition, that the "Alarm" preached Communism, that none of the eight warred with authority *per se*,—what are you going to do about it? I choose to contradict myself twice a day; I take pleasure in befogging people's minds and my own; I care nothing about your arguments; to me Socialism, Communism, Anarchism are all one. Can you hinder me or stop me?

Clowns have their place in the arena. There is so much tragedy in the revolutionary struggle that the comical element will be welcomed by all who desire to relieve their minds and nerves for a few moments now and then. Especially is Chicago entitled to some fun.

Observe, I am not finding fault with you. You have, perhaps, disappointed others, who, in their innocence, rejoiced at the appearance of the "Alarm." But I am not one of them. "La plus jolie fille ne peut pas donner plus qu'elle a," say the French, and a cork-screw must ever remain true to itself. Nevertheless, I am curious to know your motives. I will say nothing of regard for the success of the Anarchistic movement; I will ignore the question of honesty and sincerity; I will not mention any of the considerations which weigh with men whose vocabulary includes such words as logic, reason, consistency, self-respect, earnestness, fairness, etc. But self-interest surely is something that even cork-screw minds can conceive. It, if nothing else, ought to have guarded your utterances, bridled your passions, controlled your spite. Yet you seem to be blind even to that.

Naturally enough, you wished to advertise your new paper and boom it by taking advantage of the Chicago situation. You tried to throw discredit on all other agents, you ignored them, you sought to belittle their importance, influence, work. It was your intention and ambition to have it spread that Dyer D. Lum is the only true and real friend of the Chicago labor martyrs, and that his paper is the only bold and genuine organ of Anarchy. Every body else was false, arrogant, dictatorial, cowardly, selfish, dishonest, shallow, ridiculous, base.

Humbug, however, cannot long triumph over reality. Quackery will be rewarded with contempt; while modesty and earnest endeavor to imitate one's betters would meet with encouragement and cordial interest.

Pray, whom do you expect to deceive? Those who know little about the labor movement, who simply "want to know," and to whom the difference between trade-unionism and Anarchism is no clearer than to Neebe (according to your own statement), are bound to find out sooner or later that the "purists" who are "not altogether unknown in this country" are the fathers and teachers of Anarchy, from whom the editor of the "Alarm" received his first lessons, and the only true representatives of the movement which aims to abolish all authority. Those who believe in the Communism of Parsons and Spies will not long suffer you to insult their dear memory by misrepresenting them, and cover up their beliefs in order to sell more papers. As to those few real Anarchists who support you for the sake of the good there is in you, in the hope of seeing it ultimately conquer the unworthy and ignoble, they will abandon you as soon as they realize the harm of such a course as yours to the Anarchistic movement. They are not likely to allow you to virtually say that a man can be both a State Socialist and an Anarchist, and to make open warfare on all rules of logic and consistency.

Reverence for the dead is no apology, no ground, for such vacillation, double-faced dealing, spiteful and unmanly conduct, or contemptible flings and gross slander. Respect for the dead demands that the truth be told about them, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It signifies little that they erred in this or that matter, that they disagreed with us on this or that question. The person who should deny them immortality on account of their opinions would write himself down a fool. On the other hand, the person who would accuse those who frankly and fairly criticize their theoretical teaching of being disrespectful and cynical, if not irremediably insane, would prove himself deeply dishonest.

You taunt me with "being a Yarros." Not knowing what you mean, I must leave this, together with many other brilliant remarks of a similar character, without an answer. I honor and revere the dead martyrs no less than you do, and I hate the enemy guilty of their death no less intensely than you. If I have not demonstrated my revolutionary zeal by as sad a fate as theirs, no more have you. You are still alive, if I am not mistaken.

Perhaps, in this letter, I have spoken with unnecessary harshness and severity. But there is no trace of the "I am holier than thou" sentiment in me. I believe in sparing neither friends nor enemies. The work in which I am engaged, and to which I intend to devote my life, is too serious and important to be injured by whimsical friends without an emphatic sign of disapproval from me. Anarchy is a new doctrine, and ours is a difficult task. There is enough confusion and misunderstanding and falsehood in society concerning it to keep us engaged for a long while. It should be the business of all our friends to elucidate it. So far the "Alarm" has seemed bent on increasing the existing confusion, and its policy is alarming.

VICTOR YARROS.

Religion and Morality.

[A page from Zola's latest novel, "The Land."]

Charles Badeuil was a fine-looking man of sixty-five years, with a shaven face, heavy eyelids drooping over dull eyes, and the dignified and yellow look of a retired magistrate. Dressed in a dark blue suit of nappy cloth, he had on furred slippers and an ecclesiastic's cap, which he wore with dignity, like a man of spirit whose life had been spent in the performance of delicate functions, fulfilled with authority.

When Laure Fouan, then a seamstress at Châteaudun, married Charles Badeuil, the latter kept a little *café* in the Rue d'Angoulême. Thence the young couple, ambitious and bent on making a speedy fortune, went to Chartres. But at first nothing went well with them, everything went to ruin in their hands; in vain they tried another public house, a restaurant, and even a salt-fish store; and they were beginning to despair of ever having two cents of their own, when M. Charles, being of a very enterprising nature, conceived the idea of buying one of the houses of prostitution in the Rue aux Juifs, which had fallen into decay in consequence of its defective *personnel* and notorious filth. At a glance he took in the situation, the needs of Chartres, the void to be filled in a prominent locality lacking an honorable establishment, where security and comfort were on a level with modern progress. By the second year, in fact, No. 19, renovated, adorned with curtains and mirrors, provided with a *personnel* selected with taste, became so favorably known that it was necessary to increase the number of women to six. Officers, officials, in short, entire society, went nowhere else. And this success was maintained, thanks to M. Charles's arm of steel and his strong paternal administration; while Madame Charles displayed an extraordinary activity, with eyes open in every direction, allowing nothing to be wasted, and at the same time not too watchful in detecting petty thefts from rich customers.

In less than twenty-five years the Badeuils saved sixty thousand dollars; and then they began to think of satisfying the dream of their lives, an idyllic old age in open nature, amid trees and flowers and birds. But they were detained two years longer by inability to find a purchaser for No. 19 at the high price which they set upon it. Was it not enough to tear the heart-strings to have to abandon to unknown hands, in which perhaps it would degenerate, an establishment made of the best of themselves and yielding a larger

income than a farm? At the time of his arrival at Chartres, M. Charles had a daughter, Estelle, whom he placed with the Sisters of the Visitation, at Châteaudun, when he established himself in the Rue aux Juifs. It was a pious boarding-school, conducted with a rigid morality, and there he left the young girl until she was eighteen, in order to refine her innocence, sending her to spend her vacations at a distance, ignorant of the trade which was enriching her. On the day when he took her away he married her to a young excise clerk, Hector Vaucogne, a handsome young fellow, who spoiled fine qualities by an extraordinary laziness. And she was nearly thirty years old and had a little girl of seven of her own, Elodie, when, informed at last of the nature of her father's business and of his desire to sell it out, she came of her own accord to ask of him the preference. Why should the business go out of the family, seeing that it was so sure and so profitable? All was settled, the Vaucognes took the establishment, and within a month the Badeuils had the sweet satisfaction of seeing their daughter, brought up though she was among other ideas, show herself mistress of a superior house, thus happily compensating for the idleness of their son-in-law, who was destitute of administrative capacity. It was now five years since they had retired into the country at Rognes, whence they watched over their granddaughter Elodie, whom they had placed in her turn at the Châteaudun boarding-school, with the Sisters of the Visitation, there to be brought up religiously, according to the strictest principles of morality.

The Palmer-Carnegie Incident.

Things move. When Mr. Carnegie, the Pittsburgh iron millionaire, pricked Mr. Courtlandt Palmer's epidermis at the meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club, in Mr. Palmer's own house, so savagely, the other night, we suspected there would be some squirming. The fact is, Mr. Carnegie is not a gentleman, or he would not have so grossly insulted Mr. Palmer under the conditions named. Mr. Palmer is as thorough a gentleman as ever lived, and it is unfortunate that he invited such a boor to his hospitable mansion.

However, he deserves some punishment. He is trying to ride between two horses, as is evident from his declaring, as is reported, that he "is neither a Socialist nor an Anarchist." As a matter of fact, he *must* be one or the other. Socialism is that condition in which law rules, coercing the individual for the benefit of the State. Carrying this principle to its legitimate consequences—the complete enslavement of the individual for the glory of the aggregation—is Socialism.

Anarchy is the precise antithesis of Socialism. It recognizes no right of man to govern or rule his fellow, and proposes the subjugation of the State and the substitution of the individual. With this condition comes liberty, love, and the happiness of the individual. This does away with force or law, and consequently the congestion of wealth and power.

Mr. Palmer believes in government and consequently in law, and of necessity is a Socialist. So is Mr. Carnegie. Therefore the little tilt at the Nineteenth Century Club was but an instance of a boorish Socialist insulting one of a more gentlemanly character. Mr. Palmer needs simply to learn that there can be no liberty with laws, and no government without oppression. He is inclined to be philosophical, in spite of his vast wealth; his fellow-Socialist, Mr. Carnegie, belongs to the class of mere money-getters, and no one need look for anything broad or humanitarian from him. It would take several generations of the Carnegie to approximate the Palmer of today.

[If my correspondent, in referring to Socialism, means State Socialism only, his position is correct. But such a use of the word is unwarrantable, in my view. It is true that General Walker and some others have defined Socialism as exactly co-extensive with governmental control, but they can give no valid reason for the definition. Socialism properly includes all plans for the furtherance of human welfare which satisfy the two following conditions: 1, that of acting, not directly upon the nature of individuals, but upon their relations and environment; 2, that of acting upon relations and environment with a view to preventing possession of wealth from being a means of levying on the products of labor. Under this definition an Anarchist may be a Socialist, and, as a matter of fact, almost all Anarchists are Socialists. It is not accurate, then, to say of Mr. Palmer or any one else that he must be either an Anarchist or a Socialist. He may be neither, or either, or both.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

An Author Who Knows What's What.

[Robert Louis Stevenson.]

I am no believer in governments, and I do not see that one is better than another. I am no believer in treaties, for I do not know who draws them. The whole of this copyright business will come most properly to its most proper end when the public of both countries awaken to their duty, which is to buy the authorized editions, and not buy the pirated.

Cranky Notions.

About three years ago I became connected with a labor paper in Detroit and was to furnish a column or so for it each week. I did not know what head to put over my column, and asked a friend to suggest some name. "I really don't know what to call those cranky notions of yours," said he. "That's it," said I; "Cranky Notions" is what it will be," and it has been "Cranky Notions" ever since. I have been asked to furnish a column of "notions" for each issue of Liberty. This I have promised to try and do. These notions are stray thoughts that come to me at odd times,—in the street cars going and coming from my work, at the printer's case where I earn my daily bread, in the meetings of working people that I attend, and elsewhere. They are necessarily crude and "jerky" because they come from an unlearned mechanic who has not the time from the "demnition grind" to polish them up. I have no other excuse to make for them.

I have distributed the copies of Liberty sent me that had Mr. Kimball's address in, and have heard several favorable comments on it. "I read that sermon over twice," said a member of D. A. 50, K. of L., to me, "and I like it very well. I can go the kind of Anarchy he defines." "Well, all Anarchists teach substantially the same doctrine," said I. "Oh, no; I guess not," he retorted; and this man is a type of prominent labor man who in this day of books and papers fails to keep pace with the various thoughts on social questions. I do not expect all in the movement to keep abreast of the times on the subject of social science, but I do expect of the leaders a fair understanding of the various schools of thought on the subject.

The idea that we must be perfect men and women *before* we can have Anarchy is getting to be a very popular error, and Comrade Yarros's criticism is pat.

Can we eat our cake before we get it?

Is it reasonable to suppose a prostitute will reform if she continue to live in a house of prostitution?

Will a drunkard ever get sober if he continue in the excessive use of liquor?

Will a child grow up honest in a den of thieves?

Of course not.

We must get the cake before we can eat it. The environments must be removed before the prostitute can reform. The drunkard must stop drinking before he will get sober.

The State is the thing that prevents us from becoming perfect men and women, and it therefore must be removed before we can attain a higher degree of perfection. A good illustration of this is seen in Russia. The State stood in the way of an education of the masses, and, as soon as it removed some of the restrictions, the people began to flock into the schools, and education and a move for the removal of still other restrictions was the result. The restrictions to education are again placed in the way of the people. If Mr. Kimball's position is correct, then the people must get the education *before* the restrictions are again removed. And that is impossible. If we wait until we be perfect before we strive for Anarchy, we will never have it; and that is not desirable, because Mr. Kimball admits that it is "the central idea of Jesus himself in his doctrine of the Kingdom of God on earth." I hope Mr. Kimball will review this point.

The telegraph monopoly is attracting a great deal of attention now, and the clamor for government monopoly is growing loud and strong just now that congress is in session. It is the prevailing fashion to appeal to the government for protection against monopoly. It is the lamb crying to the wolf for succor. But the evils of telegraph monopoly will not be removed by the government assuming control and monopolizing the telegraph business. A friend of mine, Mr. W. G. Brownlee of Detroit, who is in the business of furnishing telegraph supplies, says that the principal reason why the Western Union telegraph company has so long enjoyed a practical monopoly of the telegraph business is that it requires an enormous capital to build a system that will cover enough territory to compete successfully with it. He says that the cheapest and better way to abolish the present monopoly without government ownership and get the benefit of competition and lower rates for telegraphing is to reduce the cost of building and maintaining telegraph lines, and that can only be done by removing the tariff on the materials that go into the construction of telegraph lines. The tariff on copper wire is forty-five per cent., and increases the cost of construction twelve or fifteen dollars per mile for each wire. Iron wire has a tariff of two to two and one half cents per pound, which makes a tax of about seven dollars per mile on each wire. The tariff on sulphate of copper, of which a large amount is used in the batteries, is three cents per pound; on zinc it is forty-six and one half to seventy-one per cent.; insulators, forty per cent., and every other article used by a telegraph company is increased in price by the tariff. Add to these figures the further monopoly price in the ownership of the mines, the interest on watered railroad stock, the *tamara* poles, and all those things that are increased in price by virtue of the law, and we get the true reason why the telegraph business can be monopolized.

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Vol. V.—No. 13.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1888.

Whole No. 117.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty,
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Proudhon's profound and brilliant article on the nature, object, and destiny of the State, begun in this issue, will be concluded in the next. After that I shall have some interesting announcements to make regarding forthcoming serials.

It is very commonly urged in opposition to the no-government doctrine as taught in this paper that it contradicts itself by maintaining the right to use force in self-defence. Defence, it is claimed, is as truly government as offence. Do those who make this claim realize the position they take? It is nothing less than this: There is no difference between governing and refusing to be governed. Put that in your pipes and smoke it, critics mine.

The next meeting of the Anarchists' Club will be addressed by C. S. Griffin on the subject of "Law, Communism, and Anarchy." Mr. Griffin is a Communist, and is not put forward by the Club as an exponent of its principles. But it is glad to hear what he has to say. No doubt the discussion to follow his address will be of an interesting character. The meeting will be held on Sunday, January 29, at half past two o'clock. At what hall may be ascertained from the Sunday Notice columns of the "Herald" and "Globe" of Saturday and Sunday.

If the Anarchistic Communists contemplated any such voluntary arrangement as Comrade Labadie supposes in another column, there would indeed, as he claims, be no confusion in thought, no conflict between them and the Anarchists. But they do not; that is just the trouble. If you drive them with logic, they will fall back upon authority; if you let them alone, they will talk liberty one minute and authority the next. I perfectly agree with John F. Kelly's statement in the "Alarm" "that universal Communism (and all the preachers of Communism mean it to be universal) is impossible without the most rigid, despotic control."

Rev. R. I. Holaind, a learned Jesuit father and professor of ethics in Maryland College, has written a book entitled "Ownership and Natural Right," in the preface of which he says: "Ownership of every description has been assailed by Pierre Proudhon with a sort of blasphemous fierceness which has compelled both Christians and scientists to turn away in disgust." Either through ignorance or malice, Rev. R. I. Holaind, the learned Jesuit father and professor of ethics in Maryland College, lies. Every one familiar with the writings of Pierre Proudhon knows that he did not assail ownership of every description, but, on the contrary, defended ownership of a certain description with a force and vigor never equalled.

Some honorable judge was reported in the newspapers the other day to have announced that "no Anarchist, Socialist, or other enemy of the government," need apply to him for naturalization papers. He would refuse them all. The poor Socialists are punished for too much devotion to government just as severely as the Anarchist is for his deadly hatred of all government. Yet I fancy that, were some foreigners to be tried by this learned judge, he would pompously lecture to him on the necessity of getting

acquainted with the "spirit of American institutions." By the way, are not the men connected with the big dailies now advocating government control of the telegraph (which idea is indisputably Communistic) in danger of being disfranchised?

Dr. Gifford, a Boston clergyman, recently announced his conversion to George's Anti-Poverty cause, but took pains to explain that he only believes in the "brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God" principle of their propaganda, and is not given over to the land-value tax plan of salvation. The tax idea is George's only contribution to the Anti-Poverty cause, which is as old as history, and for a minister of Christ to be "converted" to the principle of the fatherhood of God, etc., of George is to repeat the experience of the sailor who, brought before a judge on a charge of soundly thrashing a Jew, pleaded his desire to avenge the blood of his Saviour whom the Jews crucified, and, when asked why he sought to recall events eighteen centuries old, replied in astonishment that he had heard of the crime "only the night before."

Independent Women.

[Letter to Gramont, a writer for L'Intransigeant. — Translated from that journal for Liberty by F. R. C.]

Sir:

You have often stood up against the cruel situation of women, in actual society, when they find themselves without resource, left to themselves. Since it is not possible for them to earn their livelihood by laboring, they find themselves placed, you say, in this mournful alternative,—to become prostitutes or die of hunger. I repeat your words in all their crudeness. You added that a woman ought to be free to dispose of her person as she sees fit. But that she cannot escape the obligation of making a trade of her favors,—this is what seems revolting and odious to you.

I agree with you. I wish only to add to what you have already said some thoughts which have come to me on this subject.

It will surely be necessary to procure for women the means of taking care of themselves, if they please,—of earning their own living. But do you not think that at the same time certain old ideas of conduct which have been imposed upon women should be given up, and, by the adoption of larger conceptions, an independent life be made easier for them?

Already a tendency to modify the condition of women has been manifested. We are in a period of transition, of compromise, when old systems are disappearing, when the new are not yet firmly established, but are beginning to appear in the world. Formerly woman was considered only able to live with and by man, under his direction, under his tutelage. Accordingly she had given her—I speak of the rich and educated classes—only a superficial elementary instruction. It is no longer the same today. A few efforts to emancipate woman, or at least to give her the possibility of emancipating herself, are being made. An attempt is being made to give her a more extended education, approaching in a degree that which is given to man; careers are being opened to her which formerly were shut against her. Great effort is being made, in a word, to make women able to take care of themselves and to walk through life unencumbered.

But to walk unencumbered the first condition is to be unhindered by restraints of any kind. Then it will be logical to disencumber women, liberated and made independent by their studies and profession, of the restraints of old prejudices, however respectable they may be; I mean not to refer them *a priori* to the same moral obligations as the women who marry, to whom marriage was the only career. One should not treat with the same severity, or judge after the same way, the woman to whom instruction has given personal resources, and the woman who is only destined for the making of a home, for a companion for a man.

In other words, if there is a desire to form women who will

be able to dispense with the aid of man, in order to provide for their own needs, and to permit them to live as bachelors live, this permission should be complete and thorough, and should grant them the same indulgence as is shown the other sex.

This indulgence has long been witnessed in the cases of exceptional women who have deliberately put themselves outside the pale of society, in order to enter upon an artistic career,—those who were authors and actresses. Our eyes are shut to the caprices of their behavior and to the eccentricity of their morals.

In my opinion the same latitude should be given to women exercising professions hitherto reserved to men. If, not married, they have passions, caprices, this ought not to injure them in their careers and should arouse no prejudice against them, any more than the passions and the gallantries of their colleagues of the male sex diminish the esteem in which they are held.

Indeed, if you wish women to be independent, give them perfect liberty, and when they feel the desire to satisfy their natural inclinations, do not restrain them under the pain of social forfeiture, or make them submit to the bondage from which you have delivered them. If, of their own free will, they submit themselves to it, all well and good; nothing can be better or more laudable; but they should not be compelled to it. Which amounts to saying that, to produce its full result, any change in social organization must be accompanied by a change of morals and ideas.

Such are, sir, the remarks which have been suggested to me by the new condition which we hope to make for women, the new kind of life which we hope to offer them.

Excuse, I pray, the length of this letter, and believe me yours, etc.,

HENRIETTE.

Self and Its Gratification.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The subtle distinction between care for self and acting out the self is not a rational one to my mind. In this light Tak Kak may revise his argument. What is a benefit to self? Evidently the gratification of a desire of self. To guard against injury to others is to guard against pain—otherwise injury—to self. Generous impulses are selfish desires, and intelligence considering probabilities directs the acts which follow from such desires in the line of greatest pleasure to self. Tak Kak's object in informing me is to gratify himself; in his method he acts out himself. To say that a man need only know that it is not unsafe to follow his natural bent of generosity in order to guard against ruining himself by generosity is absurd, unless it is understood that his natural or acquired self-wisdom will be his safeguard. To reflect before acting does not imply that the act will be the result of a consciously-entertained prospect of benefit to self to the harm of others. Retaliation is a sentiment of justice, and the desire to retaliate rises as suddenly as a generous impulse. An intelligent man will act upon neither without reflection.

The explanation of the editor of Liberty requires a stretch of the imagination that would make a stony-hearted old miser appear an Angel of Charity.

But where is Mr. Lloyd?

GEO. B. PRESCOTT, JR.

NEWARK, N. J., JANUARY 8, 1888.

No Irish Anarchists, Says the "Pilot."

To the Editor of Liberty:

Enclosed find twenty-four dollars, principally from members of the Peter O'Neil Crowley branch of the Irish National Emergency Association, for purposes as specified:

	Liberty	Proudhon Library	Spooner Publication Fund	Club Dues
Joseph Keys	\$1.00	\$3.00		
J. R. Armstrong	1.00	3.00		
Dinia O'Reilly		3.00		
Dr. P. A. Gavin			\$1.00	
Joseph Lanny		3.00		
P. K. O'Lally	2.00	3.00		\$3.00
P. O'Neil Club			1.00	
Total	\$4.00	\$15.00	\$2.00	\$3.00

P. K. O'LALLY.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 21, 1887.

THE STATE:

Its Nature, Object, and Destiny.

By P. J. PROUDHON.

Translated from *La Voix du Peuple* of December 3, 1849, by Benj. R. Tucker.

The Revolution of February raised two leading questions: one economic, the question of labor and property; the other political, the question of government or the State.

On the first of these questions the socialistic democracy is substantially in accord. They admit that it is not a question of the seizure and division of property, or even of its repurchase; neither is it a question of dishonorably levying additional taxes on the wealthy and property-holding classes, which, while violating the principle of property recognized in the constitution, would serve only to overturn the general economy and aggravate the situation of the proletariat. The economic reform consists, on the one hand, in opening usurious credit to competition and thereby causing capital to lose its income, — in other words, in identifying, in every citizen to the same degree, the capacity of the laborer and that of the capitalist; on the other hand, in abolishing the whole system of existing taxes, which fall only on the laborer and the poor man, and replacing them all by a single tax on capital, as an insurance premium.

By these two great reforms social economy is reconstructed from top to bottom, commercial and industrial relations are inverted, and the profits, now assured to the capitalist, return to the laborer. Competition, now anarchical and subversive, becomes emulative and fruitful; markets no longer being wanting, the working-man and employer, intimately connected, have nothing more to fear from stagnation or suspension. A new order is established upon the old institutions abolished or regenerated.

On this point the revolutionary course is laid out; the meaning of the movement is known. Whatever modification may appear in practice, the reform will be effected according to these principles and on these bases; the Revolution has no other issue. The economic problem, then, may be considered solved.

It is far from being the same with the political problem, — that is, with the disposal to be made, in the future, of government and the State. On this point the question is not even stated; it has not been recognized by the public conscience and the intelligence of the masses. The economic Revolution being accomplished, as we have just seen, can government, the State, continue to exist? Ought it to continue to exist? This no one, either in democracy or out of it, dares to call in question; and yet it is the problem which, if we would escape new catastrophes, must next be solved.

We affirm, then, and as yet we are alone in affirming, that with the economic Revolution, no longer in dispute, the State must entirely disappear; that this disappearance of the State is the necessary consequence of the organization of credit and the reform of taxation; that, as an effect of this double innovation, government becomes first useless and then impossible; that in this respect it is in the same category with feudal property, lending at interest, absolute and constitutional monarchy, judicial institutions, etc., all of which have served in the education of liberty, but which fall and vanish when liberty has arrived at its fulness. Others, on the contrary, in the front ranks of whom we distinguish Louis Blanc and Pierre Leroux, maintain that, after the economic revolution, it is necessary to continue the State, but in an organized form; furnishing, however, as yet no principle or plan for its organization. For them the political question, instead of being annihilated by identification with the economic question, always subsists; they favor an extension of the prerogatives of the State, of power, of authority, of government. They change names only; for example, instead of *master-State* they say *servant-State*, as if a change of words sufficed to transform things! Above this system of government, about which nothing is known, hovers a system of religion whose dogma is equally unknown, whose ritual is unknown, whose object, on earth and in heaven, is unknown.

This, then, is the question which at present divides the socialistic democracy, now in accord, or nearly so, on other matters: Must the State continue to exist after the question of labor and capital shall be practically solved? In other words, shall we always have, as we have had hitherto, a political constitution apart from the social constitution?

We reply in the negative. We maintain that, capital and labor once identified, society exists by itself, and has no further need of government. We are, therefore, as we have more than once announced, *anarchists*. *Anarchy* is the condition of existence of adult society, as *hierarchy* is the condition of primitive society. There is a continual progress in human society from hierarchy to anarchy.

Louis Blanc and Pierre Leroux affirm the contrary. In addition to their capacity of *socialists* they retain that of *politicians*; they are men of government and authority, — statesmen.

To settle the difference, we have, then, to consider the State, no longer from the point of view of the old society, which naturally and necessarily produced it, and which approaches its end, but from the point of view of the new society, which is, or must be, the result of the two fundamental and correlative reforms of credit and taxation.

Now, if we prove that, from this last point of view, the State, considered in its nature, rests on a thoroughly false hypothesis; that, in the second place, considered in its object, the State finds no excuse for its existence save in a second hypothesis, equally false; that, finally, considered in the reasons for its continuance, the State again can appeal only to an hypothesis, as false as the two others, — these three points cleared up, the question will be settled; the State will be regarded as a superfluous, and consequently harmful and impossible, thing; government will be a contradiction.

Let us proceed at once with the analysis: —

I. Of the nature of the State.

"What is the State?" asks Louis Blanc.

And he replies: —

"The State, under monarchical rule, is the power of one man, the tyranny of a single individual.

"The State, under oligarchical rule, is the power of a small number of men, the tyranny of a few.

"The State, under aristocratic rule, is the power of a class, the tyranny of many.

"The State, under anarchical rule, is the power of the first comer who happens to be the most intelligent and the strongest; it is the tyranny of chaos.

"The State, under democratic rule, is the power of all the people, served by their elect; it is the reign of liberty."

Of the twenty-five or thirty thousand readers of Louis Blanc, perhaps there are not ten to whom this definition of the State did not seem conclusive, and who do not repeat, after the master: The State is the power of one, of a few, of many, of all, or of the first comer, according as the word State is prefaced by one of these

adjectives, — *monarchical*, *oligarchical*, *aristocratic*, *democratic*, or *anarchical*. The delegates of the Luxembourg — who think themselves robbed, as it seems, when any one allows himself to hold an opinion different from theirs on the meaning and tendencies of the Revolution of February — in a letter which has been made public, have done me the honor to inform me that they regard Louis Blanc's answer as quite triumphant, and that I can say nothing in reply. It would seem that none of the citizen-delegates ever have studied Greek. Otherwise, they would have seen that their master and friend, Louis Blanc, instead of defining the State, has only translated into French the Greek words *monos*, one; *oligo*, a few; *aristoi*, the great; *demos*, the people; and the privative *a*, which means no. It is by the use of these qualifying terms that Aristotle has distinguished the various forms of the State, which is designated by the word *archê*, authority, government, State. We ask pardon of our readers, but it is not our fault if the political science of the president of the Luxembourg does not go beyond etymology.

And mark the artifice! Louis Blanc, in his translation, only had to use the word *tyranny* four times, *tyranny of one*, *tyranny of many*, etc., and to avoid it once, *power of the people, served by their elect*, to immediately win applause. Every State save the democratic, according to Louis Blanc, is *tyranny*. Anarchy especially receives a peculiar treatment; it is the power of the first comer who happens to be the most intelligent and the strongest; it is the *tyranny of chaos*. What a monster must be this first comer, who, first comer that he is, nevertheless happens to be the most intelligent and the strongest, and who exercises his *tyranny in chaos*! After that who could prefer *anarchy* to this charming government of all the people, served so well, as we know, by their elect? How overwhelming it is, to be sure! at the first blow we find ourselves flat on the ground. O rhetorician! thank God for having created for your express benefit, in the nineteenth century, such stupidity as that of your so-called delegates of the working classes; otherwise you would have perished under a storm of hisses the first time you touched a pen.

What is the State? This question must be answered. The list of the various forms of the State, which Louis Blanc, after Aristotle, has prepared, has taught us nothing. As for Pierre Leroux, it is not worth while to interrogate him; he would tell us that the question is inconsiderate; that the State always has existed; that it always will exist, — the final reason of conservatives and old women.

The State is the EXTERNAL constitution of the social power.

By this external constitution of its power and sovereignty, the people does not govern itself; now one individual, now several, by a title either elective or hereditary, are charged with governing it, with managing its affairs, with negotiating and compromising in its name; in a word, with performing all the acts of a father of a family, a guardian, a manager, or a proxy, furnished with a general, absolute, and irrevocable power of attorney.

This external constitution of the collective power, to which the Greeks gave the name *archê*, sovereignty, authority, government, rests then on this hypothesis: that a people, that the collective being which we call society, cannot govern itself, think, act, express itself, unaided, like beings endowed with individual personality; that, to do these things, it must be represented by one or more individuals, who, by any title whatever, are regarded as custodians of the will of the people, and its agents. According to this hypothesis, it is impossible for the collective power, which belongs essentially to the mass, to express itself and act directly, without the mediation of organs expressly established and, so to speak, posted *ad hoc*. It seems, we say, — and this is the explanation of the constitution of the State in all its varieties and forms, — that the collective being, society, existing only in the mind, cannot make itself felt save through monarchical incarnation, aristocratic usurpation, or democratic mandate; consequently, that all special and personal manifestation is forbidden it.

Now, it is precisely this conception of the collective being, of its life, its action, its unity, its individuality, its personality, — for society is a person, understand! just as entire humanity is a person, — it is this conception of the collective human being that we deny today; and it is for that reason that we deny the State also, that we deny government, that we exclude from society, when economically revolutionized, every constitution of the popular power, either without or within the mass, by hereditary royalty, feudal institution, or democratic delegation.

We affirm, on the contrary, that the people, that society, that the mass, can and ought to govern itself by itself; to think, act, rise, and halt, like a man; to manifest itself, in fine, in its physical, intellectual, and moral individuality, without the aid of all these spokesmen, who formerly were despots, who now are aristocrats, who from time to time have been pretended delegates, fawners on or servants of the crowd, and whom we call plainly and simply popular agitators, *demagogues*.

In short:

We deny government and the State, because we affirm that which the founders of States have never believed in, the personality and autonomy of the masses.

We affirm further that every constitution of the State has no other object than to lead society to this condition of autonomy; that the different forms of the State, from absolute monarchy to representative *democracy*, are all only middle terms, illogical and unstable positions, serving one after another as transitions or steps to liberty, and forming the rounds of the political ladder upon which societies mount to self-consciousness and self-possession.

We affirm, finally, that this *anarchy*, which expresses, as we now see, the highest degree of liberty and order at which humanity can arrive, is the true formula of the Republic, the goal towards which the Revolution of February urges us; so that between the Republic and government, between universal suffrage and the State, there is a contradiction.

These systematic affirmations we establish in two ways: first, by the historical and negative method, demonstrating that no establishment of authority, no organization of the collective force from without, is henceforth possible for us. This demonstration we commenced in the "Confessions of a Revolutionist," in reciting the fall of all the governments which have succeeded one another in France for sixty years, discovering the cause of their abolition, and in the last place signaling the exhaustion and death of authority in the corrupted reign of Louis Philippe, in the inert dictatorship of the provisional government, and in the insignificant presidency of General Cavaignac and Louis Bonaparte.

We prove our thesis, in the second place, by explaining how, through the economic reform, through industrial solidarity and the organization of universal suffrage, the people passes from spontaneity to reflection and consciousness; acts, no longer from impulse and enthusiasm, but with design; maintains itself without masters and servants, without delegates as without aristocrats, absolutely as would an individual. Thus, the conception of person, the idea of the *me*, becomes extended and generalized; as there is an individual person or *me*, so there is a collective person or *me*; in the one case as in the other will, action, soul, spirit, life, unknown in their principle, inconceivable in their essence, result from the animating and vital fact of organization. The psychology of nations and of humanity, like the psychology of man, becomes a possible science. It was this demonstration that we referred to in our publications on circulation and credit as well as in the fourteenth chapter of the manifesto of "La Voix du Peuple" relative to the constitution.

So, when Louis Blanc and Pierre Leroux assume the position of defenders of the

State,—that is, of an *external* constitution of the public power,—they only reproduce, in a varied form peculiar to themselves which they have not yet made known, that old fiction of representative government, whose integral formula, whose completest expression, is still the constitutional monarchy. Did we, then, accomplish the Revolution of February in order to attain this retrogressive contradiction?

It seems to us—what do you say, readers?—that the question begins to exhibit itself in a somewhat clearer light; that the weak-minded, after what we have just said, will be able to form an idea of the State; that they will understand how republicans can inquire if it is indispensable, after an economic revolution which changes all social relations, to maintain, to please the vanity of pretended statesmen, and at a cost of two thousand millions per annum, this parasitic organ called government. And the honorable delegates of the Luxembourg, who, being seated in the arm-chairs of the peerage, therefore think themselves politicians, and claim so courageously an exclusive understanding of the Revolution, doubtless will fear no longer that we, in our capacity of the *most intelligent* and the *strongest*, after having abolished government, as useless and too costly, may establish the tyranny of chaos. We deny the State and the government; we affirm in the same breath the autonomy of the people and its majority. How can we be upholders of tyranny, aspirants for the ministry, competitors of Louis Blanc and Pierre Leroux?

In truth, we do not understand the logic of our adversaries. They accept a principle without troubling themselves about its consequences; they approve, for example, the equality of taxation which the tax on capital realizes; they adopt popular, mutual, and gratuitous credit, for all these terms are synonymous; they cheer at the dethronement of capital and the emancipation of labor; then, when it remains to draw the anti-governmental conclusions from these premises, they protest, they continue to talk of politics and government, without inquiring whether government is compatible with industrial liberty and equality; whether there is a possibility of a political science, when there is a necessity for an economic science! Property they attack without scruple, in spite of its venerable antiquity; but they bow before power like church-wardens before the holy sacrament. Government is to them the necessary and immutable *a priori*, the principle of principles, the eternal *archeus*.

Certainly, we do not offer our affirmations as proofs; we know, as well as any one, on what conditions a proposition is demonstrated. We only say that, before proceeding to a new constitution of the State, we must inquire whether, in view of the economic reforms which the Revolution imposes upon us, the State itself should not be abolished; whether this end of political institutions does not result from the meaning and bearing of economic reform. We ask whether, in fact, after the explosion of February, after the establishment of universal suffrage, the declaration of the omnipotence of the masses, and the henceforth inevitable subordination of power to the popular will, any government whatever is still possible; whether a government would not be placed perpetually in the alternative either of submissively following the blind and contradictory injunctions of the multitude, or of intentionally deceiving it, as the provisional government has done, as demagogues in all ages have done. We ask, at least, which of the various attributes of the State should be retained and strengthened, which abolished. For, should we find, as may still be expected, that, of all the present attributes of the State, not one can survive the economic reform, it would be quite necessary to admit, on the strength of this negative demonstration, that, in the new condition of society, the State is nothing, can be nothing; in short, that the only way to organize democratic government is to abolish government.

Instead of this positive, practical, realistic analysis of the revolutionary movement, what course do our pretended apostles take? They go to consult Lycurgus, Plato, Orpheus, and all the mythological oracles; they interrogate the ancient legends; they appeal to remotest antiquity for the solution of problems exclusively modern, and then give us for answer the whimsical illuminations of their brain.

Once more: is this the science of society and of the Revolution which must, at first sight, solve all problems; a science essentially practical and immediately applicable; a science eminently traditional doubtless, but above all thoroughly progressive, in which progress takes place through the systematic negation of tradition itself?

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 116.

"Probably," said one of the officers, "because she has become bewildered while wandering in the fields, sleeping in the woods, and not eating at all."

The young woman, pampered and coddled, accustomed to a full table, to idle mornings, could not endure this vagabond's existence.

And through pity, on this hypothesis that she was a compatriot and not one of those demons of Irish patriotism, with the end of his sword the officer covered her again with her dress and suggested laying her on the embers which were still warm.

Zounds! they could not burden themselves with this baggage, carry the girl on their backs to the next houses, or stop to give attention to her; with the warmth, she would recover consciousness, if she still lived.

"She breathes," affirmed the sergeant, who had already pleaded the nationality of the unknown, and who, kneeling close to her, bent over the lips of the fainting woman.

"Execute my orders!" repeated the officer.

The sergeant, before obeying, placed his mouth on that of the young woman, long and passionately, and lifted her by the shoulders, while the soldier who had lifted the skirts just before now carried her by the legs; and when she was deposited on the embers, the column, at last, at the sound of the trumpet, took up the line of march.

For a long time the steps resounded on the frozen crust of the road; it was only when they could be heard no longer except as a sound dying in the distance that the poor woman raised herself on her elbow.

Up to this time, though apparently herself again and warm, the blood circulating in her veins, she had continued to simulate death, half-opening imperceptibly her eyes and closing them immediately.

Now, inspecting the road in every direction and the country on the right and the left, listening to the noises brought by the wind or reverberated by the soil, she lifted herself at first on her knees, still examining the far-off solitude, scrutinizing the least cluster of stunted trees, waiting to see if from some bend in the earth no one emerged, and, reassured on this subject, she lifted herself at last to her feet, not without difficulty.

Evidently extremely weak and with members yet stiff from the coldness of the night, she tottered, and was obliged, to save herself from falling, to sit down quickly on the ground, seized with rage and anguish at the same time.

"But no!" she protested against this weakness, "I must conquer. To die here, after having escaped so many massacres, passed through all perils, triumphed over all investigations, diverted curiosities, suspicions,—that would be really too foolish."

Shaking off the torpor which, in spite of everything, was regaining possession of her and enervating her completely, she leaped, forcing herself, by a powerful effort of the will, upon her smarting feet, which seemed to give way under the weight of her body, light as it was, diminished through fasting.

And, conquering her unheard-of, incessant suffering, she took a hundred steps, which she accelerated, and then suddenly stopped. She went along the road, in the direction opposite to that followed by the troops, and she turned at intervals, deceived by the sound of her steps, to assure herself that she was not pursued. But she asked herself aloud where she was going in such haste, in this vague hope of she knew not what, like an animal escaped from the knife of the butcher.

Just then, yonder, emerging from the horizon, a black mass began to take shape, leaving behind a space of road which increased little by little in depth; then this mass advanced, and, from time to time, a sudden gleam shining below it, there was cause to think it another body of troops escorting prisoners; immediately the woman turned suddenly to one side into a field, where she at once crouched down for fear that they should distinguish her in her trembling flight, and until the band had defiled at the heels of the other company, the unhappy woman remained in her crouching posture, moved, nevertheless, by a violent wrath mingled with contempt for herself and interrupted with crises of real despair.

"Ah!" she sighed at last, when there was no longer a risk of the departed soldiers hearing or seeing her, "it would have been better to have surrendered myself, to have told my name; if I had brazened it out, I should, perhaps, have saved my life, and they would not refuse me a little nourishment, warmer clothes, and a refuge!"

A late comer, a straggler, appeared, hurrying to rejoin the column.

She wanted to hail him; she even moved her arms, but the words died on her compressed lips and it was in very low tones that she said:

"Help! I am the Duchess of Newington!"

"Duchess!"

She repeated aloud this title which sounded like a sarcasm, and looked with a bitter and disgusted smile upon her strange garb, assumed at the top of the castle after having lighted the fire, and expressly chosen in this state of raggedness to better deceive the Irish with whom she would have to mingle. She contemplated her blackened fingers, encrusted with filth, and her broken nails, those nails once so long and pink now bordered with a repulsive line of black.

Her hands, bleeding in spots through her thin skin, cracked by the cold, had been skinned by the pebbles when she had dragged herself along the ground to keep out of people's sight; she had covered them with mud in digging up the earth, in her furious hunger to reach a forgotten root which she feasted on voraciously, with the gluttony of the poor whom, formerly, they served with soup in porringers at the castle gate.

The proud, the resplendent, the triumphant Duchess, in her rags, whom the breaking of the branch of a tree by the north wind made start with fright, who searched the furrows like a famished beast, who picked up from under the soldiers' feet a scrap of dirty bread, and who, to eat until satisfied, to sleep quietly under a roof, felt herself ready for any meanness, any compliance, any submission!

Ah, yes! if a passer-by, a soldier, had wished her in exchange for something to appease her intense hunger, she would have abandoned herself without a rebuff. The bit of dirty bread, devoured during the night, had rather re-awakened her drowsy stomach, and its demands now tortured her, rending that organ, pulling and pinching it, with atrocious burning sensations.

But the local suffering which was so acute was not to be reckoned by the side of the general suffering which extended from the head tormented with headache, from the temples which seemed as if bored with gimlets, to the lower extremities, the bones of which seemed broken in a thousand pieces by drubbings, by a fall from immeasurable heights,—the sensation which those experience who are tortured on the wheel.

It was almost a fortnight since she had fled from the castle, since she had roamed about like a criminal, equally in fear of falling into the hands of the Irish, who would not spare her, remembering her misdeeds as the despotic Duchess, and into the power of the English, who would inflict upon her the punishment due to the murderess of Sir Newington; and during this time Lady Ellen could not remember having found, more than two or three times, enough to eat, stuffing herself with sour berries, or cramming herself with raw potatoes which she found now and then in the fields.

The rest of the time she had passed her days with an empty stomach, searching for impossible food, limited to chewing herbs respected by the frost, and here and there the bodies of birds or little animals killed by the cold.

Then these twenty-four hours followed each other like centuries, during which, crouched anywhere at the appearance of a danger, not a grain had passed her teeth.

And from one of these famishing retreats, one day, she had suffered the torture of Tantalus, perceiving a squad which suddenly stopped, in consequence of an accident to a horse which fell on the road.

Vainly trying to lift the beast, who had broken a leg, they had finished by killing him and detaching the four quarters, which they cooked at the next halting place; and, at the heels of the departed soldiers, the miserable woman was preparing to rush on the deserted carcass, when a second squad unexpectedly arrived and took its share of the food, a disappointment which was repeated four times, the different portions of the marching body always arriving at the moment when Lady Ellen believed herself at last admitted to this unhopèd-for feast.

It was not permitted her to participate till after interminable hours, in the night; and then she greedily sucked the blood and gnawed the rags of mangled flesh remaining on the skeleton.

Now the memory of the red and tender meat made her dry mouth water, and the cold congealed the drops into pieces of ice which pricked the lips.

And in a frenzy of need, she pleaded aloud, with abrupt words, begging with tears, in cries to the whistling wind, for immediate relief.

"I am hungry! I can bear no more; have pity on me!"

And, deserting the fields, she strode over the ditch, lying in ambush by the roadside, waiting, hoping, wishing some one to pass of whom she could beg the favor of something to eat, ready to offer herself in case they should not show pity.

The sentiments of modesty and reserve existed no longer in her, and at intervals, even nothing human; the necessity of satisfying herself possessed her and led her; and the instincts of flesh-eaters revealed themselves in her blood, inflating her nostrils at the idea of some wounded man dying somewhere near, whose remains would satisfy her at last.

Forthwith a reaction was effected in her mind which revealed the hideousness of her conceptions, of her hopes, and she became alarmed at having arrived at this degree of perversion of the senses.

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To be continued.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies
Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY 28, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Anarchy in German.

Early in the spring, probably in March, there will be issued from this office the first number of a fortnightly Anarchistic journal, to be called Liberty, but to be printed entirely in the German language. Though the new paper will be under the same general management that controls the English Liberty, its active editors will be George Schumm and Emma Schumm, who are coming to Boston from Minnesota to undertake the work. The paper will be of the same shape and size as the English Liberty, and the two will alternate in the order of publication, — the English appearing one week and the German the next. The subscription price will be one dollar a year. Send in your subscriptions at once to Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 3366, Boston, Mass.

Liberty's Light for the Old World.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I observe in a late Liberty that you are to publish a similar paper in the German language, and I hope for success. I would suggest that a club of liberal-minded persons from all the States be formed with the object of sending quite a number of this new paper to such names of liberal people in Germany as are too poor to subscribe to the paper.

As the German government would not openly allow so liberal a paper as yours, it would be necessary to send the same under letter postage, which would entail some extra expense; but there ought to be found enough true men and women in this country sufficiently acquainted with the difference between any government in general, that of Germany in particular, and Anarchistic principles, and who would, or rather ought to, be willing to subscribe for this object? Would it not do for you to open a subscription column in your paper for this object? In order to start, I enclose you post-office order for five dollars; if the scheme is found impracticable, then use the money as you think best.

Very faithfully, JENS MOELLER.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, JANUARY 18, 1888.

This is an excellent idea. Of course, as Mr. Moeller intimates, it will cost a good deal to send copies to Germany, but in a country where the greatest pains are taken to suppress such papers as Liberty they are valued proportionally. Letter postage to Germany on a single copy of Liberty properly sealed is ten cents. To send a hundred copies would cost, for postage, \$10; for envelopes of the necessary size and thickness, 40 cents; and for the papers themselves (furnished for this purpose at less than cost of paper and presswork), \$1, — a total of \$11.40. At this rate, then, — \$11.40 per hundred, — sample copies of the German Liberty will be sent to all addresses that may be furnished me of persons living in Germany, Switzerland, or any other country belonging to the Postal Union, and I hope that there will be a response to the call for funds for the purpose as generous as the contribution with which Mr. Moeller inaugurates it. No sum is too small to be acceptable. And let those who cannot

give anything furnish all the German addresses they can, whether in foreign countries or the United States. This appeal is addressed especially to those who know what Liberty has been in the past and feel confident as to what both it and its German ally will be in the future. It is scarcely necessary to state that no one is expected to part with his money in aid of a project the importance of which he does not sufficiently appreciate. All such will prefer, perhaps, to await the appearance of the first number. The object in beginning thus early is to circulate at the start as many sample copies as possible.

A Noble Design in Danger of Wreck.

The editor of Liberty has been asked to connect himself with a society recently formed in Boston for the purpose of erecting a Wendell Phillips Memorial Hall with the double view of honoring the memory of one whom nearly all progressive men revere and of furnishing a building in which all reformatory organizations may be sure of securing, on reasonable terms, halls and headquarters suitable to their respective purposes. In either aspect a most commendable design, in the furtherance of which the editor of Liberty will feel honored by the privilege of taking part, if he can only be assured that it will never be defeated or thwarted or diverted in such a way as to make it less a memorial than a mockery of the noble name it is to bear.

Such a building is sadly needed in Boston. All the large halls are in the hands of the conservatives, who will not let them for extremely radical meetings, to say nothing of the fact that radical purses are not long enough to pay the enormous sums at which they rent. Even Faneuil Hall, the Cradle of Liberty, is now so hedged about with fees and restrictions and enmeshed in red tape, and is often so reluctantly granted to the "dangerous classes" by the City Grandmothers after tedious hearings and discussions, — a condition of things likely to be worse before it is better, — that it is fast becoming apparent that the puling infant who has been rocked in it for so many years has developed into a lusty-limbed boy (or girl, if you will) who wants no more rocking, no more maternal or grandmaternal care, is conscious that he is too big for his cradle, and has fully made up his mind that, if any more slats are put in it, he will at once launch out upon a useful career of manhood. Paine Memorial Building does not contain a sufficient number or variety of small halls, it is not central, and its owners demand exorbitant rents. There is but one building in the city that approaches the required conditions, and the owner of that, free from the influence of competition, cares for it in such a slovenly and slipshod fashion that his tenants are constantly growing more restive under his negligence.

It is plain, then, that a new building should be erected, as soon as time and money will permit. But it takes six figures to represent the estimated cost, and no such sum should be invested without an approximate certainty of the return contemplated, — that is, a structure in which opinion may find opportunity for expression unembarrassed by greedy landlords or authoritarian intolerance. Whether any such security is provided by the articles of incorporation I know not, but the make-up of the administration entrusted with the management of the undertaking is calculated to arouse suspicion in the minds of those who have learned by experience and are still watchful of events. It is as follows: president, Nathaniel E. Chase; directors, Benjamin F. Butler, John Boyle O'Reilly, Mary A. Livermore, Alonzo A. Miner, William H. Dupree, Edwin M. Chamberlin.

It needs but a glance to see that this board was constituted chiefly with a view to having upon it a representative of each of the causes to which Wendell Phillips devoted his life. This is eminently proper; but it is a still more important consideration that Wendell Phillips's unwillingness to subordinate the cause of free speech to any other cause whatsoever should be typified in every member of the administration. Looking over the list, I find the names of Chase and Chamberlin the only ones calculated to inspire any great degree of confidence in this regard.

General Butler was Wendell Phillips's political hero, and many of his instincts are doubtless in the right direction; but there is no reason to doubt that, if he could at any time further a personal ambition by closing the doors of Phillips Hall to an unpopular party, he would not hesitate to do so.

John Boyle O'Reilly represents Phillips's interest in the Irish race and its liberties. He is full of glowing, manly impulses, and his heart responds to every humanitarian call. But he is chief editor, and joint owner with a Catholic archbishop, of the principal Catholic journal of America, and I know from personal experience that the command of the Catholic Church is his supreme law. I am casting no reflection upon his honesty; many a sincere Roman Catholic is willing thus to paraphrase the advice of Polonius to Laertes: "To the Catholic Church be true, thou canst not then be false to any cause"; I am only saying that the interests of freedom are not to be safely entrusted to any man who recognizes a higher law than freedom. In Boyle O'Reilly's case, moreover, I say this in opposition to my personal bias, for he is my friend, and has endeared himself to me by many an act of kindness.

Dr. Miner represents Phillips's interest in temperance. He, too, is a man of many staunch and noble qualities; but, if he would vote to let a hall for use in spreading the doctrine of free trade in alcohol, he is a less fanatical Prohibitionist than I have always supposed him to be.

Mr. Dupree represents Phillips's devotion to the colored race. The objection to him is that he is unknown. He may be as true to liberty as the needle to the star, but, as the people who are to be asked to invest in Phillips Hall do not know whether he is or not, it was unwise to choose him as a director.

Finally, Mary A. Livermore represents Phillips's devotion to woman. If anything could be honestly said in favor of this creature, I should be pleased to temper with it my objection to her as a director of Phillips Hall. I know nothing in her character that deserves anything but contempt. As a type of insincerity I should select no one before her. And as for tolerance, heaven save the mark! John Calvin might as fitly have been appointed to guard the interests of Michael Servetus as Mary A. Livermore to guard the liberty of speech. If she has her way, the Anarchists will fare hard at Phillips Hall. She has repeatedly declared that the Chicago men were rightfully hanged, and I am told that she recently gave utterance in the People's Church to the infamous lie that Spies and his comrades were drunk when they went to the gallows.

Liberty speaks of this enterprise in no unfriendly spirit. It ardently desires its success. It sounds this note of warning only to save it from catastrophe. May it be heeded! If not; if Mary Livermore is to remain one of its managers, — it remains only to add the names of Anthony Comstock and Michael Corri-gan and call the hall after Torquemada instead of Wendell Phillips.

T.

Where Silence Would Have Been Golden.

A Boston labor reformer who believes in Anarchism, in an address meant to be in favor of eight hours before the last Eight-Hour agitation meeting of the local Central Labor Union, very earnestly protested against the indifference of the various schools of reform to the eight-hour movement, which, he claimed, is in the line of advancement and emancipation. "It is not a cure-all, a panacea for all ills, to be sure, but nobody assumes that it would cure small-pox, measles, cholera, rheumatism, etc." Now the speaker is well aware that those who oppose or ignore the eight-hour movement do so, not because it is not a cure-all, but because it is a cure nothing, because it is a quack remedy long ago discarded by people more or less familiar with the scientific side of the labor question as utterly worthless. Unfairness and intentional misstatement would seem to be the only remaining explanation of his fling, and yet he is not supposed to belong to that class of public men (and their name is legion) who would mislead an audience in order to "catch" it, and do things calculated to make them lose credit with their better selves and with others in order to win the applause of

the mob. Moreover, he began his speech by an affirmation that, despite all appearances, honesty is really the best policy and virtue the safest quality, which circumstance still further increases the difficulty of accounting for his strange and sneering remark about the acknowledged impotency of the eight-hour remedy in the matter of small-pox and measles.

V. YARROS.

A Pickwickian Apology.

I said in the last number that I should not again notice the gibes at Liberty with which it has pleased the editor of the "Alarm" to grace his columns. It was impossible to foresee, when making this statement, that Mr. Lum, in the "Alarm" of the same date, would not only substitute compliments for his abuse, but try to make it appear that he had not intended any abuse. This unexpected turn makes it necessary to violate my resolution, or else allow this absurd pretence to pass unchallenged.

In an article headed "To Whom It may Concern" Mr. Lum writes as follows:

I am not so vain as to imagine that I can please all my friends, yet some criticisms move me to greater plainness. One correspondent is pleased with the "Alarm" in every respect save in its "flings at Liberty."

Liberty, edited in Boston by Benjamin R. Tucker, has been a teacher to me. To it I am indebted more than I can express. Its editor is a gentleman whom I not only respect, but honor his moral courage, his self-sacrifice, his undaunted devotion to his principles. On several points we disagree, but upon those questions I do not care nor deem it necessary to enter. If, in my off-hand manner, I have given the impression that I oppose Liberty, I must apologize. Where I differ it will be stated plainly when the occasion arises, but I deem them secondary questions, though upon this, also, we may not agree.

Mr. Lum declares that Liberty has been his teacher. Observe now the "off-hand manner" in which he is wont to refer to his pedagogue. Writing of Lingg in the "Alarm" of December 17, he said:

His earnest and zealous devotion to Anarchy cannot be questioned save by those who arrogantly claim a pedagogical censorship over its exposition.

To be sure, it is not "stated plainly" here to whom the writer refers, but those accustomed to put two and two together will find no difficulty in drawing the intended inference from the following sentence taken from a previous paragraph of the same article:

Theoretical purists of what may be aptly called the Anarchistic Quaker school, not altogether unknown in this country, object that, Anarchy being the description of a social state under a peaceful régime, the use of or reliance upon force is un-Anarchistic.

The sweetness of spirit which Mr. Lum now professes toward Liberty was so heavily veiled by the words "not altogether unknown in this country" that the correspondent who saw in them a "fling at Liberty" was well entitled to the explanation of this "off-hand" remark which Mr. Lum offers him, especially when it is remembered that he read them in the light of such paragraphs as the following:

What are these terrible doctrines, for preaching which these men [the Chicago martyrs] stood condemned as social heretics and such papers as the Denver "Enquirer" and Boston Liberty shrieked in accord?

To quote Parsons against Fischer or Spies against Lingg may be congenial occupation to ghoulish minds, or patentees of plumb-line theories, who would pose as censors of thought or as having a copyright claim on principles for which others are willing to die.

The editor of the "Alarm" would announce that he does not assume to be a teacher of patent methods nor a censor of his friends' plumb-linedness.

But if Mr. Lum's correspondent is now satisfied that all these paragraphs were but the outpourings of a heart overflowing with brotherly love, I fancy that, on recalling the following, he will still entertain a doubt whether Mr. Lum, in now expressing honor for my moral courage and devotion, does not use the words "honor," "courage," and "devotion" in a Pickwickian sense:

While we may admire the devotion and courage of the man who will "oppose abstract authority wherever found," there will still arise in some minds a question whether a higher meed of praise be not due to men who needed no theoretical telescope to find authority, and refused to take shelter behind a figure of speech or wage war with lath swords.

No, no, Mr. Lum, your apology will not do. Nor do I value your compliments. Honest appreciation and intelligent criticism I always welcome heartily; but, when adulation is offered me as an offset for abuse, I find the antidote more sickening than the poison. Your so-called apology simply makes a bad matter worse.

T.

Opera Bouffe in Court.

Every day brings new evidence that "law" is a miserable failure. At one time people believed that the "king can do no wrong"; it now bids fair to soon become a maxim with intelligent minds that the "law can do no good." The crimes which it commits, the blunders of which it is guilty, the indignation which it inspires, and the hostile opposition which it creates, all, without doubt, fatally weaken it and undermine its base. But nothing is so certain to deprive it of influence and terminate its sway as its own stupid folly and asinine behavior. And the law is making itself ridiculous in the eyes of every one who does not utterly lack the sense of humor. Especially in the matter of love and sexual relations does the law furnish inexhaustible material for writers of comic operas to show that not only "the policeman's lot is not a happy one," but that the lot of legislators, judges, juries, lawyers, and all connected with the business of law-making and law-administering is rapidly becoming a very unenviable one.

No one hears without a smile of breach of promise suits, and no one who reads the funny reports of such cases by the newspaper "smart young men" can be seriously impressed with the majesty of the law, the dignity of the presiding judge, or the impartial justice of the jurors. Love abhors vulgarity and rudeness. That sentimental suffering can be made a legal claim for damages and tears of love's disappointments dried away by the sight of glittering cash is something so revolting to the finer sensibilities of humanity that the law recognizing it must be looked upon with disgust and contempt. Generally speaking, young people are naturally inconstant and changing in love relations. Only in highly virtuous and moral novels, "novels with a tendency" in the direction of "purity" and angelic devotion, do the heroes lawfully wed the heroines and pass together a century of uninterrupted bliss and unalloyed happiness in the "golden chains of matrimony." In real life things are a little different, and those who never change their minds (or hearts) should fall under the suspicion of having no minds (or hearts) to change. How, then, conscious of the probability of change, can a young dreamer make love with the prospect of a suit for damages? Who can write love epistles, utter endearing names, describe depth of feeling or pledge future joys, with the mocking thought of the likelihood of having these repeated before a sensation-craving audience, a host of cynical professorial wits, and a coldly-critical world? If marriage is the grave of love, breach of promise suits are, or will be, the cause for the disappearance of the love-making practice. The coarse touch of the law's 'prentice hand breaks the romantic spell and arrests the play of the imagination. That "the course of true love never runs smooth" is largely the fault of the law, which is the sworn enemy of all that is good, grand, beautiful, and makes life worth living.

"Baby" Arbuckle and "Bonnie" Campbell filled the newspapers for several days and entertained the whole English-speaking world with their "ks" and "hs." The case was very simple. An elderly and uninteresting merchant, whose accumulated wealth made it possible for him to take a wife unto himself, proposed marriage to a comparatively young lady, who of charms had an abundance, but of gold an extreme scarcity. She said "yes," and for a time they were happy. "Baby" then began to manifest signs of weariness and a desire "for pastures new," and "Bonnie" proceeded without delay to fortify herself by legal advice. Finally his love went as it came, without his knowing whence or whither. But a breach of promise suit also came. A male jury made him pay forty-five thousand dollars, to which comfortable sum a judge of the same sex added another cool thousand, for his atrocious crime of undergoing a change of heart.

Occasion for surprise there's none. Of course the jury and the judge have but little respect for a woman who asks "Your money or your love" (the money is the essential article in either case); but this sentiment gives way to the chivalrous spirit which a pretty face arouses in every male breast,—especially when somebody else pays the costs. The man did nothing wrong; the woman, if she really suffered any material loss, has nobody but herself to blame for imprudence and being "too previous,"—yet the law punishes the man and puts a premium upon simulation and vulgarity.

Great and good is the law Long may it live!—in opera bouffe and the memory of fun-loving people.

V. YARROS.

More Questions.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I thank you for your courteous treatment of my questions in your issue of December 31, and, as you express a willingness in this direction, I will follow in the same line, and trust you will still think my questions are pertinent and proper.

Do you think property rights can inhere in anything not produced by the labor or aid of man?

You say, "Anarchism being neither more nor less than the principle of equal liberty," etc. Now, if government were so reformed as to confine its operations to the protection of "equal liberty," would you have any quarrel with it? If so, what and why?

Will you please explain what "jury trial in its original form" was? I never knew that it was ever essentially different from what it is now.

S. BLODGETT.

I do not believe in any *inherent* right of property. Property is a social convention, and may assume many forms. Only that form of property can endure, however, which is based on the principle of equal liberty. All other forms must result in misery, crime, and conflict. The Anarchistic form of property has already been defined, in the previous answers to Mr. Blodgett, as "that which secures each in the possession of his own products, or of such products of others as he may have obtained unconditionally without the use of fraud or force, and in the realization of all titles to such products which he may hold by virtue of free contract with others." It will be seen from this definition that Anarchistic property concerns only products. But anything is a product upon which human labor has been expended, whether it be a piece of iron or a piece of land.

If "government" confined itself to the protection of equal liberty, Anarchists would have no quarrel with it; but such protection they do not call government. Criticism of the Anarchistic idea which does not consider Anarchistic definitions is futile. The Anarchist defines government as invasion, nothing more or less. Protection against invasion, then, is the opposite of government. Anarchists, in favoring the abolition of government, favor the abolition of invasion, not of protection against invasion. It may tend to a clearer understanding if I add that all States, to become non-invasive, must abandon first the primary act of invasion upon which all of them rest,—the collection of taxes by force,—and that Anarchists look upon the change in social conditions which will result when economic freedom is allowed as far more efficiently protective against invasion than any machinery of restraint, in the absence of economic freedom, possibly can be.

Jury trial in its original form differed from its present forms both in the manner of selecting the jury and in the powers of the jury selected. It was originally selected by drawing twelve names from a wheel containing the names of the whole body of citizens, instead of by putting a special panel of jurors through a sifting process of examination; and by its original powers it was judge, not of the facts alone, as is generally the case now, but of the law and the justice of the law and the extent and nature of the penalty. More information regarding this matter may be found in Lysander Spooner's pamphlet, "Illegality of the Trial of John W. Webster," advertised on another page.

T.

A Result of Passive Resistance.

[Honesty.]

Owing to the determined passive resistance offered to vaccination in Leicester (Eng.) only one child in every thirteen is now vaccinated in that county. Bravo, Leicester!

Dialogues of the Dead.

[Journal des Economistes.]

MONTESQUIEU AND DIOGENES.

The manuscript of the "Dialogues of the Dead," found among Fontenelle's papers, contained sketches, imperfect to be sure, of some dialogues which the heirs of the illustrious centurion did not see fit to publish. One of our friends, a book-collector, has kindly placed one of these rough draughts at our disposition. It is a conversation between Montesquieu and Diogenes the Cynic upon the principle of governments and especially of popular government. It contains some thrusts which might be applied to recent events, were one maliciously inclined, but it should not be forgotten that the conversation before us took place between shades.

Scene, the Elysian Fields. The shade of Montesquieu has just crossed the Styx. After having paid the obol due to the boatman Charon, it follows a newly-made path and finds itself face to face with the shade of Diogenes, sitting in the shade of a tub and holding in its hands the shade of a bowl.

MONTESQUIEU.

I should have preferred my first meeting to be with Socrates or Plato. Bah! the Cynic!

DIOGENES.

You are much disgusted. The finest geniuses of Athens did not disdain my conversation, and Alexander the Macedonian himself once stopped before my tub. It is true that he could not have written the "Spirit of the Laws."

MONTESQUIEU (*in a relenting tone*).

You have read it?

DIOGENES.

I could not have failed to do so. We read a great deal here. We have nothing else to do. The Elysian Fields are, beyond dispute, an enchanting place of residence, but a little monotonous. Your book has greatly diverted me.

MONTESQUIEU.

Diverted?

DIOGENES.

I did not use the word to offend you. You are a great genius, and your "Persian Letters" have been the delight of Elysium, but, between ourselves, you were too honest a man to understand anything of the principles and maxims of government.

MONTESQUIEU.

Must one, then, be a dishonest man to understand anything of those matters? Pray, why have you written nothing upon politics?

DIOGENES.

You are angry, you are wrong. I meant to pay you a compliment, albeit such is not my habit. But what! when one prides himself on knowing men and the way of the world, he does not write that a government may be based upon virtue. All governments, the republican as well as the monarchical or despotic, are based upon corruption.

MONTESQUIEU.

Truly the remark of a cynic. Virtue, I have said,—and I insist upon it,—is the principle of popular government, as honor is of monarchical and fear that of despotic. I have explained clearly enough how this principle is applied in the mechanism of popular government. "The people," I have said, "should do for themselves all that they can do well, and what they cannot do well should be done by their ministers. Like monarchs and even more than monarchs, they need to be guided by a council or senate."

"But—and here, may it not displease you, O Cynic, is where the virtue of popular government appears—the people are admirably fitted to choose those to whom they must confide some portion of their authority. They are guided in their decisions only by things of which they cannot be ignorant and facts of which their senses are cognizant. They know very well that a man has been engaged in many wars and won such and such victories; therefore they are very capable of electing a general. They know that a judge is faithful, that many people leave his tribunal with a feeling of satisfaction, and that he has not been convicted of corruption; that is enough to enable them to elect a pretor. They have been struck with a citizen's magnificence or wealth; upon such evidence they can choose an edile. All these things are matters of which they learn more in the market-place than a monarch in his palace."

DIOGENES.

This theory of popular government is really refreshing to souls, and I can understand the fine success it has had. I am willing to grant you, too, that popular government can rest only on virtue, but you, in turn, will be good enough to agree with me that it cannot go ahead without corruption.

MONTESQUIEU.

It is easy to see, Diogenes, that you have attended the school of the Sophists. You deal in arguments with false

weights, just as, if report be true, you manufactured false money and were for that reason driven from Sinope, your native country, whence you fled to Athens as a refuge.

DIOGENES.

Though I had manufactured false money, it would take nothing from the weight of my arguments. But would that be such a criminal operation? I conversed yesterday upon this subject with the shade of a Scotchman named Law, who lately descended to the gloomy shores and who had the reputation of being a very shrewd man in financial and monetary matters. He assured me that he had been granted a privilege which authorized him to make money of paper on condition of sharing the profit with the government; he added that several respectable States had begun to issue this money, and that their example could not fail to be imitated on account of the large profits which it yielded; that it was, to tell the truth, liable to lose one half and, when abused, even the whole of its value, but that nevertheless it was found to be of great advantage in paying debts and buying supplies, though the payment of taxes was demanded in good, ringing, full-weight coin, and that this passed in preference to anything else. My false money was of better alloy, for it always contained a little metal. As near as I can remember, I put into it at least one-fourth fine metal with three-fourths alloy, while their paper money is all alloy. Might you not fitly reserve a little of your contempt for these counterfeiting governments?

MONTESQUIEU.

I shall not undertake to excuse them, and I will even admit, Diogenes, that beside them you were a delicate counterfeiter, but I will never grant you that corruption is necessary to a popular State; at most could it be such to a despotic State.

DIOGENES.

You really would have figured with honor in the Clouds, in company with that good Socrates. What do I say? You were born in them, and never descended.

MONTESQUIEU.

Well, I consent to descend, and even never to go back again, if you shall succeed in your undertaking to prove to me that corruption is necessary to a popular State.

DIOGENES.

At last you have become reasonable. In your present disposition of mind this undertaking will not be too difficult, if you will consent to distinguish between theory and practice.

MONTESQUIEU.

I do not separate them.

DIOGENES.

You are wrong. It is possible indeed to found a government upon virtue, and it would even be unfitting to found it on anything else; but when one studies men, he soon sees that they cannot be made to cooperate in the government of a State except by the use of corruption. You have said truly that "what the people cannot do well should be done by their ministers," and you have added that "they are admirably fitted to choose them." But it is further necessary that they should take the trouble to choose them. Now, the people are very busy; they are compelled to carefully watch their affairs, to direct their slaves when they have any, and to fulfil slaves' offices when they have none: some citizens are employed every day in caring for their olive-trees or in gathering and pressing their olives; others devote themselves to the trade of Vulcan or the profession of Æsculapius; still others are occupied in wholesale traffic in merchandise, under the auspices of Mercury, or perhaps sell goods at retail. Why should they interrupt their occupations, at the risk of losing their custom or running into debt, in order to choose an archon, a nomothete, or a nomophylarch, if they are not to be rewarded for their trouble? Do not lose sight of the fact that it is not only an honor to participate in the government of Athens, but that it is also a profit. The archons do not administer the republic *gratis*, and the nomothetes receive a daily indemnity for the exercise of their legislative functions. They also enjoy various privileges which can be relied upon to bring their price. They have the right to travel in the chariots of the republic, to go from city to country and come back from country to city without paying for their seat. At their disposition are placed the finest triremes in which to visit the islands of the Ægean sea and even the colonies of Sicily. They are at all the festivals and all the banquets. They make speeches whenever they desire to; their names are known throughout Greece, and their fame resounds even among the Barbarians; they can even cherish the laudable ambition of going down to the remotest posterity. How do you expect citizens of Athens, who are not fools, to turn aside from their affairs to confer all these advantages upon strangers without deriving, in their turn, a reasonable profit? Have they not families to support and interests to protect? Cleomenes is burdened with children, and, since his brother's death, takes care of his nephews. Hippias owns a marble quarry on the slope of Pentelicus, but he cannot work it because there is no road leading to it. Aristippus has some barren lands which he sowed with wheat, but he no longer finds it profitable now that the Athens market is inundated with grain from Egypt and Sicily. Hipparchus, the large owner of olive-trees on

the banks of the Cephissus who used to control the price of oil throughout Attica, complains of the preference given to Peloponnesian oils under the pretext that they have a better flavor and do not smell rancid. Now here come Aristobulus and Cleon to solicit their votes for the office of archon. They do not know either Cleon or Aristobulus, but they know what the archonship is worth. Why should they give one rather than the other the enjoyment of this commodity at their disposal? Did a man of common sense ever give for nothing an article that was worth anything? Besides, their demands are modest: Cleomenes is satisfied with an office in the custom-house of the fiftieth for his eldest son, who excels in playing the lyre and of whom jealousy of Apollo has made an idiot. Hippias asks a road that will permit him to work his quarry. Aristippus and Hipparchus claim nothing for themselves, but the blush of shame mounts to their brow when they reflect that Athenians are tributaries of Egypt and Sicily for grain and of Peloponnesus for oil, and they are unwilling to endure this degrading tribute longer. They demand the prohibition of the foreign oils and grains that come to pollute the soil of Attica. They set this price upon their votes. If Aristobulus hesitates to conclude this bargain, Cleon will have fewer scruples, and Cleon will be archon. Cleon is not a virtuous man, but he is a shrewd politician. He procures offices, gets roads built, protects grains and oils, and is the model of archons and the idol of the people. Such is the fruit of corruption when it is healthily practised.

MONTESQUIEU.

Healthily? What a strange corruption of words!

DIOGENES.

I mean with wisdom and moderation. Oh! there is a limit which must not be overstepped. I remember, in this connection, the scandal which broke out under the government of Pericles and which saddened the last days of that honest man, in whom they never found anything to reproach except his tendency to extravagance. It was the custom to give crowns of laurel to the warriors who had distinguished themselves in battle. These crowns were highly prized, and sometimes influential citizens succeeded in obtaining them, though they had been neither at Marathon nor at Salamis. The taste for them spread to such an extent that rivals of Phidias and Apelles, disciples of Æsculapius, and even dyers in purple, tunic cutters, oil merchants, and copper-smiths, were seen to put in operation all the resources of intrigue to procure for themselves a distinction so enviable. Nor was this pure vanity on their part. The sculptors and painters decorated their pictures and statues with these crowns, the disciples of Æsculapius wore them on their heads when visiting their patients, the dyers and cutters adorned their fabrics with them, the oil merchants their casks, the copper-smiths their caldrons, for they had noticed that people would pay higher prices for articles that were crowned than for articles that were not. A sick man, for instance, did not dare to pay less than ten drachmas for the visit of a doctor whose head was encircled with a nimbus of laurels, whereas the ordinary disciples of Æsculapius were obliged to content themselves with five drachmas, and it was the same with tunics and caldrons. Now it happened that some courtesans who were on the wane conceived the idea of adding to their trade in myrtles, which was getting dull, the trade in laurels, customers for which were never lacking. They offered to share the profits with two old strategi who had become indebted to them through having bought too many myrtles. Rumor said even that they succeeded in enlisting other important personages in their operations. (*He says a few words in the ear of his interlocutor.*)

MONTESQUIEU.

What! a nephew of Pericles?

DIOGENES.

It was a widespread rumor. For a fortnight they talked of nothing else in Athens. One of the strategi compromised succeeded in taking refuge in Corinth; the other, less nimble, was brought before the court of heliasts in company with the courtesans. The nomothetes, sharing the public indignation against the traffickers in honor, resolved to open an investigation which should go back to the foundation of Athens by the Egyptian Cecrops. At last the scandal was forgotten, but not before it had involved a good many wearers of crowns.

MONTESQUIEU.

At least it taught a salutary lesson.

DIOGENES.

This lesson did not prevent the traffic in offices and honors from flourishing again, and I could not help pitying the unfortunate strategi and even the waning courtesans who fell victims to this spasm of public virtue. A little race of people from Judaea, who now fill the best offices in the Elysian Fields, but who are sagacious enough to sell them when they find it profitable to do so,—the Jewish people, in such cases, followed a custom deserving of imitation. When the measure of abuses and iniquities began to overflow, the politicians of Israel went after a billy-goat, which they loaded and sacrificed with great pomp in the temple. That did no damage to anybody, and the people came back from the ceremony with consciences reassured. I am not unaware of the fact

that in Athens a single billy-goat would not have sufficed, and that at least a dozen would have been required. But there is no difficulty in procuring billy-goats, and such treatment of them can do no harm to anybody but the nanny-goats. Thus the abuses of corruption may be corrected at a trifling cost, and the profits thereof continue to be gathered in.

MONTESQUIEU.

Yes, until the day when the poisoned breath of corruption causes liberty and virtue to perish together.

"When this virtue ceases, ambition enters the hearts of such as can receive it, and avarice enters into all. Desires change their objects; what one liked he likes no longer; we were free with the laws, we wish to be free against them; each citizen is like a slave escaped from his master's house; what was formerly a maxim is called severity; what was an accepted rule is called constraint; what was consideration is called fear. It is frugality, and not the desire to have, that constitutes avarice. Formerly the wealth of individuals made the public treasury; but now the public treasury becomes the patrimony of individuals. The Republic is a shell, and its strength is now simply the power of a few citizens and the license of all."* Corruption delivered the Athenians to Philip of Macedon, and the liberty of Athens died at Charonea.

DIOGENES.

Bah! one must die somewhere. Meanwhile the politicians of Athens led a merry life.

MONTESQUIEU.

Adieu, cynical philosopher.

DIOGENES.

A pleasant journey to you, innocent law-giver. Go you and join Socrates in the Clouds.

(The shade of Montesquieu buries itself in the groves of the Elysian Fields, while the shade of Diogenes reenters the shade of his tub.)

Mr. Franklin Returns to the Charge.

To the Editor of Liberty:

You insist that the Communistic Anarchists are authoritarians, governmentals; that they would deny the individual laborer the possession of his tools, not to say the freedom of exchange. But that does not prevent you, an avowed individualist, from calling them dear comrades. Is this plumb-line? Would you call monarchists comrades? Would you apply to them the brilliant lines, "They never fail," if they happened to be wrongfully executed by the State which they sought to destroy simply because their motives might have been a fancied love to humanity? I would not insult your intelligence with such supposition. Yet monarchism is by far not so bad as Communistic Anarchism as you interpret it.

You claim that Most did not mean what he said when he emphatically declared that under his Communistic scheme the individual who would find it more advantageous for himself to work and exchange on his own hook would not be interfered with. But you insist that he meant what he said to you long before that,—that under Communistic Anarchism force would be used against the individual who would work for wages. I think just the contrary,—that he did not mean what he said to you, and in this I have the support of Moritz Bachmann, an unquestionable Anarchist, who told me so three years ago when he and Most lectured in this city on "The International: Its Aims and Methods." "Most is a hot nature," he said; "he can hardly talk English. I think he did not understand what he said, for he knows too well that, when there is no government, no force can be used." That Most never answered you on this subject may be for the same reason that you declined the discussion with Mr. Kelly on Egoism. I am aware that Most is not the only editor who is afraid to show inconsistency in his notions.

I am not so certain that Kropotkin's "Expropriation" involves the denial of freedom of exchange. But I am very certain that in "Freiheit" and in Most's "Die Freie Gesellschaft" freedom of exchange is repeatedly granted, while in the platform adopted by the congress of the International Working-People's Association at Pittsburg it is one of the principal planks. That being a fact, there is no foundation for your assertion that the Communistic Anarchists would deprive the individual laborer of his second or tenth spade, or of what he has got through an equitable exchange for the same. The expropriation they advocate is confined thoroughly to the capitalists and monopolists of the present system. I repeat that you cannot prove even by a single article ever written by Most or a Chicago Anarchist, that they would deprive an individual laborer of freedom of production or exchange. To accuse them of advocating Communism by force is as fallacious as to assume that you would establish by force some of your pet principles (the cost theory, for instance.)

Most's "Beast of Property"—which, by the way, was written long ago, when his conception of Anarchism was in its infancy—has never been used by any Anarchist as an exposition of the principles of Anarchism. The Chicago Anarchists, like Most himself, recommended that pamphlet as a means for agitating the indifferent masses, as criticism on

the present system, and in so doing they were less inconsistent than you when you published in Liberty and in pamphlet form and continually recommend by advertising in your columns Elisée Reclus's "An Anarchist on Anarchy" or Bakounine's "God and the State," the author of which you call "an apostle of Anarchy." There is no paragraph in Kropotkin's, Most's, and the Chicago Anarchists' writings under which Bakounine would hesitate to sign his name. There is very much in your writings that he, like Kropotkin, would declare "*bourgeois philosophy*."

In conclusion, let me tell you that your attempt to involve Most in particular and Communistic Anarchism in general in the rascalities committed by some individuals was the greatest injustice ever committed by an editor. And who can tell how much the execution of the Chicago Anarchists and the prosecution of Anarchists at large in this country is due to those "exposures"? In that article you actually blamed the police for their indifference to the "Beast of Communism" (though the rascals, according to your own statement, were *individualistic egoists*, since they have put the money obtained from the insurance companies in their own pockets and did not divide it up with Most or any other Communist). The police picked up your hint, and we know what followed. But that is not the end yet. Most is now between the penitentiary and the gallows, and the beast of egoism is gaping for his blood. It may sometime have it. From the scaffold with the rope on his neck, he will cry out, like his comrades, "Hoch die Anarchie!" The trap will fall. Most will be no more. But his "soul" will be marching in the air. Then you will find more poems to eulogize him with; you will call him "dear comrade," too, and claim consistency and plumb-line. M. FRANKLIN.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., JANUARY 16, 1888.

[There seems to be no reason for answering the above, so many times has the same ground been traversed in these columns. It is useless to try to convince Mr. Franklin as long as he is unwilling to be convinced, and the readers of Liberty are well acquainted with all that I have to say upon the matter. Still, any spontaneous request for enlightenment upon any point made by Mr. Franklin will receive attention. Before closing the discussion, however, it should be stated that there is some justification for one of my critic's statements,—namely, that it was inconsistent in me to call Bakounine an apostle of Anarchy. It is true that he was a Communist. But his "God and the State" is a thoroughly Anarchistic work. In publishing it I am not at all inconsistent. There is not a word of Communism in it. Some time ago, however, I decided that it was unjustifiable in me to speak of him as an Anarchist, and from the cover of the sixth edition of "God and the State," which appeared several days before I received Mr. Franklin's letter, the words "apostle of Anarchy" were removed.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Progress of the Anarchists' Club.

The Anarchists' Club opened a new year's programme with a debate on Henry George's Land Tax Plan, between Victor Yarros, and E. M. White, of the Land and Labor Club. The weather was very unfavorable, but the hall was well filled. Considerable interest was manifested, Mr. Yarros raising objections pointing out the injustice and inadequacy of the plan which were entirely new to many of the audience. Mr. White made a very fair defence, and, if he did not get too close to the issues raised, it was presumably because they were too deep for him, or that he found them unanswerable.

Since the Club started, the following have been some of the subjects dealt with: "Gen. Francis A. Walker and the Anarchists"; "The Tendency to Anarchy"; "The Sovereignty of the Individual"; "The Principles of Freethought are the Principles of Anarchy."

The debates on these subjects were interesting and sometimes amusing. There are two sets of critics; one set are afraid that Anarchists are too good and docile for this wicked world, and that it doesn't pay to be so. When it is explained that non-aggression does not mean non-resistance, and that Anarchists will undoubtedly associate for self-protection against enemies of liberty, then the other set of critics declare that Anarchists are unbearable tyrants,—or would be, "if it wasn't for the law"; that they are inconsistent or ignorant of the spirit of the American Constitution and the American idea.

The opening address by V. Yarros has been put up in a neat pamphlet, to which is added the Constitution of the Club. It can be had from Liberty's office; price, five cents. Wherever there can be found ten enthusiastic Anarchists, a Club should be at once formed. Ten members who would contribute a small monthly payment could maintain regular meetings, no other expense being needed than for advertising and hall rent. A meeting once a fortnight would give the club a footing, and the interest manifested in such a club would soon be a source of free advertisement. Let one or more readers of Liberty in any one place make an effort, and

by communicating with the executive committee of the Boston Club, any help or advice will be freely given.

A. H. SIMPSON, Secretary.

P. O. Box 3366, Boston.

Categories of Truths.

[N. K. Michailovsky.]

There are truths of which one does not like to talk, because they are exceedingly flatulent. Twice two is indisputably four, and precisely for the reason that this is so indisputably true an assertion of it would be as comical as an attempt to break through an open door. There are other truths, uncomfortable for a perfectly opposite reason,—the immaturity of the interlocutors, who will in the best case call them paradoxes, if not plainly ridiculous or dangerous heresies. Finally there are truths in which are strangely united the inconveniences of both the above classes.

Cranky Notions.

The confusion in thought that arises from the term "Anarchist-Communist" can certainly be overcome. I see no conflict between Communism voluntarily entered into and Anarchy. For example, suppose there exists Anarchy in all the relations of life,—that is to say, no one has the authority to coerce us into doing what we do not want to do,—and a given number of persons desire to have the results of their labor in a common fund, to which each contributes according to his ability and from which each draws according to his needs,—is there any violation of Anarchy in this? There is no principle of Anarchy that denies the right of free contract, and have I not a right to contract with others to live with them under the principles of Communism? To me it is of little concern what people shall do after Anarchy is the recognized principle for the guidance of human conduct. Anarchy—the sovereignty of the individual over his own actions—is the goal for which we strive. Communism is one of those incidents that come afterwards. But if Authority comes to me and says: You shall put all the results of your labor into the common fund, and you shall take from it only that which you need, then my individual sovereignty is destroyed and Anarchy does not exist.

One of the notions that we should try to make clear to those who are opposed to Anarchy on the supposition that we aim to abolish the State in a week or ten days is that we do not aim to do anything of the kind, and that complete Anarchy, or the liberty of the individual in all things, will come from necessity, if we only go in that direction in a few things.

In the first place, we are unequivocally opposed to the doctrine of total depravity. We hold that men are depraved only in so far as their surroundings make them so, and if those surroundings were removed, their depravity would disappear. Men steal because the avenues to healthful, pleasant, and remunerative employments are closed to them. I believe that an analysis of our present social-economic condition will reveal the truth that nearly all crimes of all kinds are directly or indirectly traceable to the fact that the avenues to free employment and exchange are practically closed to the mass of mankind. Were these avenues to employment and exchange open to all alike, the incentive to crime would be very largely removed and crime would naturally decrease. The decrease of crime would necessarily lead to the decrease of police forces and courts. They would have but little to do, and the people would not long tolerate a large police force and innumerable courts when there was nothing for them to do. We may find in this fact a most potent reason for the opposition to Anarchy on the part of policemen and judges and their hangers-on. If everybody had the right to use land without cost,—in other words, if the sole title to land was occupancy and use,—and the organization of credit was free to all, it would not be long before the State would fall of its own weight and leave the way clear to higher social conditions and a more vigorous manhood.

A man who is a free trader said to me the other day: "Look here, if your Anarchistic notions prevailed, we would have no police force, would we?" "If we had Anarchy in trade and industry," I answered, "there would be no need of a police force." "Oh, pshaw! I don't believe that. Suppose I had a neighbor who was in the habit of getting drunk and creating a disturbance, ain't it much better for me to call my agent—a policeman—to have the man removed and the disturbance quieted than for me to go and try and do it myself?" "Possibly," said I, "I don't object to your having an agent to keep your drunken neighbors quiet, if you pay him out of your own pocket, but I object to your putting your hands in my pockets to pay your agent with." "But it is right that you be compelled to pay taxes to preserve the peace!" "Is it? Wherein does that differ from the claim of the protectionist that a tariff is just because it builds up native industry—at the expense, as we claim, of those not protected?" He went off scratching his head and with a thoughtful look on his face.

The best evidence in the world that private enterprise can do for the people better than the government can is in the government refusing to remove the restrictions to the freest competition.

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

* "Esprit des Lois," vol. III, chap. III.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 14.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

Whole No. 118.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The next meeting of the Anarchists' Club will be held in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont Street, on Sunday, February 12, at half past two o'clock. A paper will be read by Benj. R. Tucker, his subject being: "State Socialism and Anarchism: How Far They Agree and Wherein They Differ." This is the same paper that he read before the Manhattan Liberal Club of New York on Friday, January 27; before the Liberal League of Newark on Sunday, January 29; and before the Round Table of Boston on Thursday, February 9.

Not content with getting the "age of consent" raised from ten to thirteen, a bevy of impertinent and prudish women went up to the Massachusetts State House the other day and asked that it be raised again, —this time to eighteen. When a member of the legislative committee suggested that the age be placed at thirty-five, since the offence aimed at was as much a crime at thirty-five as eighteen, the petitioners did not seem to be terrified by his logic. Evidently these ladies are not afraid that their consent will ever be asked at all.

"The Anarchists' March," that stirring rhythmical composition from the pen of J. Wm. Lloyd which was published in Liberty a number of months ago, and which was designed by him to be sung to the tune of a Finnish war song, has been printed with the music as a handsome four-page sheet, and I have it for sale at the low price of ten cents. A copy of it should go into the house of every Anarchistic family which is fortunate enough to have a musical member. It is especially well fitted for a chorus of male voices, and singing societies will find it a valuable addition to their programmes.

Mr. Yarros has reason to complain, as he shows, of unfair interpretation of his words by "Jus," but Liberty would itself be unfair to "Jus" if it should not also present the evidence of that journal's fairness by printing its handsome acknowledgment of error (given on the seventh page) regarding boycotting. "Jus" still thinks, however, that something may be said on the other side, and declares that there are some things that one person may rightfully do which become illegal and immoral when done by a crowd. I should like to have "Jus" give an instance. There are some invasive acts or threats which cannot be executed by individuals, but require crowds—or conspiracies, if you will—for their accomplishment. But the guilt still arises from the invasive character of the act, and not from the fact of conspiracy. No individual has a right to do any act which is invasive, but any number of individuals may rightfully "conspire" to commit any act which is non-invasive. "Jus" acknowledges the force of Liberty's argument that A may as properly boycott C as B. Further consideration, I think, will compel it to acknowledge that A and B combined may as properly boycott C as may A alone or B alone.

Many of the most fierce free traders are equally fierce in their ardor for the adoption of international copyright. To which of their pet ideas many of them give the preference is shown by their support of the copyright bill now before congress, one provision of which absolutely prohibits the importation of English

editions of English authors when there is a copyrighted American edition in the market. In this bill we have a fine specimen of the protection afforded us by government. John Ruskin publishes an elegant illustrated edition of "Modern Painters." Some cheap American publisher buys the American copyright, and publishes a cheap edition with poor illustrations or none at all. American readers of Ruskin are then forbidden to buy the handsome English edition. They must content themselves with the nasty American edition or go without. But do you see the motive of this provision, reader? It is simply a piece of political bribery,—the machinery of the ward-room adopted by the preachers of "pure politics." The cheap American publishers have been the great obstacle in the way of international copyright, and this provision protecting them against competition from England after they have once bought the copyright is a bid for their support of the copyright bill. But lo! there arises a new opposition. No sooner do the free traders declare for protection in the sphere which involves their special interest than certain protectionists who in the same sphere find freedom beneficial forget their theories with equal readiness. Most trades-unionists favor protection as the safeguard of the laborer. But now the Typographical Union, many of whose members find steady employment in consequence of the freedom with which English works are reprinted in this country, is horror-stricken at a proposal to protect home industry in the writing of books, and intends to fight it bitterly. Would that some modern Diogenes would explore the political arena with his lantern in search of an honest man!

Attempt to Kill Louise Michel.

On Sunday evening, January 22, just at the adjournment of a meeting which she had been addressing in the Gaiety Music Hall at Havre, Louise Michel, the revolutionary heroine of France, was made the object of an assassin's attack. A man named Lucas, standing behind her, fired a revolver at her twice, the shots taking effect in her head. Fortunately the wounds inflicted, though serious, did not endanger her life.

In the afternoon she had lectured in Saint François Hall in the same city. The evening lecture was more especially designed for the working people. "As long as she spoke," the "Petit Havrais," an Opportunist organ, was obliged to confess, "she commanded the attention of her hearers, who even listened with pleasure, we will say, so much art did she bring to the presentation of her theories under a humanitarian form, so many refinements did she use to avoid shocking the most prejudiced of her audience, and so many pleasing and poetical expressions did she employ."

When she had finished her speech, Louise Michel and her friends became the objects of violent personal attacks from a group of individuals. Louise took the trouble to answer them. The meeting had just been adjourned, when the attempt was made upon her life.

Hit by two balls, the courageous woman endured heroically the first operation performed by the doctors. Seated at a table, she laid her head upon a napkin, while the physicians probed the wounds. The scratching of the steel upon the bone drew no sound of complaint from Louise, in spite of her atrocious suffering. She talked quietly of her cousin, who awaited her at home, of her caged pets who would not be set at liberty till her return, of a business appointment with her publisher, and of her forthcoming book, "Encyclopedic Readings."

She begged for mercy for her assailant, saying: "Have them let him go! he is a poor madman."

She asked also that no sensation should be created regarding his criminal act, and even that no report should be telegraphed to Paris lest her friends should be made anxious.

The next day she was taken to Paris, and a reporter of "L'Intransigeant" soon called upon her. He found her in her small and scantily-furnished apartments at No. 95 Victor Hugo Street. On the wall of the front room hung a portrait of the Chicago martyrs. Louise Michel sat at a table, surrounded by a few friends, her head bandaged in linen.

"Imagine," said she, "that they want to take me to the Beaujon Hospital to be examined by Dr. Labbé. The idea that I should disturb him at this late hour, and for what? I am not Ferry, and do not wish to appear sicker than I am."

"But you have a bullet in your head," said the reporter. "You cannot remain in this condition."

"There will be time enough tomorrow. You pay much more attention to my wounds than I accord to them myself. Remember that I am not a woman, but a combatant. Let us talk of something else. But first I beg you to promise to help me to release from the hands of justice the unfortunate man who fired at me and whom I pity with all my heart."

"But he is a miserable bandit."

"No, he is an unfortunate victim of hallucination, of whom the reactionists have made a tool. They have abused him. They knew that he was fond of drink. He was drunk when he fired the shots. Let him go in peace. He is a poor brute, a man of the stone age."

Upon the reporter's urgent request, Louise Michel then told the following story of the crime:

"The bourgeois meeting passed off quietly, the public listening attentively. From that meeting my friends and I went to Gaiety Music Hall for the evening meeting. We found more than two thousand men and women in the hall. Two fine meetings would have been too much for the reactionists. So in the interval between them they formed a conspiracy against us.

"During my address I was interrupted several times by cries coming from a certain group, one member of which finally appealed to the secretary to know what was to be done with the receipts. This odious insinuation I could not help picking up. I confess that I was violently indignant. Then the insinuations became more precise, and they reproached me with exhibiting myself for money. Is it not abominable? To accuse me so unjustly, me whose life you know, of living at the expense of the people!

"I had to explain that I was dependent upon my pen for my living, and that I was overwhelmed with debts; that I gained nothing by giving lectures and taking part in revolutionary propagandism. For the rest, it is not a trade that is practised for money. I added:

"When one no longer believes in the honesty of others, it is because he has none left himself."

"The entrance fee was ten cents. A voice cried out to me:

"Then return us our money."

"I replied that I had neither ten cents to take nor ten cents to return, that only my travelling expenses were paid, and that to come to Havre I had even had to buy a hat and cloak. Finally I announced that I should demand the publication in the newspapers of the receipts and expenses of the two meetings.

"At this point citizen Lucas demanded the floor. I had already noticed him at the afternoon meeting. He mounted the platform. He is a large man, over six feet tall, with enormous hands and a pale face. The secretary called my attention to his false and embarrassed air, and said to me:

"That big fellow has an ugly look."

"What have I to do with that?" I answered; "he has as good a right to speak as another."

"True, he spoke only to announce that he would not speak. He confined himself to uttering a few incoherent phrases, saying that he had not killed or assassinated anybody and that no speech was to be expected from him; then, instead of returning into the crowd, he sat down on the platform—near me. I said to the secretary:

"If all our opponents were like him, they would not be very dangerous."

"The hour was advancing. I wanted to get back to Paris that evening. So, having finished my speech, I adjourned the meeting.

"At the same moment a report rang out behind me, near my ear.

"Go on!" I shouted; "furious at having failed to defeat

Continued on page 8.

THE STATE:

Its Nature, Object, and Destiny.

By P. J. PROUDHON.

Translated from *La Voix du Peuple* of December 3, 1849, by Benj. N. Tucker.

II. Of the end or object of the State.

We have just seen that the idea of the State, considered in its nature, rests entirely on an hypothesis which is at least doubtful,—that of the impersonality and the physical, intellectual, and moral inertia of the masses. We shall now prove that this same idea of the State, considered in its object, rests on another hypothesis, still more improbable than the first,—that of the permanence of antagonism in humanity, an hypothesis which is itself a consequence of the primitive dogma of the fall or of original sin.

We continue to quote "*Le Nouveau Monde*":

"What would happen," asks Louis Blanc, "if we should leave the most intelligent or the strongest to place obstacles in the way of the development of the faculties of one who is less strong or less intelligent? Liberty would be destroyed."

"How prevent this crime? By interposing between oppressor and oppressed the whole power of the people."

"If James oppresses Peter, shall the thirty-four millions of men of whom French society is composed run all at once to protect Peter, to maintain liberty? To pretend such a thing would be buffoonery."

"How then shall society intervene?"

"Through those whom it has chosen to REPRESENT it for this purpose."

"But these REPRESENTATIVES of society, these servants of the people, who are they? The State."

"Then the State is only society itself, acting as society, to prevent—what?—oppression; to maintain—what?—liberty."

That is clear. The State is a REPRESENTATION of society, externally organized to protect the weak against the strong; in other words, to preserve peace between disputants and maintain order. Louis Blanc has not gone far, as we see, to find the object of the State. It can be traced from Grotius, Justinian, Cicero, etc., in all the authors who ever have written on public right. It is the Orphic tradition related by Horace:—

*Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum.
Cœdibus et victu fudo deterruit Orpheus,
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones,
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet. . . .*

"The divine Orpheus, the interpreter of the gods, called men from the depths of the forests and filled them with a horror of murder and of human flesh. Consequently it was said of him that he tamed lions and tigers, as later it was said of Amphion, founder of Thebes, that he moved the stones by the sound of his lyre, and led them whither he wished by the charm of his prayer."

Socialism, we know, does not require with certain people great efforts of the imagination. They imitate, flatly enough, the old mythologists; they copy Catholicism, while declaiming against it; they ape power, which they lust after; then they shout with all their strength: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity; and the circle is complete. One passes for a revelator, a reformer, a democratic and social restorer; one is named as a candidate for the ministry of progress,—nay, even for the dictatorship of the Republic!

So, by the confession of Louis Blanc, power is born of barbarism; its organization bears witness to a state of ferocity and violence among primitive men,—an effect of the utter absence of commerce and industry. To this savagism the State had to put an end by opposing to the force of each individual a superior force, capable, in the absence of any other argument, of restraining his will. The constitution of the State supposes, then, as we have just said, a profound social antagonism, *homo homini lupus*. Louis Blanc himself says this when, after having divided men into the strong and the weak, disputing with each other like wild beasts for their food, he interposes between them, as a mediator, the State.

Then the State would be useless; the State would lack an object as well as a motive; the State would have to take itself away,—if there should come a day when, from any cause whatever, society should contain neither strong nor weak,—that is, when the inequality of physical and intellectual powers could not be a cause of robbery and oppression, independently of the protection, more fictitious than real by the way, of the State.

Now, this is precisely the thesis that we maintain today.

The power that tempers morals, that gradually substitutes the rule of right for the rule of force, that establishes security, that creates step by step liberty and equality, is, in a much higher degree than religion and the State, labor; first, the labor of commerce and industry; next, science, which spiritualizes it; in the last analysis, art, its immortal flower. Religion by its promises and its threats, the State by its tribunals and its armies, gave to the sentiment of justice, which was too weak among primitive men, the only sanction intelligible to savage minds. For us, whom industry, science, literature, art, have corrupted, as Jean Jacques said, this sanction lies elsewhere; we find it in the division of property, in the machinery of industry, in the growth of luxury, in the overruling desire for well-being,—a desire which imposes upon all a necessity of labor. After the barbarism of the early ages, after the pride of caste and the feudal constitution of primitive society, a last element of slavery still remained,—capital. Capital having lost its sway, the laborer—that is, the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, the *savant*, the artist—no longer needs protection; his protection is his talent, his knowledge, his industry. After the dethronement of capital, the continuance of the State, far from protecting liberty, can only compromise liberty.

He has a sorry idea of the human race—of its essence, its perfectibility, its destiny—who conceives it as an agglomeration of individuals necessarily exposed, by the inequality of physical and intellectual forces, to the constant danger of reciprocal spoliation or the tyranny of a few. Such an idea is a proof of the most retrogressive philosophy; it belongs to those days of barbarism when the absence of the true elements of social order left to the genius of the legislator no method of action save that of force; when the supremacy of a pacifying and avenging power appeared to all as the just consequence of a previous degradation and an original stain. To give our whole thought, we regard political and judicial institutions as the exoteric and concrete formula of the myth of the fall, the mystery of redemption, and the sacrament of penitence. It is curious to see pretended socialists, enemies or rivals of Church and State, copying all that they blaspheme,—the representative system in politics, the dogma of the fall in religion.

Since they talk so much of doctrine, we frankly declare that such is not ours.

In our view, the moral condition of society is modified and ameliorated at the same rate as its economic condition. The morality of a wild, ignorant, and idle people is one thing; that of an industrious and artistic people another: conse-

quently, the social guarantees that prevail among the former are quite different from those that prevail among the latter. In a society transformed, almost unconsciously, by its economic development, there is no longer either strong or weak; there are only laborers whose faculties and means incessantly tend, through industrial solidarity and the guarantee of circulation, to become equalized. In vain, to assure the right and the duty of each, does the imagination go back to that idea of authority and government which attests the profound despair of souls long terrified by the police and the priesthood: the simplest examination of the attributes of the State suffices to demonstrate that, if inequality of fortunes, oppression, robbery, and misery are not our eternal inheritance, the first leprosy to be eradicated, after capitalistic exploitation, the first plague to be wiped out, is the State.

See, in fact, budget in hand, what the State is.

The State is the army. Reformer, do you need an army to defend you? If so, your idea of public security is Cæsar's and Napoleon's. You are not a republican; you are a despot.

The State is the police; city police, rural police, police of the waters and forests. Reformer, do you need police? Then your idea of order is Fouché's, Gisset's, Caussidière's, and M. Carlier's. You are not a democrat; you are a spy.

The State is the whole judicial system; justices of the peace, tribunals of first instance, courts of appeal, court of cassation, high court, tribunals of experts, commercial tribunals, council of prefects, State council, councils of war. Reformer, do you need all this judiciary? Then your idea of justice is M. Baroche's, M. Dupin's, and Perrin Dandin's. You are not a socialist; you are a red-tapist.

The State is the treasury, the budget. Reformer, you do not desire the abolition of taxation? Then your idea of public wealth is M. Thiers's who thinks that the largest budgets are the best. You are not an organizer of labor; you are an exciseman.

The State is the custom-house. Reformer, do you need, for the protection of national labor, differential duties and toll-houses? Then your idea of commerce and circulation is M. Fould's and M. Rothschild's. You are not an apostle of fraternity; you are a Jew.

The State is the public debt, the mint, the sinking-fund, the savings-banks, etc. Reformer, are these the foundation of your science? Then your idea of social economy is that of MM. Humann, Lacave-Laplagne, Garnier-Pagès, Passy, Duclerc, and the "Man with Forty Crowns." You are a Turcaret.

The State—but we must stop. There is nothing, absolutely nothing, in the State, from the top of the hierarchy to its foot, which is not an abuse to be reformed, a parasite to be exterminated, an instrument of tyranny to be destroyed. And you talk to us of maintaining the State, of extending the functions of the State, of increasing the power of the State! Go to, you are not a revolutionist; for the true revolutionist is essentially a simplifier and a liberal. You are a mystifier, a juggler; you are a marplot.

III. Of an ulterior destiny of the State.

There arises in favor of the State a last hypothesis. The fact that the State, say the pseudo-democrats, hitherto has performed only a rôle of parasitism and tyranny is no reason for denying it a nobler and more humane destiny. The State is destined to become the principal organ of production, consumption, and circulation; the initiator of liberty and equality.

For liberty and equality are the State.

Credit is the State.

Commerce, agriculture, and manufactures are the State.

Canals, railroads, mines, insurance companies, as well as tobacco-shops and post-offices, are the State.

Public education is the State.

The State, in fine, dropping its negative attributes to clothe itself with positive ones, must change from the oppressor, parasite, and conservative it ever has been into an organizer, producer, and servant. That would be feudalism regenerated, the hierarchy of industrial associations, organized and graded according to a potent formula, the secret of which Pierre Leroux still hides from our sight.

Thus, the organizers of the State suppose—for in all this they only go from supposition to supposition—that the State can change its nature; turn itself around, so to speak; from Satan become an archangel; and, after having lived for centuries by blood and slaughter like a wild beast, feed upon plants with the deer, and give suck to the lambs. Such is the teaching of Louis Blanc and Pierre Leroux; such, as we said long ago, is the whole secret of socialism.

"We love the tutelary, generous, devoted government, taking as its motto those profound words of the gospel, 'Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all'; and we hate the depraved, corrupting, oppressive government, making the people its prey. We admire it representing the generous and living portion of humanity; we abhor it when it represents the cadaverous portion. We revolt against the insolence, usurpation, and robbery involved in the idea of the MASTER-STATE; and we applaud that which is touching, fruitful, and noble in the idea of the SERVANT-STATE. Or better: there is a belief which we hold a thousand times dearer than life,—our belief in the approaching and final TRANSFORMATION of power. That is the triumphant passage from the old world to the new. All the governments of Europe rest today on the idea of the MASTER-STATE; but they are dancing desperately the dance of the dead."—"*Le Nouveau Monde*," November 15, 1849.

Pierre Leroux is a thorough believer in these ideas. What he wishes, what he teaches, and what he calls for is a regeneration of the State,—he has not told us yet whereby and by whom this regeneration should be effected,—just as he wishes and calls for a regeneration of Christianity without, as yet, having stated his dogma and given his credo.

We believe, in opposition to Pierre Leroux and Louis Blanc, that the theory of the tutelary, generous, devoted, productive, initiative, organizing, liberal, and progressive State is a utopia, a pure illusion of their intellectual vision. Pierre Leroux and Louis Blanc seem to us like a man who, standing above a mirror and seeing his image reversed, should pretend that this image must become a reality some day and replace (pardon us the expression) his natural person.

This is what separates us from these two men, whose talents and services, whatever they may say, we have never dreamed of denying, but whose stubborn hallucination we deplore. We do not believe in the SERVANT-STATE: to us it is a flat contradiction.

Servant and master, when applied to the State, are synonymous terms; just as more and less, when applied to equality, are identical terms. The proprietor, by interest on capital, demands more than equality; communism, by the formula, to each according to his needs, allows less than equality: always inequality; and that is why we are neither a communist nor a proprietor. Likewise, whoever says master-State says usurpation of the public power; whoever says servant-State says delegation of the public power: always an alienation of this power, always a power, always an external, arbitrary authority instead of the immanent, inalienable, untransferable authority of citizens; always more or less than liberty. It is for this reason that we are opposed to the State.

Further, to leave metaphysics and return to the field of experience, here is what we have to say to Louis Blanc and Pierre Leroux.

You pretend and affirm that the State, that the government, can, and ought to be, wholly changed in its principle, in its essence, in its action, in its relations with citizens, as well as in its results; that thus the State, a bankrupt and a counterfeiter, should be the sole source of credit; that for so many centuries an enemy of knowledge, and at the present moment still hostile to primary instruction and the liberty of the press, it is its business to officially provide for the instruction of citizens; that, after having left commerce, industry, agriculture, and all the machinery of wealth to develop themselves without its aid, often even in spite of its resistance, it belongs to it to take the initiative in the whole field of labor as in the world of ideas; that, in fine, the eternal enemy of liberty, it yet ought, not to leave liberty to itself, but to create and direct liberty. It is this marvellous transformation of the State that constitutes, in your opinion, the present Revolution.

There lies upon you, then, the twofold obligation: first, of establishing the truth of your hypothesis by showing its traditional legitimacy, exhibiting its historical titles, and developing its philosophy; in the second place, of applying it in practice.

Now, it appears already that both theory and practice, in your hypothesis, formally contradict the idea itself, and the facts of the past, and the most authentic tendencies of humanity.

Your theory, we say, involves a contradiction in its terms, since it pretends to make liberty a creation of the State, while the State, on the contrary, is to be a creation of liberty. In fact, if the State imposes itself upon my will, the State is master; I am not free; the theory is undermined.

It contradicts the facts of the past, since it is certain, as you yourselves admit, that everything that has been produced within the sphere of human activity of a positive, good, and beautiful character, was the product of liberty exclusively, acting independently of the State, and almost always in opposition to the State; which leads directly to this proposition, which ruins your system, that liberty is sufficient unto itself and does not need the State.

Finally, your theory contradicts the manifest tendencies of civilization; since, instead of continually adding to individual liberty and dignity by making every human soul, according to Kant's precept, a pattern of entire humanity, one face of the collective soul, you subordinate the private person to the public person; you submit the individual to the group; you absorb the citizen in the State.

It is for you to remove all these contradictions by a principle superior to liberty and to the State. We, who simply deny the State; who, resolutely following the line of liberty, remain faithful to the revolutionary practice,—it is not for us to demonstrate to you the falsity of your hypothesis; we await your proofs. The *master-State* is lost; you are with us in admitting it. As for the *servant-State*, we do not know what it may be; we distrust it as supreme hypocrisy. The *servant-State* seems to us quite the same thing as a servant-mistress; we do not wish it; with our present light, we prefer to espouse Liberty in legitimate marriage. Explain, then, if you can, why, after having demolished the State through love of this adored liberty, we must now, in consequence of the same love, return to the State. Until you have solved this problem, we shall continue to protest against all government, all authority, all power; we shall maintain, through all and against all, the prerogative of liberty. We shall say to you: Liberty is, for us, a thing gained; now, you know the rule of law: *Melior est conditio possidentis*. Produce your titles to the reorganization of government; otherwise, no government!

To sum up:

The State is the *external* constitution of the social power.

This constitution supposes, in principle, that society is a creature of the mind, destitute of spontaneity, providence, unity, needing for its action to be fictitiously represented by one or more elected or hereditary commissioners: an hypothesis the falsity of which the economic development of society and the organization of universal suffrage agree in demonstrating.

The constitution of the State supposes further, as to its object, that antagonism or a state of war is the essential and irrevocable condition of humanity, a condition which necessitates, between the *weak* and the *strong*, the intervention of a coercive power to put an end to their struggles by universal oppression. We maintain that, in this respect, the mission of the State is ended; that, by the division of labor, industrial solidarity, the desire for well-being, and the equal distribution of capital and taxation, liberty and justice obtain surer guarantees than any that ever were afforded them by religion and the State.

As for utilitarian transformation of the State, we consider it as a utopia contradicted at once by governmental tradition, and the revolutionary tendency, and the spirit of the henceforth admitted economic reforms. In any case, we say that to liberty alone it would belong to reorganize power, which is equivalent at present to the complete exclusion of power.

As a result, either no social revolution, or no more government; such is our solution of the political problem.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 117.

Yes, once more, anything rather than a prolongation of this trial, anything: from the Irish who, recognizing her, would kill her,—that is to say, finish her, for was she not already three-quarters dead?—to the soldiers who might treat her as the respected Duchess or as an infamous girl of the streets, it mattered little to her, provided this agony of the damned would cease!

And, contenting herself no longer with passively watching the opportunity, she decided to run after it as fast as she could, continuing to loudly proclaim her torturing distress so that she might be heard from afar.

But now the reverse of what had happened the previous days occurred. Doubtless all the convoys of prisoners had marched on to their destination, and she met no one.

Tottering, bent, she went on mechanically, still growing constantly weaker, saying to herself that this could not last always, this solitude of the sad, dismal roads, stretching away to the horizon, where, with her fixed eyes, she sought simply a living soul to be moved by the sight of her.

"I am hungry! have pity on me! I am hungry!" she still cried, but now *mezza voce*, for herself, discouraged about making herself heard; moreover her quivering voice had become perceptibly hoarse on account of the redoubled cold, which was benumbing her brain.

She still walked on, always repeating her plaint, but more and more like an automaton, a mist before her eyes and with no consciousness of her comatose state, except at those times when the temperature drew groans from her.

The north wind bit her face under the stuffs which veiled it, bit the flesh all over her body under her thin dress, and crushed her fingers as with nippers.

Lady Ellen blew on her hands to drive away the numbness; she hastened her pace to warm herself; but at last, overcome, her impoverished blood congealing in her veins, she stopped again, suddenly, and, after reeling several times, fell at full length, with a sigh.

The sigh of relief of a beast ceasing to run about, to support the burden of its empty skull.

This skull, which was ready to split at every sound of a step, at every jar of a pebble, reposed now on a knoll as on a kind pillow, and her spine, which fatigue seemed to have skinned, found rest on the bare ground as if it were a soft bed.

With the cold which increased with the wind coming suddenly full from the north, this surely was the *denouement*, and she faced the issue with comparative happiness.

She repeated again: "I am hungry!" and then closed her eyes to sleep; she trembled nevertheless at a sound of steps on the road, which her ear, close to the ground, perceived distinctly.

Someone was coming, and she braced herself in an effort to recover energy enough to await him.

At first she experienced a very keen satisfaction.

Someone approaching on the road; this was what she had vainly hoped for during so many eternal hours, and she indulged herself in a feeling of entire confidence in her rescue.

Perhaps the stranger was not as cruel by nature or as barbarous in morals as those she had met already, and she took pleasure in imagining him humane, compassionate. Who knew if he was not going over the road by which the columns of prisoners had passed to relieve the wounded and dying abandoned by the way?

It might be a son of the "Poor Old Woman," seeking those of his brothers who had fallen under the weight of bad treatment, enfeebled by privations. O well! he would not distinguish her from an Irish woman and would help her.

Even if he should not recognize her as a compatriot; if he should discern in her an English woman and in the English woman the abhorred Duchess of Newington,—he would assist her, if only out of charity; and, being afraid that the man would go away without seeing her, turning into some cross path, she half lifted herself and tried to make a sign with her arms; but finding it impossible to raise them or even to hold herself in a sitting position, she suddenly fell back again, dragged down by the inconceivable weight of her head, overcome by dizziness, as if on the edge of a precipice; as to the traveller, she had perceived only a confused profile through the thick fog before her eyes, just as she heard no longer the sound of his steps but as a confused noise of far-off bells.

Then the steps, suddenly, in proportion as they approached, had the resonance of cannon, in consequence of which, at each second, it seemed to the poor woman that her skull would split, each successive pain drawing from her wails like those of a dying child.

Suddenly the shocks ceased.

The traveller had stopped, and, considering with curiosity the unfortunate woman, he hesitated whether to prolong his involuntary, instinctive halt, or go on.

The cold was very biting; and although corpulent, wrapped in furs like a bear, wearing boots trimmed with furry skins, his face protected by a cap pulled down to his mouth, the man nevertheless dreaded a pause in which the good heat stored up in his flesh would evaporate and hesitated about suffering pain for the satisfaction, not of a feeling of pity,—it was not there that the shoe pinched him,—but of a desire for information which he might, perhaps, be unable to gather.

In any case, it was important to decide promptly, and touching Lady Ellen rudely with his foot, he addressed her:

"Hey! woman, are you asleep? Are you dead, or dying?"

She did not move, she had not felt the pressure of the boot, brutal as it was, and he renewed his interrogation in a still more surly fashion, raising his voice and giving the poor woman a kick with his boot-heel filled with nails, at the same time that with his stick he dealt her hand blow after blow, breaking the skin and bruising the flesh.

A groan escaped from Lady Ellen's throat, almost a rattle; and the tormentor, finding that the woman still lived, became milder.

That she might get into a condition to speak, he brought up from the depths of his pocket a flask, from which he hastily unscrewed the stopper, and after himself swallowing a tumblerful of the liquor, an excellent gin, which he relished, smacking his tongue on his palate, he forced open the teeth of the dying woman and poured down her throat a copious draught.

"Good!" said he, "that warms and nourishes."

And as the effect of the cordial did not at once appear, he doubled the potion; revived at last, Lady Ellen half opened her eyes, and, with a nervous shiver, half returned to herself, but pushed away the bottle, which he held again at her lips.

"No! no!" she cried, experiencing the sensation of an inward burning which was eating into her stomach.

Her abrupt gesture spilled a good glass of gin and the man, furious, swore as if he were possessed, all the while gulping down a second and third bumper, which brightened up his dim eyes.

"The devil! you are not, then, a true Irishwoman!"

But, rousing all the same, in spite of the fire in her stomach, and seating herself on the edge of the slope, she reached out her hand to drink again.

"Good!" said the stranger; and immediately, while Ellen swallowed with less and less repugnance and finally with pleasure this fire which, insinuating itself into her veins, cleared her brain and unfastened her limbs from the ground, he questioned her.

"Where is Harvey?" he asked; "Harvey, the agitator, your general? I have important orders for him."

But Ellen, not responding, still drinking, he took away the flask:

"No, not now; not a drop more till I am enlightened."

Imagining that the silence of the woman proceeded from a fear of betraying the leader of the insurrection, he continued:

"I am English, it is true, and I should have difficulty in concealing it; but the Irish do not count me among their enemies; I am called Tom Lichfield, and, delegated by twenty philanthropic societies, I have employed myself throughout the campaign in lessening the rigor of repression. If I inquire about Sir Bagnel Harvey, it is for humanity's sake, on account of an imminent peril which he can avoid if I succeed in meeting him."

"Tom Lichfield," murmured Lady Ellen; and she did not repress a movement of repugnance, refusing the flask which he held within reach, summoning her to tell what she knew.

At this name of Tom Lichfield an intense fear seized her; from a traitor like him one might apprehend everything, and she fixed more firmly over her face the veils in which she was carefully wrapped.

This movement did not escape the Englishman, and, already perplexed by the inefficacy of the temptation of his gin, he wished to discover the reason of this

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

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Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 11, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The first volume of Proudhon's "System of Economical Contradictions," constituting the fourth volume in the series of his works (the second and third being not yet published in English) and the first book published in the Proudhon Library, will be ready for delivery before the end of the present month. It will be a fine volume of 469 pages, uniform with "What is Property?" and will be sold at \$3.50 in cloth and \$6.50 in full calf. Subscribers to the Library get it at \$2.25 in cloth,—a saving which, it is hoped, will induce many to subscribe for the Library in order to get the benefit of the reduction on the second and subsequent volumes. The first part of the second volume will appear in April, and the other parts at quarterly intervals until further notice. I am also able to announce Stephen Pearl Andrews's "Science of Society" (recently published serially in Liberty) as almost immediately forthcoming in book form. It will contain 165 large pages, and will be sold, bound in cloth, at one dollar. Sarah E. Holmes will publish it, and orders may be sent to her address, — Box 3366, Boston, Mass. These two works will constitute the most notable reinforcements which Liberty's propaganda has received in a long time.

Liberty's New Serials.

The conclusion in this issue of Proudhon's chapter on the nature, object, and destiny of the State, and the approaching conclusion of "Ireland," permit two announcements which will be a surprise and a joy to the readers of Liberty.

In the next number will be begun the serial publication of

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,

the famous tripartite discussion carried on more than thirty years ago in the columns of the New York "Tribune" between

HENRY JAMES, HORACE GREELEY, AND STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

This discussion had its origin in a criticism made by the New York "Observer," upon Henry James's doctrine of free divorce, which Mr. James, after some discussion in the "Observer," answered in the "Tribune." Thereby Mr. Andrews and Mr. Greeley were induced to enter the debate, the former opposing Mr. James from the standpoint of free love and the latter opposing him from the standpoint of legal and absolute marriage. From all the names illustrious in American literature it would be difficult to select a trio of more brilliant, vigorous, and powerful writers, and it is needless to say that the discussion bore fruit in nearly all the strongest things that can be said in

support of the three typical positions which they respectively represented. It went on until Mr. Greeley, driven into a corner from which he could not otherwise escape, excluded Mr. Andrews from his columns, whereupon Mr. Andrews published the entire series of articles in a pamphlet with a masterly introductory summary, not only of the debate itself, but of the merits and shortcomings of his antagonists. This pamphlet was very widely circulated at the time, but has long been out of print, and it is almost impossible to procure a copy. About twenty years after the original discussion Mr. James and Mr. Andrews renewed it in "Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly," and Liberty's reprint will include these additional articles. This discussion is all the more appropriate to Liberty's columns because, as was sure to be the case with such disputants, it led from the marriage question to a fundamental examination of the individual, society, the State, and their rights and relations, and is consequently an admirable text-book of political and social philosophy. Unknown to the present generation, it will be born again through Liberty's revival, and this time, I hope, to the immortality which it so richly deserves.

But this is not all.

In the issue after the next—that is, in No. 120—will appear the first instalment of a new serial Socialistic romance, translated from the French by the editor of Liberty, and entitled:

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS,

which, within the last year, has been written as a novel by the gifted author of the drama bearing the same title, this author being no other than the well-known revolutionary Socialist, unexcelled in dramatic power by any revolutionary writer,

FÉLIX PYAT,

a short sketch of whose life will appear in the next issue.

"The Rag-Picker of Paris," when first produced on the Parisian stage many years ago with the great actor, Frédérick Lemaître, in the principal rôle, Father Jean, achieved a success as a play paralleled in that city only by the success which Eugène Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" achieved as a novel. The chorus of praise with which it was hailed was led by all the literary celebrities of the time. A few of these tributes appear below:

Heinrich Heine.—The passion of Shakspeare and the reason of Molière.

Victor Hugo.—A fortunate drama, come late enough to represent the whole people.

Alexander Dumas (to the author).—You have killed Frédérick Lemaître for us. After his Father Jean in the "Rag-Picker of Paris" he can create no other rôle.

Béranger.—The drama which best vibrates the heart's highest chord,—devotion.

Ledru-Rollin.—The greatest drama of the epoch.

Proudhon.—The work of a master.

Théophile Gautier.—The work of a Titan.

Michelet.—My compliments upon this immensely sympathetic drama.

Sainte-Beuve.—The paragon of the democratic-republican school.

Raspail.—An immense new creation.

Arsène Houssaye.—The intensity of Rembrandt.

Victor Considérant.—A generous work, lofty in its morality.

Victoria, Queen of England (to the actor Lemaître, after seeing him play in the piece).—Is there, then, such misery in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine?

Frédérick Lemaître (in reply).—It is the Ireland of Paris.

Bocage, the actor (to the author).—I shall never forgive you for not having given me the rôle of Jean.

Louis Blanc.—At last we have the Socialistic drama.

To such testimonials as these, anything that I could add, beyond the statement that the novel is quite as good as the play from which it has been constructed, would be but surplusage. I can only congratulate my readers on the treat that is in store for them.

The two serials above announced will appear, not only in the English Liberty, but in the German Liberty as well, and those who intend to subscribe to either should not fail to begin with the issues containing the first instalments of them.

All papers friendly to Liberty will confer a favor by noticing these announcements.

Anarchy in German.

Early in the spring, probably in March, there will be issued from this office the first number of a fortnightly Anarchistic journal, to be called Liberty, but to be printed entirely in the German language. Though the new paper will be under the same general management that controls the English Liberty, its active editors will be George Schumm and Emma Schumm, who are coming to Boston from Minnesota to undertake the work. The paper will be of the same shape and size as the English Liberty, and the two will alternate in the order of publication,—the English appearing one week and the German the next. The subscription price will be one dollar a year. Send in your subscriptions at once to Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 3366, Boston, Mass.

Who Offends the Inoffensive?

That bright and refreshing paper, London "Jus," seems endowed in an extraordinary degree with the faculty of detecting a mote in others' eyes while enjoying the most blissful unconsciousness of the beam in its own.

Quoting from one of my articles the sentence, "any method is justifiable in our war with the aggressive State," it puts in a demurrer against my claim, and gravely warns me that it finds itself unable to coincide with this sort of teaching. It asks me if I would burn a hotel in which my enemy found a retreat, and if I would deem it fair to terrorize innocent people provided such a method should indirectly inflict injury upon an aggressor. Now, while it is true that, from a rigorously formal point of view, my language is open to such an interpretation, nevertheless I am constrained to accuse "Jus" of unfair dealing. The spirit, if not the letter, of the statement,—and especially when judged in the light of the tone and essential purport of the entire article,—leaves no doubt as to the fact that I intended the assertion to apply only to methods exclusively and rigidly directed against either the person or the possessions of the aggressor. The qualification was too obvious to make its expression necessary. But if "Jus" really misunderstood me, let me hasten to allay its excitement and assure it that I am not "religious" enough to defend, either on the score of principle or as a matter of practical policy, the holding of inoffensive people accountable for the guilt of their kindred. And even with regard to the State, although all its supporters and defenders and apologists can justly be held responsible as partners and accomplices in the conspiracy against dissenters, and consequently "any methods against them would be justifiable" from the standpoint of pure principle, policy, which is frequently the safest of principles, counsels moderation and mild measures, while natural inclinations and the knowledge that their ignorance, rather than their depravity, is the cause of their mischievous conduct, prompt feelings of pity and sympathy with them.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all," saith Shakspeare (or Bacon), and this observation is generally considered true. Which fact makes me fear that dear "Jus" is not blessed with a "conscience": else, it would not dare to raise the very delicate question of invading the rights of unobtrusive parties. "Jus" sides with "law and order," identifies itself with the State, whose claims and subterfuges, reduced to plainness, simply mean the indiscriminate right of one set of people to "terrorize" and impose upon other sets of people, without any reference to principles of equity or equal liberty. Its stern reproach and its laudable anxiety about the rights of peaceful individuals, when brought into contrast with its support of a perpetual régime of violence and fraud and hypocritical pretence, assume a very ludicrous aspect. Reform should begin at home. Of the State it may be truly said that those who are not openly and unqualifiedly against it are for it, with it, and in it. Such must turn over a new leaf and burn their ships behind them before they can acquire a right to censure other sinners.

Still another criticism "Jus" has to make. In the same article I avowed a preference for the force of dynamite over that of the ballot-box. "Jus" admits that the "breaking of heads is the final test of right," but puts the ballot-box far above dynamite on account of

its furnishing a means of *counting* heads and thus enabling us to settle disputes without recourse to actual fighting. In cases where the issue depends on the number of heads and is predetermined in favor of the majority, it is no doubt wise and desirable to avoid violence by ascertaining and submitting to the inevitable. But "Jus" knows very well that minorities are not necessarily doomed to defeat in their struggle with majorities under the present conditions and means of warfare. Even individuals can, single-handed, withstand majorities and defy them. The counting of heads can no longer be regarded as a sure way of determining the probable outcome. Unless the majority, duly and prudently appreciating this important change with all its bearings, agrees to accept certain principles and to respect the rights of minorities, cases may arise in which object lessons as to the power and influence of minorities in modern times shall be found necessary. There is no difference in principle between us. Every man must decide for himself whether, on the whole, it is better for him to make common cause with the State or treat it as an invader and a foe. And, if he decides on war, it is further for him to intelligently choose the most certain and effective weapons. The ballot, however, is being more and more discredited by the rebellious elements and will be entirely cast aside as soon as the victims of Church and State learn more thoroughly to "know themselves" and more correctly to estimate their power.

V. YARROS.

A Plea for Non-Resistance.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I must take exception to the teaching that the infliction of injury upon aggressors is compatible with the principle of equal liberty to all.

First, with an argument which is no argument, yet which has its force to those who have observed the growth of new ideas in their own minds; how there comes first a revulsion against what is, then strong sentiment in favor of the opposite, and last only, and often not then until long after, perhaps never, comes the possibility of rational justification of the sentiment.

Now, it is a matter of observation that liberty interpreted to include non-resistance meets with quick welcome in many minds that are looking for better things, while liberty interpreted to mean our own liberty to compel others is to the same minds an unintelligible formula.

And the reason of it would seem to be this,—that while the right to defence, and, if you will, to offence too, is equal to the power and the desire to defend or to offend, it has no more to do with the actions proper to man in a social state than the right of cannibalism, which undoubtedly also exists, when, having no other food, a man must feed on his companion or die himself. Saving that in this case, with the exercise of this right to eat him, a social condition with him no longer exists; it is a revulsion to a state of warfare.

Who is to judge of where the right to equal liberty is infringed? If each one is judge, why may not the pick-pocket say, "You have right to imprison me for picking your pocket, I claim that as my natural liberty and I willingly grant you the liberty of picking mine in return,—if you can. The right to pick pockets is co-extensive with the power to pick pockets, and you are committing an aggression in imprisoning me, rather than I in picking your pocket."

There is a difference between resistance and retaliation, and between resistance and anticipatory violence. Resistance may consist in barring a door, or raising a wall against an armed attack, or on behalf of others we may resist by interposing our own person to receive the attack.

But when the attack is done and past, when the violence is over, when the murder perhaps is committed, by what right of resistance do we assume to retaliate in cold blood?

Do we assume that a man who has killed once will kill again? Such an assumption is wholly unjustifiable.

Or, if it be admitted that such an one is more likely to kill a second time, do we kill him on a possibility that lies wholly in the future?

Shall we say that he places himself outside of society, declares war upon it, and society in return makes warfare upon him and exterminates him? Who then is to judge of all the rest of us whether we are sufficiently socialized to be permitted to exist? If each is to retaliate where he conceives himself attacked, we remain in our present state of warfare.

Furthermore, if I see one coming in a threatening attitude, with drawn revolver, shall I shoot first and kill him if I can? Doubtless I may, and take the chances of his killing me; but, in doing so, I cease to admit that he is an associate; I join battle with him; I accept the fortune of war.

Briefly, the argument may be expressed thus: In a social state no individual can be regarded as outside the pale of society for any cause. Society must embrace all.

He that takes pleasure in aggression is either undeveloped

or a reversion to a former type, or his apparent aggression is really an attempt to resist what he conceives to be an injury to himself.

In any of these cases, counter-violence is wrong,—namely, it does not accomplish its purpose.

If the aggressor thinks he is injured, the reasonable course is to explain and apologize, even though no injury was meant.

If the aggression be prompted by the mere pleasure of aggression, the delight in violence of a past type, the reasonable course is to regard the aggressor as a diseased man, on a par with a lunatic, or delirium tremens patient. Confine him, but as medical treatment. Bind him, with no personal hatred of him in the ascendant. And, in confinement, so far from torturing him, treat him as are treated, or as ought to be treated, all sick and infirm, with the best food, with the best lodging, with kindness, with care, with love.

This, I say, is rational treatment.

It seems to me that the theory you advocate can produce nothing but what we see now.

The people at large, for that purpose, if for no other, a voluntary association, hanged the Chicago men. The people believed with undoubted sincerity that they were in danger from violence on the part of the victims. They investigated the justice of their belief by means which they thought adequate. They resisted by retaliatory violence.

How can you by your principles blame them?

It seems to me, too, that the simple proposition is that to compel by violence is to govern, and that Anarchists, who protest against government, should begin by saying: We will govern nobody. We will do no violence.

If you care to print this, I ask one thing: Make no verbal criticisms. I am not a Christian, nor a teleologist, nor a moralist, and any slips of language must not be construed to mean that I am. Another thing I ask, subject to your approval. Do not refute me in the same issue. Perhaps I am wrong. If so, I wish to change my opinion. You, I assume, are as ready to change yours.

But it will take a little time for either of us.

JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON.

If I could see that my silence for a fortnight could help either Mr. Robinson or myself to a change of opinion, I would certainly grant his last request. But it seems to me that, if either of us is open to conviction, such would be the very course to delay the change. I change my opinion when an argument is opposed to it which I perceive to be valid and controlling. If it does not seem to me valid at first, it rarely seems otherwise after mere waiting. But if I try to answer it, I either destroy it because of its weakness or cause its strength to be made more palpable by provoking its re-statement in another and clearer form. I should thin the same must hold in Mr. Robinson's case, if he is writing his mature thought; if he is not, I should advise him to let it mature first and print it afterwards. There is, no doubt, something to be said in favor of allowing intervals between statements of opposing views, but solely from the reader's standpoint, not from that of the disputants. Such a plan encourages thought and compels the reader to frame some sort of answer for himself pending the rejoinder of the other side. But in the conduct of a journal this consideration, important as it is, is not the only one to be thought of. There are others, and they all tell in favor of the method of immediate reply. First, there is the consideration of space, one-third of which can generally be saved by avoiding the necessity of restating the opponent's position. Second, there is the consideration of interest, which wanes when a discussion is prolonged by frequent delays. Third, there is the consideration arising out of the fact that every issue of a paper is seen by hundreds of people who never see another. It is better that such should read both sides than but one.

Mr. Robinson's other request—that I make no verbal criticism—is also hard to comply with. How am I to avoid a verbal criticism when he makes against Anarchists a charge of inconsistency (by the way, has he changed his mind about inconsistency?) which can only be sustained by a definition of government which Anarchists reject? He says that the essence of government is compulsion by violence. If it is, then of course Anarchists, always opposing government, must always oppose violence. But Anarchists do not so define government. To them the essence of government is invasion. From the standpoint of this definition, why should Anarchists, protesting against invasion and determined not to be invaded, not use violence against it, provided at any time violence shall seem the most effective method of putting a stop to it?

But it is not the most effective method, insists Mr. Robinson in another part of his article; "it does not accomplish its purpose." Ah! here we are on quite another ground. The claim no longer is that it is necessarily un-Anarchistic to use violence, but that other influences than violence are more potent to overcome invasion. Exactly; that is the gospel which Liberty has always preached. I have never said anything to the contrary, and Mr. Robinson's criticism, so far as it lies in this direction, seems to me *mal à propos*. His article is prompted by my answers to Mr. Blodgett in No. 115. Mr. Blodgett's questions were not as to what Anarchists would find it best to do, but as to what their Anarchistic doctrine logically binds them to do and avoid doing. I confined my attention strictly to the matter in hand, omitting extraneous matters. Mr. Robinson is not justified in drawing inferences from my omissions, especially inferences that are antagonistic to my definite assertions at other times.

Perhaps he will answer me, however, that there are certain circumstances under which I think violence advisable. Granted; but, according to his article, so does he. These circumstances, however, he distinguishes from the social state as a state of warfare. But so do I. The question comes upon what you are to do when a man makes war upon you. Ward him off, says Mr. Robinson, but do not attack him in turn to prevent a repetition of his attack. As a general policy, I agree; as a rule without exceptions, I dissent. Suppose a man tries to knock me down. I will parry his blows for a while, meanwhile trying to dissuade him from his purpose. But suppose he does not desist, and I have to take a train to reach the bedside of my dying child. I straightway knock him down and take the train. And if afterwards he repeats his attack again and again, and thereby continually takes my time away from the business of my life, I put him out of my way, in the most decent manner possible, but summarily and forever. In other words, it is folly for people who desire to live in society to put up with the invasions of the incorrigible. Which does not alter the fact that with the corrigible it is not only good policy, but in accordance with the sentiments of highly-developed human beings, to be as gentle and kind as possible.

To describe such dealing with the incorrigible as the exercise of "our liberty to compel others" denotes an utter misconception. It is simply the exercise of our liberty to keep others from compelling us.

But who is to judge where invasion begins? asks Mr. Robinson. Each for himself, and those to combine who agree, I answer. It will be perpetual war, then? Not at all; a war of short duration, at the worst. I am well aware that there is a border-land between legitimate and invasive conduct over which there must be for a time more or less trouble. But it is an ever-decreasing margin. It has been narrowing ever since the idea of equal liberty first dawned upon the mind of man, and in proportion as this idea becomes clearer and the new social conditions which it involves become real will it contract towards the geometrical conception of a line. And then the world will be at peace. Meanwhile, if the pickpocket continues his objectionable business, it will not be because of any such reasoning as Mr. Robinson puts into his mouth. He may so reason, but as a matter of fact he never does. Or, if he does, he is an exceptional pickpocket. The normal pickpocket has no idea of equal liberty. Whenever the idea dawns upon him, he will begin to feel a desire for its realization and to acquire a knowledge of what equal liberty is. Then he will see that it is exclusive of pocket-picking. And so with the people who hanged the Chicago martyrs. I have never blamed them in the usual sense of the word blame. I charge them with committing gross outrage upon the principle of equal liberty, but not with knowing what they did. When they become Anarchists, they will realize what they did, and will do so no more. To this end my comrades and I are trying to enlighten them concerning the principle of equal liberty. But we shall fail if we obscure the principle by denying or concealing the lengths to which, in case of need, it allows us to go lest people of tender sensibilities may infer that we are in favor of always going to such lengths, regardless of circumstances.

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Continued from page 3.

sudden repulse, and rapidly removed the stuffs which concealed the face of the Duchess.

She stood upright to evade the liberty which he took, but the earth appeared to give way under her feet, and, in order not to fall, she leaned on his arm, begging him not to let go of her.

"Ah! indeed!" said Lichfield, "but I am not mistaken; it is Lady Ellen's voice."

The veils at this moment became disarranged in the young woman's effort to cling to him.

"Yes, it is she," he repeated.

"Sustain me; everything is turning round. An enormous gulf is opening before me; I am going to be plunged into it."

"O well! so much the worse!" said the traitor; "all this time my Harvey is doubtless making good time; we are not in a parlor where I am obliged to be gallant."

And, disengaging himself from Lady Newington's grasp, he started off at a slow run.

He must make up the time lost after this fool of a woman whom he consigned to the devil, and who, in the meantime, had better have remained in the flames of the castle rather than to drink and spill his gin, and delay him to no purpose.

Behind him, he heard her roll on the ground with tumultuous cries, but this did not at all move him, especially as he was beginning to complain and suffer on his own account from his unusual exercise.

Nevertheless, he did not dare slacken his pace too quickly for fear of cooling off and inducing an inflammation of the lungs, thus leaving others to capture the famous rebel, reaping the benefits without having had the fatigues, the anxiety, the disappointments, and at a time, too, when there was really nothing more to do but extend the hand, so to speak, and close it over the collar of the cursed Harvey.

After the battle the general had thrown himself into the sea to escape his pursuers; and Lichfield had followed him into the waves, without reaching him, alas! barely escaping twenty times a final submersion, recommending his soul to God, but supported by the waves and saved by his natural buoyancy.

Since then he had been at his heels in almost every skirmish, fighting, himself, at his post, perching, by manoeuvres of eminent strategy, on some point whence he could command a view of the two armies.

At night he had approached the place where the general was resting, hoping to get close to his prey, cut off his head, and fly triumphantly with it to the keeper of the Treasury, who would count out to him the promised bounty, and he cursed his sex which did not permit him the exploits of Judith and Jael.

Defeated, trying to rally the remnant of his followers, to raise new recruits, Bagnel Harvey was none the less hunted by Lichfield, who, only a few hours before, had suddenly lost sight of him at the crossing of a road concealed by a thick wood.

Doubtless the Irishman had turned to the right, Lichfield to the left; it was for this reason that the Englishman had wished to inquire of the Duchess. Suddenly, as he left her, he believed that he saw his man on an elevation, and he started to run.

Unable to do so any longer, out of breath, he had to diminish his speed and return to his normal step, fortifying himself with great draughts of gin from his flask, which he emptied to the last drop, following it with another full one, the aroma of which he sniffed with delight; but he was enraged at his snail's pace, while the game was rapidly running away from him.

The road, now going through a hilly country, offered Lichfield only a very limited horizon, and the odious traitor could not see whether Harvey pursued his course along the beaten path, or cut across for fear of meeting someone.

On an eminence, however, he drowned in big gulps of gin the shout of joy ready to leap from his throat; the agitator was hurrying along below, only a few miles ahead, and as the road which he would follow was both winding and excessively hilly, the Englishman now felt sure, by going through the moors, of catching his man.

This would be hardly the affair of an hour; hardly, for the joy of attaining his end refreshed him suddenly.

"Hurrah!" cried he, caressing in his belt, under his great coat, the two pistols which he carried; and he plunged into the heath, which was too thin, however, to obstruct his progress.

The ground rose at a gentle incline, and Lichfield, aided by the north wind which pushed him along, went on without fatigue, like a great ship going before the wind, which glides tranquilly on the waves; and he was dreaming in his joy that at last, the campaign ended, with a distended purse, returning to Glasgow, he would there enjoy his well-earned repose, surrounded by general consideration, when suddenly dull subterranean noises, like a clamor of thousands of voices, drew him from his reverie, communicating to his adipose being a shudder which, by reason of the persistence of the unusual noise, penetrated to the marrow of his bones.

Frightened, he stopped short to discover the cause, imagining himself the victim of an illusion.

But no: the confused murmur, like a rumbling of thunder or of the rising sea, confirmed his impression, as if some formidable tempest was growling in the bowels of the earth, and distant detonations added their special noise to the general uproar.

What was going on down there? What tempest was gathering which would probably break at last? And of what elements was this conflagration composed, menacing in itself, and still more on account of the unknown region in the midst of which it was manifested?

Too far from the shore, terrible, imposing, it was not the sea engulfed in excavations which was roaring and beating the walls of its prison; perhaps it came from a crowd of men escaped from the carnage of the previous week, preparing a revenge; or perhaps it was an avenging cataclysm, and the country, filled with mines which were commencing to explode, was on the point of being buried into the air, like the presbytery of Sir Richmond, burying conquerors and conquered in a gigantic common tomb?

Tom Lichfield did not arrive at a decision; and the more he struggled to comprehend, the less he succeeded, his faculties becoming paralyzed in the fear which pursued him.

He hastened his steps to elude the danger; but the farther he advanced, the more the alarming symptoms were emphasized. Surely a profound overturning was agitating the internal mass of this region; a revolution was preparing; and, whatever it might be, it frightened Lichfield, who resumed his interrupted course, doubling his speed at first, and then running as when leaving Lady Ellen.

And now a new cause of terror was added to the preceding ones. It seemed to this big Englishman, at first, that he was walking on a floor suspended in the air, and which bent under his enormous weight and the shaking rapidity of his giant's tread.

Then, the solid and firm floor became loosened, and puddles of oozing, warm mud moistened Lichfield's feet.

Surely the noise came from sheets of stagnant water at a greater or less depth, and there was no cause to be filled with alarm.

Reassured, Lichfield turned in a direction where the earth was dry and firm, and if, beneath, the enraged tempest continued its uproar, at least he no longer risked drowning, and he tranquilly scrutinized the neighborhood in search of his Bagnel Harvey, whom, for an instant, he had completely forgotten!

And he rejoiced at seeing him at a distance of, perhaps, a mile only, seated on a fragment of rock, in a discouraged repose, and easy to overtake.

Suddenly an immense cracking noise was heard under his feet, and, like breaking ice, the crust of the soil, having become thinner, split in all directions. Lichfield uttered an oath which resounded through the whole valley, reinforced by a hundred echoes, and which disturbed Harvey in his meditation; and with a prodigious effort, leaping like a clown in a circus, he lifted his enormous mass and transported it to a piece of solid earth which resisted his weight.

To be continued.

"Free Banking."

(Chicago Times.)

There are newspaper writers in the southern portion of the republic who are clamorous for "free banking." By that expression they mean the free issue of notes for circulation by banks on their general credit. Excepting in the matter of note issues, banking is now as free as any one could desire. Even in that respect it is free to any five persons who have a moderate amount of capital and are disposed to offer the required security.

If there is anything in human affairs that has been fully demonstrated by experience, it is that the sort of free banking that these southern writers advocate is unsafe and fraught with intolerable evils. The thing was tried in this country for a long time, and it took a great while to get rid of it even after it was almost universally admitted to be utterly mischievous. The last substitute for it before the national banking system was created was the issue of circulation under State authority on the security of State bonds, and it was that plan, national bonds being substituted for State, that was copied into the national system. The general adoption of that plan by the States was a distinct recognition of the unwisdom of permitting the unrestricted issue of circulating notes by banks and their general credit.

The issue of circulation is not a necessary part of banking. The existence and prosperity of a great number of banks without circulation are proof enough of that. There is much reason to doubt whether there is any good at all in bank note issues. The national bank notes are disappearing pretty rapidly, and they do not seem to be greatly missed. Our greenbacks, coin, and coin certificates seem to meet all the requirements of a circulating medium pretty completely, and there are no indications that the country would suffer greatly if the entire bank-note currency should eventually disappear.

But be that as it may, it is to be hoped that the American people will never again commit the folly, and worse than folly, of tolerating the sort of free banking that southern writers advocate. Freedom is an excellent thing in its way, but freedom to emit paper substitutes for money is not the kind for which this country, or any other, has any use.

A Particular Demand in Free Commerce.

(Galveston News.)

A year or more ago the Chicago "Times" gave expression to several criticisms upon the proposal for free banking. Its comments, proceeding from a cultured and candid mind, would scarcely have taken the turn they did had not the "Times" been led by preconception to imagine that the old authoritarian system of alleged specie-basis banking was intended. That was not free banking. The "Times" asked for information, and the "News" endeavored to indicate the difference in principle between the methods. Since then the "News" has not observed any reference to the subject in the "Times" until the other day, when the "Times" again noticed the subject in an article, reprinted in another column. The "Times" therein says that note issuing is now free to any five persons who have a moderate amount of capital and are disposed to offer the required security. Which is to say that it is not free. The security required is a deposit of government bonds. These evidences of debt are certainly good enough security. Their employment as a basis for currency shows what can be done without the deposit of specie. The admission of one sort of property to monetization emphasizes the deprivation of that use from the rest. The "Times" is flatly in error in saying that free banking has been tried and condemned by experience in this country. The spurious banks to which it alludes were fruits of an arbitrary legislative dictation as to a specie deposit security which was as impossible as unnecessary. It would be no more illogical to say now that freedom of contract in insurance business is discredited by the failure of companies which have received the permission of the State to do business, than to assert that free banking is discredited by experience under a system where in the frauds were chiefly perpetrated either to pretend compliance with arbitrary and impracticable guarantees, or else perpetrated by the very means of the worse than worthless charters serving to dupe depositors and noteholders. The "Times" is too good an economist and too sound a logician to assert that the fact of a plan having been adopted by the States, under the belief that free banking was unsafe, was proof of the wisdom of the opinion. The fiscal system of the United States at present is not proof that free trade is dangerous, but only that people have thought it less advantageous than restricted trade. The States did not learn by experience of free banking, but started with a prejudice against it, and that prejudice has been strengthened by reference to disasters which overtook experiments in unfree banking. The view that greenbacks, coin, and coin certificates meet all requirements will be congenial simply to those who have not grasped the idea that currency is a tool of exchange, and that its scarcity value bears as a tax on every transaction,—as would the scarcity of any other useful implement,—besides being the cause of much abstention from exchange of commodities where barter is too inconvenient. All the newspapers show that property is daily offered in trade. The advertisers know that the original necessity for barter still exists. There is a medium of exchange to some extent, consisting of bits of divisible metallic property and its representatives, and of bills representing bonds. But the bonds being thus monetized simply serve to admit their owners to a share in the astounding monopoly of money. It is not so much a hardship that large capital is required for banks. If the law would allow note issuing upon the mutual bank plan, it would be easy to bottom one hundred thousand dollars upon two or three times as much property, whereas the national bankers are agitating for more than nine-tenths currency on their security. The principle of free banking is the principle of free commerce. Whether it is safe or not involves the question whether paternalism or free contract is the correct principle in public affairs. The advocates of free banking desire liberty to organize and to secure currency in a manner which would be acceptable as security for a loan of gold, but, to escape the cost involved in using that scarce medium or its representative, they would use their own property or credit, and not trespass upon others. Permit them to use other currency, and they cease to compete for gold. Thus abandoned by a part of society, gold may become cheaper for those who prefer it. The first question here, as in many other instances, is that of self-direction in business or of a paternal control based upon the idea that free contract is too dangerous to be permitted.

Socialistic Letters.

(Le Radical.)

Coöperation a panacea?

Sharps have said so, greenhorns have believed them. In reality, coöperation might be, and, if it is desired, will be, a potent peaceful agent of social transformation.

But on this condition,—that the greenhorns shall not let the sharps put the tool in their pocket.

Juggling is so quickly done. A turn of the hand; presto! and there you are!

Friends of the Coöperative Congress at Tours, this letter is addressed to you. Beware of jugglery!

Ten years ago the wind blew in the direction of coöperation, and it was a good wind. But under the influence of metaphysical clouds from over the Rhine, part of the French Socialists have suddenly lost their footing, put on the air of a cyclone, and have begun to blow collectivism.

That the faithful friends of coöperation should have been thrown into a little confusion thereby was not astonishing; but that, the battalions once rallied, they should have so lost their way that now they seem no longer to know why they started, whence they came, or whither they would go, is a matter that requires a word of explanation. To fall into the beaten path of political economy would be the height of confusion for coöperation. Never again would they get out of that rut. Danger! coöperating friends.

Do you remember the early days when the roll-call of coöperation was beaten and you grouped yourselves in enthusiastic choruses, singing the captivating hymn of solidarity?

You were to replace from top to bottom the old, heavy, burdensome commercial edifice, to renew the worn-out, rusty, dirty tools of exchange which returned scarcely twenty-five per cent. of the force expended and rendered useless millions of intelligent heads, excellent hearts, and skillful hands, occupied in the parasitic labor of a decrepit commerce.

The industry of transportation, which is all of commerce, was so badly organized that the product delivered to it for twenty-five francs was sold for a hundred, though nothing had been added to it save a little dust from the warehouse.

This could not last, and the following reform was proposed.

The consumers should form groups. They know almost surely that they will want boots and shoes, overcoats, food. They should combine to the number of one hundred, two hundred, five hundred, and assure houses established for the purpose that they will regularly buy food, shoes, and coats of them.

On the other hand, these houses should turn to the laboring people in the different productive regions and say to them:

What need is there of a mass of middle-men, monopolists, devourers, adulterators, who thrust themselves between you, creators of products, and us, final distributors of products? Group yourselves, then, for coöperative production, as those who need to consume group themselves to coöperate in consumption; and we, the houses of distribution, will guarantee to purchase of you as we are guaranteed a sale by our consumer-customers. You, producers, will receive the value of your product, of your effort, without having to deal with a mass of hucksters and exploiters, who profit by your crises, by your accidents, and who hold the knife at your throats in order to pay no more for your sweat than they would for clear water. You, consumers, will find on our shelves every thing that you need, at cost, cost of sale included, without having to pour your hard-earned money into the hands of the multitude of middlemen allowed by the present system of exchanging products.

And again, all the activities uselessly devoted to operating the disastrous machinery of exchange would be restored to useful labor, and such labor would never be lacking.

Thus understood, coöperation is a solution of the great problem of social economy,—the delivery of products to the consumer at cost.

Now, this hope from coöperation would be destroyed and coöperation would be compromised, if the vote passed by the Lyons Congress in 1886 should be persisted in. That Congress, in fact, adopted the following principle as one of its formal objects:

To sell at retail prices and capitalize the profits.

The ambush was prepared. The economicist serpent, to tempt the coöperators and make them abandon their promised land, has said to them, not "Ye shall be as gods," which is stale, but "Ye shall be capitalists!"

"What! buy at cost! A vulgar instinct, showing lack of foresight. And then, would you not grievously annoy the parasite next you; who, added to the parasites who supply him with merchandise, succeeds in extracting from your pocket a fourth or a third of its contents? Leave this commonplace of gross immediate gain; do not annoy parasitism; do not restore to useful labor those who are wearing themselves out in the absurd gearing of the commercial machine; renounce all ideas of emancipation; and follow simply the movement of the day, make profits."

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"Yes, make profits. You shall establish a coöperative store. When you need a pound of candles, you will go to your store, which will have received this pound of candles with all charges paid and all risks covered, and you will lay down fifteen sous. If you profess Socialistic doctrines, you

will give your store the fifteen sous and take away your candles. But that is an inferior way of doing things, and if you are imbued with the healthy doctrines of political economy, you will hasten to pay the price fixed by the old-time parasitism; you will give twenty-five sous. Then you can say that you have made a profit,—that you have gained the ten sous paid by you in excess."

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"Why, yes! since at the parasite's you never would have seen them again, while by coöperation thus practised you have chances of getting them once more."

"But would it not be better to keep my ten sous paid in excess and use them in buying shoes for my baby, who just now needs a pair?"

"What low instincts you have! Is it not a virtue to become a capitalist? When you have pinched the bellies of your entire family for a whole year by paying too high prices for everything, for a virtuous object and not to annoy those who sell everything for twice as much as it is worth, you will be in control of a small capital."

"And this capital?"

"Ah! be careful not to touch it; leave it religiously in the treasury. It will be invested in bonds paying a handsome income, which you will receive later if you are not dead, or else in real estate the rents from which you will likewise receive in the future provided you are alive."

This is how the coöperative idea can be turned from its path. If the famous pioneers of Rochdale had understood coöperation in consumption to mean the supply of products at actual cost, perhaps English commerce would have been revolutionized. They applied, on the contrary, this principle: *Sale of goods at city retail prices and accumulation of the profits as savings*, and thus they have simply ended by having a large sum of money in the society's coffers, by means of which they have increased by several thousands the number of individuals who, by lending money at the highest possible interest, withdraw from other laborers a part of the product of their labor without any effort of their own.

One who had not lost his bearings, however, might say to the tempter at the outset:

"Villainous serpent, wicked serpent, lying serpent, why do you advise me thus? I have seen scandalous profits realized, and I have undertaken the task of putting an end to this scandal; I have blushed to think that I live in a time when a gentleman, because he has possessed a hundred francs once, can receive, without ever doing anything more, a hundred sous a year, and that indefinitely, continually, for himself or his heirs forever; and I have become a coöperator, because that seemed to me the first remedy for such a state of things. And, serpent, you come to induce me, by insinuation, not to enter into competition with the old machinery of exchange; and, worse yet, to me who feel the rebellious blood boiling in my veins against all the Vantours and all the Gobsecks, you come to tempt me with the promise that—what?—that I shall be M. Vantour, that I shall be Father Gobseck!"

The economist would shrug his shoulders, as much as to say:

"You understand nothing of political economy."

ERNEST LESIGNE.

Editorial Accuracy.

To the Editor of Liberty:

The last issue of Liberty contains an editorial headed, "Where silence would have been golden," signed by V. Yarros, in which a "fling" is made at "a Boston labor reformer," which is manifestly intended for me. To this I beg your leave to reply through Liberty.

With substantially this statement I opened the criticised address: There is a class of people in nearly every community that lives through the superstition of the common people; there is another class that thrives on their ignorance, known as lawyers; there is still another class that luxuriates on their labor: hence one might assume that it does not pay to be honest or virtuous, yet few, if any, of you would indorse such a conclusion. In reply to this my critic says: "Moreover, he began his speech by an affirmation that, despite all appearances, honesty is really the best policy and virtue the safest quality." Is this true?

I disavow the statement which the editor puts into my mouth by means of quotation marks, not because it misrepresents me, but because I did not use exactly that language.

He also says that I "very earnestly protested against the indifference of the various schools of reform to the eight-hour movement." I did nothing of the sort.

This is superb: The "address meant to be in favor of eight hours" approved the "quack remedy" when it "acknowledged the impotency of the eight-hour remedy." Could you fatten this any?

I have practised gesticulatory, elocutionary, and phraseological sneers almost in vain. It is with the greatest difficulty that I approximate any of them. I am conscious of having made on the mentioned occasion no effort to effect a sneer, and have asked several of them that attended the meeting if I sneered, who answered negatively; therefore the gibe relative to a "strange and sneering remark" is, in fact, ungrounded.

In view of these facts, ought I not to cite the following of the editor's language against him: "Unfairness and inten-

tional misstatement would seem to be the only remaining explanation of his fling?"

Whether the eight-hour philosophy alleges to be a cure-all, cure-nothing, or cure-any-thing is a subject which I will not discuss in Liberty, because all her readers are familiar with it.

"LABOR REFORMER."

FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

[The article to which the above is intended as a reply appeared as an editorial by accident, my instructions to set it in small type not having been given with sufficient explicitness. But after the mistake I decided that it was not worth while to correct it, because I did not anticipate any dispute as to the words and ideas attributed to "Labor Reformer," and, assuming them to be accurate, I sympathized largely with Mr. Yarros's protest. Such dispute having arisen, I must leave Mr. Yarros and "Labor Reformer" to settle it between themselves, reminding the latter, however, that, in his present communication, he has discussed comparatively trivial points, to the neglect of Mr. Yarros's main charge,—that "Labor Reformer" tried to make his audience believe that the opponents of the eight-hour movement combat it because it is not a cure-all, though he well knew that they combat it because it is a cure-nothing.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

The Absurdity of Interest.

Ever since history commenced her story, we have been told by wise and good men that usury was wrong. But rarely, if ever, has the fact been noticed that paying money for the use of money is as absurd as it is wicked. When I tell the average man that interest is not necessary in the issue of and the use of money, he will laugh and say that I must be crazy.

Now, let us see where the laugh comes in, and who is the stupid, unthinking fool. John Stuart Mill says:

"A bank which lends its notes lends capital which it borrows of the community and for which it pays no interest."

Here we see the community lending money—which is practically capital—for nothing, and the same community then borrows this same money and pays more for the use of it than for everything else. Is it possible to think of anything more absurd? If a man should give away a thing of value and then buy it back, he would be considered foolish, but if he should continue to repeat the act day after day, he would be thought to be a lunatic.

The natural compensation of labor is what labor produces; but now, under our system of credit monopoly, labor gets less than half of its product.

A man works some three months every year to keep a roof over him. Can anything be more ridiculous?

Look at a rich man: he has nothing to do but take his rents, and, while he lives in the greatest luxury, he yet buys more houses.

Sometimes, when I think of these things, I feel like saying: Damn the fools! Neither God nor man can help them until they get their eyes open. APEX.

A Case Where Discussion Convinced.

[London Jus.]

One word as to boycotting itself. "Jus" was some weeks ago taken to task by the Boston Liberty for incorrectly defining the term. "The line of distinction," says Liberty, "does not run in the direction which 'Jus' tries to give it. Its course does not lie between the second person and a third person, but between the threats of invasion and the threats of ostracism, by which either the second or a third person is coerced or induced. All boycotting, no matter of what person, consists either in the utterance of a threat or in its execution. A man has a right to threaten what he has a right to execute. The boundary-line of justifiable boycotting is fixed by the nature of the threat used." This seems reasonable enough, and, until we see the contrary proved, we shall accept this view, in preference to that which we have put forward hitherto. At the same time, we are not so absolutely convinced of its soundness as to close our eyes to the fact that there may be a good deal said on the other side. The doctrine of conspiracy enters in. That which may not be illegal or even wrong in one person becomes both illegal and morally wrong in a crowd of persons.

Please Remember It.

[New York Herald.]

Congress has gone on for years piling laws upon laws and duties upon duties expressly to "protect" the American laborer and make him the more blessed of his kind, and yet strikes and discontent increase yearly. It was a wise statesman who said that the true way to reform evils was by the repeal of old and not the enactment of new laws. If our Congressmen were not so extremely busy—Heaven knows what with!—they might have time to consider this saying a little.

Continued from page 1.

us in argument, they fire blank cartridges at us, hoping to make us run like hares and thus become ridiculous. The joke is in very bad taste.

"Scarcely had I finished these words when a second report burst out, this time on the other side of my head. They asked me if I was hit. Having felt no pain, I answered no, but my neighbors declared that I was wounded. Indeed, a little stream of blood was trickling down my face. One ball had struck my right ear, the other had entered below my left ear.

"Immediately my friends surrounded me and took me away, while the crowd rushed upon the murderer and put him in a most pitiful state. A sailor showered blows upon his face in spite of my supplications. In vain did I ask mercy for him. Finally the police intervened, tore him from the crowd, and with the greatest difficulty took him to the commissioner's office, while my friends escorted me to the hotel under the hall.

"There I was examined for a long time, — too long, in fact, for I missed my train. Why was I kept there? With good intentions, doubtless, but it was very exasperating. The next morning I took the six o'clock train, and here I am."

"How do you feel now?"

"Why, very well, as you see. I shall escape with the loss of a little piece of my ear."

"And what have you to say about the attack?"

"That I like people who fire at me better than those who insult me at a distance. At least they have the frankness of their opinion. This Lucas excites my pity. He is a victim, not a guilty man. A victim of his temperament, vitiated by drink, and also a victim of the wretches who have abused his simplicity to incite him against me. He is simply a madman. It seems that, when aiming at me, he made the sign of the cross, as if Anti-Christ were before him. I intend to return to Havre to testify in behalf of this irresponsible being. To think that his family is suffering on my account. I am fond of dumb animals; why should I not take pity on men? The information that I have received from my friends in Havre is distressing. It appears that Lucas lived with his family in an attic, and that he earned barely enough to keep starvation from the door. That explains many things. I have written the following letter to Madame Lucas:

Madame:

Learning of your sorrow, I should like to comfort you. Rest easy; as it is inadmissible that your husband could have acted with discrimination, it is consequently impossible that he should not be restored to you.

Neither my friends, nor the doctors, nor the press of Paris, not forgetting that of Havre, will cease to call for his liberation.

And if there should be too much delay about it, I should return to Havre, and this time my lecture would be wholly devoted to obtaining this act of justice.

The whole city would attend. LOUISE MICHEL.

On Tuesday she wrote the following note to the editors of "L'Intransigeant":

My dear friends:

I have not been to see you, because Dr. Labbé forbids me to go out, which is incomprehensible, since I am very well.

I rely on you in behalf of this poor woman in Havre. It is only justice: the unfortunate man has one eye almost torn out in consequence of his act of folly, while I still have two eyes; the rule of "an eye for an eye," therefore, is already surpassed.

I embrace you heartily. LOUISE MICHEL.

Pierre Lucas is thirty-two years old. He was formerly a clown in a circus, but more recently a private watchman. On his examination before the prosecuting attorney he said that, in killing the queen of the Anarchists, he hoped to suppress the party, which, having lost its leader, would disappear.

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Vol. V.—No. 15.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

Whole No. 119.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The next meeting of the Anarchists' Club will be held on Sunday, February 26, at half past two o'clock, at 176 Tremont Street, for which occasion a debate has been arranged between Laurence Gronlund and Victor Yarros upon the comparative merits of Collectivist Socialism and Anarchist Socialism.

The Boston "Labor Leader" says that those workmen who have secured a normal eight-hour work-day would not exchange it for all the philosophy of Proudhon. I readily believe it. Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise. But the Proudhonians know enough not to cast pearls before swine, and they have no use for people who are constitutionally incapable of forming higher ideals of happiness than a twenty per cent. reduction in the number of lashes daily given them. The intelligent workmen are sure to find out some day that Proudhon's philosophy is not to be exchanged for anything short of its practical realization in actual life.

"Freedom," the London journal edited by C. M. Wilson, is supposed to perform in England for Prince Kropotkin the same office that "La Révolte" performs for him on the continent,—that of promulgating his distinctive views. At any rate, it is the English organ of "Anarchistic Communism." The February number has these words in its leading article: "There is scarcely a form of wealth which, if monopolized, may not be used as a means of extorting unpaid labor from the needy. *All wealth, therefore, is a public possession, and the principle upon which it must be shared amongst the members of the community is, To each according to his needs.*" The italics are Liberty's. Now, when any one ventures to declare that Kropotkinian Communism is compulsory, William Holmes of Chicago turns himself inside out. But what else is it?

Dr. McCarthy, the Anti-Poverty champion of New York, took too narrow and material a view altogether when he intimated that Henry George had yet to make his first sacrifice for the labor movement. A minister ought to be able to lift himself above the plane of mere dollars and cents. Henry George, it is true, has not had to part with any cash for the sake of the cause, but think of the pangs, suffering, pain, humiliation, struggle, he had to endure before he succeeded in silencing the revolt of his conscience and native honesty and reconciled them to the tricky and contemptible ways of the politician! Does, then, the sacrifice of self-respect, dignity, straightforwardness, and sincerity count for nothing? Oh, no; let us not forget these sacrifices of George to the labor movement, and let us honor him at least as much as we do the memory of Artemas Ward, who so nobly and heroically declared his readiness to sacrifice all of his wife's relatives to the altar of his fatherland.

Comrade Labadie's suggestion of a general conference of Anarchists at Detroit next summer is a good one provided anybody has any important and well-digested proposals upon which the conference could act advantageously; otherwise, it is doubtful if the Anarchists can afford such a luxury. Such a meeting would be very pleasant, but very costly. If twenty

persons should attend from all parts of the country, it certainly would cost them an average of twenty dollars each, or a total of four hundred dollars. Now, unless the conference is sure to result in the realization of measures of great importance which have already taken definite shape in individual minds, this sum of four hundred dollars will do much more for Anarchy if entrusted to Comrade Labadie for the publication of Anarchistic literature than ever will be accomplished by paying it to railroads and hotel-keepers for junketing expenses. The "lots of things" which Labadie has left unsaid are the very things necessary to know before endorsing his proposal.

It is unpleasant to recall the controversy which led John F. Kelly to reduce his coöperation with Liberty to a minimum, but, as I have found out that, upon a matter of fact incidentally in dispute, he was right and I wrong, my love of fairness prompts me to make acknowledgment. It having been charged by Gertrude B. Kelly that I had suppressed a quotation from Clifford which John F. Kelly had requested me to print, the incidental question arose whether Mr. Kelly had made such a request. He gave one version, I another. It is my habit to carefully file away and preserve nearly all letters which I receive, but when I consulted my file to verify my version, I was greatly surprised to find the desired letter missing. Search failed to disclose it until a few days ago, when, in the midst of a hunt for a manuscript, I found the missing letter, as well as another from the same gentleman received at about the same time, under a heap of dusty papers. Its text establishes beyond question that Mr. Kelly made the request, and I am at an utter loss to understand my misconception and neglect of his letter. But of this I am positively sure,—that from the beginning of the discussion of Egoism to the present time nothing has been farther from my wish or thought than the suppression of any opinion upon any side of the question. The columns of Liberty amply prove the truth of what I thus declare.

I find myself almost entirely in sympathy with Zeln's criticism of Henriette's "Independent Women." That article appeared in these columns, not because I deemed it a striking instance of logical adherence to liberty, but simply as a protest against that monogamic morality of which it has called out an expression from Charlotte. Not a thoroughly consistent protest either, but the protest of a woman whose natural impulses and desires conflicted with her unreasoning acceptance of custom, and who consequently steered a very devious course between the two. The fact that Charlotte can conceive of Henriette only as a "wanton" is to my mind sufficient excuse for exhibiting with approval any slightest, even though inconsistent, indication of revolt on the part of innocent and natural impulses against our monstrous and artificial moralities. Moreover, I take it that Henriette is not a real person, but a character created by Gramont to voice the tendency towards liberty now showing itself among women who do not yet understand the logic of liberty. As the letter seemed to me to voice it faithfully, I printed it as a "human document." I advise Charlotte to banish all prejudice from her mind, and then follow closely the discussion of "Love, Marriage, and Divorce" begun in this issue of Liberty. When that is finished, I shall be glad to receive her criticism of it and to consider it with her. Till then I offer her that discussion in lieu of any extended answer from my pen.

In view of the enormous amounts of time, ink, and paper that have been consumed in debating the question whether John Brown kissed a negro baby on his way to the gallows, and since the ultimate consequences of a seemingly harmless misrepresentation of facts can never be foretold, it is important to correct any untruths that have been spread regarding the executions at Chicago. One such untruth Liberty has been instrumental in circulating by reprinting Heine's poem, "The Weaver," accompanied by the statement that George Engel recited it in his cell the night before the execution. The report that Engel did so first appeared in the New York "Evening Sun," and was copied widely. Nevertheless it was, as I have lately ascertained, a lie out of whole cloth,—in newspaper lingo, a "fake." Neither Engel nor any of his fellow-prisoners recited Heine's poem. My informant is a perfectly reliable gentleman, who made particular inquiries regarding the matter of the death-watch—a sympathetic old man very friendly to the prisoners—and of the other jail officials. All agree that nothing of the kind took place. The story was the invention of a sensation-monger. Though false, however, it was not malicious. It was very creditable to Engel. But there stands to the credit of the men of Chicago so much that is true that all lies had better be confined to the debit side of the account. Unlike their slanderers, they have no need to rely upon falsehoods to bolster up their cause. Hence this one is duly nailed.

The London "Freedom" has defined the *habitat* of Individualistic Anarchism. It flourishes, it seems, only in newly-settled countries. This accounts for "Honesty" in Australia, and for Liberty, "Lucifer," Fowler's "Sun," and the new "Alarm" in America. On hearing of this discovery, the Individualistic Anarchists will straightway become Communists, no doubt; they will see that it is only a question of time, that when the country has been settled longer they must make the change, and that it is better to succumb to the "logic of events" without the waste of a struggle. So far as Liberty is concerned, at any rate, here goes for—But wait. It occurs to me already that "Freedom" may have mistaken an accidental association for a relation of cause and effect. Does Individualistic Anarchism flourish in *all* newly-settled countries? Has not its environment some distinguishing characteristic other than youth? Why, yes, now that I think of it, all the journals referred to are published among English-speaking peoples. And on further reflection I am reminded that these peoples have ever guarded more jealously than any other peoples the liberties of the individual. Perhaps this, after all, is the principal factor in the evolution of Individualistic Anarchism. But it does not appear in England, says "Freedom." Under the distinctive title it does not, I admit. But the tendency in this direction is stronger in England than anywhere else on earth. And until a few years ago this tendency was all that existed either in America or Australia. If Liberty had not been started and Comrade Andrade had not begun to agitate, perhaps there would not have been a distinctive Anarchistic movement in either country today. But, as soon as the flag was unfurled, the tendency began to take shape and be identified. So it will be in England when some man of determination and intelligence shall raise the standard there. On the whole, I'll not make the Communistic leap today; I'll wait till the country has been settled a little longer.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE, AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL. A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

The columns of the New York "Tribune" have been abruptly, though not altogether unexpectedly, closed to me, in the midst of a discussion upon the subjects named in the title-page to this pamphlet, which had been courted and invited by Mr. Horace Greeley, the responsible editor of that influential journal. After detaining my replies to himself and to Mr. James from four to eight weeks, Mr. Greeley at length returns them to me, accompanied by a private note, approving my criticisms upon Mr. James, but assigning reasons for the declination of both of my communications.

The ostensible grounds for excluding my comments upon positions assumed and arguments in support of these positions are, first, that my replies "do not get the discussion one inch ahead." I obviously could not put the discussion ahead by stating and developing new positions, until I had answered those assumed by my opponent. Whether the real reason for "burking" my rejoinder was that I did not do the last well enough, or that I did it rather too effectively and conclusively for my continued popularity at the "Tribune" office, so many readers as I shall now be able to reach, with some little industry on my part, will have the opportunity to decide. Second, that expressions are employed by me which are offensive to the public sense of decency, and especially that the medical illustration of my lady correspondent is unfit for publication. I propose now to publish the rejected replies as written, that the world may judge whether anything I have said or embodied in them is of a nature which might reasonably be supposed likely "to dash the modesty" of Mr. Greeley or the habitual readers of the "Tribune."

The defenders of slavery, and the fastidious aristocratic classes everywhere, make a similar objection to that here urged, to displaying the unsightly accompaniments of the systems they uphold. Much, however, as I dislike to have my feelings or my tastes offended, I cannot help regarding the actual flogging of women, for example, in Austria, and the salt and pepper applications to the torn backs of negroes in the South, as not only in themselves worse than the pen and ink descriptions of the same transactions, but as fully justifying the latter, and actually demanding them, as a means of shaming the facts out of existence. So of the disgusting and intolerable features of any oppressive social institution. It is true that scenes of abhorrent and enforced debauchery, although covered by the respectable garb of legality, are not pleasing subjects for contemplation; but to my mind they are still less fitting to exist at all. If the denial of the latter fact cannot in conscience be made, I have little respect for that sickly suggestion of virtue which, by turning its face to the wall, refuses to see, and hopes for the best, without so much as a protest against the enormous degradation of our common humanity. The position is one not often assumed by Mr. Greeley, and does not seem to me either natural or becoming to him.

The third objection is that he (Mr. Greeley) cannot permit his paper to be made the organ of repeatedly announcing and defending doctrines so destructive to the public well-being, and especially that he cannot tolerate the reiterated assumption that fornication, adultery, etc., are no crimes. I can hardly conceive why the first statement of a dangerous or offensive set of opinions should be innocent enough for the columns of the "Tribune," and a re-statement of the same thing for the purpose of answering the objections or misrepresentations of an opponent should be too bad for the same columns.

I can discover no reason, consistent with good faith, for prohibiting a writer who has been permitted so to commit himself to unpopular doctrines from explaining his meaning until he is entirely comprehensible to all who desire to understand him.

But if this objection were really such as weighs with the editor of the "Tribune," which I will show presently it is not, it could only be founded in misapprehension. I am as honestly and thoroughly opposed to adultery, for example, as the editor of the "Tribune" can be, except that we might differ in the definition. I charge adultery upon nine-tenths of the married couples in this city, committed not out of, but within the limits of, their marriage bonds.

Let me endeavor to make myself clear upon this point. If I were in a Catholic country, and derided or denounced the mass and the other ceremonies of the Church, I should clearly be held by the whole people to be an opposer of religion. Indeed, such a deportment might even be found described in the dictionary definition, in that country, of irreligion or atheism; and yet it is quite conceivable by us that just such a course would be, or might be, dictated by a zeal for religion beyond anything prompting the defence of the stereotyped formalities of the place. The ambiguity exists in the diversity of understanding of the word religion. The one believes the thing signified to consist in, or at least only to coexist with, certain rights and ceremonies with which it has always been associated in his mind; the other has a much higher, and, as we think, a much purer conception of the idea to which the word corresponds. The former is, nevertheless, confirmed in his impression by the outward fact that those whom he has hitherto seen least regardful of the external worship to which he is himself addicted are the lawless and vagabond, who are fitted for every species of criminal act. He is not sufficiently developed in intellect and expansive in comprehension to discriminate and individualize, and by generalizing too early confounds me, the religious philosopher and enthusiast, with the vulgar herd of the godless and abandoned,—the man who is *above* him with the man who is *below* him,—because they both *differ* from him, and in one feature of that difference, to his cloudy understanding, they seem to agree. In the same manner there are those who are below the restraints of the marriage institution, and those who are above their necessity; while the majority in civilized countries are as yet upon a level with the institution, and manufacture the public sentiment in conformity with that fact.

At the commencement of the Protestant Reformation three centuries ago, the world lay bound by three strong cords of superstition,—the Ecclesiastical, the Governmental, and the Matrimonial. The Church, the State, and the Family, each claimed to be of divine origin and to exist by divine right.

The claim of the Church was shaken by Luther, and from his day to ours, religion and ecclesiastical organization have been separating themselves, as ideas, wider and wider in men's minds. Washington and the American Revolution mark a similar era in political affairs, and modern Socialism foreshadows a corresponding change in the sphere of the domestic relations. Men now distinguish pretty clearly that elevation of aims and that devotion to the good and true, which they

now mean by religion, from a church establishment or an organization of any sort. They distinguish, in like manner, the prosperity, the well-being, and civic order of the community from crowns, and cabinets, and parliaments, and standing armies of politicians and soldiers. In like manner, they begin to distinguish purity in the sexual union of loving souls from the sordid considerations of a marriage settlement, and even from the humane, prudential, and economical arrangements for the care of offspring.

The fallacy—exploded by the development of mind—consists in the assumption that "The Church" is essential to the existence of elevated sentiments toward God and one's fellow-beings; that the love of spiritual truths and of the social virtues is not naturally in men, growing with their growth, but that it has to be *put into* them and kept in them by the constant instrumentality of popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests, Councils, Inquisitions, Constitutions, and Synods; that men do not, by nature, love order and justice and harmony in their civic relations, and love it the more in proportion to their refinement, education, and development, and only need to know how they are to be attained, and to be relieved from hindrances and overmastering temptations adversely, to give themselves gladly to the pursuit of those virtues; but that, on the contrary, these elements likewise have to be provided and administered by magistrates and bailiffs and all the tedious machinery of government; and, finally, that men do not, naturally, love their own offspring, and the mothers of their children, and deference for the sex, and sexual purity, and all the beautiful and refining influences of that the purest and holiest of all our intercourse on earth, and gravitate powerfully toward the realization of those loves, in proportion as they become, through all elevating influences, more perfect men, but that those virtues again have to be *made*, injected, and preserved in human beings by legislation, which, strangely enough, is merely the collective action of the same beings who, taken individually, are assumed to be destitute of those same qualities. So opposite is the truth that it is the love of these very virtues which cheats and constrains men to endure the organizations and systems under which they groan, because they have been taught that those systems are the only condition of retaining the virtues. It is the discovery of this sham which, I have said, marks the development of mind. The cheat, thus exposed, is to be taken in connection with another. It is assumed that just those forms of action which these artificial organizations or patent manufactories of virtue prescribe are the sole true forms of action, that their product is the genuine article, and that every other product is vice. Hence the attention of mankind is turned wholly away from the study of nature, and the human mind gradually trained to the acceptance of authority and tradition without question or dissent.

In this manner, piety is made to signify zeal for the Church or a sect, patriotism loyalty to a sovereign, and purity fidelity to the marriage bond. In the same manner, irreligion is identified with heresy, treason with the rights of the people, and debauchery with the freedom of the affections. It suits the bigot, the despot, and the male or female prude to foster this confusion of things dissimilar, and to denounce the champions of freedom as licentious and wicked men,—the enemies of mankind.

In the case supposed, the Catholic denounces the Protestant as guilty of impiety, and so, in this case, Mr. Greeley denounces me, as favoring impiety and adultery. It is clear, as I have said, that whether I do so or not depends upon the definitions of the terms. If by adultery is meant a breach of a legal bond, binding a man and woman between whom there are repugnance and disgust instead of attraction and love, to live together in the marital embrace, then there may be some grounds for the charge; but if, as I choose to define it, adultery means a sexual union, induced by any other motive, however amiable or justifiable in itself, than that mutual love which by nature prompts the amative conjunction of the sexes, materially and spiritually, then do I oppose and inveigh against, and then does Mr. Greeley defend and uphold, adultery. As to purity, I have no idea whatever that Mr. Greeley knows, owing to the perverting influence of authority or legislation, what purity is. Nor does he know what impurity is, for, since all things must be known by contrasts, no man whose conceptions upon this subject do not transcend the limits of legality can know it, nor loathe it, as those do who, having conceived of or experienced a genuine freedom, come to distinguish a prurient fancy from a genuine affection, and learn to make the highest and most perfect affinities of their nature the law of their being.

But, however pernicious my views may be held to be, the fact of their being so is no reason, according to Mr. Greeley, why they should not be given to the world. At least, although he now urges it as a reason, it is only a few weeks since he stoutly defended the opposite position; and if there be any settled principle or policy to which he has professed and attempted to adhere, it has been, more than any other, that all sorts of opinions, good, bad, and "detestable" even, should have a chance to be uttered, and so confirmed or refuted. It has been his favorite doctrine, apparently, that "Error need not be feared while the Truth is left free to combat it." Very recently, in stating the policy of the "Tribune" he gave the noblest estimate ever promulgated of the true function of the newspaper,—namely, "To let every body know what every body else is thinking." To a writer, calling himself "Young America," who objected to the "Tribune" reporting the arguments of Catholics, Mr. Greeley replied, in substance, that he should just as readily report the doings and arguments and opinions of a convention of atheists, as he should do the same service for his own co-religionists. In this very discussion he says: "We are inflexibly opposed, therefore, to any extension of the privileges of divorce now accorded by our laws, but we are *not* opposed to the discussion of the subject; on the contrary, we deem such discussion as already too long neglected." Of Mr. James he says: "We totally differ from him on some quite fundamental questions, but that is *no reason* for suppressing what he has to say." In his reply to me, published herein, he repudiates the right to suppress what I have to say, while he avers that he would aid to suppress me if I attempted to act on my own opinions. Finally, in various ways and upon various occasions, the columns of the "Tribune" were formally thrown open for the full discussion of this subject of marriage and divorce, as well for those views of the subject which the editor deems pernicious as for the other side. The editor of the "Observer" reproached him for so doing, and he defended the course as the only truth-seeking and honorable procedure. He wished *especially* to drag to the light, in their full extension and strength, those "eminently detestable" doctrines of one phase of which he seems to regard me as a representative, in order that they might forever after have got their quietus from a blow of the sledge-hammer of his logic. If, now, the valiant editor proves shaky in his adherence to this truly sublime position,—of justice and a fair hearing to all parties,—shall we, in kindness to him, find the solution in the supposition that he was dishonest in assuming it, or give him the benefit of the milder hypothesis,—that he found himself rather farther at sea than he is accustomed to navigate, and betook himself again in alarm to the coast voyage?

I shall leave it to the public to decide, finally, what was the real cause of my getting myself turned out of court before I had fairly stated, much less argued, my defence. I shall not, in the meantime, however, hesitate to say what I think of the matter myself. I have not the slightest idea that any one of the reasons assigned influenced the decision a straw's weight. The sole cause of my extrusion

was that Mr. Greeley found himself completely "headed" and hemmed in in the argument, with the astuteness clearly to perceive that fact, while he had neither the dialectical skill to obscure the issues and disguise it, nor the magnanimity frankly to acknowledge a defeat. Hence, there was no alternative but to apply "the gag" and "suppress" me by the exercise of that power which the present organization of the press, and his position in connection with it, lodges in his hands. Had fortune made him the emperor of Austria, and me a subject, he would have done the same thing in a slightly different manner, in strict accordance with his character and the principles he has avowed in this discussion. Such men mistake themselves when they suppose that they have any genuine affection for freedom. They laud it only so far as prejudice or education incline them to favor this or that instance of its operation. They refer their defence of it to no principle. No security has yet been achieved for the continuance of the enjoyment of such freedom and such rights as we now enjoy; no safeguard even against a final return to despotism, and thence to barbarism, until the *Principle* upon which the right to freedom rests, and the scope of that principle, are discovered, nor until a public sentiment exists, based upon that knowledge. Americans, no more than barbarians, have as yet attained to the fulness of that wisdom, and as little as any does Mr. Greeley know of any such guide through the maze of problems which environ him, and perhaps less than most is he capable of following it.

Circumstances—the fact that he is a prominent editor, that he has strenuously advocated certain reformatory measures, and that he has the reputation of great benevolence—have given to Mr. Greeley somewhat the position of a leader of the reform movement in America. The lovers of progress look to him in that capacity. The publicity and the immense importance of such a position will justify me, I think, in giving my estimate of the man, and of his fitness for the work he is expected to perform, in the same manner as we investigate the character of a politician, or as Mr. Greeley himself would analyze for us the pretensions of Louis Napoleon or the Duke of Wellington. Similar considerations will authorize me in mingling with the portraiture of Mr. Greeley a few shadowy outlines of Mr. James, contrasting them *à la Plutarch* in his "Lives of the Great Men."

In the first place, then, Horace Greeley is not a philosopher,—the farthest from it in the world. No greater misnomer could seriously be applied to him. He is a man of statistics and facts, but not of principles. He sees broadly over the surface, but never down into the centre of things. As a phrenologist would say, the perceptive preponderate over the reasoning faculties. He has no grasp of the whole of anything as a system, but only of detached portions or fragments. Hence, instead of principles, he has whims, and acts from them as if they were principles. He does not see clearly the relation of cause and effect. He has no logical, or, what is the same thing, no mathematical mind. He is one of the class of men who will admit candidly that A is equal to B, and that B is equal to C, and then cavil over or deny point blank that A is equal to C. Hence, he earns the reputation of inconsistency, and a large portion of the public believe him dishonest. This last is, I think, a mistake. Mr. Greeley is a bigot, and bigotry is generally honest. His tergiversation is organic, not intentional. His incapacity for system is shown in the fact that, although he has been regarded as the grand embodiment of Fourierism in this country, he never accepted and never gave any intimation that he even understood the fundamental principle of Fourier's whole social theory.

Fourier (who was really about the most remarkable genius who has yet lived) claims as his grand discovery that Attraction, which Newton discovered to be the law and the regulator of the motions of material bodies, is equally the law and the God-intended regulator of the whole affectional and social sphere in human affairs; in other words, that Newton's discovery was partial, while his is integral, and lays the basis of a science of analogy between the material and the spiritual world, so that reasoning may be carried on with safety from one to the other.

This principle, announced by Fourier as the starting point of all science, has been accepted by Mr. Greeley in a single one of its applications,—namely, the organization of labor,—and wholly rejected by him in its universality, as applicable to the human passions and elsewhere. The farthest he seems ever to have seen into the magnificent speculations of Fourier is to the economy to be gained by labor done upon the large scale, and the possibility of the retention of profits by the laborers themselves by means of association. It is as if a man should gain the reputation of a leader in the promulgation of the Copernico-Newtonian system of astronomy by publishing his conviction that the moon is retained in her orbit by gravitation toward the earth, while denying wholly that the earth is round, or that the sun is the centre of the system, or that attraction can be supposed to operate at such an immense distance as that body and the planets. In the same manner, Mr. Greeley can understand the sovereignty of the individual in one aspect, as the assertion of one's own rights, but not at all in the other,—namely, as the concession of the rights of all others, and through its limitation, "to be exercised at one's own cost,"—the exact demarcator between what one may and what he may not do. He is a man of great power, and strikes hard blows when he fairly gets a chance to strike at all, but with his prevailing inconsistency he reminds one of a blind giant hitting out at random in a fray.

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 118.

"It is not safe to venture this way," said he; and, lightening himself as much as he could, trying with the toe of his boot the places on which to set his feet, he advanced again, congratulating himself on once more escaping.

But, suddenly again, a noise behind him made him turn; an eruption of mud, enlarging the yawning hole which had just missed engulfing him, spurted up in tumultuous waves, and immediately spread itself on every hand.

Tom Lichfield, ignorant of the nature of the soil in these regions, had ventured on the surface of a peat-bog swollen by the diluvian rains of autumn, and which now, through the open orifice, overflowed with the fury of a torrent.

Promptly the opening, at first limited to a radius of some feet, was enlarged by the rush of the liquid, and the ever-increasing flood of water and mire spread like lava from a crater.

From the height of his observatory, Harvey, seized with pity for the misery of Lichfield, although recognizing him with disgust, exhorted him to quickly regain the road, indicating to him the safest way to reach it; but in vain the traitor struggled, beside himself, running like a greyhound, his eyes out of their orbits, expressing his mortal anguish by prolonged howling.

Behind him the wave rushed on without swerving, broad and deep, and it soon reached the fugitive, overthrew him, swallowed him, dragged him into its stream of mud, without an eddy, a whirlpool, or a jet of foam to betray the accident!

CHAPTER XIV.

Night and day searching for the twentieth time, at the risk of falling into the midst of the English, the same villages, the same fields, the same roads, Treor, Paddy Neill, and Edith wandered, silent, taciturn, desolate, in search of Marian.

What had become of her? Struck by English bullets, her last breath exhaling in a supreme hurrah for Ireland,—truly this was the fate which all would almost have wished for her, and through their sobs an intense sigh of relief would have left their breasts if, at some turn of the road, at the foot of a wall, in the middle of a moor, they might have found the young girl with her breast or forehead perforated with a bleeding star.

For that would have been a brief and painless agony in comparison with what they often imagined,—her slow death in the terrors of cold, hunger, fever, wounds which she perhaps had received, or worse yet!

And, though they did not communicate them to each other, the frightful thoughts which formerly assailed Richard haunted them all incessantly, filling their hollow eyes with silent fear.

Sometimes, under the domination of this idea, Paddy, running at full speed, would take the lead, picturing to himself that down there, among those bushes, behind that heap of stones, Marian was lying in a faint or dead; but her attitude, her disorder revealing the horrors of a frightful struggle, and to spare Treor the heart-rending hideousness of such a spectacle, he would run to the supposed place where, in reality, he would often find a corpse of some Irishman, torn by birds of prey, the bony remains of his hand still contracted over the shamrock leaf or the green cockade pinned to his clothes.

And one night they experienced an atrocious fright. By the white light of the moon, Paddy—he was certain this time of not being mistaken—had perceived in the ditch of an old field of buckwheat the end of a white skirt with light green stripes, such as Marian wore. On the black earth, in spite of the stains, the colors showed brilliantly under the lunar rays. Paddy, promptly, tried to spring forward; the hand of Treor, falling on his shoulder, nailed him to the ground, while a hoarse cry escaped from Edith's throat. All three had seen it at the same time, and, for an instant motionless, stood looking at it. Treor became livid, trembling, his mouth open in an exclamation of stupor which changed into an imperceptible rattle.

Then suddenly, automatically, the mournful trio rushed forward, clearing the fifty yards which separated them from the ditch, and when, at a few steps' distance, Neill again tried to get there first, Treor rudely restrained him, veiled his eyes with his fingers; and, covering his old face with a corner of his tattered sleeve, commanded Edith:

"You." . . .

She bent over for a second, and then, with a terrified gesture, throwing her head and shoulders back, she cried, in a hollow voice, scarcely articulate:

"Yes!" . . .

A simple "ah!" from Treor answered her, so grave, so frightful, that one could not believe it was spoken by a human voice.

Without waiting another order, the widow tried to draw the body from the mud in which it stuck, burying her arms up to the elbows in the thick mire, and trying to clasp the figure to lift it more easily.

The burden was too heavy for the weak creature exhausted by the tears, fatigues, and cruel fasts she had so long endured; forced, in spite of her will, to drop the heavy mass, she fell backwards.

Intimating to Paddy not to move, Treor then went to the rescue, and, kneeling on the edge of the muddy hole, with a single attempt, by an heroic effort of energy, he tore the corpse from the unclean paste, in the network of entangled grass which retained it. A horrible odor of decomposition rose; and yet, without faltering, without even being disturbed, the grandfather, holding against his breast the soiled, infected body, gently deposited it on the ground.

The dress violently torn, the bruises on the arms and shoulders, told enough of the infamy of the English; the face was half hidden under clots of blood, and the trace of a bite was distinguishable on the neck. Without a tear in his dry eyes, Treor covered with his ragged coat the throat and shoulders, modestly closing his eyes that he might not profane Marian's nudity, and as he brought together the half-bare feet, a sudden cry escaped him:

"No!" . . .

No, this could not be, this was not Marian! The height was the same, but it was the medium height of many women of the country. The dress was hers, perhaps! But in this time of ruin and of fires, they shared the little linen and the few clothes saved by some from the pillage and the flames. What was certain was that the young, frail, slender girl did not have the strong, robust feet and limbs which he was at that moment touching. The hair, in this doubtful light, appeared of the same shade, but less long, less supple.

"Water, snow!"

Paddy, and Edith, who had recovered herself, brought it; with a corner of her neckerchief the widow was preparing to wash the face of the dead, when, suddenly, the moon, which had been clouded for some minutes, entirely hid itself behind a thick cloud, plunging the country into complete darkness.

A quarter of an hour, which appeared a century, passed in this way; the three knelt around the young dead woman, Treor and Paddy holding their breath, while the widow piously recited the prayers for the dead.

When the rays of light reappeared, the grandfather slowly and gratefully made a great sign of the cross, and it was Paddy Neill who murmured, moved:

"Ah! my dear soul!"

The corpse was that of Nelly Pernell, the gracious and laughing gossip, once so infatuated with the joyous Paddy.

"Poor woman!" said Treor, also.

And while Edith, near her, finished the psalms, with the ends of their rifles they dug a grave for her in the field of buckwheat.

A strange thing: this mournful work for some hours inspired Treor, Edith, and even Paddy with a vague confidence. It seemed to them that, since at this juncture, when they had been so certain of its being Marian, fate had favored them, God would carry his mercy to its limit, and restore them the young girl intact and safe.

And, to give stronger ground for this ray of hope, Paddy pleased himself with recounting the astonishing, miraculous fashion in which Marian, after the massacre, had escaped all perils, thanks to her marvelous courage and to her keenness also, which detected, by the slightest indication, inappreciable to all others, the danger of the paths which else would have been deemed practicable, of hiding-places which others would have declared invisible, the heroic girl enduring with a manly firmness the fatigue of the precipitate marches over thorny or marshy land, in the cold nights, being frequently obliged by the approach of the English to crouch down among the bushes, holding her breath, or hide behind a pile of snow.

The danger passed, she valiantly resumed her course, crossing the frozen streams,

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

A. P. KELLY, - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3306, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Libertas.

On March 17 there will be issued from this office the first number of a fortnightly Anarchistic journal, to be called *Libertas*, but to be printed entirely in the German language. Though the new paper will be under the same general management that controls *Liberty*, its active editors will be George Schumm and Emma Schumm, who have come to Boston from Minnesota to undertake the work. *Libertas* will be of the same shape and size as *Liberty*, and the two will alternate in the order of publication, — *Liberty* appearing one week and *Libertas* the next. The subscription price will be one dollar a year. Send in your subscriptions at once to Benj. R. Tucker, P. O. Box 3306, Boston, Mass.

Liberty's New Serials.

As promised in the last number, *Liberty* begins in this issue the serial publication of "Love, Marriage, and Divorce," the famous tripartite discussion between Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews, opening with Mr. Andrews's introductory chapter.

In the next number "Ireland" will be concluded, and at the same time will appear the first instalment of a new serial Socialistic romance, translated from the French by the editor of *Liberty*, and entitled:

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS,

which, within the last year, has been written as a novel by the gifted author of the drama bearing the same title, this author being no other than the well-known revolutionary Socialist, unexcelled in dramatic power by any revolutionary writer,

FÉLIX PYAT.

The sketch of Pyat's life promised for the present number is postponed until the next.

"The Rag-Picker of Paris," when first produced on the Parisian stage many years ago with the great actor, Frédérick Lemaître, in the principal rôle, Father Jean, achieved a success as a play paralleled in that city only by the success which Eugène Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" achieved as a novel. The chorus of praise with which it was hailed was led by all the literary celebrities of the time, including Heinrich Heine, Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, Béranger, Proudhon, Ledru-Rollin, Théophile Gautier, Michelet, Saint-Beuve, Raspail, Arsène Houssaye, Victor Considérant, and Louis Blanc.

The two serials above announced will appear, not only in the English *Liberty*, but in the German *Liberty* as well, and those who intend to subscribe to either should not fail to begin with the issues containing the first instalments of them.

All papers friendly to *Liberty* will confer a favor by noticing these announcements.

Jordan Not an Easy Road to Travel.

Those equitable relations of factory, store, and bank which Charles T. Fowler presents in another column as the principal economic desideratum are precisely what *Liberty* has had in view from the beginning, but it does not share Mr. Fowler's opinion of the simplicity of their attainment. There are obstacles in the path which Mr. Fowler underrates.

The law is practically prohibitory of any attempt at the organization proposed.

To be sure, Trusts have no legal status, and yet, as Mr. Fowler says, they control corporations. But why do they control corporations? Simply because, while capital is so hard to get, the single corporation is powerless against a gigantic combination. But when capital is made easily accessible through free banking, the combinations will be powerless. For banking is a business in which Trusts are impossible. Mutual banks need no capital, and upon an enterprise which is independent of capital combinations can have no effect. The law which forbids or taxes the establishment of mutual banks thereby creates an all-powerful legal Trust, which is known as the money monopoly, and all other Trusts do indirectly have a "legal status" from the fact that they could not wield their powers but for the existence of this legal Trust back of them. If Mr. Fowler thinks this legal Trust will not "resist as an entity," I advise him to run up against it. He will then find out whether it has an objective existence outside "the emphasis of the superstitious beholder."

It is advantageous to have a factory and store, or several of them, specifically pledged to act in conjunction with the bank, but the only thing that renders this imperatively necessary is the fact that, in the face of the law and its attempts to suppress it, the bank must have the strength and standing which an organization of producers alone can give it. If the law were out of the way, the mere establishment of the bank would result in all that is aimed at (though, as I said, it would be advantageous even then to have the definite backing of producers); for there would be no such difficulty in "finding a field for circulation" of the bank's notes as Mr. Fowler imagines. The "organization of business" that already exists is becoming impoverished daily just for the lack of the circulating medium which mutual banks would supply, and in itself furnishes an ample "field for circulation."

By all means let us "build the economic organism," Mr. Fowler, but it must be no fair-weather structure. A foundation must first be laid upon which an edifice may be erected that will resist the storms of litigation, the gales of persecution, the cyclones of oppression, for from these it will know no security save in its inherent power to withstand their shocks. That foundation *Liberty* is laying in economic and Anarchistic education.

The Economic Freedom of Women.

I cannot see that much advance toward individualism in the relations between men and women is possible until the economic freedom of women shall have become an established fact. Nor do I use economical freedom here in its large and true sense, but simply with a relative meaning. I use it in the sense of the same economical plane that the other sex is on. That they should be on that same plane, wherever or whatever it may be, seems to me a thing so desirable that it is to be ranked alongside of free banks. Though the latter, I imagine, will be realized many decades before the former. It is not solely for the sake of its benefit to woman that this condition of relative economical freedom is desirable. It will have a wholesome effect upon man as well. For man is still a little bit tyrannical. Even the best of men and those most imbued with a desire for justice and equity and best able to apply individualist ideas to actual life, — even these still have something of the tyrant left in their feeling toward and their treatment of women. They are not to blame for it, I suppose, any more than they are for the fact that hair grows on their heads instead of on their feet. For so many, many ages man has been superior to woman, has been accustomed to have her clinging dependently to his fingers and begging to be taken care of, that it has

become a part of his nature for him not only to feel, but also to use, his superiority. Vestiges of it still cling to him. Not until woman becomes a self-supporting, independent creature who has ceased to beg alms of him and who can and does support herself as easily and with as much comfort as he does, will he respect her as his equal and lose the last remnants of that old spirit of tyranny which made him get everything under his thumb that he could. He will become a freer being by this one step in woman's emancipation.

For woman herself this condition would bring unnumbered goods. It is the only escape for her from the bondage of conventional marriage, which, according to the confessions of women themselves, is a condition which could have given Dante points for the Inferno. Until at least relative economical freedom for women is realized, the separate individual existence of the man and the woman is an impossibility. But I am afraid it will not be realized for many a long year. The author of that beautiful allegory, "Three Dreams in a Desert," anticipated the future. When the childless women who now sit around in boarding houses and think they have done a lot of work if they darn their husbands' stockings understand that their position is exactly the same as that of the prostitute whom they abhor, it will do to say, and not until then, "And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees."

F. F. K.

"The Things Which Are Not Seen."

A word to the wise being sufficient, I shall not occupy much space with the examination of Comrade Labadie's remarks upon the eight-hour movement. He presents two considerations in its favor: first, that experience establishes the possibility of trades unions shortening their hours without proportionately reducing their wages; and, second, that reduced hours mean increased opportunities for study and development. I take the liberty of thus dividing his argument and making two reasons instead of the one which he really gave, because, as I shall presently show, his assertions carry with them much more than he meant they should. For, if working people's organizations have it in their power, things all remaining as they are, to gain gradual concessions from the employing class and thus slowly ameliorate their condition, then the solution of the labor problem — the complete, true, and permanent solution — is to be found in such organizations and in such efforts on their part. If the laborers can, by simply organizing and demanding it, shorten their workday, they can, by the same method, raise their wages and effect other reforms, thus step by step advancing toward final emancipation. If, on the other hand, there are certain fundamental principles involved, which so simple a method as organization into unions will not settle either one way or the other, then no improvement is possible outside the sphere of those fundamental principles. There are, in addition to the things which are seen, a great many things that are not seen, in connection with this question. (I hope to be pardoned for making use of Bastiat's style, and I am positive that Bastiat would not think it misapplied.) The things seen are the temporary, direct, and immediate results, such as the "clear gain" of two hours by the Detroit printers (by the way, unless the Detroit printers, forming an exception to the general rule, receive their pay by the day and not by the number of ems, their wages were reduced if the prices remained "the same as last year") and the perfectly independent place occupied by the locomotive engineers, who "have no quarrel with capital" and who invite such "friends" of labor as Depew, Dana, and Hewitt to address them. The near-sighted think these isolated instances justify all sorts of conclusions, for they do not suspect the existence of the things which are not seen on the surface. Little talk would be heard about eight hours, if those who preach it should, like those who oppose it, always discuss the labor question from the broad and scientific view of the relation between the capitalists as one and the proletaires as the other of the two great social classes standing face to face in radical antagonism. But the eight-hour men, while quite extravagant in oratorical flourishes regarding their "remedy," have only the

narrow interests of a special privileged trade in mind. Those who are more penetrating and better informed trace the effect of the eight-hour agitation to such apparently remote things as the introduction of machinery, intensiveness of labor, employment of children, etc., which, once seen, change the whole aspect of the matter.

Time being "a very essential element in the work we have on hand," we should indeed be careful not to waste it. Comrade Labadie can see that he gained two hours through agitation, but he strangely ignores the fact that it took considerable time to achieve this victory! Why should one spend his time for the purpose of getting time for study, when one can utilize this same time for the studying? Let those who think they want eight hours, or a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, or any indefinite half-measure, continue to blunder, but let those who know better teach them better. If I speak at an eight-hour meeting, I oppose this remedy and endeavor to direct the attention of the audience to what I consider worthy of attention. Do I understand that, when Comrade Labadie is invited to speak on such an occasion, he "favors" eight hours in order to be able, after the hours have been reduced, to teach the same audience the things which they want to know? This "cranky notion" requires some explanation.

V. YARROS.

The American versus the French Idea.

In a recent article in *Liberty* entitled "Independent Women" some sentiments were expressed which, coming from a woman who has evidently broken the traces of some "ancient opinions," are a surprise to many who had hoped that the coming woman had begun at least to see the real nature of the liberty she hoped for.

The "tendency to modify the condition of women" has truly set in, but it has not been by appeals to editors to permit such tendency or to reserve criticism where it infringed on the prerogatives of men. Every woman who has started on an independent career has done so at her own risk. She has taken her fate in her own hands, has bravely endured calumny where misunderstood, reproach and contumely where needful in maintaining her natural right to do as she pleased. I for one am proud to follow where such brave women have led, and to encourage other women to do likewise. But I fail to see how self-dependence and a full development of her powers will unfit any woman for making a home; I can scarcely imagine a true woman without a home. She need not necessarily make it for a man, or share it with him. If she has but one room, she can make a home. But she is poverty-stricken indeed if she has for her future no higher ideal than the life of an average bachelor, for whom society has a caress for every gallantry and who ascends the social ladder with every peccadillo.

Henriette concedes that it is laudable in women to choose to submit themselves to restraint, but claims they should not be compelled to. She forgets that nothing can compel a free man or woman but their own conscience. And it is to be hoped she will soon be brought to see that "the indulgence shown the other sex" is not desirable to a highly intelligent woman; and that "eccentricities in morals" and "caprices in behavior" will encounter in the future the same degree of odium now accorded them by men and women of refinement.

I take issue with Henriette as to the indulgence granted exceptional women. I believe immorality is always censurable, and deservedly so. But discriminating and intelligent people are willing to concede certain liberties to women who have chosen a career of their own. Such people, without appeals to their indulgence, very readily discern the difference between a Cora Pearl and a Sarah Bernhardt. The latter, of whom it is said she is called by her son "*Mademoiselle ma Mère*," has brought up her children honorably and made a home for them. Such a woman is accorded a warm respect as compared with the mere wanton who lives by making a free disposal of her favors.

And too, right here it may not be out of place to venture the suggestion that with fuller opportunities for study and comparison we may come to realize that so-called "natural inclinations" in both men and women may be but symptoms of nervous derangement, like nervous headache or similar disorders, and like them may yield to the intelligent application of hygienic principles.

Our French sister may go forward with confidence, for in establishing liberty for women as for men we maintain the right to lie or to tell the truth, to cheat or be honest, to be pure or impure, drunken or temperate, provided we are willing to take the consequences of all our acts. We cannot be immoral, however, and escape the censure of our enlightened neighbors.

But, when Liberty reigns, let us hope that ignorance will be dethroned with other tyrants. When Reason prevails, we shall not be guided by Passion. In the coming woman, that she may be worthy the position to which nature has called

her, we look for the dominion of the brain instead of the pelvis, and, when she has learned the true meaning of Freedom, she will give birth to a race that is fit to survive.

CHARLOTTE.

Shall Woman Beg for Liberty?

I am surprised and puzzled at Henriette's letter to Gramont in No. 117. Why in Liberty? I can find no liberty in it; only a pathetic appeal to be let alone if one should want a little. If "nothing can be better and more laudable" than for women to voluntarily submit to the bondage from which men have delivered them, why is the letter written? Is this presumably emancipated woman asking society not to censure conduct which she does not consider laudable? Somehow I am reminded, by all such entreaties to that world still in the bondage of old ideas, of the chorus in "Princess Ida." They are all lovely girls and they have put on shining armor and come out to fight. They are well drilled and delight the audience with their martial bearing and the beautiful precision of their military evolutions. Then they make a curtsy and sing a little song:

If you please, sir, do not hurt us;
Do not hurt us, if you please.

How can women who really believe free love better than slave love beg for the social support of respectable society? How can anyone, finding spontaneity in love better than the disposal of one's self for a consideration, mercenary or moral, desire this support? Can a woman with any real self-respect and dignity beg for the favor of those who are capable of thinking only lightly and scornfully of her highest thought?

I am thinking now only of social support, of which, as I understand it, Henriette is speaking. If a woman finds herself boycotted in consequence of the expression, in language or life, of her ideas, or if she has reason to fear such boycotting, certainly that is a different matter, requiring deliberate consideration and choice. I might choose to forego the expression of my ideas rather than to starve; but, given food, can I not dispense with the rest? I will ask only for bread, not for smiles. A musician does not love discords. If, because he is honest enough to say so, he loses a pupil and has no other means of earning a living, let him consider carefully before expressing himself. Better that one musician should live than that the world be given over to discords alone. But if he secures the pupil, let him not also beg for the social privilege of listening to his practising rather than going to the theatre.

Either our ideas are better or worse than those of society. If worse, let us submit without complaint to our deserved doom. If better, let us not apologize for them or beg society to excuse and tolerate us in spite of our living on a higher plane than the rest of the world.

ZELM.

A Correspondent Classified.

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

When Joseph A. Labadie passed through this city on his way to attend the Minneapolis convention of the K. of L., I stated the position of the Chicago Communist-Anarchists to him in almost the same language used in his article, "Cranky Notions," in No. 13 of *Liberty*. In this respect, and no other, we are Communists. Why, then, do you still insist that we do not contemplate "any such voluntary arrangement as Comrade Labadie supposes"? Are we not supposed to know what doctrines we teach? In short, do you set us down as ignoramuses or falsifiers, — which? According to your position we must be one or the other.

WM. HOLMES.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 2, 1888.

[For answer to the first of Mr. Holmes's questions I adopt that which he has already received in the Chicago "Alarm" from John F. Kelly:

Mr. Holmes asks me what Communist of the Kropotkin school proposes to enforce Communism and suppress competition. Why, Kropotkin himself! I have read for some years the journal for which he is considered responsible, and I can gather nothing else from it. "La Révolte" makes no mawkish distinction between capital and wealth, but goes in boldly for the expropriation of the whole and its being held in common by the community, — not a community, as Mr. Holmes would have it. In fact, not only does "La Révolte" draw no distinction between capital and other wealth in its schemes of expropriation, but it distinctly asserts that those kinds of wealth not usually considered capital should be expropriated first. Its continual reproach to the Paris Commune is that it was not Communist, and it declares that the Communes of the future must be Communist Communes. Well, when everything, from the land to the objects of immediate consumption, is seized by the Communists, will not Communism be enforced and competition be suppressed? Mr. Holmes may say that we will be free to live as mutualists, but what will that freedom avail us when our tools and our products will both belong to everybody? Or if there should be any Communist whose Anarchistic principles might prevent him from interfering with us, why, all he would need would be a few lessons in jesuitry from Mr.

Holmes, so that he might be a revolutionist while interfering and an Anarchist at other times.

For answer to the last of Mr. Holmes's questions I declare myself not sufficiently Communistic to lump all Communists under either of the heads which he specifies; but, if he must know under which I set him down, I explicitly state that I regard him as an ignoramus. — EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Would All Were so "Paradoxical"!

[From Max Nordau's "Paradoxes."]

The more highly developed an organism, the more original, the more differentiated it is, and the more subordinate the position of the race in it compared with that of the individual. This law affects not merely the individuals alone, but the race as well. In ancient and mediæval times, the community was organized as a solid, compact body, and the individuals had no importance save as parts of the whole. In those days it was neither possible nor suitable for any one to be original; he was obliged to conform to the carefully drawn design followed in the construction of the State, the society, the corporation, or the guild. All those who had not been received into any community or privileged fellowship were wanderers with no claim to justice and outlaws. This stage of social development can be compared to a coral branch in which the single individuals have grown together, incompletely developed, without any organic freedom, and can neither live to themselves alone nor move about, and never attain to anything beyond a subordinate and stunted partial existence. We have progressed beyond this. We are no longer a coral formation, we constitute now a flock. Each individual leads a separate existence, even if all rely upon each other for certain offices. The tie of fellowship that unites us all allows us each a certain amount of liberty, and it is organically possible to us all to graze for ourselves. We sacrifice voluntarily this individuation — the prize won for us by modern times — for the old collectivity, in which the single being is nothing but a cell, an organ, a moving, senseless nothing. For this is where we inevitably land when we tacitly acknowledge that a man has no worth and no dignity except as they are bestowed upon him by the executive authorities, and that his station among his fellow-men is better determined by some name or distinction conferred upon him than by his own merits, his intellectual achievements, and his acts done without consideration of the official reports.

What is the State? In theory it means: us all! But in practice it means a ruling class, a small number of dominant individuals, sometimes only one single person. To state that we place the State above everything else means, simply and exclusively, that we are anxious to please this class, these few persons, or this single person. It means that, instead of developing towards the ideal implanted in us by nature, we have set up an ideal evolved by the mind of another person, perhaps even by another's whim. It means that we renounce our inmost essential being, and conform to some external pattern, possibly repugnant to all our original dispositions and tastes. The history of a nation's civilization becomes thus the record of an order, like that of the Jesuits, whose members have offered up their own reason as a sacrifice and renounced the right of thinking with their own brains and passing judgment in their own consciences upon what is right and is wrong. We do not form ourselves according to the organic impulse within us, but complacently pour ourselves like melted metal into some mould set up for us by the authorities, and pride ourselves upon being tawdry zinc figures for clocks turned out by the dozen, instead of living beings with an individual physiognomy. This process of melting and casting disintegrates the crystalline structure of a people and destroys its solidity. The beautiful and rich multifariousness of natural development gives place to a forced, wretched uniformity. If you ask an individual abruptly what is his opinion upon a certain subject, he cannot tell you upon the spot, but has first to go to the chestnut grove to get the countersign. Millions renounce their intellectual freedom, and place themselves and all their thoughts and actions under a guardianship, to whose narrow tyranny they soon cease to be sensitive.

The strength of the whole is ultimately always directly dependent upon the strength of the single constituent parts. If they are weak, then all organization, all discipline, and all subordination to a single guidance will not make them strong. In vain do a thousand sheep combine in the most extreme solidarity: they will never be able to withstand a single lion, nor even inspire him with fear. If all manly independence is systematically suppressed and exterminated in a nation, if all character is crushed out by external pressure, it follows in the end that there is nothing left alive in the people as a people, and nought remains but an atomic dust through which a child might run its fingers in play. Original characters cannot develop, multifariousness vanishes, the springs of truth which used to bubble forth from a thousand separate brains cease to flow and dry up, and in going through the land from one end to the other we meet none but regulation copies of one single figure, which has been officially announced as the only genuine and proper national type.

Continued from page 3.

scaling the steepest and most rocky paths, with the view of gaining, some miles from Bunclody, the less unfortunate village of Cherborough, where Treor had friends whom she would rouse to avenge their brothers.

And it was through the woods of this village, whither Paddy had come with similar intentions, that he had providentially met her. Sublime in her torn clothes, with her naked feet bleeding on the stones, her eyes burning feverishly in her pale and wan face, her streaming hair sprinkled with green twigs of fir and larch which it had caught, she had appeared to him like the living image of his Country, no longer the Poor Old Woman famished, exhausted, tortured, with back bent under the blows of the conquerors, but an Ireland rejuvenated, proud, menacing, indomitable.

He grew excited, and, raising his forehead, in the horror of his mutilated face his enthusiasm, his faith, shone out superb. A bitter and broken-hearted laugh from Treor extinguished this impulse of reassuring pride.

Incredulous, the grandfather shook his head. Paddy, according to the proverb, had tried to prove too much. Admitting that Marian had, to his eyes, personified Ireland, well! at the same time as the assassinated Country, she had rendered up her soul, and this double bereavement, this annihilation of all his loves, of all his dreams, of all his illusions, he should not survive.

Younger ones like Harvey, like Paddy, might still embrace the chimeras of the future, proclaiming to the orphans of Ireland liberty, vengeance, and the seed of their words would no doubt germinate in their hearts. But he, who could not assist in the flowering of these harvests, who believed no longer, alas! in the possibility of revenge,—he would fall with this insurrection which, full of ardor, he had fomented, believing it a decisive, saving one, and which, bloody and vain, for sole result had weakened the country and deprived it of its stoutest defenders.

Unless, indeed, an infamous outrage had been committed on his child. In that case, traversing, if it must be, Ireland and England, and swimming across the channel, succeeding by stratagems that could not be baffled, he would push his way to the very throne of George the Fourth, and, in his royal blood, wash away the ignoble affront sustained by the Irish virgin.

The force, the vigor necessary for the accomplishment of this task would be inspired in him by the very sight of the violated body, and with bitter impatience he set out again on his search, exploring the streams filled with human remains, dragging Edith and Neill to the sea, and remaining there hours, believing that the waves breaking into foam would presently bring him the remains of Marian, and trying to pierce their green depths with his eyes.

The balls of the scouts stationed along the shore obliged them to move, to hide somewhere till the protecting night, during which they could drag themselves from place to place, less exposed but also, each instant, more weary. Paddy, whose thigh was injured in the last battle, obliged sometimes to stop to stanch the reopened wound, ended by falling one evening at the edge of a wood, under the twinges of intolerable suffering.

In spite of the lack of care, the wound had remained healthy, thanks to the cold, but now was growing worse; and when Edith, crouching down beside the young man, had drawn away the torn bandages, which soiled and poisoned rather than protected, she sorrowfully shook her head:

"Gangrene!"

Not pronounced, but menacing; its white leprosy beginning to show in the tumefied flesh, swollen and red.

"Ah!" exclaimed Paddy with a gesture of rage and disgust, "to die rotting, like a dog, and meanwhile to hinder your search and be an encumbrance and a danger to you, capable of contaminating you. Never! Treor, there is no more lead or powder in our muskets; but break my skull with the butt of one of them, I beg you!"

The old man, silent, grave, looked at Paddy, seeming to reflect on the justice of his demand, and a pity, mingled with a kind of remorse, invaded him at the thought that Paddy would die sacrificed not to Ireland, but to his almost filial devotion to Treor. By no means enfeebled, his flask half full, instead of joining the old man and Edith to assist them, he might have easily gained less disturbed regions, as Harvey had urged him to do, and with the agitator again, without despair or scepticism, have sown the seed of approaching revolts.

Selfish and regardless, the old man had failed in his duty as a man and a patriot, and, extending his hand to Neill, almost humbly, he murmured:

"Pardon!"

Paddy grasped the fingers of the grandfather, but without comprehending, without even hearing the word uttered. He was curiously watching Edith, who, at their feet, was digging with her nails in the snow.

Always apparently just ready to die, at once stiff and bent, emaciated, with the frightful face of a skeleton, this woman astonished them by her constant revival of vitality. With stomach empty, limbs freezing, hardly protected by a rag against the north wind, the snow, the frozen rain, the cutting squall, without a complaint, she went on always. Paddy had compared Marian to Ireland! No, the real image of the country was this exhausted, tortured, frightful, unchangeable old woman, her vacant look incessantly wandering into the past.

And still, before Neill's anxiously questioning look, the widow clenched her teeth, her active hands continuing to tear up from the hardened snow bits of roots and leaves.

"If I find the Sacred Herb, I will stop the gangrene."

In the hideous and grotesque face of the man tortured at Dublin an infinite gratitude beamed, while, turning away, Treor disguised a shrug of the shoulders.

But of what use was it to take from the unhappy man this last ray? Let him hope, on the contrary, as long as possible, all the time that it would take Edith to find this undiscoverable plant.

And, through fear of letting a sentiment of irony or incredulity pierce through his face, Treor resolved to go away for a few minutes. Notwithstanding the evening which was falling clear and dry, announcing a polar frost, the bushy copse where Edith and the wounded man were grouped would protect them sufficiently to prevent the repose and inaction from being fatal to them. Moreover, he would not go far.

"I am going to explore the field," said he, aloud.

Skirting the edge of the little wood and the fields, the gray, dull road wound with an abrupt descent. Mechanically Treor followed it. This deserted road attracted him; the main highways were the only places which they did not search, on account of the English soldiers, in regiments or patrols, who were constantly marching through them.

By the propitious and brief chance which left him free, he must hastily profit. As accessible to illusion as, just before, Paddy had been, he imagined he might meet on this road—which he recognized—not Marian, but someone who knew her fate. Hurrying his steps, almost running, the hard earth resounding under his heel, he did not feel anxious lest this noise might betray his presence to some sentinel in ambush. And very soon he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

A woman lay across the road, not dead, for she stirred, thrown there only by

fatigue, exhaustion, the benumbing of the cold. An Irish woman, and even from Bunclody or some near village; this he could see by the arrangement of her hair.

On his knees beside her, he set about helping her, rubbing her temples and striking her hands, and then suddenly rose and started back, indignant!

Drunk, this Irish woman! In spite of the vow solemnly taken by all! In the midst of the disaster of the country, of its agony and death-struggle! Dead drunk! Her brandy-laden breath forbade him to doubt it.

Almost immediately, however, he reconsidered. Drunk, yes! But the whiskey poured between her lips by some charitable Englishman was perhaps the only restorative imbibed by her for days, and the draught taken had been sufficient to stupefy her; in her stomach, gnawed by hunger, the cordial became poison. Ah! poor woman! Compassionately he drew near again, bending further over her, and this time something more intense than stupor made him rise again:

"Lady Ellen!"

At the sound of her sad name pronounced with infinite surprise by Treor, the Duchess appeared to rouse from her beastly torpor, and, half lifting herself to see who called her, with her emaciated fingers she put aside the great masses of dishevelled hair soiled with mud which thickly covered her face.

But vainly opening her eye-lids, blinded by the strong light of the moon which came full in her eyes, she did not recollect the old man and stammered vague words which would have betrayed her if he had not already recognized her.

She imagined herself seated in her rooms at the castle, waiting for her maids to dress her, and, taking Treor for a servant, she complained that they let her rage and wait without a fire in such dirty, mean clothes, when it was already long past dinner-time!

She was disgusted with herself, and she was dying of hunger.

Never, no, never, had they served her so badly, abandoned her with such heedlessness about her toilet and with such carelessness about her appetite. What were the cooks doing, then, that they did not prepare the dinner; and the chamber-maids, who did not even bring water to bathe her?

"The skin of my face is all wrinkled with the dust which covers it, making a mask so stiff that it will crack presently. And my hands! . . . Ah! ah! Muskery would hesitate to kiss them!"

And now she believed that she saw in the old man the nobleman who paid his court to her so gallantly, and she poured out to him all her trouble, which he would, moreover, see for himself, and from which he would promptly extricate her.

"Your arm, Muskery, and let us get away quickly from this inhospitable castle where they treat me as a prisoner, where they are, doubtless, condemning me to perish with cold and hunger and in filth. Oh! my dear friend, deliver me most quickly from the dirt which is tormenting me, and which must fill you with horror as well as myself."

Her speech was thick and embarrassed, and she pronounced with difficulty, restrained by the stiffness of the muscles of the jaws, and the petrification of the brain congealed by drunkenness. She stood swaying on her limbs, which tottered incessantly.

And, recovering her equilibrium, she rubbed her hands, which she then spread out in the light, extending them to the moon, with a drunken, foolish laugh at the dirt on her fingers, those fingers which she had once guarded so fastidiously, even at her father's house, where she appropriated money from the masses to buy perfumed soaps.

Treor looked at her, very much puzzled at meeting her at liberty, in real flesh and blood, on the road, when, at the most, the wind could only have sown her ashes along the ground.

He asked himself by what miracle she had escaped the double prison of bolts and flames, and he felt an imperative curiosity to question her on this subject, to learn whether it came by simple chance, or through an accomplice out of commiseration; but above all he was filled with pity at the misery nevertheless endured by Lady Ellen, which had ended in this abjection; and, averse to exhibiting more inclemency than heaven, which had permitted the wretch to escape from Cumslen-Park, he prepared to pursue his way and his researches indifferent to the fate of the dying woman, which was, however, easy to surmise. But an expression which she uttered confusedly checked him.

"Before we go away, the fire! Muskery!"

And, radiant, her eyes dilated at the spectacle of the evoked conflagration, she applauded, following with a savage joy the leaping into the air of the sheaves of flame, listening with savage delight to their crackling, then their formidable roaring and the crash of the beams, of the sides of the walls falling in.

Treor looked at her anxiously, endeavoring, in this manifestation of barbarous joy, to discover how much was the result of the temporary insanity caused by the gin and how much belonged to reality. Had she really lighted the fire, or did she imagine that she had lighted it?

To be continued.

Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery—Why Not?

W. S. Lilly is a voluminous writer in English magazines on matters pertaining to morality. In the "Fortnightly Review" he has been tearing to pieces the utilitarian theory of morals as propounded by Spencer and Huxley, and attempting to show that self-interest is a misleading guide to conduct. He says: "The presence in our consciousness of the first principles of morality is an indubitable fact." "If happiness, pleasure, is the criterion of action, it is pretty sure to mean in practice our own individual good." After quite an exhaustive treatment of these two positions, he brings the whole argument to a climax by submitting this poser: "Let us look at the old precept, 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' in the light of this new morality. I present the injunction to a young man burning with passion for a married woman. He replies reasonably enough: 'Why should I not commit adultery?' What would be the obligation urged on the young man? he asks, and then puts this answer in the mouth of the 'new moralists': 'Don't you see that some day somebody may want to commit adultery with your wife?' Now, if there are any 'new moralists' who would take such a position, their morality must be as disgusting as Mr. Lilly's Christian morality, and they can only take such ground by ignoring woman's individual sovereignty and assuming that she is the property—like his horse or his ass or anything that is his—of the man who holds the legal title to her. Mr. Lilly never for a moment thinks of the woman in the matter, except as an object; and if the young man were to answer: 'Why not, if the woman was willing?' he would be utterly astounded. Yet that conundrum would be too deep for the old morality or the 'new morality.' If the new morality will sanction the old barbarism, Mr. Lilly will be willing to accept it. I maintain that not only have the young man and the married woman the right to commit adultery, but that in the majority of cases it is the best thing they can do—in the furtherance of liberty. The 'wrongness' of the act is on a par with the 'wrongness' of a fugitive slave. But to talk to a 'moralist' of rights is like talking to a politician of justice,—it is not in his line of thought.

A. H. SIMPSON.

Self-wise Generosity.

Tak Kak and Prescott are sharpening up some pretty fine points,—too sharp for me, I fear, but, as Mr. Prescott insists, I will out with my whittle and bear a hand at the Yankee's pastime. Tak Kak gave me a sharp dig when he said: "I have nothing but contempt for the man who needs to perceive the 'self-wisdom' of generosity in order to be generous"; but he rubbed in the balm of his "no-reflection" so quickly that I hardly felt it. And trusting that few would misunderstand me, I said nothing. And, it has happened, by reason of causes that it would only bore the reader to explain, that I have only just had an opportunity to read No. 113, and therefore was in no position to take part in this discussion before. In No. 115 Tak Kak seems to interpret my meaning in the use of "self-wisdom" very correctly. I did not mean self-wisdom as a synonym for egoism, for I regard all acts as egoistic, whether self-wise, or otherwise, or altogether lacking in wisdom. Whether it is synonymous with intelligent egoism, or not, depends upon the definition of the latter. By intelligent egoism some appear to mean a self-consciousness that all acts are egoistic; and some, a careful study and effort to make all acts in the highest degree useful to self. If the latter is truly intelligent egoism, then my self-wisdom is its synonym; otherwise not. Self-wisdom relates not merely to a benefit to self, for all acts performed by self in some degree benefit self, but to the intelligent choice of the greatest self-benefit among the many possible benefits that may at the time be perceptible to the consciousness. Imagine a man hiding from assassins. He inhales dust and desires to cough. To do so would relieve his irritated lungs—a self-benefit—but would also betray him to death—is not, therefore, self-wise; but whichever way he may act, he is egoistic. Self-wisdom relates to the broader, higher, more lasting, and therefore more admirable benefits to self—to happiness rather than pleasure. Generosity, as an impulse, I define as the desire to share a surplus of benefit with others; as an act, it is this impulse carried into execution. Ingersoll says somewhere (I quote from memory) that a man needs feel rich in order to be generous; and I agree with him. The instinct to be generous is usually derived from ancestors who have had a fortunate environment, and, therefore, is often manifested impulsively in the presence of need by those who are poor, but who, by reason of inherited feeling, for the moment feel rich. We may suppose a line of savages too poor to be generous, but producing finally an individual destitute of the instinct, but rich enough to indulge it if possessed, and intelligent enough to appreciate something of its utility. Riding out one day with a spare horse, he meets a neighbor on foot. Coolly reasoning that if he offers this man a ride he will secure his gratitude, and very probably his valuable assistance in the next knock-down and drag-out picnic which they may mutually attend, he invites him to mount the animal. Here is the beginning of generosity. If the experiment is successful it is apt to be repeated, and more and more frequently, until it becomes a habit automatically performed in the presence of an appropriate environment. It is now in shape to be readily transmitted to the next generation as an instinct, or impulse, to be manifested whenever appealed to by the same conditions which called it out in the parent, but not necessarily accompanied by reflection as to its self-benefits. Let the sympathies be now consciously or unconsciously connected with it, and we have generosity in its most common form—a kindly spontaneous desire to share our superfluous good things with our fellows. Put this under the guidance of a thoroughly well-informed and carefully discriminating intellect, and we have it in its best form, *self-wise generosity*.

Now let us suppose a man in civilized life who has inherited a keen intellect, but no trace of generous impulse or instinctive justice. This man is in a position where he "needs to perceive the self-wisdom of generosity" and justice in order to their manifestation. Intelligently he observes and analyses human nature, and concludes that friendship, love, sympathy, respect, are things precious to possess, things given freely on every hand to the just and generous in spirit and intention, but oftentimes most stubbornly refused to those merely just and generous in external act. Calmly surveying the whole situation, he deliberately determines that he will develop within himself just, generous, and altruistic impulses, and carry them into habitual practice till he wins the honor and love of those whose love and regard he covets. Has Tak Kak "nothing but contempt" for this man? If so, why? Why is it more contemptible for a man born deficient in the mental quality of generosity to calculate that virtue for self-benefit, than for a man born deficient in the physical quality of muscle to deliberately develop his biceps, or for a woman with weak lungs to expand her chest? The fact is, I have an inherited affection for human beings, simply as such, and if I ever found a man for whom I had nothing but contempt, I should probably have nothing but contempt for myself. I have never yet found such a man. This is no reflection upon Tak Kak who, I take it, has found no such men, either.

But what I have said above is no defence of hypocrites. A hypocrite is not a man who perceives the self-wisdom of just and generous desires and intentions ultimating in corresponding acts; he simply perceives that by putting on an external appearance of fairness and warm-heartedness he can allay

suspicion and betray the unwary. This is the man, I take it, that Tak Kak has in his mind's eye; for he, truly, "needs to perceive the self-wisdom of generosity," and his present position is truly contemptible. J. WM. LLOYD.
PALATKA, FLORIDA, FEBRUARY, 1888.

Patrick is "Onto Us."

[Irish World.]

In our own days and on our own soil the sensibilities of American citizens have been shocked by the frantic efforts of devotees of the "let-alone system" to abolish the institution of marriage and to force our national mails and post-offices to be distributors of licentious publications, but now their energies seem to be concentrated upon the destruction of our industrial and social prosperity by pressing Free-Trade fallacies.

The "Irish World" wishes to be charitable in all things and would rather that many guilty should escape than that one innocent person should suffer, but, sustained as it is by the teachings of history and concurrent testimony, it cannot resist the conviction that Free Trade should be classified with the fearful theories of the Free Lovers and Anarchists.

Co-operation

THROUGH COMPETITION, WITHOUT EDUCATION, CAPITAL, OR THE EXPENDITURE OF ANY NEW FORCE.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I suppose, "upon last analysis," that differing schools of labor reformers all agree that the one source of their complaints is that the laborer is defrauded of what he earns,—in fact, is supporting somebody who earns nothing.

Why does he do this? Why will he not stop?

Is it said that he cannot because of monopoly, or the law's interference? But monopoly is a combination and an organization to gain strength, economy, and efficiency. Cannot the subjects of monopoly thus combine and organize? And is the law of the State such a legal, artificial, arbitrary thing that it can permanently efface all action, organization, and execution of the natural law?

All monopoly of trade and profit is, today, centring under the control of "Trusts." These Trusts have no legal status whatever and control corporations. Then are we still firing away at legal constructions which do not resist as entities, but only in the emphasis of the superstitious beholder? Why objectivize them into idolatrous recognition? If the State is to be "dissolved in the economic organism," why not build that organism?

If Consolidated Trusts are to combine to control the price of wages through the price of products, and, under the guise of public economy, cause all the people to pay tribute to Caesar, then what are the people going to do? What can they do? Nothing short of forming a coalition on an anti-monopoly and anti-usury basis. As the Combined Trusts, under the spur of profit, have organized to stop competition, in order to bring the demand to the supply, so must the people combine to invite competition on a cost basis, and thus bring the supply to the demand.

To first combine to produce would require capital and experience. With no data as to the consumption, who would know how much to produce? With no market but what was already garrisoned by the enemy, how could we hope to compete? And then, are there not, after all, too many factories in existence already?

To start with a bank, how could the notes find a field for circulation without any organization of business? And does not the issue of free credit beyond the needs of a complete equivalent labor exchange incur risk, speculation, loss, and poverty?

Everybody has to eat, whether he produces or not. Consumption causes custom; custom makes trade, which carries with it a profit. Goods that are sold must be replaced by others that must be produced. The consumption ascertained, the production can be regulated. The goods being already sold or contracted for before they are made, there are no middle men or jobbers or "drummers" to be supported, and the factory guarantees employment. The factory and the store both together furnish a complete field for the circulation of the bank. The factory, the store, and the bank constitute the complete organization of industry, which in turn furnishes the fulcrum of land values and rent. Not only would the elimination of these three indirect forms of taxation probably cause all Trusts to crumble, but the general government itself, in its minor and direct form of taxation, would probably subside into "innocuous desuetude."

Now, is it not possible to organize our commissary stores, arrange our places of production and brokerage of exchange, and invite the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" to escape the present order? Can we not go down into the street and say: "Ho! here is food for the hungry, work for the idle, and justice for all!" Let us see what excuse there is for starvation, how many cannot get employment, and what constitutes a fair recompense. Let us lead this demand to our supply into the "Land of Promise."

If we cannot do this, what virtue is there in our medicine? Do we not need doctoring by our patients? At least, with Yankee ingenuity.

If we can do this, then shall we not find that coöperation

needs no other capital than an idea, no other learning than self-interest, no bluster aside from its inherent power, and no new expenditure of force save that of turning the rudder of our enemy's frigate so that it shall sail into our own harbor. CHAS. T. FOWLER.

Cranky Notions.

I have had a notion in my mind for several months that it would be a good thing to have a general conference of Anarchists, at which the principles and methods of Anarchy could be discussed and from which a manifesto could be issued to the world. And I suggest Detroit as the place and some time next summer as the time. Detroit is centrally located, and there is a fair number of liberal people here who would be glad to meet that breed of folks who have hoofs and horns. Now, there are lots of things that can be said in favor of such a conference, but I don't propose to say more now. What do the Anarchist readers of Liberty think of such a meeting?

Those who contend that Anarchy cannot exist until we are all perfect beings remind me of the old lady's advice to her daughter:—

"Mother, may I go down and swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter;
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,—
But don't go in the water!"

The dear old lady could not see that her daughter could not swim if she did not go in the water, any more than the other old ladies can see that Anarchy is necessary before we can become more perfect.

The people of Chicago are to prevent strangulation by hanging themselves; or, in other words, they are to move legally against the gas monopoly which has been formed in that city. The Citizens' Association of Chicago has requested the attorney general of Illinois (and he has consented) to bring *quo warranto* proceedings against the gas trusts and to compel the officers of the monopoly to show why their franchise should not be forfeited, on the ground that the powers granted them have been abused and have been exercised to the injury of the people. This action, the New York "Times" says, will attract attention throughout the country, because it is an attempt to break down a trust by the enforcement of such laws as are to be found in the statute books of every State. And if the attorney general succeeds in forfeiting the franchise of the gas trust, it will only show that the law is hot or cold, to suit conveniences; that no dependence can be placed in it, because the evident intention of granting the franchise was to prevent competition and therefore form a monopoly. But suppose the franchise to have been granted with the best of motives and with the intention of benefiting the people of Chicago, it is only another example of how laws have so frequently the exact opposite effect of what was intended. The best way to prevent monopolies (and the only way, by the way) is not to grant them any franchises at all.

While it is true that the eight-hour movement is not a cure-all, yet is it absolutely true that it is a cure-nothing? What the eight-hour day has accomplished for the working people of Australia I have no reliable data at hand from which to learn, but it seems to me that a shorter workday could be made very beneficial in more ways than one. And I know that a day's work can be shortened through trades unions because it has been done. Let me take my own case as an example. I am a wage worker and inclined to studious habits. One reason why I do not study and write and organize the working people more than I do now and help them to educate themselves while I am educating myself is because I lack time. Time is a very essential element in the work we have on hand. Now, last year the printers of this city (Detroit) worked fifty-nine hours for a week's work. We have been agitating for a nine-hour workday all over the country, and were to strike for its enforcement on the first of last November, but circumstances intervened which prevented that. However, as a compromise, the printers of Detroit had two hours taken off their week's work, and now fifty-seven hours constitute a week's work with the same pay as last year. This, it seems to me, is a clear gain. Now, those two hours I can use in studying Anarchy and spreading Anarchistic principles. I know several others who will use these two hours to advantage. The working day has been shortened by the printers, cigarmakers, bakers, bricklayers, painters, carpenters, and several other tradesmen, and this has been done, too, through Anarchistic methods. I have frequently used these facts to show working people that when they want their rights they must take them and not depend upon politicians for the betterment of their conditions. It weans them of their State idol, and strengthens their self-reliance. While the shortening of the workday in itself does not cure our social-industrial ills, it gives us time to learn what will cure. The physician must know the disease and its cause before he can cure it. We do not know principles intuitively and must have time to learn them. This is why I favor the eight-hour movement and why I believe Anarchists should not oppose it.

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

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Vol. V.—No. 16.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

Whole No. 120.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Godin is dead. Godinism has also ceased to show any marked signs of life.

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People never tire of telling us that we cannot live without government, but nobody ever spoke of the fact that we cannot die and forever settle our affairs without government. Yet it is as true of the latter as of the former, and for the same reason,—that it wouldn't let us.

One of the best evidences of the importance and power of Liberty's propaganda is the fact that certain Socialistic journals which sneer at it as if it were confined to a single section and two or three individuals devote columns of their space in issue after issue to frantic efforts to combat it.

Inasmuch as the editor nearly monopolizes the inside pages with his lecture on "State Socialism and Anarchism," he hopes to be excused for furnishing less than his usual quota of editorial matter. The lecture will be translated into German for the first number of *Libertas*, and will soon appear in pamphlet form in English, and perhaps in German also.

The shade of Jefferson must have felt honored when the substance of Depew, in a speech delivered in New York the other night, endorsed his declaration that the best government is that which governs least. But Depew would not relish being held strictly to the letter and spirit of this profound saying. What he really believes in is law for the proletaires and license for the capitalists.

A few months ago my correspondence got ahead of me and accumulated at a rate that outstripped my capacity to promptly attend to it and at the same time perform other necessary duties. In consequence many of my patrons have been subjected to long delays in the filling of orders. To no one has this necessity been more irksome than to myself. But I am gaining, and hope soon to have my table clear, after which I shall try to avoid any further accumulations. Meanwhile I must ask for a brief extension of that patience which has already been too heavily taxed.

The New York "Tribune," under the head of "Anarchy in London," prints a cable report of an open-air meeting held under the auspices of the Home Rulers and the Socialists. We read: "Professor Stewart (a personal friend of Gladstone) declared that confidence in the police had been shattered, and that legislation must in future secure not only enjoyment of property, but a fair division of property. This piece of pure Anarchism was loudly cheered." When such anarchism is "loudly cheered" by the multitude, the Anarch-

ists join with the "Tribune" in sorrowing over the lamentable degradation of the people's intelligence and spirit of self-reliance.

James Parton, in his contribution to the "Globe's" "Political History of the United States," describing the influence of Paine's "Rights of Man" upon Jefferson, says that this remarkable book, which so shocked polite society of that period, now seems "very sound and moderate" to every Democrat. If this were true, all the Democrats of the country would be found on Liberty's subscription book. Far from appearing sound and moderate to every Democrat, many of his utterances, sentiments, and aspirations would be denounced by even such Democrats as Mr. Parton as rank heresy and most treasonable propaganda. Thomas Paine was the first American Anarchist.

State Socialism is such a lumping system, knowing nothing whatever of discrimination, that its advocates are incapable of understanding that a man may admire a public teacher and desire to spread his teachings without swallowing him whole,—defects, weaknesses, inconsistencies, shortcomings, and all. Thus it is that some of them, having lately discovered a passage or two in Proudhon's writings that smack of State Socialism, have expressed wonder that I should class myself as one of his disciples. The explanation of their bewilderment is to be found in their mistaken supposition that "What is Property?" is the Bible of Anarchism just as Marx's "Capital" is the Bible of State Socialism. Anarchists have no Bible and blindly worship no leader. But if these critics really think, as they pretend to, that Proudhon was a State Socialist, I have an offer to make them. If they will print in their papers everything that they can find in Proudhon's works favoring State Socialism, I will furnish them some quotations from his works antagonizing it, so that they may print them simultaneously, and then their readers will judge for themselves the beliefs of P. J. Proudhon. Do the "Workmen's Advocate" of New Haven and the "Labor Enquirer" of Chicago dare to accept this challenge?

A Sketch of Pyat.

[Francis Enne.]

Félix Pyat is one of the most dazzling literary glories of our century.

What person in France is not familiar with his celebrated name,—a name long ago given its place in contemporary literature by the side of those of the greatest masters in all schools: Victor Hugo, Lamartine, the elder Dumas, Musset, Balzac, Eugène Sue, Frédéric Soulié, Stendhal, etc., for the fecundity of the entire epoch that followed the overthrow of the first empire is prodigious.

The man of politics? We neglect him today to study simply the writer, although there is not a work by Félix Pyat in which he has not taken care to teach the Revolution by placing before his readers' eyes the atrocious social inequalities and sufferings of the people. Pyat, moreover, does not believe in art for art's sake, but thinks it the sacred duty of the writer or the artist to instruct while charming and amusing.

Let us rapidly sketch the well-filled life of Félix Pyat. He was born at Vierzon; his father, a distinguished lawyer, was a legitimist, his mother a democrat. Following his mother's teachings, in his student days he began to agitate against Charles X. and took part in all the manifestations of the Schools; he obtained his lawyer's diploma in 1830. Immediately he devoted himself to letters and to politics.

He began on the "Figaro," with his compatriot Latouche; then he founded the "Charivari" with Altaroche and Daurier. He wrote a celebrated page, the "Filles de Séjan," for a preface to a book on Barnave by the great Janin (Jules);

the latter, having signed the page in question, then quarrelled with him, to which we are indebted for Pyat's marvellous pamphlet: "J. M. Chénier and the Prince of Critics." The list of journals, reviews, and collections with which he has been connected is long, the principal ones being the "Revue de Paris," the "Artiste," the "Réforme," "Paris Révolutionnaire," the "Revue Démocratique," etc.; he was director of the "Revue Britannique"; for a long time he conducted the *feuilleton* department of the "Siècle" and the "National," everywhere showing himself brilliant in polemics, critical in art and politics. Accordingly how many prosecutions! how many months in prison!

Félix Pyat was one of the founders of the Society of People of Letters and of the Society of Dramatic Authors.

His dramatic baggage is no less important. His first piece, "A Revolution of Former Times," filled with political allusions directed against Louis Philippe, was played at the Odéon Theatre.

The little Thiers, the king's pedant, prohibited the piece, of course. Félix Pyat revenged himself in a pamphlet published in the "Revue des Deux Mondes"; "A Conspiracy of Former Times," another prohibited drama; and "Arabella," in which he placed upon the stage the hanging of the Prince of Condé at St. Leu. Then he produced "The Brigand and the Philosopher," "Ango, the Sailor," "Cedric, the Norwegian," and "The Two Locksmiths," all Socialistic plays.

But his two master-pieces are "Diogenes" and "The Rag-Picker of Paris," the last of which he has lately developed into a novel.

This great writer is reputed to have been one of Gautier's "Young France" at the time of the birth of romanticism; this is almost exact. The truth is that he was an associate of all those writers who became masters in their turn, some while not excluding politics, others while despising it,—the Sues, the Hugos, or the Gautiers,—but Pyat always remained faithful to his ardently revolutionary convictions, while giving himself as feverishly to letters and the arts. This his work clearly demonstrates, and is what caused him to be often called by his friends the "Democratic courtier." The following anecdote reveals a characteristic trait. After the triumph of "Diogenes," Pyat received at Sainte Pélagie (where he was paying the penalty of an offence against the press) the following letter from Victor Hugo:

MY DEAR PRISONER,—I write you with a hand still trembling with applause. Better than I you have proved the royalty of genius and the divinity of love.

VICTOR HUGO.

This was Pyat's answer:

MY DEAR MASTER,—Not a deist and not at all a royalist, but your most devoted and obliged

FÉLIX PYAT.

This sentence shows the whole man, both in politics and literature, even in its short, quick form, a form which he always employs with infinite science, whether in articles on high philosophy or politics, or in a drama, or even in a novel; for the characteristic of this living style is its conciseness, its astonishing precision, and, after a fierce sweeping away of all useless words, while keeping the clear image that makes the picture, he always strikes his reader or hearer. Will Pyat found a school? I doubt it. He would discourage his pupils.

His private individuality should also be presented, for he belongs to that sort of charmers which tends to disappear before the advance of our brutal civilization.

This old man is as solid as a man of thirty years; he is vivacious, alert, gay, and very affable; his two black eyes illuminate with singular brilliancy the hirsute head covered with shaggy white hair; his beard, also white, spreads like a fan over his breast, and his eyes have this peculiarity,—that, like those of large cats, they have now gleams of wrath, when in talking Pyat gets excited, now also caressing reflections. His voice is harmonious and captivating; his language is of rare eloquence, whether in making a speech or simply relating to his friends his life, his adventures, and the men whom he has seen; for, if he is a great orator, he is a marvellous story-teller also.

I have tried to trace a faithful outline, and I pray the author of the "Rag-Picker of Paris" to excuse an admirer; for that matter, he is very indulgent, which is another of his traits that I forgot to mention.

STATE SOCIALISM AND ANARCHISM:

HOW FAR THEY AGREE, AND WHEREIN THEY DIFFER.

By BENJ. R. TUCKER.

Probably no agitation has ever attained the magnitude, either in the number of its recruits or the area of its influence, which has been attained by Modern Socialism, and at the same time been so little understood and so misunderstood, not only by the hostile and the indifferent, but by the friendly, and even by the great mass of its adherents themselves. This unfortunate and highly dangerous state of things is due partly to the fact that the human relationships which this movement—if anything so chaotic can be called a movement—aims to transform, involve no special class or classes, but literally all mankind; partly to the fact that these relationships are infinitely more varied and complex in their nature than those with which any special reform has ever been called upon to deal; and partly to the fact that the great moulding forces of society, the channels of information and enlightenment, are well-nigh exclusively under the control of those whose immediate pecuniary interests are antagonistic to the bottom claim of Socialism that labor should be put in possession of its own.

Almost the only persons who may be said to comprehend even approximately the significance, principles, and purposes of Socialism are the chief leaders of the extreme wings of the Socialistic forces, and perhaps a few of the money kings themselves. It is a subject of which it has lately become quite the fashion for preacher, professor, and penny-a-liner to treat, and, for the most part, woful work they have made with it, exciting the derision and pity of those competent to judge. That those prominent in the intermediate Socialistic divisions do not fully understand what they are about is evident from the positions they occupy. If they did; if they were consistent, logical thinkers; if they were what the French call *consequent* men,—their reasoning faculties would long since have driven them to one extreme or the other.

For it is a curious fact that the two extremes of the vast army now under consideration, though united, as has been hinted above, by the common claim that labor shall be put in possession of its own, are more diametrically opposed to each other in their fundamental principles of social action and their methods of reaching the ends aimed at than either is to their common enemy, the existing society. They are based on two principles the history of whose conflict is almost equivalent to the history of the world since man came into it; and all intermediate parties, including that of the upholders of the existing society, are based upon a compromise between them. It is clear, then, that any intelligent, deep-rooted opposition to the prevailing order of things must come from one or the other of these extremes, for anything from any other source, far from being revolutionary in character, could be only in the nature of such superficial modification as would be utterly unable to concentrate upon itself the degree of attention and interest now bestowed upon Modern Socialism.

The two principles referred to are AUTHORITY and LIBERTY, and the names of the two schools of Socialistic thought which fully and unreservedly represent one or the other of them are, respectively, State Socialism and Anarchism. Whoso knows what these two schools want and how they propose to get it understands the Socialistic movement. For, just as it has been said that there is no half-way house between Rome and Reason, so it may be said that there is no half-way house between State Socialism and Anarchism. There are, in fact, two currents steadily flowing from the centre of the Socialistic forces which are concentrating them on the left and on the right; and, if Socialism is to prevail, it is among the possibilities that, after this movement of separation has been completed and the existing order has been crushed out between the two camps, the ultimate and bitter conflict will be still to come. In that case all the eight-hour men, all the trades-unionists, all the Knights of Labor, all the land nationalizationists, all the greenbackers, and, in short, all the members of the thousand and one different battalions belonging to the great army of Labor, will have deserted their old posts, and, these being arrayed on the one side and the other, the great battle will begin. What a final victory for the State Socialists will mean, and what a final victory for the Anarchists will mean, it is the purpose of this paper to briefly state.

To do this intelligently, however, I must first describe the ground common to both, the features that make Socialists of each of them.

The economic principles of Modern Socialism are a logical deduction from the principle laid down by Adam Smith in the early chapters of his "Wealth of Nations,"—namely, that labor is the true measure of price. But Adam Smith, after stating this principle most clearly and concisely, immediately abandoned all further consideration of it to devote himself to showing what actually does measure price, and how, therefore, wealth is at present distributed. Since his day nearly all the political economists have followed his example by confining their function to the description of society as it is, in its industrial and commercial phases. Socialism, on the contrary, extends its function to the description of society as it should be, and the discovery of the means of making it what it should be. Half a century or more after Smith enunciated the principle above stated, Socialism picked it up where he had dropped it, and, in following it to its logical conclusions, made it the basis of a new economic philosophy.

This seems to have been done independently by three different men, of three different nationalities, in three different languages: Josiah Warren, an American; Pierre J. Proudhon, a Frenchman; Karl Marx, a German Jew. That Warren and Proudhon arrived at their conclusions singly and unaided is certain; but whether Marx was not largely indebted to Proudhon for his economic ideas is questionable. However this may be, Marx's presentation of the ideas was in so many respects peculiarly his own that he is fairly entitled to the credit of originality. That the work of this interesting trio should have been done so nearly simultaneously would seem to indicate that Socialism was in the air, and that the time was ripe and the conditions favorable for the appearance of this new school of thought. So far as priority of time is concerned, the credit seems to belong to Warren, the American,—a fact which should be noted by the stump orators who are so fond of declaiming against Socialism as an imported article. Of the purest revolutionary blood, too, this Warren, for he descends from the Warren who fell at Bunker Hill.

From Smith's principle that labor is the true measure of price—or, as Warren phrased it, that cost is the proper limit of price—these three men made the following deductions: that the natural wage of labor is its product; that this wage, or product, is the only just source of income (leaving out, of course, gift, inheritance, etc.); that all who derive income from any other source abstract it directly or indirectly from the natural and just wage of labor; that this abstracting process generally takes one of three forms,—interest, rent, and profit; that these three constitute the trinity of usury, and are simply different methods of levying tribute for the use of capital; that, capital being simply stored-up labor which has already received its pay in full, its use ought to be gratuitous, on the principle that labor is the only basis of price; that the lender of capital is entitled to its return intact, and nothing more; that the only reason why the banker, the stockholder, the landlord, the manufacturer, and the merchant are able to exact usury from labor

lies in the fact that they are backed by legal privilege, or monopoly; and that the only way to secure to labor the enjoyment of its entire product, or natural wage, is to strike down monopoly.

It must not be inferred that either Warren, Proudhon, or Marx used exactly this phraseology or followed exactly this line of thought, but it indicates definitely enough the fundamental ground taken by all three and their substantial thought up to the limit to which they went in common. And, lest I may be accused of stating the positions and arguments of these men incorrectly, it may be well to say in advance that I have viewed them broadly, and that, for the purpose of sharp, vivid, and emphatic comparison and contrast, I have taken considerable liberty with their thought by rearranging it in an order, and often in a phraseology, of my own, but, I am satisfied, without, in so doing, misrepresenting them in any essential particular.

It was at this point—the necessity of striking down monopoly—that came the parting of their ways. Here the road forked. They found that they must turn either to the right or to the left,—follow either the path of Authority or the path of Liberty. Marx went one way; Warren and Proudhon the other. Thus were born State Socialism and Anarchism.

First, then, State Socialism, which may be described as *the doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by the government, regardless of individual choice.*

Marx, its founder, concluded that the only way to abolish the class monopolies was to centralize and consolidate all industrial and commercial interests, all productive and distributive agencies, in one vast monopoly in the hands of the State. The government must become banker, manufacturer, farmer, carrier, and merchant, and in these capacities must suffer no competition. Land, tools, and all instruments of production must be wrested from individual hands and made the property of the collectivity. To the individual can belong only the products to be consumed, not the means of producing them. A man may own his clothes and his food, but not the sewing-machine which makes his shirts or the spade which digs his potatoes. Product and capital are essentially different things; the former belongs to individuals, the latter to society.* Society must seize the capital which belongs to it, by the ballot if it can, by revolution if it must. Once in possession of it, it must administer it on the majority principle through its organ, the State, utilize it in production and distribution, fix all prices by the amount of labor involved, and employ the whole people in its workshops, farms, stores, etc. The nation must be transformed into a vast bureaucracy, and every individual into a State official. Everything must be done on the cost principle, the people having no motive to make a profit out of themselves. Individuals not being allowed to own capital, no one can employ another, or even himself. Every man will be a wage-receiver, and the State the only wage payer. He who will not work for the State must starve, or, more likely, go to prison. All freedom of trade must disappear. Competition must be utterly wiped out. All industrial and commercial activity must be centred in one vast, enormous, all-inclusive monopoly. The remedy for monopolies is MONOPOLY.

Such is the economic programme of State Socialism as adopted from Karl Marx. The history of its growth and progress cannot be told here. In this country the party that upholds it is known as the Socialistic Labor Party, and it has groups or sections in all the principal cities.

What other applications this principle of Authority, once adopted in the economic sphere, will develop is very evident. It means the absolute control by the majority of all individual conduct. The right of such control is already admitted by the State Socialists, though they maintain that, as a matter of fact, the individual would be allowed a much larger liberty than he now enjoys. But he would only be allowed it; he could not claim it as his own. There would be no more rights; only privileges. Such liberty as might exist would exist by sufferance and could be taken away at any moment. Constitutional guarantees would be of no avail. There would be but one article in the constitution of a State Socialistic country: "The right of the majority is absolute."

The claim of the State Socialists, however, that this right would not be exercised in matters pertaining to the individual in the more intimate and private relations of his life is not borne out by the history of governments. It has ever been the tendency of power to add to itself, to enlarge its sphere, to encroach beyond the limits set for it; and where the habit of resisting such encroachment is not fostered, and the individual is not taught to be jealous of his rights, individuality gradually disappears and the government or State becomes the all-in-all. Control naturally accompanies responsibility. Under the system of State Socialism, therefore, which holds the community responsible for the health, wealth, and wisdom of the individual, it is evident that the community, through its majority expression, will insist more and more on prescribing the conditions of health, wealth, and wisdom, thus impairing and finally destroying individual independence and with it all sense of individual responsibility.

Whatever, then, the State Socialists may claim or disclaim, their system, if adopted, is doomed to end in a State religion, to the expense of which all must contribute and at the altar of which all must kneel; a State school of medicine, by whose practitioners the sick must invariably be treated; a State system of hygiene, prescribing what all must and must not eat, drink, wear, and do; a State code of morals, which will not content itself with punishing crime, but will prohibit what the majority decide to be vice; a State system of instruction, which will do away with all private schools, academies, and colleges; a State nursery, in which all children must be brought up in common at the public expense; and, finally, a State family, with an attempt at stirpiculture, or scientific breeding, in which no man and woman will be allowed to have children if the State prohibits them and no man and woman can refuse to have children if the State orders them. Thus will Authority achieve its acme and Monopoly be carried to its highest power.

Such is the ideal of the logical State Socialist, such the goal which lies at the end of the road that Karl Marx took. Let us now follow the fortunes of Warren and Proudhon, who took the other road,—the road of Liberty.

This brings us to Anarchism, which may be described as *the doctrine that all the affairs of men should be managed by individuals or voluntary associations, and that the State should be abolished.*

When Warren and Proudhon, in prosecuting their search for justice to labor, came face to face with the obstacle of class monopolies, they saw that these monopolies rested upon Authority, and concluded that the thing to be done was, not to strengthen this Authority and thus make monopoly universal, but to utterly uproot Authority and give full sway to the opposite principle, Liberty, by making competition, the antithesis of monopoly, universal. They saw in competition the great leveller of prices to the labor cost of production. In this they agreed with

* A friend to whom this manuscript was shown and who finds himself in general sympathy with its positions makes the criticism that the distinction between capital and product here attributed to Marx was not made by him, although it is urged by all his disciples. In my judgment, it is fairly attributable to Marx himself. It is included in the very ground-work of his economic system, in his explanation of the two processes between which he draws a line,—merchandise-money-merchandise and money-merchandise-money. To avoid misunderstanding it should be noted that the claim is not put forward that Marx based this distinction upon moral grounds, but simply that he considered it a matter of economic necessity.

the political economists. The query then naturally presented itself why all prices do not fall to labor cost; where there is any room for incomes acquired otherwise than by labor; in a word, why the usurer, the receiver of interest, rent, and profit, exists. The answer was found in the present one-sidedness of competition. It was discovered that capital had so manipulated legislation that unlimited competition is allowed in supplying productive labor, thus keeping wages down to the starvation point, or as near it as practicable; that a great deal of competition is allowed in supplying distributive labor, or the labor of the mercantile classes, thus keeping, not the prices of goods, but the merchants' actual profits on them, down to a point somewhat approximating equitable wages for the merchants' work; but that almost no competition at all is allowed in supplying capital, upon the aid of which both productive and distributive labor are dependent for their power of achievement, thus keeping the rate of interest on money, of house-rent and ground-rent, and of manufacturers' profits on patent-protected and tariff-protected goods, at as high a point as the necessities of the people will bear.

On discovering this, Warren and Proudhon charged the political economists with being afraid of their own doctrine. The Manchester men were accused of being inconsistent. They believed in liberty to compete with the laborer in order to reduce his wages, but not in liberty to compete with the capitalist in order to reduce his usury. *Laissez faire* was very good sauce for the goose, labor, but very poor sauce for the gander, capital. But how to correct this inconsistency, how to serve this gander with this sauce, how to put capital at the service of business men and laborers at cost, or free of usury,—that was the problem.

Marx, as we have seen, solved it by declaring capital to be a different thing from product, and maintaining that it belonged to society and should be seized by society and employed for the benefit of all alike. Proudhon scoffed at this distinction between capital and product. He maintained that capital and product are not different kinds of wealth, but simply alternate conditions or functions of the same wealth; that all wealth undergoes an incessant transformation from capital into product and from product back into capital, the process repeating itself interminably; that capital and product are purely social terms; that what is product to one man immediately becomes capital to another, and *vice versa*; that, if there were but one person in the world, all wealth would be to him at once capital and product; that the fruit of A's toil is his product, which, when sold to B, becomes B's capital (unless B is an unproductive consumer, in which case it is merely wasted wealth, outside the view of social economy); that a steam engine is just as much product as a coat, and that a coat is just as much capital as a steam-engine; and that the same laws of equity govern the possession of the one that govern the possession of the other.

For these and other reasons Proudhon and Warren found themselves unable to sanction any such plan as the seizure of capital by society. But, though opposed to socializing the ownership of capital, they aimed nevertheless to socialize its effects by making its use beneficial to all instead of a means of impoverishing the many to enrich the few. And when the light burst in upon them, they saw that this could be done by subjecting capital to the natural law of competition, thus bringing the price of its use down to cost,—that is, to nothing beyond the expenses incidental to handling and transferring it. So they raised the banner of Absolute Free Trade; free trade at home, as well as with foreign countries; the logical carrying-out of the Manchester doctrine; *laissez-faire* the universal rule. Under this banner they began their fight upon monopolies, whether the all-inclusive monopoly of the State Socialists, or the various class monopolies that now prevail.

Of the latter they distinguished four of principal importance,—the money monopoly, the land monopoly, the tariff monopoly, and the patent monopoly.

First in the importance of its evil influence they considered the money monopoly, which consists of the privilege given by the government to certain individuals, or to individuals holding certain kinds of property, of issuing the circulating medium, a privilege which is now enforced in this country by a national tax of ten per cent. upon all other persons who attempt to furnish a circulating medium and by State laws making it a criminal offence to issue notes as currency. It is claimed that the holders of this privilege control the rate of interest, the rate of rent of houses and buildings, and the prices of goods,—the first directly, and the second and third indirectly. For, say Proudhon and Warren, if the business of banking were made free to all, more and more persons would enter into it until the competition should become sharp enough to reduce the price of lending money to the labor cost, which statistics show to be less than three fourths of one per cent. In that case the thousands of people who are now deterred from going into business by the ruinously high rates which they must pay for capital with which to start and carry on business will find their difficulties removed. If they have property which they do not desire to convert into money by sale, a bank will take it as collateral for a loan of a certain proportion of its market value at less than one per cent. discount. If they have no property, but are industrious, honest, and capable, they will generally be able to get their individual notes endorsed by a sufficient number of known and solvent parties; and on such business paper they will be able to get a loan at a bank on similarly favorable terms. Thus interest will fall at a blow. The banks will really not be lending capital at all, but will be doing business on the capital of their customers, the business consisting in an exchange of the known and widely available credits of the banks for the unknown and unavailable, but equally good, credits of the customers, and a charge therefor of less than one per cent., not as interest for the use of capital, but as pay for the labor of running the banks. This facility of acquiring capital will give an unheard-of impetus to business, and consequently create an unprecedented demand for labor,—a demand which will always be in excess of the supply, directly the contrary of the present condition of the labor market. Then will be seen an exemplification of the words of Richard Cobden that, when two laborers are after one employer, wages fall, but, when two employers are after one laborer, wages rise. Labor will then be in a position to dictate its wages, and will thus secure its natural wage, its entire product. Thus the same blow that strikes interest down will send wages up. But this is not all. Down will go profits also. For merchants, instead of buying at high prices on credit, will borrow money of the banks at less than one per cent., buy at low prices for cash, and correspondingly reduce the prices of their goods to their customers. And with the rest will go house-rent. For no one who can borrow capital at one per cent. with which to build a house of his own, will consent to pay rent to a landlord at a higher rate than that. Such is the vast claim made by Proudhon and Warren as to the results of the simple abolition of the money monopoly.

Second in importance comes the land monopoly, the evil effects of which are seen principally in exclusively agricultural countries, like Ireland. This monopoly consists in the enforcement by government of land titles which do not rest upon personal occupancy and cultivation. It was obvious to Warren and Proudhon that, as soon as individuals should no longer be protected by their fellows in anything but personal occupancy and cultivation of land, ground rent would disappear, and so usury have one less leg to stand on.

Third, the tariff monopoly, which consists in fostering production at high prices and under unfavorable conditions by visiting with the penalty of taxation those who patronize production at low prices and under favorable conditions. The evil

to which this monopoly gives rise might more properly be called *misusury* than usury, because it compels labor to pay, not exactly for the use of capital, but rather for the misuse of capital. The abolition of this monopoly would result in a great reduction in the prices of all articles taxed, and this saving to the laborers who consume these articles would be another step toward securing to the laborer his natural wage, his entire product. Proudhon admitted, however, that to abolish this monopoly before abolishing the money monopoly would be a cruel and disastrous policy, first, because the evil of scarcity of money, created by the money monopoly, would be intensified by the flow of money out of the country which would be involved in an excess of imports over exports, and, second, because that fraction of the laborers of the country which is now employed in the protected industries, would be turned adrift to face starvation without the benefit of the insatiable demand for labor which a competitive money system would create. Free trade in money at home, making money and work abundant, was insisted upon by Proudhon as a prior condition of free trade in goods with foreign countries.

Fourth, the patent monopoly, which consists in protecting inventors and authors against competition for a period long enough to enable them to extort from the people a reward enormously in excess of the labor measure of their services,—in other words, in giving certain people a right of property for a term of years in laws and facts of Nature, and the power to exact tribute from others for the use of this natural wealth, which should be open to all. The abolition of this monopoly would fill its beneficiaries with a wholesome fear of competition which would cause them to be satisfied with pay for their services equal to that which other laborers get for theirs, and to secure it by placing their products and works on the market at the outset at prices so low that their lines of business would be no more tempting to competitors than any other lines.

The development of the economic programme which consists in the destruction of these monopolies and the substitution for them of the freest competition led its authors to a perception of the fact that all their thought rested upon a very fundamental principle, the freedom of the individual, his right of sovereignty over himself, his products, and his affairs, and of rebellion against the dictation of external authority. Just as the idea of taking capital away from individuals and giving it to the government started Marx in a path which ends in making the government everything and the individual nothing, so the idea of taking capital away from government-protected monopolies and putting it within easy reach of all individuals started Warren and Proudhon in a path which ends in making the individual everything and the government nothing. If the individual has a right to govern himself, all external government is tyranny. Hence the necessity of abolishing the State. This was the logical conclusion to which Warren and Proudhon were forced, and it became the fundamental article of their political philosophy. It is the doctrine which Proudhon named Anarchism, a word derived from the Greek, and meaning, not necessarily absence of order as is generally supposed, but absence of rule. The Anarchists are simply unterrified Jeffersonian Democrats. They believe that "the best government is that which governs least," and that that which governs least is no government at all. Even the simple police function of protecting person and property they deny to governments supported by compulsory taxation. Protection they look upon as a thing to be secured, as long as it is necessary, by voluntary association and cooperation for self-defence, or as a commodity to be purchased, like any other commodity, of those who offer the best article at the lowest price. In their view it is in itself an invasion of the individual to compel him to pay for or suffer a protection against invasion that he has not asked for and does not desire. And they further claim that protection will become a drug in the market, after poverty and consequently crime have disappeared through the realization of their economic programme. Compulsory taxation is to them the life-principle of all the monopolies, and passive, but organized, resistance to the tax-collector they contemplate, when the proper time comes, as one of the most effective methods of accomplishing their purposes.

Their attitude on this is a key to their attitude on all other questions of a political or social nature. In religion they are atheistic as far as their own opinions are concerned, for they look upon divine authority and the religious sanction of morality as the chief pretexts put forward by the privileged classes for the exercise of human authority. "If God exists," said Proudhon, "he is man's enemy." And, in contrast to Voltaire's famous epigram, "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him," the great Russian Nihilist, Michael Bakounine, placed this antithetical proposition: "If God existed, it would be necessary to abolish him." But although, viewing the divine hierarchy as a contradiction of Anarchy, they do not believe in it, the Anarchists none the less firmly believe in the liberty to believe in it. Any denial of religious freedom they squarely oppose.

Upholding thus the right of every individual to be or select his own priest, they likewise uphold his right to be or select his own doctor. No monopoly in theology, no monopoly in medicine. Competition everywhere and always; spiritual advice and medical advice alike to stand or fall on their own merits. And not only in medicine, but in hygiene, must this principle of liberty be followed. The individual may decide for himself not only what to do to get well, but what to do to keep well. No external power must dictate to him what he must and must not eat, drink, wear, or do.

Nor does the Anarchistic scheme furnish any code of morals to be imposed upon the individual. "Mind your own business" is its only moral law. Interference with another's business is a crime and the only crime, and as such may properly be resisted. In accordance with this view the Anarchists look upon attempts to arbitrarily suppress vice as in themselves crimes. They believe liberty and the resultant social well-being to be a sure cure for all the vices. But they recognize the right of the drunkard, the gambler, the rake, and the harlot to live their lives until they shall freely choose to abandon them.

In the matter of the maintenance and rearing of children the Anarchists would neither institute the communistic nursery which the State Socialists favor nor keep the communistic school system which now prevails. The nurse and the teacher, like the doctor and the preacher, must be selected voluntarily, and their services must be paid for by those who patronize them. Parental rights must not be taken away, and parental responsibilities must not be foisted upon others.

Even in so delicate a matter as that of the relations of the sexes the Anarchists do not shrink from the application of their principle. They acknowledge and defend the right of any man and woman, or any men and women, to love each other for as long or as short a time as they can, will, or may. To them legal marriage and legal divorce are equal absurdities. They look forward to a time when every individual, whether man or woman, shall be self-supporting, and when each shall have an independent home of his or her own, whether it be a separate house or rooms in a house with others; when the love relations between these independent individuals shall be as varied as are individual inclinations and attractions; and when the children born of these relations shall belong exclusively to the mothers until old enough to belong to themselves.

Such are the main features of the Anarchistic social ideal. There is wide difference of opinion among those who hold it as to the best method of attaining it. Space forbids the treatment of that phase of the subject here. I will simply call

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 10, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

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The Social Problem and Liberty.

Events follow one another with the speed of light. Only a little while ago, and nearly everybody seemed to be satisfied with the existing state of things. To be sure, there would be coming every now and then mutterings from the depths of society laden with the stories of misery and woe. But that signified nothing. Your philistine and beneficiary of privilege was not so easily to be disturbed. Had not preachers, politicians, and professors, roaming up and down the country, assured them all was well and prosperous? Then why should a wail from starving workingmen, as yet but faintly heard, disturb them? Carl Schurz, asked to define his position with regard to the social problem in a public meeting at Milwaukee in 1877, replied that there was no such problem. And whenever since then, until but a short time ago, there came again and again and louder and louder than before, the mutterings sorrow-laden from the depths of society, telling of the wretchedness and misery and crime incident to the legal exploitation of labor, and causing here and there and everywhere knightly individuals to discuss on the street and in public hall the rights and wrongs of labor and capital, the word would be passed from newspaper to newspaper, and from one philistine and beneficiary of privilege to another: "There is no social problem."

And thus a matter of transcendent importance was frivolously brushed aside as unworthy serious thought and attention.

That was only a few years ago.

It is different now. It is now, on the contrary, coming to be generally conceded that there is but one problem before the people, aye, before the entire so-called civilized world, and that that is the social problem. And so I say, events follow one another with the speed of light. The view that has so generally been accepted with regard to the nature of the problem now so threateningly demanding the attention of mankind, is undoubtedly correct. Nearly all other problems and interests of individuals and society are now waiting on the proper adjustment of the relations between capital and labor. The differences between these two forces must first be composed before there can again be peace. Almost everybody is beginning to see that.

That is something. But it is not all. It is not even very much. What is needed, at least as much as the perception that things are out of joint, is the knowledge of how they are to be set aright again. Of this knowledge there is still a dearth. This fact is re-

vealed in the nature of the proposals made for remedying matters.

The evils that are upon us having come principally from the arbitrary and unwarranted interference of man in the natural evolution of society, the way out of the trouble would seem to lie in the direction of non-interference in the natural course of societary evolution. The one thing needful would seem to be the perception of the all-sufficiency of the natural agencies of liberty to the end of establishing harmony, peace, and prosperity among mankind. But the majority of the people anxious for reform do not look at it in this light. Quite the contrary, and consequently they adopt also a contrary line of action. Lacking faith in liberty, and authoritarians at heart, they desire to interfere still more. Not non-interference, but the extension of the province of interference expresses their method.

These people may have their day, but they will fail.

Everybody fails in accomplishing great and beneficent ends who pursues them along the lines of authority. All things the world is now blessed with are the children of liberty,—language, science, art, literature, and what measure of commerce and property we enjoy. When literature was

closely wed
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
And compass vile,

it was a cold and lifeless thing. It was only after the Shaksperes and Goethes had broken away from the despotism of the "unities" and trusted in liberty that dramatic art began to dawn on the world. This holds not alone with regard to literature, art, science, language, but also with regard to life itself. In the words of the author of "Ecce Homo":

Life, too, may be conducted according to rules; it may also be conducted on the method of free inspiration, in which case also rules will be observed, but the rules will be different, less stereotyped, adapting themselves more readily to new circumstances, and moreover they will be observed instinctively and not felt as a constraint. And though this latter method may easily be abused, though the inspiration may in particular cases be feigned or forced, though individuals may pervert the method to a loose antinomianism in morals, as in art it has often been made the excuse of formlessness or extravagance; yet it remains the true method, the only one which keeps morality alive and prevents it from becoming a prim convention,—the only system, in short, under which moral Shaksperes can flourish.

Now, what do we want? Do we indeed want peace, prosperity, and the public welfare? Do we want to conduct life according to rules, or do we want to conduct it on the method of free inspiration? If we really want the latter, together with peace, prosperity, and the public welfare, then let us have the courage to advocate the only measures that hold out some reasonable promise of realizing our wants and wishes. Let us abjure quack remedies, above all politics, and declare our loyalty to the principles of liberty and justice, and our exclusive faith in the natural agencies of societary evolution. Let us advocate the freedom of credit, and condemn interest which springs from the monopolization of credit. Let us tell the people that land is for use and belongs to him who will use it, and brand as a crime its employment for speculative ends which serve only private aggrandizement at the expense of labor. Let us demand free trade in the exchange of commodities, which will eventuate in an exchange of equivalents and the annihilation of profits.

Unless we are willing to go this length, let us cease talking about justice and liberty and setting society aright, for we shall be only trifling if we do. If we want the end, we must want the means.

GEORGE SCHUMM.

Anarchy and Rape.

With a plentiful sprinkling of full-face Gothic exclamation points and a series of hysterical shrieks, the "Journal of United Labor," organ of pious Powderly and pure Litchman, rushes upon Liberty with the inquiry whether "Anarchy asks liberty to ruin little girls." Liberty is thus questioned simply because it characterized those who petitioned the Massachusetts legislature for a further raise of the "age of consent" to sixteen as "a bevy of impertinent and prudish women." The answer shall be direct and explicit.

Anarchy does not ask liberty to ruin little girls, but it does ask liberty of sexual association with girls already several years past the age of womanhood, equipped by nature with the capacity of maternity, and even acknowledged by the law to be competent to marry and begin the rearing of a family. To hold a man whose association with such a girl has been sanctioned by her free consent and even her ardent desire guilty of the crime of rape and to subject him to life-imprisonment is an outrage to which a whole font of exclamation points would do scant justice. If there are any mothers, as the "Journal of United Labor" pretends, who look upon such an outrage as a protection against outrage, they confess thereby not only their callous disregard of human rights, but the imbecility of their daughters and their own responsibility for the training that has allowed them to grow up in imbecility. "Has Liberty a daughter?" further inquires the "Journal of United Labor." Why, certainly; Order is Liberty's daughter, acknowledged as such from the first. "Liberty not the daughter, but the mother, of Order." But it is needless to raise the "age of consent" on account of Liberty's daughter. Order fears no seducer. When all daughters have such mothers and all mothers such daughters, the "Journal of United Labor" may continue to regard them as "the worst of womankind," but the powers of the seducer will be gone, no matter what may be fixed as the "age of consent." Because Liberty holds this opinion and expresses it, Powderly and Litchman profess to consider her a "disgrace to the press of America." Really they do not so look upon her, but they are very anxious to win popular approval by pandering to popular prejudices, and so they took advantage of the opportunity which Liberty's words gave them to pose as champions of outraged virtue while endeavoring to identify Anarchism with wholesale rape of the innocents.

T.

Is Art Independent of Truth?

Colonel Ingersoll has an article in the "North American Review" on "Art and Morality," in which he attempts to sustain the doctrine of "art for art's sake." But all that he succeeds in showing is that the highest art does not employ didactic methods, which no sensible opponent of "art for art's sake" ever dreamed of denying. To say that art does not employ didactic methods is a very different thing from saying that art is independent of truth. Yet Colonel Ingersoll seems to regard these statements as equivalents, and thinks that in establishing one he establishes the other. "Art," he says, "is not a sermon." Very true; but all good art and all good sermons have a common foundation in truth. The difference between them is that one teaches truth didactically, while the other teaches it artistically. One constructs an argument, the other paints a picture. One appeals to the reason, the other to the imagination. But truth is their common object. For knowledge of truth is essential to human happiness, and human happiness is the end and aim of art and sermons and all other works of man whatsoever. Hence that art is bad art and that sermon a bad sermon which teaches a lie, which promulgates an error, which lends external allurements and fleeting attraction to that which is internally rotten and eternally repulsive. Colonel Ingersoll gives away his whole case when he adds that "art accomplishes by indirection." Accomplishes what? Not, of course, that which Colonel Ingersoll rightly considers its immediate purpose,—the kindling of the imagination,—for to accomplish the same thing immediately and indirectly is a contradiction. It must be, then, its indirect purpose that it accomplishes by indirection. And what is its indirect purpose? Colonel Ingersoll tells us when he says that "the beautiful refines" and that "the perfect in art suggests the perfect in conduct." If the accomplishment of the perfect in conduct is not the teaching of a lesson, what is it? Yet the object of Colonel Ingersoll's paper is to deny that teaching is any part of the function of art.

T.

The Detroit "Advance" criticises Comrade Labadie's division of monopolies into three,—land, money, and machinery,—by suggesting that, inasmuch as money is "a tool of exchange" and a tool is a machine, the divisions had better be reduced to two,—land and

machinery. Once started in this line of reasoning, why does not the "Advance" pursue it to the end? As money is a tool of exchange, so land is a tool of production, and, both land and money being machines, the monopoly of machinery covers the ground. There seems to be no flaw in the "Advance's" logic, but does it not come under the head of what my correspondent, John Beverley Robinson, calls "verbal criticism"? A more substantial and practical criticism would discard machinery from Labadie's classification, for—setting aside the patent monopoly, to which Labadie presumably does not refer—there is no direct monopoly of machinery, its concentration in a few hands growing out of the money monopoly.

The Chicago "Labor Enquirer" advertises for "a reform that will increase the laborer's wages to the full amount of his product, and not decrease the income of landlords and capitalists." Here's a chance for George Gunton, author of "Wealth and Progress." He claims to be able to supply such an article. When he has proved its efficacy, we may safely neglect to sew up any holes we may find in our pockets.

Anarchy in the Intention.

Dear Comrade Tucker:

Your reply to the fourth question (in No. 115) of my whim neighbor Blodgett, as to the influences that may be consistently employed by Anarchists to induce others to live as seems to them best, brute force being excluded, recalls to my mind the problem which met me when I first became an Anarchist: What forces can I now consistently employ to influence my fellows?

Before that epoch in my career, I had been, like Mr. Blodgett, a paternalist, believing that the "good" and the "wise" had a divine right to take care of their "wicked" and "foolish" neighbors by whatever means came handy. And having, of course, no doubts of my own goodness and wisdom, I was very busy and important in my self-elected office of brother's-keeper. After my conversion, the above question came up, therefore, as one fundamentally important in theory and practice.

The first decision I came to in the matter was that in affairs of self-defence all influences and forces, including brute force and deceit, were admissible; their position in the scale of practice to be established in accordance with their relative efficiency in securing the desired end, and at the same time avoiding injurious reactions to the user. This decision I included as an understood exception in all after decisions to which it would apply.

The idea that all compulsion must be excluded from human relations, except for defensive purposes purely, being thus firmly fixed in my mind, I applied it to all my social conduct. I decided that all "brute force" or "physical force," military, legal, or autocratic, must be excluded from any scheme I might propose or attempt to execute for human benefit. Physical force being decided against, the investigation assumed in my thought the attitude given it by your interrogator. That is, I wished to know if any of the other influences which I might naturally employ were non-invasive,—Anarchistic. I used my eyes, and ransacked the stores that experience had garnered in my memory, and came to the conclusion that the freest individuals did everything under the sanction of their intelligence, in accordance with the facts present to their consciousness and held in their memory. I observed, however, that most individuals held in their mental storehouses passions, appetites, impulses, and instincts, that were, mainly, not the result of their own experience, or of any deliberate decision on their part, but an inheritance from ancestors, and a product of the environment within which those ancestors lived. And I found that it was perfectly possible for these passionnal instincts (under favorable conditions) to overthrow the intellectual decisions of the individual in which they resided, and very common for them to pervert them. Peculiarly true was this of women, in whom, as a sex, these passionnal instincts predominated; of children, in whom the intellectual decisions founded on personal experience were necessarily few and weak from want of practice; and of a majority of men of untrained and undeveloped reason. I knew it was perfectly possible for a skilful player upon human instruments to so call out, work upon, and combine the action and exaggerate the usual force of these passions as to overthrow (in such susceptible subjects as I have above referred to) the influence of the reason, capture the will, and lead them into a slavery as complete as physical force could ever establish; oftentimes more complete.

In view of all this, I decided, first, that I had a perfect right to respectfully and unobtrusively present facts as I saw them to others, and suggest methods of conduct, leaving them perfectly free to accept or reject, for in that case, if influenced, it would be at their own option, and by force of what appeared to us all as truth alone; but, secondly, that all such passionnal subjugation as I have above described, I could not employ and retain my Anarchism. This passionnal

subjugation, for lack of a better term, I called *over-persuasion*, and classed it among the powers of Tyranny; for I thought I could perceive that such a power was everywhere intentionally and consciously wielded by the crafty and unscrupulous to the exploitation of the unsuspecting. Not that I rejected the normal exercise of kindness, gratitude, food-appetite, sex-magnetism, etc.; but I considered that the intentional use of any of them to a degree capable of displacing the independent equipoise of others, and with the purpose of subjecting them to my will, no matter how benevolent my intentions toward them might appear to be, would be invasive and Archistic.

Thus, in the matter of women: If I desired the love of some woman whose acquaintance I might have made, and it became apparent to me that by a certain combination and operation of emotional influences, mesmeric or ordinary, I could suspend all resistive action from her intellect, and render her passionately responsive, or at least non-resistive to my suit, if I had the least reason to suppose that her calmer decisions would be against me, I should have no permission from Anarchism to use such power, or to take advantage of it, had I thoughtlessly employed it. Not only that, but as a consistent Anarchist, jealous of equal liberty, it would be my place, if, from any cause, a woman manifested a passionnal attraction toward me which I knew her best thought condemned, to recall her to that condemnation, and assist her to abide by it. For the true Anarchist realizes that his safety consists in the cultivation of a most jealous spirit of intelligent independence in all his associates; punctilious alike in matters small as in matters great, in matters of persuasion as in matters of compulsion.

I mention this particularly here, because there are many professed free lovers who feel that, if they refrain from physical and legal force in their relations with women, all the finer and more subtle forces are justifiably at their disposal. Yet such men are usually perfectly aware that there are certain times and seasons when the average woman of today, with her undeveloped intellect and predominant emotionalism, is as helpless before the exhibition of intense and skilfully directed sexual passion as a charmed bird. Undoubtedly proper and practical sexual education would enable such women to rise superior to all such fascinations, but nowadays no such education exists, and the man of honor has a delicate task before him in the conduct of his affectional relations. So, Comrade, had Mr. Blodgett propounded to me his fourth question, you perceive I could not, with you, have answered it with an unqualified "Yes."

And as to the "influences" you specify,—are you not liable to be misunderstood?

By the influence of reason most people understand only a skilfully-planned, *ex parte* arrangement of facts to bolster up a pet theory. How persuasions and attractions may be Archistically used, I have already, I trust, to some extent, explained. The newspapers of today afford an "education" that is manifestly Archistic, both in its intention and its results. Public opinion and social ostracism are continually used to undermine liberty or to smother it. And even example, innocent as it usually is, may be thus employed.

To make a large matter small, I have concluded that the beginning of practical Anarchy is *Anarchy in the intention*; and that to make intentional use of any force or influence, no matter how invisible, intangible, fine, subtle, or indirect it may be, to disturb the non-invasive, intelligent free choice and actions of others is invasion. I have even concluded that to press knowledge upon those who preferred ignorance, and advice, teachings, or suggestions of any kind upon those unwilling to receive them, were violations of individual liberty,—of that principle which requires the adaptation of the supply to the demand.

Thus interpreted, Anarchy becomes a moral code; more potent for the pacification and harmonization of human relations and the promotion of social happiness than any other yet proposed.

J. WM. LLOYD.

PALATKA, FLORIDA.

[Acts Archistic in the intention are as revolting to me as to Mr. Lloyd. But just as the very acts which are invasive when committed in offence become non-invasive when committed in defence, so those acts which, though in the strict sense within the limits of equal liberty, are Archistic in the intention if employed to govern are stripped even of the Archistic intent if employed simply to restrain. Accordingly those acts about the invasiveness of which there is some question may best be resisted, when kindlier means fail, by acts which, if used with the intent of governing, would be similarly doubtful. I admit the right of my neighbor to blow a cornet at two o'clock in the morning. But if he persists in doing so out of malice towards me, or even in simple disregard of my comfort, I shall exercise my ingenuity in devising a method of making the neighborhood too hot for him without overstepping the limit of my strict and certain rights. In enumerating to Mr. Blodgett some of the methods of influencing conduct which are compatible with Anarchy I did not mean to convey an idea that all are equally good or

equally well-fitted to any circumstances that may arise. I think that Comrade Lloyd slanders "most people" when he attributes to them such a base conception of the influence of reason as "a skilfully-planned *ex parte* arrangement of facts to bolster up a pet theory." I have seldom met such a conception outside the society of pettifogging lawyers. By the influence of reason I mean substantially that respectful and unobtrusive presentation of facts and arguments which my comrade so well describes.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

Egoism and Selfishness.

To the Editor of Liberty:

Referring to the letter by G. B. Prescott, Jr., in No. 117, I would say that, if he declares that he has no purpose in writing except his own gratification, I shall not contest his statement. The distinction which he regards as irrational is to me as necessary as the words process and aim. If Mr. Prescott fully concentrates his thought upon any work, he is acting out self and gratifying self without thinking of self. This is one phase of Egoism. Mr. Prescott's sentence beginning, "To say that a man need only know—" is confused, and does not recite correctly. The next sentence beginning, "To reflect before acting—" states a negative truism never controverted by me or anyone that I know of. If Mr. Prescott cannot do better than to infer and state by implication that I had held forth that "to reflect before acting" implies studied benefit to self and harm to others, I am sorry for Mr. Prescott's understanding. Certainly retaliation is as sudden as generosity, or as often sudden. Who said that generosity was the *only* sudden impulse? Who said that generosity was only *sudden*, and not also persistent and studied? I defined my term Egoism; Mr. Prescott might define his term "selfish." Egoism, as I use the word, includes generous and ungenerous desires and conduct. It will be admitted that *ungenerous* is different from *generous*. The word "selfish" is one which is commonly used as a synonym for "ungenerous." When, therefore, a writer says that "generous impulses are selfish desires," it might be well for him to explain whether or not he means that "generous impulses" are instinctive error, and for him to define what he means by "selfish." That termination *ish* may imply disparagement. It is worse than useless to substitute *selfishness* for *Egoism*, unless "selfishness" is defined by those who use it. As Mr. Tucker said in answer to Mr. Blodgett, "criticism of the Anarchistic idea which does not consider Anarchistic definitions is futile." It is thus that criticisms upon Egoism have been futile. Egoism is not merely an idea. It is a fact,—the force of a man untrammelled by superstition. It may be more or less generous or ungenerous; thus he may be called selfish or unselfish in the common speech. He may be more or less impulsive, more or less deliberate and reflecting. He may so feel and act as to be called very dutiful, but the Egoist relation to all objects is conditioned quite differently from that of the mentally unfree man. If he cares for others, it is not because he is taught that it is his "duty,"—a teaching which puts a fetter in place of attraction; but it is because he is built that way, and this he knows.

TAK KAK.

Statesmen's Source of Inspiration.

I commend the following, reprinted from the editorial columns of the New York "Herald," to the attention of the "better classes," who, in their venomous talk about the "Chicago assassins," never fail to characterize their "conspiracy" against the blessings of "law and order" as the product of the influence of the "fumes of beer and tobacco." It also contains a lesson for those of the "lower classes" who cannot see that life would be worth living in the absence of government, which alone secures them life, liberty, protection, and all other elements of happiness.

Here are two companion pictures which our temperance friends would do well to hang up:

WHISKEY AND THE REBELLION. BRANDY, WITH "BLOOD AND IRON."

I was in the Congress preceding the war. It was whiskey in the morning,—the morning cocktail,—a Congress of whiskey drinkers. Then whiskey all day; whiskey and gambling all night. Drinks before Congress opened its morning session, drinks before it adjourned. The atmosphere was redolent with whiskey,—nervous excitement seeking relief in whiskey, and whiskey adding to nervous excitement. Yes, the Rebellion was launched in whiskey. If the French Assembly were to drink some morning one-half the whiskey consumed in any one day by that Congress, France would declare war against Germany in twenty minutes.—Gen. Daniel E. Sickles.

He began with reluctance, as if forced to speak against his will and judgment, but he occasionally showed his old fiery energy. He spoke from notes, but seldom referred to them. Beside him stood a tumbler of brandy and water, and he drank the contents of three tumblers in the first half-hour; then, tapping impatiently on his half-empty glass, he had it filled up with soda water. The next glass was again too strong, so one of the cabinet ministers attempted to replace the absent servant. He mixed the grog, and Bismarck tasted it, but said, emphatically: "That is a horrible mixture."—Herald report of Bismarck's speech.

And this in the latter part of the brilliant nineteenth century, when civilization is at its zenith and over the universal earth is preached the gospel of peace and good will.

Continued from page 3.

attention to the fact that it is an ideal utterly inconsistent with that of those Communists who falsely call themselves Anarchists while at the same time advocating a régime of Archism fully as despotic as that of the State Socialists themselves. And it is an ideal that can be as little advanced by the forcible expropriation recommended by John Most and Prince Kropotkin as retarded by the brooms of those Mrs. Partingtons of the bench who sentence them to prison; an ideal which the martyrs of Chicago did far more to help by their glorious death upon the gallows for the common cause of Socialism than by their unfortunate advocacy during their lives, in the name of Anarchism, of force as a revolutionary agent and authority as a safeguard of the new social order. The Anarchists believe in liberty both as end and means, and are hostile to anything that antagonizes it.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PREFACE.

Contrary to the usual practice of writers who construct a drama from their novels, the author has constructed a novel from his drama.

This is at least original. It is also easier and safer. The Duval soup is made more easily than the Liebig essence. A play is a work of concentration; a book, a work of elaboration. The largest and often the best part of a drama is not put upon the stage, but a book has no "behind the scenes." The volume gives the author more license, space, and time than the theatre, and, for good as well as evil, the author profits by it.

Thus the drama of the "Rag-Picker" is necessarily only an act, an episode, in the life of Father Jean. The novel of the "Rag-Picker" shows his entire life. The drama is only a picture; the novel is a panorama. The author presents therefore a complete panorama of Paris during the past century, not, like romanticism and its son, naturalism, simply to astound, clutch, and pocket, but to teach, elevate, and moralize; not art for art and gold, but art for man and right, — Socialistic art.

What a man of my time has had an opportunity to see is unprecedented. All the sovereigns of the old world, kings, priests, and masters, giving place to the new sovereign, the People of Paris.

Now, Paris has always brought luck to authors, whether dramatists or novelists. The two greatest popular successes of the epoch have been, in fact if not in right, as a novel, "The Mysteries of Paris," and as a drama, "The Rag-Picker of Paris."

If, then, hampered by the limits of the footlights, the author nevertheless has been able, by dint of condensation, to create a legendary type, he has had ground to hope that with full liberty of action he might make a novel as successful as the drama, according to the axiom that "he who can do more can do less."

The only danger to be feared was what is called the *bis in idem*. Precedents pointed out the danger. Experience has shown that, in art as in life, one gains nothing by continuing.

To cite only the most striking example, a type no less legendary than the Rag-Picker of Paris, the Barber of Séville, and by a master stronger than I, has been less successful at the end than at the beginning. Figaro's old age, therefore, might make me anxious as to Jean's. But the Figaro of the "Marriage," so nimble, so gay, so lively, grown old, sad, and gloomy, was bound to make a *fiasco* in the "Guilty Mother." Taking warning from the error, I have succeeded, in the *dénouement* of my work, in avoiding a contradiction between Jean's end and his beginning. The death of my hero is the crowning of his life. It is not a re-envelopment, but a development, a final evolution of the personage, a natural and necessary conclusion of the character, a logical and final consequence of the principle that animates this "incarnation of the People of Paris," the principle of devotion, the highest passion of man, love of humanity.

FÉLIX PYAT.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOTEL D'ITALIE.

On Mardi Gras, 1828, the ill-famed quarter of the Place Maubert still deserved its name, having at that time that morbid charm of the old Paris, so dear to romanticism and the plague, to the friends of the picturesque and of typhoid fever, and which the philosopher must leave microbes and the poets of the Restoration to mourn.

It was still, at that period of religious, political, and literary reaction, at that ill-omened and retrogressive period of legitimate royalty and divine right, brought back into France by the invasion, a diminutive of the old Cour des Miracles, a Bohemia restrained by the time, where the degenerate brigands of the nineteenth century continued those of the Middle Ages, just as the dwarfs of the modern fauna continue the giants of the fossil fauna, and the tertiaries the antediluvians.

Nevertheless, they preserved enough of the monster to frighten and shame progress, health, and humanity.

This was therefore the most "conservative" district of Paris, an insult and a challenge to the democratic spirit and to the effort of the Revolution, still rebellious against the law of perfection, deep-rooted in the protecting shadow of the Cathedral, the Hospital, the Conciergerie, the Police Office, and the Morgue, under the favorable influence of those still standing bastilles of every tyranny, physical, mental, and moral, or rather of those nurseries of vice and crime, of ignorance and misery, those Catholic and monarchical layers and hatches of evil, admired and sung by the great deistic bard who doubtless would rather be in Notre Dame with Quasimodo than with Voltaire in the Pantheon.

The natives of this lagging section of Paris, hostile to every Socialistic and hygienic movement, savages arrested in development or fallen back into barbarism, had scarcely anything in common, beyond the fact that they were *sans culottes*, with the heroes of that once republican quarter, the bare-armed of the year II.

Unclean and unhealthy citizens, malefactors and wretches, they were celebrating on the day mentioned a carnival with nothing Roman about it, a Mardi Gras conceived after their own fashion and in their own image, helots making up for their spiritual and material servitude by saturnalia, for their abstinences by abuses, and for their privations by excesses.

Most of them presented the flattened or depressed types of a menagerie or a galley-crew, more abject or more ferocious than their masks; faces and cries of beasts, language of the prisons, gestures of murder, lessons in kicking and clubbing, obscene or cruel games, rude sports, always ending badly, in quarrels, blows, kicks, butts, and bites (man makes a weapon of everything), and even, thanks to the foreign element, in knife-thrusts; costumes in keeping, the horrible not excluding the grotesque; minstrels of the slaughter-house, *turcs de la Courtille*, knights of the muck-heap, and other disguises of the same sort, justifying the vile name *chienlits*.

Such had kings, priests, and their poets, "Genius of Christianity!" made the Sovereign People.

The parish bell had sounded the evening Angelus for these strange believers. It was seven o'clock, the night sharp, bad weather impoverishing the poor, snow

falling fast, the violent wind whirling it in eddies or heaping it in flakes which changed their virgin whiteness into mud-puddles beneath the feet of passers-by.

A man in threadbare but stylish clothes, a remnant of opulence, ventured with cautious step into the narrowest and darkest alley of the Rue Galande, and then stopped, undecided, frightened, repelled even by the odious aspect of the place.

The cracked ruins of this infected alley, as dangerous as they were repulsive, threatened destruction, ready to break into fragments under the weight of their overloaded stories; the dirty and reddish walls, covered with a congenial rough coat, reeking with blood and wine, were shedding leprous scales, sweating gangrene, and betraying internal vice, as skin diseases betoken an organic disorder. The cracked and dim window-panes, strengthened by strips of paper, were covered with an opaque layer of dirt which served as a curtain for the mysteries of the Bacchuses and Venuses of the Faubourg Saint-Marcel.

A stream, the little Seine of this conserved Paris, received in its bed all the tributary refuse, all the waste-laden affluents, of this dirty swarm, reflecting in its viscous lakes the yellow gleams of the oil-lamps. Rags in the windows, rubbish in the doorways. In the air, vapors of the frying-pan, odors of tobacco, alcohol and wine drunk and given up again, tainted the atmosphere with a fetid and injurious steam, which offended all the senses and turned the stomach.

The base has its degrees, and, among the dens or lairs of this sinister alley, the ugliest and most suspicious, the refuge of the worst outcasts, was that which was called, by an abominable euphemism, the Hotel d'Italie, a master-piece of local color, a triumph of art for art's sake.

The man stopped short before this furnished lodging-house, a well-known shelter for the fallen of every race and of every vice. And as if he had found what he sought, he read the sign painted in black letters on a ground glass lantern: *Lodging here by the night, 2 cents.*

His face was lighted with a pale light by the smoky wick which flickered in the transparency.

Perhaps he was thirty years old; his features, contracted and even convulsed with disgust, with horror, with humiliation, with regrets if not with remorse, with every sort of feeling except pity, did not lack distinction or culture.

But nature and second nature, habit, had surely set the stamp of original, hereditary, and cultivated vice upon this very proper face. The eye, that window of the soul, furtive and false, with a pupil too large for the white, became ferocious when fixed, like a feline's. The pointed ear was indicative of the same species. The nose or curved beak, the raised chin, the small mouth, and the sharp nails were no less carnivorous. There was a beast of prey in this man of the world.

Of what world?

To be continued.

IRELAND!

By GEORGES SAUTON.

Translated from the French for Liberty by Sarah E. Holmes.

Continued from No. 119.

He opened his lips to question her; but, contracting her forehead, going from exaggerated, immoderate satisfaction to increasing wrath, Lady Ellen was now muttering streams of imprecations which she stifled at times under her closed fists applied to her teeth and which she bit in her sudden frenzies.

Often, in the wanderings of her disgraceful flight, she had been beset by a similar commotion, caused by the idea of Marian and Richard, agonizing together and probably in the embrace of their passion at last gratified.

Vainly she tried to delude herself, to represent to herself the virtue of her rival triumphing over the entreaties of Bradwell, and Bradwell himself, in the presence of his father's corpse and in his state of mind overwhelmed with penitence, incapable of obeying the impulse of his ardent love too long repelled; she could not succeed.

The vision of their embraces would force itself on her: at the moment of dying, asphyxiated, without power to struggle, Marian, in spite of her chastity, had abandoned herself in Richard's arms, and he had been unable to resist. The fixed idea which was implanted in the intoxicated brain of the Duchess was to go at once, without delay, to Cumslen-Park, to find among the rubbish the calcined remains of the lovers, to separate them, stamp on them sacrilegiously, and scatter their cursed bones.

She stood staggering, her arms raised and lowered impetuously, tracing on the whiteness of the soil huge and fantastic shapes, and she imagined herself speaking loudly, volubly, while the tumult of her delirious thoughts escaped from her unmanageable and feeble lips only in incoherent, abrupt, stammering phrases, terminated by harsh cries, idiotic sneers, hiccoughy syllables, of which Treor could not get the sense, or even the exact sound.

A foolish wandering which he had too long permitted to delay him, and resolutely, this time, he made a movement of retreat so much the more prompt and decided as his strained ear perceived now in the distance a confused noise of horsemen coming at a trot in their direction.

Quick! if he wished to escape, to warn Paddy and Edith, who were, doubtless, uneasy at his absence, and who might arrive at any moment.

Roughly the Duchess caught hold of him:

"Ah! no, you will not go!" . . .

Articulating her words almost clearly, she continued to laugh, with a laugh more malicious than stupid, which disturbed Treor and made him turn again towards her instead of pushing her away. Clinging more firmly to the clothes of the old man, and hanging on his arm, she went on, in a wild way:

"Save yourself . . . abandon me . . . oh, no! . . . You see that I have need of your aid, of your help to drag me . . . down there . . . Could I, even with all my hatred, reach there alone? I should fall again . . . for the last time, without having had the last, wild joy of separating them, preserving in my two-fold and terrible agony the vision of their clasp . . . of their lips united . . . I cannot bear that . . . but answer me, then . . . you understand me perfectly . . . I can not bear that. . ."

She shook him furiously, her face convulsed with rage, blazing with jealousy, haughty and implacable; once more, in spite of her rags and filth, the proud, redoubtable Duchess.

He was drinking in her bitter words, his mind filled with a sudden suspicion; and, dreading that she might become silent, that, plunged again into stupefaction and torpor, she might retain eternally between her lips the horrible and mysterious revelation of which he had an anxious and eager presentiment, he questioned her.

"Conduct you. . . where?"

She looked long at him, as if this anxious voice had awakened in her the world of her recollections slumbering under her forehead, which she rubbed with a mechanical movement, her brow contracted in a useless effort of memory, her eyes opened wide, her mouth yawning. Treor was afraid that, half recognizing him,

she would change her mind or tone, and he insisted, grinding nervously her wrists between his shrivelled fingers:

"Finish . . . whom do you wish to separate?"

Certainly this voice troubled her, almost terrified her, especially with this display of violence which the old man added to it.

Misery! she was still silent! Ah! by what power, what subterfuge could he draw from her the rest of her sentence?

"Separate, whom?" . . . resumed Treor. And suddenly struck with a ray of light, railing at himself for not having more quickly guessed the commencement of an enigma that was so easy, so evident, he exclaimed:

"Richard, is it not? Richard and. . ."

His temples wet with sweat, his body shivering, it was his turn to check himself, frozen with terror, not daring to pronounce this name which rose to his throat immediately after that of Bradwell, but which his brain as well as his tongue repulsed with indignation and horror, and which Ellen at last called out in his face!

"Richard. . . and Marian! . . . yes, yes, your granddaughter, Treor!"

"Wretch! . . . you lie!" . . .

Standing erect again, triumphal in her hatred, eluding the spring of Treor ready to rush upon her, she had audaciously seized him, and, in spite of his resistance, held him, obliging him to submit to the volley of her cynical avowals, her invectives, her insults; the intoxication which, just before, prostrated her, now doubling her forces as it excited her brain confused with rage.

"Separate Richard and Marian. . . Yes! for the Irish girl and the Englishman are dead in each other's arms."

"Imposture!" repeated Treor, suffocating, incapable of a more explicit protestation.

"You do not ask how it is that I am here," replied Ellen; "it is because Marian came, for the love of Sir Bradwell, to deliver us. . . and I shut her in in my place. . . The courageous virgin contended for my lover with me. . . I yielded him to her.—Ah! ah! you threw in my face the shame of my adultery. . . well! and your granddaughter who prostitutes herself to the enemy, do you think her ignominy less deep?"

"Away with you! I will crush you, serpent." . . .

But she held him firmly and went on:

"I lighted the fire to illuminate their nuptials!"

"Infamous wretch!" continued Treor.

She even thought of rousing again the insults of the old man, responding to him only by furious shouts of laughter, and, excited still more by the struggle which she had to carry on, while speaking, with the old man, quite beside himself with the boldly evoked vision of Marian and Bradwell, she uttered in Treor's face obscene calumnies about the young girl, soiling with filthy details her death and that of Richard.

"You lie! you lie! She died a sinless virgin!"

"Come, then, to the castle. . . and we shall find, mingled, embracing, the bones of their corpses." . . .

"Enough! . . . or my old fingers will find the power at last to strangle in your throat your base blasphemies."

"That's right, resume your trade of executioner." . . .

"No, of judge."

Leaving in Ellen's finger-nails scraps of flesh, his hands, extricated from the grasp of the Duchess, clutched frightfully the delicate neck of the young woman, and, bending her at the same time towards the ground, his face perfectly livid, he said with a calm voice:

"Die; die on your knees." . . .

Deaf to all other sounds than Ellen's curses, he was disturbed neither by the gallop of an English body of troops bounding upon him at full speed, nor by the cry of alarm which Paddy and Edith, attracted by the noise, gave as they came hastily to his rescue.

What did it matter to him; grimacing, purple, Ellen was dying, but not quickly enough, because Treor's fingers, benumbed by the icy cold, could not give the vice-like grip that was needful . . . and suddenly a discharge from the red soldiers drew a stifled imprecation from the old man. A ball broke his arm, obliging him to release the throat of the Duchess, who, falling down, rescued once more, breathed the air in a convulsive spasm.

"Treor and his inseparables!" said the officer, Sir Edward Walpole, inspecting disdainfully, between his blinking eye-lids, the group standing in the middle of the road; "their account, decided on a long time ago, will drag no longer. Present."

"Long live Ireland!"

All three, Paddy, Edith, and Treor, responded by this cry to the ironical command of the lieutenant, and the sentiment of patriotism, overruling in the old man all other personal anxiety, hushing his hatred without extinguishing it, he let the Duchess rise, while, without a line of his face betraying his suffering, he crossed his broken arm under the good one, and proudly eyed the soldiers from head to foot, astonished that they did not fire.

But Sir Edward Walpole was delaying the execution with a purpose, and, summoning the mother of the deserter Michael, he said:

"You, woman, separate from the rest. . . Sir Newington, God has his soul, condemned you to a life more woful than death. The wish of the deceased shall be respected!"

And, as Edith did not move, inert, but with a rebellious face, he repeated his order, irritated, smacking his tongue on his palate; and, still disobeyed, two men, at a sign from him, approached the old woman, bending from their saddles, seized her each by a shoulder, and violently separated her from her friends, whom the kicking of the horses prevented from holding her.

"Now, fire!" ordered Sir Walpole, in a hurry to finish, and the fingers of the Britons pressed the chilled triggers of their rifles, at the same time that the horses, stung by the cold, snorted grievously and pawed the ground, shivering under their long winter hair.

"Long live Ireland!" began again the two conquered ones, but the cry was not finished, only the first syllable of the sacred name of the country being carried away by the north wind with their last sigh. And their mouths remaining wide open in this supreme shout of love, their eyes illumined by furtive glimpses of near dawns, their arms stretched out in the gesture of heroes leaving for battle, they preserved on the bloody earth such admirable, sublime faces of patriots that Sir Edward, moved in spite of himself, saluted their expiring and smoking bodies.

A stupid sneer from the Duchess at this avenging spectacle made him turn his head in her direction, and, really offended, he upbraided the cynical woman who permitted herself this scandalous explosion of joy; for, unless she were mad, she certainly deserved a lashing.

He turned his horse towards her, and, as she did not answer, he pushed her with the pommel of his sword; but she did not reply or seem to feel the blow.

With the point of his sword he uncovered the features concealed under the dishevelled hair, and recognized, with an intense stupor, Lady Ellen, the dazzling Duchess, for whom his fancy had once been kindled at Cumslen-Park.

"My lady!" he called, his heart seized with an extreme anguish.

Continuing to pierce him with a frightful fixedness, the dilated pupil of the Duchess veiled itself under a glassy steam, and the sneering grin of the locked jaws assumed a ghastly rigidity.

"Dead!" said Walpole, in terror.

A solemn silence reigned, interrupted only by the martial neighing of the horses; and, spectral in the clear night, standing close to the two martyrs whose blood, a supreme sacrifice, was smoking towards the limpid heavens, Edith, with her monotonous and grave voice, sending an irrepressible shudder through the frames of the English, pronounced these words:

"Dead! . . . of cold, of hunger. . . like an Irishwoman!"

THE END.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,

AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Continued from No. 109.

Mr. Greeley has never been able to see anything in the "Cost Principle" except the fact that it abolishes interest on money, and hence he begins at once by opposing it. He has worked hard for his money, and it seems to him a very natural, convenient, and proper thing that that money, so earned, should go on earning more for him while he sleeps. This one consideration settles, with him, the whole question. He does not comprehend in this sublime and simple principle a universal law of equity, which distributes wealth exactly according to Right; reduces all products to the *minimum price*, thereby immensely augmenting consumption; removes all obstacles to the adjustment of supply and demand; brings all human labor into steady demand; exchanges it for exact equivalents; organizes industry; places every human being in his or her appropriate work or function; substitutes universal coöperation in the place of universal antagonism; renders practicable the economies of the large scale, and the division of labor in every department; houses the whole people in palaces, surrounds them with luxury and refinement, and hundred-folds the wealth of the world. Such manifold and magnificent results from a simple change in the method of conducting ordinary trade transcend the capacity of Mr. Greeley and the philosophers of the "Tribune"; while there are now boys, and girls too, not twelve years of age, who can scientifically demonstrate these results as legitimate and certain, and can, by the aid of this key, solve with facility all the problems of political economy with a clearness, comprehensiveness, and precision never dreamed of by Say, Adam Smith, or Ricardo.

Mr. Greeley is, undoubtedly, a man of benevolence. He is profusely, perhaps even foolishly, lavish, as he begins, doubtless, himself to think, in his expenditures for the relief of suffering, and for random experiments, without system, or coherent design, for the improvement of the condition of mankind. He is benevolent, too, chiefly in the lower and material range of human affairs. His thought rises no higher, apparently, than supplying men with food for the body, raiment, and shelter. At most he aspires after so much education as will enable them "to cipher" and make profit. He has no experience of, no sympathy with, and no ability to conceive that immense hunger of the soul which craves, and will have, despite all the conventionalities of the universe, the gratification of spiritual affinities, the congenial atmosphere of loving hearts. The explosive power of a grand passion is all Greek to him. So of all the delicate and more attenuated sentiment which forms the exquisite aroma of human society. He understands best, and appreciates most, the coarse, material realities of life. Purely mental exertion is repugnant to him.

In this latter characteristic Mr. Greeley is the exact antipodes of Mr. James. This latter gentleman tends powerfully toward metaphysical subtleties and spiritual entities, until he is completely lifted off the solid earth, and loses all knowledge of practical things. The latter is of the class of purely ideal reformers, men who will lounge at their ease upon damask sofas and dream of a harmonic and beautiful world to be created hereafter, while they would be probably the very last to whom the earnest worker, in any branch of human concerns, could resort for aid with any prospect of success. He hates actual reform and reformers, and regards benevolence as a disease.

With the points of difference above indicated, the two men we are now comparing are alike in the fact that within their respective and opposite spheres their vision is kaleidoscopic. This is the word to describe them. It is not a microscope, nor a telescope, nor the healthy natural eye which they employ in the examination of a subject. Broken fragments of prejudice reflect the light at a thousand angles of incidence, producing effects which, in the earthy world of Mr. Greeley, are dull and sombre and commonplace, and in the ethereal region inhabited by Mr. James, splendid, sparkling, and beautiful. Neither can be relied on as a guide to anything exact or true. Both are suggestive, inspiring, and disappointing. Neither is a whole man, and the halves which they do present are not homogeneous and consistent. Mr. Greeley would have been greatly improved in exactitude and taste by a mathematical and classical, or even a legal, training; Mr. James, on the contrary, by an education in a workshop or a counting-house, or the scramble of political life, anything which would have related him to the actual world around him. Both are superior men, measured by comparison with the still smaller fragments of men which compose the mass of society in its present state of social chaos; both are exceedingly small men, measured by the ideal one may form of integral and well-developed manhood; *mens sana in corpore sano*. Let not the selfish egotist, whose highest thought has never risen to the well-being of mankind in any shape, "chuckle" over this criticism upon Horace Greeley, a man who compares with him as "Hyperion to a Satyr," a man who has done something, and attempted much, with powerful endeavor and honest enthusiasm, for the elevation of humanity. The criticism is not dictated by any disposition to depreciate such a man, but only to ascertain the fitnesses and the unfitnesses of things. How far can the great and already powerful and ever-growing party of American social reformers or progressives look to Horace Greeley as a competent conductor through the labyrinth of problems which the complicated and obviously vicious constitution of society, resting as a basis upon the depression, wretchedness, and semi-barbarism of the masses of the people, presents to them for resolution. My answer is, Not at all.

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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 17.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1888.

Whole No. 121.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Mr. Powderly tells the Knights of Labor that ten thousand dollars a year spent for lectures would be of more service to labor than three hundred thousand dollars a year wasted in strikes. The truth of your proposition, Mr. Powderly, is entirely dependent upon your selection of a lecturer.

The "Workmen's Advocate" declines my challenge to test, by quotations from Proudhon's works, the assertion which it reproduced from the Chicago "Labor Enquirer," that Proudhon is a State Socialist. 'Very well; then let it keep all such statements out of its columns henceforth. The "Labor Enquirer" itself is yet to be heard from.

The "Truth Seeker" takes the "Investigator" mildly to task for preparing a "probably correct list of Liberal papers" in which more than half of the Liberal press did not figure. But the "Truth Seeker" fails to notice the "Investigator's" most unpardonable error, which was one of inclusion instead of omission and consisted in the placing of its own name in the list.

Soon after the appearance in this paper of J. Wm. Lloyd's letter to the Chicago Communists, which has excited so much admiration, the Chicago "Alarm" printed an answer to it by Mrs. Lucy Parsons. Comrade Lloyd sent the "Alarm" a reply. The "Alarm" rejected his article. "Lucifer," which had previously reprinted the original article and Mrs. Parsons's reply, prints the rejected rejoinder in its issue of March 9.

A writer in the San Francisco "Examiner" points out that marine boilers, which must be inspected by a government officer and run by an engineer who carries a governmental certificate of his efficiency, blow up about three times as often as land boilers, which have no such inspection and which are run by engineers who have no certificates save their own reputations. The point is a pretty one for the State Socialists and the governmentalists to consider.

Working with limited time, a limited force, and limited material, and having to undergo the numerous delays incidental to the starting of any new enterprise, I have found it necessary to slightly interrupt the regularity of Liberty's appearance in order to achieve the issue of the early numbers of Libertas. This accounts for the delay of one week in the publication of this number. I hope to issue the next on April 14. As soon as Libertas gets fairly started, it will not be allowed to interrupt or delay the regular fortnightly publication of Liberty.

The time of the trial of E. C. Walker, M. Harman, and George Harman, on a pretended charge of circulating obscene literature, but really for the crime of using the columns of "Lucifer" for the free and open discussion of sexual questions, is now near at hand. Liberty at this distance is powerless to help them save by urging all who can to contribute money to their defence. The article which I reprint from "Lucifer" on another page exhibits the nature of the infamous legislation under which they are persecuted and the shameful manner in which it was procured. Money may be sent to "E. C. Walker, Valley Falls, Kansas."

The Winsted "Press" announces its approaching demise. Thus will disappear the bravest and brightest paper published within Connecticut's borders. For many years now its editor, Lucien V. Pinney, from his country home, has spoken his most radical thought with utter fearlessness and scattered it throughout an unappreciative world. I am sure that he has enjoyed his work and does not feel that it was wasted. It is to be hoped that the eminent talents which he has displayed in the conduct of his journal are not to be long diverted from radical propagandism. In this hope I say to my Connecticut comrade (comrade in much, though not in all), *Au revoir!*

Kropotkin has an article in "La Révolte" in which he labors to show that there is no difference between Communism and Individualism. In it is to be found a plentiful supply of the usual phrases about "leaving to each his liberty of action," but no explicit statement in regard to the real question whether Communism will permit the individual to labor independently, own tools, sell his labor or his products, and buy the labor or products of others. In fact, all the phrases are set at naught by one little parenthetical remark, which sheds a flood of light upon the conception of Individualism entertained by the Kropotkinians: "Exchange implies a certain dose of equivalence contrary to individualism."

An editorial contributor to the official (German Socialist sheet, "Der Sozialist," lays it down that an Anarchist must necessarily be either a fool or a knave. While the Anarchists cannot be truthfully said to feel much respect for the mental calibre of men who preach the silly and ignorant creed of Compulsory Solidarity and Despotism of Organization of Universal Happiness (otherwise called State Socialism), or much confidence in men whose Socialism begins at the ballot-box and political agitation, they are yet prepared to believe that among the Socialists there are men of more than average intelligence and of very deep sincerity. But I am sure that all of these will unhesitatingly sustain the Anarchists in the emphatic declaration that the "comrade" cited above is certainly both a fool and a knave. And, unless he hastens to reveal his identity, they will also have to admit that he is a coward.

Of recent conversions to Anarchy the most surprising to me is that of M. D. Leahy, who is at the head of the Freethought University in Liberal, Missouri. Until lately I had supposed him to be simply an Infidel of the ordinary type "playing second fiddle" to that founder of Liberal and hater of Liberty, G. H. Walser. And when he associated himself with C. M. Overton for the publication of the "American Idea," he did not rise much higher in my opinion, for the character of that paper as it first appeared, with its Anarchistic opposition to prohibition, its Authoritarian opposition to free love, and its moral horror of Egoism, gave no evidence of power to intelligently follow a principle. But dissensions came, Overton went out, and now the paper appears under the management of M. D. Leahy and W. S. Allison. It is much reduced in size and is far from a model of elegant typography, but it has gained those immense virtues,—intelligence, manliness, and consistency. It is now a staunch and straight advocate of Anarchism, as is shown by the article elsewhere reproduced from its columns. To take such a step in the bigoted town of Liberal requires no small degree of courage, and I should much

like to see Mr. Leahy encouraged in his course by generous subscriptions to his paper, which is issued weekly at one dollar a year. Address "American Idea, Liberal, Missouri."

A New Anarchistic Ally.

[Editors of American Idea.]

To play our little part, to strike our feeble stroke, to be one unassuming but fearless soldier in the never-ending battle of the ages, the battle between liberty and slavery, between growth and stagnation,—this is the fight of the "American Idea."

This fact has been dwelt upon and elucidated ever since our first issue, and yet the question is asked: "Why don't you go for the Bible, show up its absurdities, attack the church, and expose its nefarious schemes?" As we have said before, our fight is a fight with the principle of orthodoxy, the subordination of man to man. It is to this principle we can trace all of the inequalities, misery, and suffering of the race. Religious systems are but one manifestation of this terrible principle. But 'tis not in religious systems that this principle wages its most cruel war against humanity; it is in governmental systems its most hideous features are seen. Hence in our war with orthodoxy we regard the Christian system as but one of its weaker fortresses. Again, we aim to strike directly at the principle, knowing that, when the principle is overthrown, the system must fall. To labor to destroy the system without striking at the principle which underlies it would be wasted time and energy, as the work must needs be done again.

We do not wish to be understood, as we heard a prominent liberal (?) express himself recently, that we have no fight to make with the church, that it is doing a good and needed work. O, no, we have, as every true liberal has, a fight with the church; but we do have a greater and more important fight,—a fight with the spirit of orthodoxy in government. The spirit of orthodoxy, paternalism, for they are one, is securing as deadly a grip upon our system of government as it has upon Russia. The difference is it has not yet united its two strongholds, State and Church, as completely as in Russia, but that time is coming. Don't undertake to scare us now by shouting "Anarchy." We are not afraid of words. We simply demand that in this government the principles of the Declaration of Independence, the principles for which American Revolution was fought and won, be carried out. If that be Anarchy, then were Paine and Jefferson Anarchists, and we are proud of the leadership. Let this once be done, and such a spirit of independence will be infused into our people that the church will crumble and decay as if by magic.

This is why our efforts are not entirely expended in attacks upon the fallacies of revelation. To get out of the church and to get out of orthodoxy are two entirely different things. We prefer that the man who finds out that Jonah didn't swallow the whale and thereby gets out of the church, but retains all of the spirit of orthodox paternalism, should have remained in the church. Our observation is that he becomes a more bigoted opponent of human liberty, and by his assuming the name, Liberal, he becomes a burden to the cause of Liberalism. The work of attacking the church is being well done by able lecturers and journals; we desire to enter the ranks, where the brunt of the battle is waged and soldiers are more needed.

Moral Littleness of Non-Egoists.

[George Eliot.]

In proportion as morality is emotional,—i. e., has affinity with art,—it will exhibit itself in direct sympathetic feeling and action, and not as the recognition of a rule. Love does not say, "I ought to love"; it loves. Pity does not say, "It is right to be pitiful"; it pities. Justice does not say, "I am bound to be just"; it feels justly. It is only where moral emotion is comparatively weak that the contemplation of a rule or theory mingles with its action, and in accordance with this we think experience, both in literature and life, has shown that the minds which are preëminently didactic, which insist on a "lesson," and despise everything that will not convey a moral, are deficient in sympathetic emotion.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,

AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Continued from No. 120.

He has been a sort of John the Baptist, if you will,—one crying, literally, in the wilderness, "Prepare the way," but with no power to lead the way himself. His mission was to agitate powerfully and successfully,—not to organize. He has no complete theory of his own, cannot comprehend the theories of others, and has little practical talent for construction. He feels keenly the evils around him,—those, at least, growing out of the first grade of human wants,—and grasps eagerly at the first *contrivances* suggested by anybody for immediate or apparent relief. In all this he differs from Mr. James, who ranges ideally in a much higher sphere, who is an astute and terribly searching and merciless, though not altogether a sound and reliable, critic of the old, and who, as respects the future, belongs to the school of seers and prophets, not that of the philosophers or rational thinkers,—a mere *jet d'eau* of aspiration, reaching a higher elevation at some points than almost any other man, but breaking into spray and impalpable mist, glittering in the sun, and descending to earth with no weight or mechanical force to effect any great end. It is not such men, one or both, whom the world now chiefly needs.

JOSIAH WARREN, an obscure, plain man, one of the people, a common-sense thinker, the most profoundly analytical thinker who has ever dealt with this class of subjects, has discovered principles which render the righteous organization of society as simple a matter of science as any other. "The Sovereignty of the Individual," with its limit, and "Cost the limit of Price," will make his fame, and mark an epoch in the world's history. The realization of the results of those principles is already begun upon a scale too small, and with a quietness too self-reliant, to have attracted much of the public notice; but with a success satisfactory and inspiring to those practically engaged in the movement. It is something to be able to affirm that there is at least one town in existence where women and children receive equal remuneration for their labor with men, not from benevolence, but upon a well-recognized principle of justice, and by general concurrence, without pledges or constraint.

Mr. Warren is the Euclid of social science. He may not understand algebra, the differential calculus, or fluxions, but all social science, and every beneficent, successful, and permanent social institution ever hereafter erected, must rest upon the principles which have been discovered and announced by him. There is no alternative; and reformers may as well begin by understanding that they have a science to study and a definite work to perform, and not a mere senseless, and endless, and aimless agitation to maintain. The work demands pioneers, men who have muscles, and brains, and backbones. It needs men who are architects, and can see intellectually the form, and proportions, and adaptations of the whole immense edifice to be erected; and stone-cutters, and masons, and builders of every grade; men, especially at this stage, who can go down to the foundations and excavate the dirt and lay the mud-sills of the social fabric. The Greeleys and the Jameses are not such men. They belong to neither the one nor the other of these classes. They must bide their time, and when the work is done, they will, perhaps, tardily recognize the *fact*, though they could not, *a priori*, comprehend the *principles* upon which it was to be accomplished.

It was for the purpose of foreshadowing the entire extent of the work to be performed, of expounding the principles that are now known, of provoking discussion, opposition, criticism by the ablest pens, of every point I had to propound, that I desired the use of the columns of the "Tribune." It was mere accident—the fact that a discussion was already pending, and that further discussion was invited—which determined the point of beginning to be the subject of Marriage and Divorce. It is such information as I possess upon the whole scope of subjects in which Mr. Greeley is supposed to take a special interest, and of which the "Tribune" newspaper is regarded as, in some sense, the organ in this country, that I desired to lay before the world, through its instrumentality. It is that information which, worth much or little, Mr. Greeley refuses to permit his readers to obtain. How far the narrowness of such exclusion comports with the pretensions of that sheet will be judged of differently, doubtless, by different individualities.

Mr. Greeley has no conception, and never had, of the entirety of the Social Revolution which is actually, if not obviously, impending; which, indeed, is hourly progressing in our modern society. He is not a Socialist in any integral, revolutionary, and comprehensive sense. He has no apprehension of so broad an idea as a Universal Analogy. He does not know that it is impossible that some one grand department of social affairs—the love relations, for example—should be exactly right upon their old chance foundation, in the absence of science, reflective or foreseeing, and that all other departments have been radically wrong; just as impossible as it is for one member of the human body to be in a state of perfect health, and all the rest to be grievously, almost mortally, diseased. Ignorant of this great fact, and mistaking doctrinal preconceptions or personal preferences for principles, his opinions are a mosaic of contradiction. He is a queer cross between ultra Radicalism and bigoted Orthodoxy, vibrating unsteadily betwixt the two. Hence, as I have said, he is totally unreliable as a leader, and must be an object of constant annoyance and disappointment to his followers and friends, as he is of mingled ridicule and contempt to personal enemies who recognize no compensations in the really excellent traits of the man.

As an antagonist, or an umpire between antagonists, Mr. Greeley is unfair, tricky, and mean. Owing to the want of consistency in his own mind, and his liability to side-influences of all sorts, he is practically dishonest to an eminent degree. It is with reference to unconsciousness and want of design in his prevarications that I have pronounced him honest. Honorable, in the chivalric sense of the term, he has no pretensions of any sort to be regarded. He is lamentably wanting in the more gentle manly attributes of the man. Whoever looks for delicate consideration for the sensibilities of another, urbanity of manners, magnanimity, or even that sturdy sense of fair-dealing of which noble specimens may be seen in the English peasant or prize-fighter, must look elsewhere. Perhaps no better illustrations can be given of some of these defects as an impartial journalist and high-minded opponent than the two following facts. My communications in this controversy were freely placed at the disposition of Mr. James *before they were published*, to be conned and studied by him, and were so conned and studied by this latter gentleman, and one of them written round and half replied to in an answer

by him to "The Observer," in order that his reply to me might be dispatched by a dash of the pen and as mere reference to what he had already written.

The other illustration is the fact that, while Mr. Greeley has refused to allow me to reply to his own and Mr. James's arguments, he has reserved from the public all knowledge of such refusal. He has not had the decency to inform his readers that he has chosen to close the discussion, abruptly, and that I am not permitted to reply. He has done what he could, therefore, to leave the impression upon their minds that I have been silenced, not by the tyrannical use of arbitrary power, but by the force of logic, thus stealing the reputation for victory in a battle which he was wanting in the courage to fight. Such an issue with Mr. Greeley was, perhaps, not very surprising from the estimate I am now inditing of his organization, propensities, and order of culture. With Mr. James I confess it was somewhat different. I thought him to have been bred in a circle which, with other faults in abundance, cherishes, nevertheless, a high-minded and chivalric bearing toward antagonists, no less than gentle courtesy toward one's friends. Fidgety exertions, by personal influence in that quarter, to suppress the criticism of an opponent, and an unmannerly readiness to avail one's self of the improprieties of editors and sub-editors in communicating information which ought to be reserved, were obstacles in the way of a fair hearing which I did not anticipate.

It is appropriate that I should mention the origin and antecedents of this discussion. Mr. James published in the "Tribune" a very saucy and superficial review of a work by Doctor Lazarus, entitled, "Love vs. Marriage," in which the whole gist of the argument lay in the sheer and naked assumption that the Family, not the Individual, is the nucleus of society. Out of this grew up a discussion between him and the editor of the New York "Observer," an influential and highly respectable religious newspaper of this city, of the Presbyterian denomination, who took Mr. James to task for some of his heresies, and Mr. Greeley also, for allowing the discussion of such subjects at all in his paper. The replies of Mr. James, in which he stated his own positions on the marriage question, seemed to me, while abounding certainly in vigorous invective, so inconsequential and loose in their reasoning that I ventured, under the general statement of Mr. Greeley that he wished the whole subject thoroughly discussed, to put to Mr. James a few questions, consistent replies to which would have greatly cleared the understanding of his positions and strengthened the cause of Freedom, which he assumed to defend. What followed will appear by the discussion itself.

The scope of my present design does not include the publication of the discussion between Mr. James and the "Observer." I shall begin, nevertheless, with one of the replies of Mr. James to that opponent, as well from its necessary connection with what follows as for the purpose of enabling the reader to judge to what degree Mr. James entitles himself to delicate and considerate treatment by his own habitual suavity of manner. I regret any appearance of unfairness in omitting the exceedingly able and caustic replies of the "Observer," but my limits preclude so extensive a republication, my purpose being to present here what was excluded from publication elsewhere.

Before closing this Introduction, I wish to make a few remarks upon the general subject, and especially as respects the dangerous and eminently detestable nature of my principles and views.

The priestly bigot and intellectual tyrant believes in all honesty that freedom of thought and of conscience are dangerous things for those over whom his influence rules, because he begins by the assumption that he is a useful person, and that the function he performs and the influence he exerts are essential, indispensable even, to the well-being of the people. He cannot be pronounced dishonest on the mere ground that his interest is involved, since the people themselves, whose interest is really adverse, admit and entertain the same idea. It is usually ignorance on both sides; more rarely the relation of impostor and dupe. It is the first assumption which vitiates both his and their whole subsequent chain of reasoning. It is obvious enough that freedom of thought and conscience do tend to shake that Authority which all parties have begun by admitting it to be indispensable to maintain. Hence freedom of thought and conscience are bad things. No reasoning can be more conclusive, the premise being assumed. Hence investigation is stifled, until men grow bold enough to ask: What is the use of the priestly bigot and intellectual tyrant at all?

So in the political sphere. The petty prince of some obscure principality perhaps honestly desires the education and advancement of his subjects. He encourages schools, literature, and the freedom of the press; but he has never had any other thought than that all this is to go along with the *statu quo*, in relation to himself and his right to reign. Presently the diffusion of learning and the awakening of mind begin to show themselves in bold and still bolder speculations about self-government, monarchical usurpations, and other matters which threaten danger to *statu quo*. Our benevolent despot, who has all along tacitly assumed, in perfect good faith, the indispensableness of his own princely services, is alarmed, and attempts to impose limits and restraints upon discussion, for the good of the people. This is all the more difficult for the education they have already received. Speculation grows bolder and resistance more rampant as the result of the attempt. Repression, at all hazards, then becomes the only resort of the unconscious tyrant, who at every step has acted, as he thinks, for the best good of his thankless and rebellious subjects. Submission, or bloodshed and butchery, are their only alternative. Reaction and Revolution are arrayed in deadly hostility against each other, and the monarch and the conservative portion of the people are driven to the only conclusion to which they can arrive,—that education and mental enlargement are destructive and bad things, a diabolical element in human society. The fatal blunder is the assumption, as a starting-point, that there is something now existing which must not, in any event, be changed. To keep good this assumption *nothing* must be changed, for, when change begins, it will not respect your bounds and limits. Hence ignorance and universal immobility must be sedulously preserved. *No sound philosophy can ever exist which is tainted by veneration for the sanctities of the old.*

The new in one thing necessitates the new in all things, to the extent that adaptation and adjustment may demand. Let him who is unready for such sweeping revolution withhold his hand before he begins to agitate for reform. Prejudice and philosophy do not and cannot comport with each other.

In the same manner freedom is the open boast, the watchword, and the rallying cry of all the most advanced nations of Christendom. But there is a tacit assumption in the midst of all this that the family institution must forever remain intact. It is the social idol, as royalty has been the political and the Church the religious idol of mankind. This assumption rests, as in the other cases, upon another,—namely, the utility, the indispensableness of that institution, *first*, to the preservation of purity in the intercourse of the sexes, and, *secondly*, to the proper care and affectionate culture of children, and, *finally*, to the protection and support of the weaker sex. Sexual purity, the preservation of offspring, and the security of the weaker sex are intuitively felt to be right and good; hence the family, it is assumed, is sacred and divine, and hence, again, that in no case must it be questioned or assailed. But freedom for the affections is liable to pass the limits of the family, and freedom (of this sort) is therefore a bad thing. Hence, at this point, a reaction against freedom.

The general human mind seldom mistakes in reasoning. The error, if there be one, is more commonly the false assumption of some fact or facts to reason from, or else incompleteness in carrying on the process to its final results. If the fact be so that purity can be cultivated and preserved, children properly reared, and women protected *only in the family*, all the other consequences logically follow; and there is one species of human freedom—an exception to the general estimate of that attribute of manhood—a curse and a blight instead of a blessing, a thing to be warred on and exterminated, not to be aspired after, lauded, and cherished.

It is certainly a legitimate question to ask, Is the fact really so? Are the three *desiderata* I have indicated only attainable through a certain existing institution which mankind have, marvellously enough, had the wisdom to establish—in the midst of their general ignorance and undevelopment in in all other respects—upon precisely the right basis?

First, then, as respects the first point, the preservation of sexual purity. To determine whether perpetual and exclusive marriage is essential to that end, we must first answer the question: What constitutes purity? To this question, the common, I may say the vulgar answer, Mr. Greeley's answer, is fidelity to the marriage relation (or, in the absence of that bond, no sexual relations at all). Put into categorical formula, the two propositions are then simply as follows: 1. The marriage institution is sacred because it is indispensable to the preservation of purity. 2. Purity is the preservation of the marriage institution. Of course this rotary method of ratiocination is simply absurd and cannot for a moment satisfy the really philosophical or inquiring mind.

Let me, then, give a different answer to this question, and see who will demur. *Sexual purity*, I will say, is that kind of relation, whatever it be, between the sexes which contributes in the highest degree to their mutual health and happiness, taking into account the remote as well as the immediate results.

If this definition is accepted, then clearly the whole field is open to new, radical, and scientific investigation, physiological, psychological, and economical, infinitely broader and more thorough than the world has ever yet even thought of applying; and he must be a fearful egotist who, in the present stage of our experience, can venture to affirm that he knows the whole truth, the final word of science, on the subject. One thing only is certain,—namely, that absolute freedom, accompanied, too, by the temporary evils of an ignorant use of that freedom, is a *condition precedent* even to furnish the facts upon which to reason safely at all upon the matter. Any settlement of the question by us now would have hardly as much value as a decision made in the heart of Russia upon the best form of human government. No pretension can be made that purity, in the sense in which I use the term, has ever yet been attained by laws to enforce it. Prostitution, in marriage and out of it, and solitary vice, characterize society as it is.

To be continued.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

CHAPTER I.

THE HOTEL D'ITALIE.

Continued from No. 120.

No sympathy, no commiseration, not a trace of charity. His whole aristocratic person from head to foot was marked *me*. "When Adam dived and Eve span, Satan was the gentleman," say the English.

Organs develop in proportion to their exercise. The egoistic conscience, exaggerated by the enjoyment of rights without duties; the patrician hand strengthened by fencing; the foot weakened by riding; the forehead narrowed by idleness and raised by pride; carriage, gesture, voice, and mien,—everything about him was proud, haughty, arrogant, insolent even, scornful and vainglorious even in his fall; everything went to show that he was not there in disguise, or as a wanderer, still less as an *habitué*, but as an intruder, one who had fallen, a ruined man, some waif from high society aground in this mire after a hurricane.

From what social sphere had this accidental visitor fallen? Doubtless from the highest. In this gentleman there was none of the emotion common in the *parvenu* who has to resume his station after having risen above it. His top was the opposite pole of this bottom. In fact, his red beard showed the feudalism, the descendant of the ancient conquerors of Gaul, the blue blood of the Frank, of a refugee of '93, of an ex-nobleman returned from the emigration. Apparently born with a silver spoon in his mouth, brought up on an indemnity of a billion francs granted to his family by the Restoration, he must have eaten everything, even honor. He seemed reduced, by reason of miscalculations or misdeeds, through fear or embarrassment or both, to such a pass that he no longer knew where to lay his head, constrained and conducted to this last extremity by necessity.

He hesitated, advancing, retreating, trembling, at the entrance of this hell which Dante did not describe, the Paris of the poor, and he turned away his head as if he were about to commit a crime.

Just at that moment, on the other side of the street, the door of a night-shelter opened.

Then he saw a file of vagabonds more destitute than himself, not having in their pockets even the two cents necessary for the furnished lodging or any fat stored under their skins for the winter season. They surely had not been able to make carnival, and mournfully marched past an indifferent keeper, who counted the heads of these emaciated cattle as fast as they entered a shed, which was once a stable, but had been passed over from horses to the needy recipients of public charity. The stranger saw the keeper gruffly repel the wretches at the end of the line, shouting at them: "That will do, the rest of you!" and shutting the door in their faces after first hanging up the sign: *Full*, as if the building were an omnibus.

The unfortunate surplus, punished for their tardiness and left to await some more favorable turn, threw a look of despair at this word as inexorable as the *lasciate*, envying the lucky ones with the usual vengeful feeling of the unlucky, grinding their teeth and sneering:

"Dogs' weather! Weather for dogs! One would not put a dog outside," and other sorry jests with which every good Frenchman relieves himself when vexed.

These suffering souls scattered at random, cursing and swearing.

"That is the fate that awaits me tomorrow, if not tonight," said the stranger, taking out two cents and throwing away his empty purse. "Let us go in; perhaps I shall sleep. And he who sleeps dines!"

And, as if moved by a sudden determination, he lowered his hat over his eyes;

a squall of wind and snow entirely enveloped him and drove him by force into the *cacum* of the Hotel d'Italie.

He gave up his coin at the door, groped along the passage, and, for good reason, passed by the restaurant of the establishment without stopping. From it came the deadened sound of drinking songs, idiotic laughter, and atrocious conversation, accompanied by the shrill notes of a Neapolitan bag-pipe. At last, passing the rope-ladder which led to the choicer lodgings in the front part of the upper story, he found himself in a large court-yard at the back, a veritable pit, which seemed better calculated for wild beasts than men and was surrounded with gloomy and ill-smelling structures, dens of assassins and burrows of harlots, where swarmed, pell-mell, in unclean promiscuity, the lowest and floating population of the hotel.

There he contemplated with stupor and aversion, but without compassion, the singular companions who were moving about like transparencies in the pale moon-light.

Near him a real swarm of maggots, a group of puny and vicious children, poisonous mushrooms growing out of the civilized muck-heap, were amusing themselves in twisting and biting each other while scraping rabbit-skins. Girls and boys, half naked, shivering, found sport and warmth in brazen words and dirty plays; pullulations of the social sewer, flowers of crapulence and fruits of the gallows, spoiled in the germ, and ripening in this hot-house of debauchery and need for prison crops and scaffold harvests!

Farther on, their alcoholic parents, incurable, eaten to the marrow with corruption, were picking over rags, old iron, and bones, or tying up bundles of old papers, chewing tobacco, drinking, and beating the children, for diversion from work as dirty as their hearts and hands. A few old women whom the others looked up to, the privileged persons of this Gomorrah, were making pancakes in the open air over improvised stoves, thus exciting the envious appetite of the hungry beggars stretched upon rickety benches or seated on dilapidated chairs, who watched these culinary preparations without saying a word, mouths open and stomachs empty.

Suddenly the intruder was pushed violently against the wall by a man who was running away at the top of his speed, followed by the cries and yells of the crowd. All present, rag-pickers, tramps, beggars, thieves, and prostitutes, had left their work or their leisure to rush towards the corner of the court whence the cries came.

The stranger, who had recovered his equilibrium, ran to the spot with the others, and there a frightful picture met his gaze.

A man lay on his back in the gutter, a knife planted in his heart!

A queen of this Louvre, gamey, hideous, with blackened eyes, half drunk, dishevelled, and bending over the victim, was trying to lift up the body, which the mud of the gutter, fitting burial-place, was covering more and more.

The keeper of the hotel came running in, furiously gesticulating.

"Another man stabbed in my house!" he cried. "Who did it? They will surely close up the hotel!"

The fury rose in a frenzy.

"It was that rascal of an Italian," she exclaimed, tearing the knife from the wound, which covered her with a spurt of blood. "Yes, out of jealousy; I would not have him. Then he killed my man. Where is the *biffin de contrebande* that I may kill him in his turn?"

And she fell back upon her dead in the gutter.

Such scenes were of too frequent occurrence in the Hotel d'Italie to cause long-continued excitement. They carried the body of the murdered man into the kennel of his woman, and went about other matters.

The murderer was a naturalized rag-picker. This *biffin de contrebande*, as the girl had called him, this jealous Italian who had come to carry on a two-fold foreign competition with the natives, left behind him unfortunately the apple of discord,—a new wicker basket and a bright steel hook.

They threw themselves greedily upon these precious articles. A hubbub ensued. Each one wanted the property of the fugitive, who certainly would never return to claim it.

Matters were beginning to get warm and knives were being opened, when one of the old women with the pancakes, a fat Minerva, anxious about her pastry, raised her voice in the dispute, crying:

"Idiots! Why don't you draw lots instead of fighting?"

Goddess Reason does not lose her rights, even among brutes. The word was listened to and peace restored.

"Stop! to be sure! she is right!" they cried on all hands.

"A pencil!" solicited the over-ripe Minerva. "Monsieur doubtless has a pencil?" she said to the stranger, who mechanically complied with her request.

They arranged themselves in a circle. Each one wrote or dictated his name. A hundred square pieces of old paper, taken from the bundles, were thrown into the hat which the fugitive had left in the gutter. The stranger alone remained indifferent to the general excitement. He had even turned about already to seek his bed.

"Hey, there, *bourgeois*!" shouted La Sagesse, with an air of raillery. "Then you do not want to win the basket? You are utterly disgusted, black coat!"

Thus appealed to, he retraced his steps, as if yielding to a suggestion or inspiration, or at any rate to a sudden resolution; and, taking from his pocket a glazed and emblazoned card, he tore it in two and quickly threw one of the pieces into the improvised urn. Straightway he tried to take it back.

He was too late.

A sort of Belgian Hercules who was managing the lottery, by the right of might, had shaken the hat and mixed up the names.

"The game is done. Nothing else goes!" he cried, suspiciously, announcing the drawing.

"Bah!" exclaimed the stranger, bitterly. "Why not? Let fortune have her way. This would be a means of livelihood worth keeping."

"The hand of innocence, if possible," again cried the Hercules of the North, laying the hat upon a chair.

A puny, emaciated creature, a mother holding in her arms a child as thin as herself, was pushed forward.

The excitement redoubled, eyes glittered, and hearts beat violently, all heads gravitating to the centre of the circle.

The mother bent over that the baby's little hand might be within reach of the hat.

The child fumbled a moment in the urn and drew out the torn card.

"Garousse," read the mother, and all eyes sought the winner.

"Ah!" exclaimed the Hercules, "it is really the Duke de Crillon-Garousse. Surely Monseigneur has not won. That would be too much luck."

The winner had made a negative gesture.

"So your name is Garousse?" continued the Hercules, ill-naturedly. "You are lucky. The finest name and the finest basket in France."

And spitefully he placed the basket on the stranger's back.

The ill-natured Hercules, with his square Flemish head, avenged himself and the others for not having won the basket. Feeling that he was sustained by the spite which all shared, he tried to pick a quarrel.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies
Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., MARCH 31, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the crasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

"The Heroes of the Revolution of '71."

As a fitting commemoration of the birth of the Paris Commune, and as a premium to subscribers to *Libertas* and all new subscribers to *Liberty*, I have issued a magnificent double-page picture, executed in the finest style of process work, of nearly all the principal members of the Commune and those who were more or less directly connected with the revolutionary movement in France in 1871. This picture is prepared directly from a very rare collection of photographs in my possession, of many of the most important of which, if I am rightly informed, only three copies are in existence.

The photographs are fifty-one in number, and include the following: Blanqui, Flourens, Rigault, Pyat, Elisée Reclus, Delescluze, Cluseret, Ferré, Rossel, Rochefort, Maret, Vallès, Allix, Parent, Gambon, Champy, Assi, Pindy, Lefrançais, Arnould, Amouroux, Lisbonne, Trinquet, Vésinier, Johannard, Miot, La Cécilia, Chalaïn, Razoua, Dereure, Vermorel, Grousset, Courbet, Pothier, Vermesch, Pilotell, Crémieux, Maroteau, Lissagaray, Mégy, Dacosta, Humbert, Lafontaine, Urbain, Moilin, and others. Besides containing these portraits, the picture is embellished with appropriate mottoes from Proudhon, Danton, Tridon, Blanqui, Pyat, J. Wm. Lloyd, and August Spies.

New subscribers to *Libertas* or to *Liberty* for one year will receive this picture, printed on light paper. Others who desire the picture may secure it by sending ten cents for a copy.

Many will wish to frame and hang this picture. For that purpose an edition has been printed on heavy plate paper, a copy of which will be mailed, carefully rolled, on receipt of twenty-five cents.

All orders should be sent to Benj. R. Tucker, Box 3366, Boston, Mass.

March 18, 1871.

The Commune!

What revolutionist, what soldier of progress, what man of thought and social sympathies, does not feel his heart swell with pride, enthusiasm, and gladness at the mention of that word! What reactionary, what cold-blooded oppressor of the people, what guilty conspirator against liberty and true order, does not turn pale at this same word!

Neither the proletarian nor the *bourgeois* will ever let the memorable days of the Paris Commune be forgotten. That first great battle between the lords and serfs of the present economic system has enlightened the world as to the real character of the combatants and has warned it as regards the meaning of a victory for one or the other army. The history of the Commune is the history of the heroism, humanity, and grandeur of the proletarian, and of the infamy, crime, and murderous cruelty of the legalized pirates and plunderers. This is the reason why the entire force of the revolution feels and acts at one in this matter, why the different elements of the labor movement find themselves prompted by one impulse and thoroughly

united in their sentiments on the day they celebrate the Rise of the Paris Commune; and this is why the whole body of capitalist hirelings and champions unceasingly labors to cover the facts and truths of that historic period with a mountain of diabolical lies, base slanders, and outrageous distortions.

Success for the Commune was impossible. It was not in any sense the outcome of an evolutionary process. By the logic of rapid events, from a movement against the treacherous and humiliating policy of Thiers and his co-conspirators, organized by officers and soldiers in the interest of national and patriotic ends, it quickly developed into a political revolution having for its end the municipal independence of Paris and home rule for other industrial centres of France, finally assuming the character of a veritable Socialist and Communist movement under the guidance of Internationalists and radical Collectivists. Thiers, the shrewd and keen politician, was, perhaps, the only man in France who foresaw this development and who therefore sought to disarm the workingmen of Paris before they perceived the tendencies of the situation. Having failed in his attempt, he determined to reject all compromises and temporary reconciliations, but accepted the alternative of a complete defeat for his class or as complete a victory. He triumphed, and we know how.

Those who imagine that the Commune could have won through violence and reprisals do not understand that epoch. Plentiful supplies, good soldiers, military skill, and trained officers would no doubt have enabled the Commune to resist much longer than it did, and probably would also have had the effect of checking the monstrous barbarity of the cowardly Versailles government; but of victory for the Commune there was no possibility.

We Anarchists forget the faults of the Commune, its arbitrary and authoritarian legislation, its weakness and blunders, and remember its sublime heroism, simplicity, honesty, courage, and sincerity. Above all, we are proud of its humanity, love of peace, and moderation. What a contrast it presents to the "law and order" of Thiers and to the "civilization" of which Marshal Mac Mahon and Marquis de Gallifet are the standard-bearers.

We cherish the memory of the dead heroes of the Commune, and we bow before the living. Workingmen of Paris, we salute you! V. YARROS.

Cases of Lamentable Longevity.

The Emperor William is dead at the age of ninety-one. His was a long life, and that is the worst of it. Much may be forgiven to a tyrant who has the decency to die young. But to the memory of one who thus prolongs and piles up the agony no mercy can be shown. As Brick Pomeroy says, there is such a thing as enough. In ninety-one years of such a man as William, Germany and the world had altogether too much. However, it is not kings alone that live too long. That awful fate sometimes befalls poets. Among others it has overtaken Walt Whitman. That he should live long enough to so far civilize his "barbaric yawp" as to sound it over the roofs of the world to bewail Germany's loss of her "faithful shepherd," and should do it too by the unseemly aid of the electric telegraph at the bidding of a capitalistic newspaper and presumably for hire, thus presenting the revolting spectacle of a once manly purity lapsing into prostitution in its old age, is indeed a woful example of superfluity of years. The propensity of poets of the people, once past their singing days, to lift their cracked voices in laudation of the oppressors of the people, burning what they once worshipped and worshipping what they once burned, tends to reconcile one to the otherwise unendurable thought that Shelley and Byron were scarcely suffered to outlive their boyhood. The fall of Russell Lowell was a terrible disappointment to those who never tire of reading the "Biglow Papers" and know "The Present Crisis" by heart, but the bitterness of their cup is honey beside the wormwood which all lovers of "Leaves of Grass" must have tasted when they read the lament of the Bard of Democracy over the death of the tyrant William. As one of his most enthusiastic admirers, I beseech Walt Whitman to let

the rest be silence, and not again force upon us the haunting vision of what he once described, in the days when he still could write, as a "sad, hasty, unwoke somnambule, walking the dusk." T.

Beauties of Altruism.

In endeavoring some days ago to secure photographs of a few members of the Paris Commune whose faces do not appear in the picture recently issued, I was confronted with a charming sample of "altruistic" conduct which cannot be other than interesting and instructive to the readers of *Liberty*. Knowing that John F. Kelly had a collection of photographs, I wrote him a letter asking him to lend me some of them for a few days and expressing a special desire for Louise Michel's picture. His answer was so characteristic of the moralist that I desired to print it. So I asked his permission in these words, as nearly as I can remember them: "Presuming that you will not object to seeing your letter in print, it is my intention to publish it in the next issue of *Liberty*. If my presumption is erroneous, a letter mailed on Monday, March 26, will reach me in season to prevent the publication." Mr. Kelly replied thus: "You will no doubt do as you please. He who criticises a letter which he refuses to publish can have but few scruples about publishing one without permission." In view of this answer, no one, I think, will accuse me of breach of confidence in publishing the appended letter, which, beyond the explanation that the Gallifet referred to in the closing sentence was the French general chiefly responsible for the massacre of the Communists, needs no comment whatever. T.

Dear Mr. Tucker:

Your letter did not arrive until late this morning, as the governmental special delivery system is peculiar. Consequently with the best will in the world I could not send you any pictures in time. But even if the letter had come in time, I should have been unable to aid you, for the only person directly connected with the Commune whose portrait I have in such shape that I could send it is Louise Michel, and I cannot help thinking that her picture would be entirely out of place in a supplement to an egoistic journal. If I had a portrait of Gallifet, it would be at your disposal.

Yours truly, JOHN F. KELLY.
61 E. SEVENTH STREET, NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1888.

Better an Open Foe than a False Friend.

The time has come to publicly brand Samuel P. Putnam, president of the American Secular Union, as the miserable coward, hypocrite, and wretch that he is. For a long time I tried to believe him sincere in the protestations in favor of Anarchy which he was always so lavish with in his private intercourse with Anarchists, and tried to excuse his public equivocation on the ground that he really thought it the best method of reaching the Anarchistic goal. But his course since he went to the Pacific coast with George MacDonald to start a paper called "Freethought" makes unavoidable the conclusion that, however much he may really believe in the correctness of the Anarchistic doctrine, his public compromises are motivated by no desire for Anarchy's advancement, but by some desire to which he would as soon sacrifice Anarchy as anything else. In an early issue of his paper he attempted to show that theology and Anarchy stand on the same ground, and that freethought is opposed to both. And now he prints, without a word of comment or protest, a communication from O. S. Barrett of Adrian, Mich., headed "Anarchy Condemned" and containing the following sentences:

A copy of your journal is before me. The first thing to attract my attention is, "Who Preaches Anarchy?" You certainly take the right view of that pernicious creed. The advocates of that murderous doctrine ought to have the heavy hand of good law and good government placed with a squelching force upon them. . . . There is only one way to deal with those who advocate Anarchy, and those who try to practically carry it out; and that is to make an example of its agitators. Hang every one of them, and expose their carcasses to view, as a warning to others who are so inclined.

Thus Putnam allows himself to be interpreted in his own paper as favoring the hanging of every Anarchistic agitator. And yet this man subscribed to *Liberty* for years, occasionally contributed a dollar or two to its support, emphatically asserted to its editor his

sympathy with his views, and painted in his romances attractive pictures of the Anarchistic ideal. It is well that the hypocrite has at last unmasked. T.

The Real and the Ideal.

"Individualism vs. Anarchy" is the title of a long editorial in "Jus" devoted to the consideration of the points which I raised in a recent rejoinder to a criticism that paper had made against me. It finds itself "quite prepared to endorse the conclusions" reached by me on the question of Majority Rule and ballot-box methods. I regret that space forbids the quoting here of the very original and logical arguments which "Jus" advances in support of our common view in addition to my own. But, when it comes to the second part of my article, it openly declares war. The reader will remember that, in discussing the question of coercing the non-aggressive, I charged "Jus" with identifying itself with the State, and pointed out the inconsistency of such conduct with the demands of Individualism. Referring to my accusation, "Jus" says:

Can "Jus" be fairly charged with siding with the State? Yes. In this fourth quarter of the nineteenth century "Jus" does side with the State in its performance of functions which should be performed by the whole people, which will some day be done by voluntary cooperation, and some of which, but for the existence of the State, even now might already be done by voluntary cooperation. But the fact remains that these things must be done, and that the State is the only organization which can do them.

V. Yarros writes as if Evolution had begun at the beginning and gone on to the day in which Kosmos was pleased to evolve him—and then stopped. The absolutely perfect is what in his opinion we are now ripe for. Probably he would not even now grant representative institutions to the Zulus, any more than he would adopt "free trade in education" in his own nursery. Nor can we detect in this ignorant, superstitious, selfish, and vulgar population any signs that Englishmen (either here or in America) have as yet reached the zenith of their development. Beyond the advent of V. Yarros (which we recognize and rejoice at), we see little reason for assuming that Anglo-Saxondom is already sufficiently matured to assume the *toga virilis* of absolute Anarchy, so honestly and so ably advocated and expounded in Liberty. Till that time comes, "Jus" will continue "to side with law and order," and with the State as the best organization available for the maintenance of the same. On the recognition of our present imperfect social development rests the distinction between absolute philosophical Anarchy and individualism.

Now, what have the Anarchists to say for themselves? Do they really ignore the fact of our "present imperfect social development," and believe that we are "ripe" for the "absolutely perfect"? If this assumption be correct, not only is there a vital distinction and real difference between the Anarchy of Liberty and the Individualism of "Jus," but intelligent and practical reformers would be justified in pronouncing us idealists and dreamers and in proclaiming Individualism the only rational and wise thing, both in theory and in practice. Unfortunately for "Jus," its distinction is based on a misconception. We are under no delusion as to the state of our social development. We recognize with "Jus" that absolute Anarchy is at present impossible. Indeed, we are Necessitarians to the point of holding that the non-existence of Anarchy in itself proves that the world is not yet ready for it.

What, then, is our complaint against "Jus"? Simply this,—that while it believes with us that society tends toward Anarchy; that progress must proceed on the line of more and more liberty and less and less State regulation; that active, earnest, and intellectually well-equipped minorities can, through passive and skilful resistance to obnoxious laws and sober appeals to the judgment of the people, achieve wonderful success in reducing the influence and necessity of authority,—it practically does next to nothing in the matter of abolishing the State. Instead of "putting its shoulder to the wheel" of evolution and helping us to weaken the State, it "sides" with it and strengthens it by adhesion and support. Certainly "Jus" must understand that Anarchy will never come if we all side with the State and trust in a factor outside of us. Though changes are made in time, they are not made by time, but by advanced and radical reformers, whose rebellion against the past makes progress possible.

Anarchists do not desire to abolish the State in a

day. It can only be abolished slowly, gradually, little by little. But that this may be done, all those who clearly perceive the desirability of a higher stage of development must separate themselves from the old fabric and announce to the world their aspirations and endeavor in the most unmistakable terms. Thus the numbers of the advance guard of evolution increase, and the line between the past and the future grows more and more distinct and visible.

Ours is a critical time. Various pressing problems are demanding immediate solution, and on all hands we see people rising who offer to save society by extinguishing the individual and bring peace and order by the iron hand of despotic rule. Shall we let the mass follow them, or shall we boldly come forward and lead it in the opposite direction? It is necessary to move on; it is no longer possible to occupy the middle ground. Those who are not with us, are against us. We ask "Jus" to be more definite, explicit, plain, and outspoken. These are now the requisites of leadership and influence. It's always a pity to see fine qualities and superior ability wasted, but in a crisis this becomes a calamity.

V. YARROS.

The Sexual Freedom of Women.

This subject of the liberty of woman and the state in which she now is, upon which there have been several interesting contributions in Liberty of late, is one of the most interesting and complicated in all the range of existing social conditions. To say that a woman has the same right to freedom that a man has and that she alone should decide whether or not she will enjoy that right is a truism to the ears of all who have learned the A B C of individualism. But it is the opening to a subject upon which there is more ignorance than the population and more talk to the area of ignorance than upon any other subject in which men and women interest themselves, except, perhaps, that of probation after death. I mean the subject of sexual relations, which is very much in need of investigation at the hands of men of science whose only aim would be to reach the truth. However, this is not what I started out to say. I was about to say, when the size of the subject interrupted me, that the average woman of any grade of society who really wishes this liberty, takes it. But having done so, she never fails to condemn, hunt down, and cast out any other woman who has done the same thing and has been found out. The conventional code of morals on the sexual question is in a queer state, but it has been so undermined and hollowed out by imprisoned nature that it is already "tottering to its fall."

It seems to me that the point to be attacked is not the question of the woman's right to sexual freedom. Her own nature can be trusted to settle that for her in the way that will be the most conducive to her own happiness. The weak point—and at the same time the most important point—in all this conventional morality is that prostitution, which Christianity and morality have been fighting for ages, and conventional marriage, the door to respectability, stand upon the same principle,—a principle that is essentially evil,—namely, the principle that a woman's sexual favors are rightfully a matter of commerce. The only important difference between the two conditions is that prostitution gets better pay than marriage. But the idea that a woman is entitled to support from the man to whom she grants herself is ingrained in the minds of both men and women.

It is this idea that must be knocked to pieces before women can be free, in any sense of the word.

And back of this is the still greater truth that women must learn to be self-supporting. Else, they will always be slaves.

F. F. K.

No Golden Mean.

(Gramont in L'Intransigeant. — Translated for Liberty by F. R. C.)

I can understand the people who say:

"Liberty is a pest. To give the people liberty is to unchain a ferocious beast. Let us have no liberty! Down with this mad folly! Nations must be governed, led, guided, subdued, restrained, and held in leading strings. If you slacken the rein, all is lost. There is only one system: authority,—absolute, uncontested, uncontrolled authority. The people are children who must be kept in tutelage. In this only is their safety; only by this can they live and prosper, be preserved from dangers without and within, protected from their enemies—and from their selves."

Such language has two merits. It is clear, and it is logical. The theory which it expresses is a tenable theory. I do not consider it a good one; I profess an opinion diametrically opposed to it. But I can understand perfectly that to certain minds the ideas which I have stated seem correct. Political truths unfortunately are not demonstrated by the same kind of evidence as geometrical truths, for instance; and though it would never occur to any man to maintain that the sum of the angles of a triangle is not equal to two right angles, he would argue for hours on the question whether authority is better than liberty or vice versa.

Of these two classes of individuals,—those who wish liberty and those who demand authority,—both can not be equally in the right; if one is right, the other must necessarily be wrong.

But it must be recognized that both are equally consistent with themselves and draw logical deductions from their premises, from their initial argument.

The thing that seems odd to me is that there should be that class which is sometimes called the "happy medium," and which I will call, if you please, the class which must be taken in a lump; these are the men who hope to reconcile those two incompatible terms, liberty and authority, and to make a system by taking a little of both and welding them together. As if welding was possible, as if they could hold together!

The man who says: "I am for liberty, but not for license!" or again: "I am for authority, but not for absolutism!" does not perceive that he establishes a distinction so fanciful that it is impossible to act upon it in reality.

Indeed, how, by what subtle process can the place, the point, the boundary, be determined where liberty ends and license begins? By the aid of what infallible criterion can it be decided whether a given act is legitimately authoritarian or damnably arbitrary.

Let us take an example,—and, in order to preserve all possible impartiality, we will take one outside of politics.

You admit, you say, the liberty of the pen, but you wish to do away with its disadvantages? It has some, it must have some,—because it is granted to men, who are creatures essentially weak and imperfect. One of its disadvantages is that it allows the publication of works in which there is no respect shown to decency. What would you do?

You would proscribe the books you judge dangerous to public morality? So be it. By what will you recognize them? How far will your tolerance go? Where shall it stop? At what point of grossness will you begin to prosecute? How will you distinguish an artistic or scientific work from a simple impure speculation? By the merit of its method? by its style? And who then shall decide this?

Besides, everything is relative. A book dangerous in certain hands is not at all so in others. There are medical books which it would be very imprudent to give into the hands of young girls. Nevertheless it is necessary that they should be written and freely circulated.

When we start on this road, to what end will it lead us? To this,—the prosecution of "Madame Bovary," a masterpiece, perfectly chaste in form and deeply severe in principles.

The truth is that there is no criterion, no means of fixing the boundary between liberty and license.

That liberty can be abused is very true. Authority also has its abuses. But is not liberty with all its disadvantages worth far more than authority with its disadvantages? This is the whole question. To expect to amalgamate authority and liberty so that we shall have only the advantages of both without the disadvantages of either is an idea which, in spite of its practical appearance, is the most chimerical of utopias.

A choice must be made, compromises and distinctions given up, and a stand taken for one side or the other,—for absolute authority or liberty without restrictions.

Three Remarkable Things About Liberty.

(Workmen's Advocate.)

There's a paper published in Boston that for skilful manipulation of words, conscienceless misrepresentation, and the aggressive self-assertion of its editor, is remarkable. Liberty is its title.

LIBERTY.

What man is there so bold that he should say,
"Thus and thus only would I have the sea"?
For whether lying calm and beautiful,
Clasping the earth in love, and throwing back
The smile of heaven from waves of amethyst;
Or whether, freshened by the busy winds,
It bears the trade and navies of the world
To ends of use or stern activity;
Or whether, lashed by tempests, it gives way
To elemental fury, howls and roars
At all its rocky barriers, in wild lust
Of ruin drinks the blood of living things,
And strews its wrecks o'er leagues of desolate shore;—
Always it is the sea, and all bow down
Before its vast and varied majesty.

And so in vain will timorous men essay
To set the metes and bounds of Liberty.
For Freedom is its own eternal law.
It makes its own conditions, and in storm
Or calm alike fulfills the unerring Will.
Let us not then despise it when it lies
Still as a sleeping lion, while a swarm
Of gnat-like evils hover round its head;
Nor doubt it when in mad, disjointed times
It shakes the torch of terror, and its cry
Shrills o'er the quaking earth, and in the flame
Of riot and war we see its awful form
Rise by the scaffold, where the crimson ax
Kings down its grooves the knell of shuddering kings.
For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee.

John Hay.

Continued from page 3.

"If it is not you, it is your brother. Isn't it so? You belong to the family?"

"No," said Garousse, blushing. "There is more than one ass named Martin."

"Less ass than fox. I believe you cheated. You put in your name twice."

"Yes, he tore his card in two," exclaimed a voice from the mass jealous at seeing its possessions go to the "black coat."

Foreign competition and the national spirit all united against the intruder, and had already attacked Garousse and driven him against the wall to take away the basket, which he was on the point of surrendering, when suddenly the police burst into the court.

They came to verify the crime committed by the Italian, and open, as usual, a platonic inquest over this murder, which was to remain unpunished. The officers, who never visited the place save in a body and were of no use there except to clear it out, saw familiar faces and began a battue. Save himself who can!

In the confusion, Garousse, unknown to all, was able to slip away and gain his liberty.

When he found himself outside, he answered with a Satanic laugh the irony of fate.

"Oh, yes, what luck! I shall never again complain of not being fortunate. I have won the basket. . . and the street. Free and a rag-picker! Ha, ha, ha! Fate has served me well this time, and well disguised poverty for my Mardi Gras!"

And, with basket on back and hook in hand, he fled from the Paris of rag-bags to the Paris of money-bags.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOTEL CRILLON.

Garousse walked, or rather ran, flew as if he had wings on his back, as if the basket were the cloak of Nessus, in spite of the blinding snow and the biting north wind.

His teeth chattered with cold, hunger, horror, and terror.

On he went, bewildered, like the Jew of the legend, minus the five sous, like the dead man of the ballad, the plaything, the prey of an intense night-mare, the victim, not the punisher, of his passions, of an ungovernable somnambulist's course, of an infernal hallucination, and of his own execration.

Finally he stopped short, saying:

"One must live!"

And going up to a huge pile of filth, a muck-heap which promised rich results, he gave his first thrust with his hook; then, raising it and at the same time his head, he gave a cry, a shriek:

"At my own door. . . Oh!"

He had read, in letters of gold, beneath a coat of arms: *Hotel Crillon-Garousse*.

A fatal force had led him back to his splendors, as the stag to the spot from which the dogs have started him, as the moth to the flame.

He had returned, insensibly, unconsciously, spontaneously, in a straight line from the Faubourg Saint-Marcel to the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Rue de Lille, to the very threshold of his dwelling, then brilliant and flaming with all the luxury of a fashionable ball.

A line of carriages was passing through the carriage-way ornamented with green shrubbery; their masked occupants were getting out, dressed in elegant or marvelous costumes; valets in magnificent livery were spreading Persian carpets under the carriage-steps and escorting the guests under silk umbrellas, like offerings to social magnificence.

A feeling of supreme revolt took possession of the ducal rag-picker.

"My hotel, my carriages, my servants! Others have them all. . . No, they are mine. House, friends, women, flowers, diamonds, treasures, all belong to me, to me, the Duke de Crillon-Garousse. This is my masquerade. . . Well! am I not disguised, too? So much the worse if the women run away from me, the master of this residence, where I have spent fortune and honor!"

And fascinated, dazzled, delirious, dragged on by the illusion of the charm and the music of the ball-room, he said:

"I will go in."

He took one step and remained nailed to the spot.

He had seen his successor. . . and his mistress, arm in arm. Doubly succeeded! This was the last blow, the thrust of the knife. . . Misery was his sole mistress now.

To be continued.

Whither Are We Drifting?

[Lucifer.]

Probably no law that ever was enacted has contributed more to bring the whole body of the law into contempt and disrepute than the infamous law which is known as the Comstock or Blackmail Law. To those who try to find some good in the motives or purposes of those who procured its enactment, the emphatic answer is that there is no good in it. No honest prosecution has ever taken place under this law. No case can be pointed to of a conviction under this law which has been honestly prosecuted for an honest purpose. Nor can it be shown that any punishment inflicted under this law has ever had the effect of making the victim or the community any purer or better. This law, as will be seen by the statute book, was passed March 3, 1873. The readers of the "Light-Bearer" ought to know just what that fact means, and, as they may not readily see what it means, we will tell them. It means that this law was by trickery and fraud rushed through in the confusion and uproar of the closing hours of the most corrupt Congress ever convened in this country. It was passed without debate between one and two o'clock on Sunday morning, March 2, and signed by the president Monday night, with no thought or deliberation on the part of any body, amid a vast number of bills of all sorts. One of the individuals interested in pushing this vile law through this debauched Congress was Comstock himself, of whom it is not necessary here to say anything. Another was a theological hypocrite who publicly announced that he believed in deceit. Another was a person who violated the law himself, and through his money or personal influence managed to escape prosecution and go scot free. And there were others of morals equally eccentric whose trickery aided in the passage of this law.

The history of those times is too well known to leave a doubt as to the way in which the enactment of the Comstock Law was procured. And having thus gotten their law, the filthy gang for whose use it was made violate every principle of honesty and decency and enforce their law to silence arguments which they cannot otherwise answer, to suppress thought, to threaten science, to pry into the confidences of the mails, and to limit liberty.

And now just a few questions:

Whither are we drifting?

Where are the "landmarks" of that liberty for the vindication of which the American Republic was founded?

Of what avail are our much-lauded "Declaration" and our "National Constitution" when their most vital principles are openly, boastfully outraged by a semi-religious Association through laws of its own formulating,—laws that make it and its agents the irresponsible censors over public morals?

Where are the safeguards against theologic despotism,—from which our forefathers fled,—when the citizen is subject to arrest and imprisonment, and his property seized and destroyed, without even the *form of trial*, but merely on the "information" of a spy and blackmailer sent out by the aforesaid semi-religious Association self-styled the "Society for the Prevention of Vice"?

Then, if the case should come to trial, where is the rational ground of hope that justice will be done to the accused, when it is remembered that there is absolutely no standard as to what is "vicious" in literature or in art except the preconceived notions, the prejudices, of the prosecutor, the judge, and the jurors? That is to say, when all that is needed to secure a conviction is to bring the suit before a judge and jury whose prejudices are in favor of the prevailing theologic, and against the scientific, code of morality?

Then, in case the "agent" should make a mistake in selecting his field of operations and the accused should be set free, where is redress to come from for loss of time, loss of property, damage to business,—to say nothing of indignities suffered, resulting often in loss of health, while under arrest and in prison? Against Comstock & Co. there is *absolutely no redress*! They are no more amenable to the tribunals designed for the protection of the citizen against official (*officious*) invasion than were their prototypes, the religious Inquisitors of the sixteenth century.

Again we ask:

WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

The "One Man."

A typical individual who in the eyes of many demonstrates beyond all doubt the impossibility of realizing Anarchistic views, is the dreaded "One Man," who persistently refuses to do what the others decide. If a picnic is to be arranged in common, the "one man" will not join in; if the Fourth of July is to be celebrated, he will celebrate the fifth; if a social excursion is to be made into the country, he will refuse to share the costs; if the others seek to hasten their evolution into angels, he will draw his devilish mantle still closer around him, in order to make an escape impossible; thereby he prevents entire mankind from attaining to that condition wherein laws will no longer be needed.

It is strange what a taming influence the laws exercise over the "one man." In the absence of law he feels a constant pricking in his fingers to throw stones into his neighbor's windows; he would build his dwelling continually diagonally across the street; towards railroads he entertains such intense hatred that he would forever place dynamite bombs under the track; even the unobstructed passage on the streets vexes him, wherefore he never shovels the snow off of his sidewalk. Neither the fear of a drubbing nor lynching will deter him from indulging in these everlasting chicaneries against his fellow-men. But all this instantly changes when laws are made. Before these the "one man" crouches in supernatural awe. While a thousand lynchers, with a noose around his neck and drawn over the limb of a tree, would have elicited from him but a scornful sneer, he becomes tame, repentant, and contrite when the arm of the law in the shape of a constable is stretched out after him, when lawyers, judges, and jurymen enact the solemn ceremony of a legal proceeding before his eyes. But should he advance up to the regulation gallows, the solemn awe of this sublime instrument will cause such a transfiguration of his entire being as to give him on his way fine prospects for high legal posts of honor in the hereafter.

Mankind have therefore well-founded reason for showing the law that idolatrous veneration which (exhibited by republicans adoring liberty) in the profane view of infidel Anarchists is fetichism pure and simple over again. Of what use would all the achievements of science and industry be to us without law? Should the inhabitants of a city decide on establishing a system of electrical street illumination, the "one man" would infallibly cut the wires. The electrical fire-alarm would be impossible on his account; for he would continually set the apparatus in motion, so that only confusion could arise out of it. On account of this "one man" we could no longer delight in the undisturbed blessings even of older institutions without law. Gaslighting we should have to give over, for the "one man" would tap the pipes; water-works would be impossible, for he would always want to build his cellar where there would be a water-pipe; water-closets would have to be abolished, for the "one man" would stop up the conduits.

This condition of things would prove most disagreeable to the land-speculators, for wherever they should sell a building lot, or a farm, or a piece of woodland, they would have to fear that just there the "one man" would erect his cottage or arrange for pasturage or his potato-patch.

Thus we all have good cause to be thankful to the law for its restraining influence on the "one man"; we can enjoy our property in peace and participate in all progressive achievements. But those whom fate has not endowed with the means required to gain access to these things are in consequence of the law at least relieved of the temptation to assume the rôle of this "one man," whereby they would call down upon themselves the execration of all good men in the here and now and be assigned a place with the eternally damned in the hereafter.

Like mankind, so also the angels have reason to be thankful to the law; for if the "one man" should succeed in entering heaven without previously having been tamed, he would simply make impossible the eternal hallelujah by singing street-songs.

However, this subject may be looked at in a wholly different light, so that only the "one man" himself should have cause for being thankful to the law. With the aid of the law he can gratify his desire of vexing others and tyrannizing over them much more easily than if he were restricted to his own faculties only. If, as mentioned in the beginning, picnics, Fourth-of-July celebrations, excursions into the country, etc., are the matters of concern, he can vex the others without the law only by not joining them; but, if he has the law to rely on, he can, as in the Polish diet, prevent the others by his veto from doing what he does not like. While privately he might annoy his fellow-men only by throwing in windows, blockading the street, preventing railroad communication, he may, with the aid of the law, appropriate houses, streets, and railroads, and thus make all mankind tributary to himself. In the indulgence of the first-mentioned smaller pleasure he would always have to run the risk of a drubbing or lynching; but in the last-mentioned greater pleasure the law places him above all danger, while his fellow-men can resist the oppression of the "one man" in the natural and customary manner only on peril of their lives.

It is therefore not to be wondered at that nowadays the "one man" should appear as the most zealous defender of law and order, and that he should seek to fortify the faith of his fellow-men that without these things they could not live at all. The cutting of electrical wires, the tapping of gas-pipes, the tampering with the water-works, the stopping-up of the sewage, are really paltry pleasures, when one can secure a property-title to all these things and then give his fellow-men the alternative of either paying or getting nothing.

From the point of view of the "one man" the tender solicitude for the law may therefore be explained, but it cannot be explained from the point of view of the others.

PAUL BERWIG.

A Difference of Words Only.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I think there is no controversy between Mr. J. Wm. Lloyd and myself, though he regards "all acts as Egoistic," while I use the term Egoism, like Stirner, for acts of normal self-possession and self-expression, excluding blind crazes, fanaticism, the influence of fixed ideas, hypnotism dominating the subject and rendering him more of an automaton than of an individual, although he goes through the motions. Rewards and punishments promised and threatened appeal to the Egoism of ignorant believers, but there is also an anti-individualistic craze or fascination in religion, and love, and business, when the idea rides the man. In the last analysis it is a question of sanity or insanity. Egoism is sanity. So we use the term, and as Stirner's book, "Der Einzige und sein Eigentum," has long been before the world, his admirers have a good possessory title to this term.

Mr. Lloyd started to sketch the man who "needs to know," but he gives us the portrait of one who has become so far differentiated from the class that now he *knows his need*, and is actually exercising care in transforming himself, with the conscious wish and distinct purpose to reach that condition wherein he will no longer "need to know" at every turn that particular acts are going to be calculably profitable to him. If I admire this man for what he is making of himself, I still imply that I did not admire him for what he was.

A.—I don't like soldiers.

B.—Do not say that. Here is a worthy man. He is a soldier, but he abhors war. He has sworn never to fight except for liberty, and to live as a civilian as soon as he can. Now, do you not like this soldier a little?

A.—I do.

TAK KAK.

An Anarchist Without Knowing it.

Mr. Benj. R. Tucker:

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for the two copies of Liberty.

After reading the same thoughtfully through, I find the paper well worth having; in fact, I consider it worth much to every seeker of truth. I send you enclosed fifty cents in stamps, and subscribe to the same for half a year.

Anarchism can have no terror to me, nor can it have to any one who understands it or wants to understand it. But by misrepresentation and slander, Anarchism and Anarchist do, in the eyes of most people, mean something else than they are. This it will take some time for truth to penetrate and alter.

To my surprise do I find that my views of the subjects treated in your paper are in substance the same as those held by you and your correspondents. While being somewhat of a philosopher and a radical thinker, I hardly ever read any strictly Anarchistic literature. And although I, with all my heart, sympathized with those brave but unfortunate men in Chicago during their trial and execution,—one of the most infamous judicial crimes ever committed in the history of man,—yet I never considered myself as an Anarchist.

I have, with you, come to the conclusion that the sovereignty of the individual, which I understand you call the main principle of Anarchism, is an absolute necessity, if liberty, justice, love, and happiness ever are to become the rule and not the exception in the hearts and homes of man. This is a fact which will be more and more understood as the people gain knowledge and learn to use reason in the place of superstition and creeds.

I do not believe in any "Revolution" except in that of the human mind, nor do I know if you do. But as the mind is liberated from its prison and changes views, other things, political and social, will necessarily have to change accordingly.

"Revolution" would bring only terror and do no good as long as the average human mind is not sufficiently liberated and advanced to be a guarantee for a change to the better thereafter.

The idea of authority, except that of the laws of nature and that of man's own individual conscience, is old nonsense. Authority was made by man to rule man. It has its root in ignorance, in the belief in a supreme being, a ruler over all and everything, of whom absolutely nothing is yet known. Laws were made by the few to rule and suppress the many, and these, instructed as they were that the laws came from their gods, submitted in their credulity and ignorance. Results: today we have written laws enough under which to bury the whole population, and many more are being made every year. A man no longer knows for himself when he is right and when he is wrong. It takes one man, two men, a lifetime of study to find this out; yet right is made wrong and wrong right to a great majority of men. When absurdity reaches that point, it is time for its downfall.

State Socialism is no remedy. It would necessitate even more laws,—would be contrary to liberty. Everything must be simplified. All authority, all rulership, must gradually return to individuality, whence it started and where it belongs.

I believe, however, in coöperative socialism by communities and localities. Not only would it be a great step in the right direction of itself, and the only possible one as long as machinery and modes of production are not more simplified

and cheapened, but it would also help considerably to educate the masses and liberate minds.

I desire to say one word more. I have been satisfied long ago that among you many of the sincerest, ablest, and best of men are to be found,—men with more heart for the misery and sufferings of mankind than all the rest of the world and all the gods combined,—yet there has hardly been a crime committed under heaven that you have not been accused of in one way or another by the tyrants and capitalists or by ignorance. Small as your reward has been, you have at least one consolation. All the reformers and lovers of mankind who are now honored in their graves as heroes and great men were the Anarchists and Socialists of their time, and received the same treatment as you while living. Your endeavor for liberty's sake will, however, be fully recognized by coming generations. Already we have the great joy of seeing liberty and truth more and more rapidly gaining a foothold everywhere.—Yours for liberty and truth,

S. RUNNING.

MENOMONIE, WISCONSIN, FEBRUARY 13, 1888.

What is Rent?

[Galveston News.]

Whether one hires a furnished room, an unfurnished house, or a vacant lot, the payment is popularly called rent. At once the payment on account of improvements is sought to be distinguished from the payment on account of permission to occupy the land. Political economy deals with rent as it is conceived after eliminating the compensation for improvements, just as the same science deals with profit in an abstract sense, whereas in the popular sense profit is mixed with wages of superintendence, results of applied talent, etc. The Henry George men flatter themselves that in distinguishing land rent from compensation for improvements they have got at pure economic rent and adhered to it. Mr. George starts with Ricardo, and he and his followers appear to be alike unconscious when they wander from the economic basis. Taking fertility of land as a type of advantages and assuming settlement to be free, the Ricardian philosophy shows that the choicest soils would be preferred, and that, when these were occupied, a resort would be had to soils yielding less returns to labor. Then the extra yield of the choicer soils over the poorest in cultivation would constitute the advantage, before unknown, which would command an annual premium. This is economic rent and its origin. If there is any other equally unforced increment of benefit from location, the difference in favor of the best over the alternative location is the same in principle as fertility. Yet when an intelligent critic—Mr. J. F. Kelly before the Twentieth Century club—took up the Ricardian theory of rent and stated its development, showing that resort to poorer land preceded the rise of Ricardian rent, a Henry George school critic replied that he could show that, on the contrary, high rents forced a resort to poorer lands. But this is using the term rent in the wholly different sense of the price paid to buy off the monopolist. This is not economic rent at all. So Henry George in his paper pictures a poor man standing on a piece of ground with one full sack representing his bare living. On other pieces of ground there are in addition from one to fourteen sacks, the property of the monopolist. Now, the truth is that the fourteen sacks were not produced from that piece of ground and were no more produced by it than is the money in the treasury produced by the stamps on beer barrels and cigar boxes. The fourteen bags are the product of other places, worked by other people, laid under tribute, not by any actual occupancy of that piece of ground, but by a general system of keeping other ground unoccupied. The ability to keep the poor land wholly out of use would enhance the charge for using the good land; and the ability to keep the good land out of use would make a charge upon land which, on the Ricardian assumption, was free for occupancy. The exactions of monopoly may be called rent, but that is popular language, and those who use it should not profess to be following in the terms and logic of Ricardo. If rent is that premium which is offered for the best over the less desirable under free occupancy, there is no rent until there is a lack of highly desirable land. Compare the idea with that of profits. Would it be reasonable and logical for Henry George, after discussing pure profit,—the vanishing quantity as it would exist under entire freedom of industry,—to then turn and speak of the fifty or eighty per cent. legalized stealings of the tariff barons as "profit"?—to then promise the great income which could be had if government taxed away "profit"? The answer would be: this is a muddle. He has glided from the economic abstraction to the gross concretion of monopolistic tribute which exists not a day longer than the statutory measures which give it continuous force as a blood-sucking apparatus.

Altruists Build in the Air.

[E. D. Linton.]

I have unbounded faith in what is called human selfishness. I know of no other foundation to build upon. When we cease quarrelling with this indestructible instinct of self-preservation and learn to use it as one of the greatest forces of nature, it will be found to work beneficently for all mankind, and "the stone which has been rejected by the builders will become the chief corner-stone."

Cranky Notions.

It is with a good deal of hesitancy that I venture into a public discussion with my good Comrade Yarros, because his keen intellect and power of argument and satire may put me and my plain, homely speech and notions to ridicule, and of course I don't like to be ridiculed. But I enter this controversy as a pupil with his teacher with a view of clearing some point that is not already clear to both. The division he has made of my argument meets my approval, and the propositions "that experience establishes the possibility of trades unions shortening their hours without proportionately reducing their wages," and "that reduced hours mean increased opportunities for study and development," seem to me to need no argument to prove them true. These facts lie on the surface, and possibly may have led me to "justify all sorts of conclusions." Time and book-learning are short with me, and in consequence my language may not always carry with it my exact meaning, but in this case my comrade is in error when he says my assertions on the eight-hours movement mean more than I meant they should. The working people through organization do have it in their power to gain concessions from their employers, even under present conditions, but they may not have the power to gain all that is necessary to make them socially, economically, and politically free. If they did not have this power, I should lose hope of Anarchy ever being attained, because I am of the opinion that trades unions and other associations exercising the powers of passive resistance can accomplish what cannot be accomplished by the ballot. I have been taught that Anarchy was to be inaugurated by simply refusing to recognize the State when we get enough who think Anarchy is right and that we stand a fair show of carrying our point by passive resistance. The Irish "struck" against rent when the no-rent manifesto was issued, and I believe, if that policy had continued, the cause of freedom and justice would be much further advanced than it is today. If the people have not the power under present conditions to change anything, how are they ever to better their conditions? Shorter hours of work will give time to see the evils more clearly and learn the true remedies. When we change from a ten hours workday to a nine or an eight-hours workday, things are not what they were, and this advantage gives us a better chance to change other things. I remember in my younger days, when I worked in the woods logging, that, when we got a big log that was hard to handle, we used our canthooks and handspikes wherever we could get a "bite," and each "bite" gave us a better advantage to roll the log where we wanted it. All these palliatives or half-measures are "bites," and we should make the most of them. I was clear in my statement that the Detroit printers "gained" two hours a week without a reduction, and that is the fact. They work on time. I am free to admit that there are many things in connection with these economic problems that I do not see, and some no doubt lie in plain sight of those who have stronger mental vision, but I never refuse to look with all my might in the direction my teachers point. Comrade Yarros must not think that I spend a great amount of time over the eight hours movement, because I too believe, if those who see that the real conflict is between those who hold privileges granted and upheld by the State and those who do not hold such privileges would lose no opportunity to make this fact clear, that the road to better conditions will be shortened very much. Even though the effect of the eight hours agitation be traced to machinery, etc., does not that show that the "poor o'erlabored wights" are thinking how they can reap some of the benefits of improved methods of producing wealth? Does Comrade Yarros claim that the shortening of hours would have come as a necessary effect of the introduction of machinery, etc., did the agitation for short hours not take place? When I speak at an eight-hour meeting, I do not oppose the getting of eight hours if they can, but I do not fail to show what I believe is a better way to relieve the working people of their present burdens. I do not know whether Comrade Yarros has had much experience in dealing with working people or not, but my experience teaches me not to directly oppose and condemn what they believe will be to their good, but rather to show them that, while their methods *might* accomplish what they desire, there are other and better ways to get what belongs to them. I would like my good comrade to instruct me in the following questions: 1. If it is not possible for the working people to gain concessions from the privileged class and better their conditions through organization and united action, how are they to accomplish their emancipation? 2. Is it not true that most of the Anarchists of today have arrived at their present thought through and by the discussion of half-way measures?

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

Moralists Are Necessarily Collectivists.

[G. Mazzini.]

Morally the theory which places the source of all authority, of sovereignty, in the Ego, in individual reason and individual will, leads, by force of logic, to placing it in the sum of individual instincts, appetites, and passions, and practically to the worship of personal interests; less dangerous, because restrained within reasonable limits, in those whom circumstances have rendered worthy, but sheer egotism in the rest.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER

Vol. V.—No. 18.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

Whole No. 122.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

That witty and philosophical tramp, "Radical Jack," who writes for the Chicago "Labor Enquirer," addresses the following question to Frank Foster, Henry George, Lawrence Gronlund, and other social reformers: "What would be the first measures you would adopt if you were the dictator of the world?" A very pertinent and sensible question when addressed to those who expect to achieve the millennium by sovereign decree, and of such are all, save one, of those whom "Radical Jack" addresses. The single exception is myself, an Anarchist; and to ask such a question of an Anarchist is manifest absurdity. Why, the first, and necessarily the last, act of mine as the dictator of the world would be to sentence myself to the gallows.

The last "Freidenker" contains a report of a lecture in opposition to Anarchy and Socialism which its editor, C. H. Boppe, delivered recently before a Milwaukee audience. The first two paragraphs convinced me that it would be a pure waste of valuable time to read the rest of the lecture. The first sentence opens with the remarkable declaration that the Anarchists recognize in Jean Jacques Rousseau one of the founders of their school of thought, and another closes with the assertion that, in assuming a certain position, Rousseau became "a Communist and an Anarchist." Now it is my habit to reason with well-meaning people whose ignorance leads them to talk nonsense upon the subject of Anarchism, and to advise them to go, inform themselves, and sin no more. But when a liberal editor, who knows that he knows nothing about the subject of his lecture, and who knows also that his profound ignorance cannot remain a secret to those who do know, has the audacity to appear in the part of a critic and judge, it only remains to paraphrase that brilliant aphorism of Ludwig Börne, thus: Every man has undoubtedly the right to make a fool of himself, but Liberal critics of Anarchy abuse that right.

The London "Commonweal," congratulating "Jus" upon its break with the Liberty and Property Defence League, says: "An honest enemy is the very thing that we need most, and if 'Jus' can only cut loose from the Lords of Land and Lust, and stand out squarely upon Individualist lines, pandering to no man's pride and paltering to no man's prejudice, it will receive no heartier welcome than from the enemy it seeks to oppose." Pure hypocrisy this. Auberon Herbert seems to fill this bill, but I have never seen any hearty welcome extended to his views by the "Commonweal" or the State Socialistic press of England. On the contrary, the attitude of these papers towards him, to the best of my judgment at this distance, has been one of almost contemptuous neglect. And Liberty, which has never been connected with the Lords of Land and Lust, which has always championed the most extreme Individualism without regard to pride or prejudice, and which by the inherent weight of its arguments has slowly established a propaganda whose ramifications penetrate to the remote corners of the earth, does not remember to have received the smallest word of recognition from the "Commonweal." Not that it courts such. It simply establishes the fact in order to expose

the insincerity of the "Commonweal's" professions in regard to "Jus."

The last three meetings of the Anarchists' Club were addressed respectively by A. H. Simpson, Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons, and George Schumm, Mr. Simpson discussing the question whether our fathers understood liberty, Mrs. Parsons the Chicago executions, and Mr. Schumm the Anarchistic solution of the labor problem. All were largely attended, especially the second, which, besides being commemorative of the birth of the Paris Commune, presented Mrs. Parsons for the first time to a Boston audience. The hall was packed to the doors, and many were turned away. The next meeting will be held in Codman Hall, 176 Tremont Street, on Sunday, April 22, at half past two o'clock, and will be addressed by Victor Yarros, who will review the economic heresies of George Gunton and the eight-hour philosophy as set forth in Gunton's "Wealth and Progress." In another column Mr. Yarros, with his usual keenness, disposes of certain secondary considerations brought forward by men like Comrade Labadie in support of the short-hours movement as an educational rather than an economic measure; in his coming lecture he will examine the position of those bold but short-sighted philosophers who look upon short hours as the key to the labor problem. The debates at the Anarchists' Club meetings are generally, to say the least, vivacious, but on this occasion it is expected that the fur will fly. The eight-hour topic is a very exciting one.

Such a Thing as Enough.

[Brick Pomeroy.]

Too much is always more disastrous than none at all, as too much brings contempt for the thing itself and a dulling of the zeal for something else as well.

One of the curses of this country is too much legislation. The man who minds his own business, and in minding it concedes the same right to others, has more friends, more comfort, more success, and more happiness than does he who is constantly slopping over.

Meddlesomeness is inexcusable in individuals, and intolerant and baneful in legislation or law-making for the multitude. Freedom, liberty, and such words are found in dictionaries, but each year marks a decrease of the original article. As a man surcingle or puts a band around a horse, and draws it till he kills the horse or breaks the band, so are the people of this country, by the chain of legislation, denying liberty and paving the way for the clouds of evils that arise from too much law.

In this country it is already a fact that, when a man cannot personally force his ideas into the life of a neighbor, he sets about rigging up a legislative propellant that shall bind the victim, and then, with the help of those who skin on shares or work for fees, pump the objectionable in or draw the milk out.

If you wish an appliance that will shorten the freedom of your neighbor, go to the legislature and have it made,—that is, if there are none already in stock. There are some places on the skin not yet covered by some kind of legislative plaster. A very few breathing pores left open. A few places where the stomach pump of taxation has not been inserted for the benefit of the inserters, but these spots or places are fast disappearing under the operation of the legislative cauterizer and puncturer.

Here are a few things that could once be done by man which must now be done by law, or with a tether.

A child must not be conceived till a priest or magistrate has had his fee and granted a permit.

The mother of the child cannot be attended by a midwife or physician unless selected by the legislature.

She cannot take medicine that is not prescribed by the legislature, nor can she have her feet or head or body rubbed

save by some person to whom the legislature has sold a sheep-skin or diploma.

The child must not attend school or study from other books than those set up by law.

The care of the child is natural with its parents or guardians, but legislation steps in and says where the child must and must not go, what amusements it can have, and all this regardless of the rights of the parents to control their children till they pass the equatorial line and engage for themselves.

As he grows, he finds that he cannot kiss a girl, except in conformity to law. That he cannot have a tooth pulled or plugged except by legislation. Cannot eat bread that is not made by legislation. Cannot use butter, gravy, syrup, hair oil, or axle grease on his bread without legislation. That he cannot own cattle without applying to them a legislative brand. That he cannot play billiards, play cards, use tobacco, drink beer, or do chores on the Sabbath without a permit from legislation.

As he becomes a man he learns that he cannot stand a moment in front of another man's house, enjoy a ride behind his trotting mare, see the belligerent roosters wrangle in the barnyard, get into or out of his place of business, hurrah for Jackson or Blaine, or float a log down stream to a saw-mill, without legislation and a red tag of some kind that costs him more or less, paid to the fee snatcher. That he cannot practise medicine, sell a work of art, dispose of a book, put an advertisement in a newspaper, buy a ticket at a church fair, guess on the weight of a hog or the number of beans in a bag, grind wheat or have it ground, kill the dog that kills his sheep, get on or off a railway train, establish a drinking fountain, or bury his dead without legislation. That he cannot express his opinion of a public thief, print an account of a lottery, or engage in a coöperative business without legislation.

That he cannot skate with his sweetheart, be free from his wife who has run away with another man, keep a house for the entertainment of travellers, build a bridge across a creek or river, open a highway, pay a note, employ a servant, or settle the estate of a deceased friend or relative without legislation.

That legislation has forbidden him to read a book printed in another country, wear a coat, use a coffee mill, take pills, use a corn plaster, play on a mouth organ, ring a bell, thread a needle, wear jewelry, or use any article, except paupers, made in other countries, without legislation. That he cannot put his business card on the outside of an envelope or wrapper, pay a debt, deposit money in a bank, give an order payable at his own store, circulate printed notes, wear a low-necked shirt, dress in female attire, or turn out on the public highway, without the direction of legislation.

That a person cannot express his ideas of God or man, good or evil, religion or people, without legislation. That he cannot remain on earth or get to heaven without legislation. That he cannot establish a park, or kill hens, or hang a sign over his store door without legislation. That he cannot sell apples, peanuts, shoe strings, or Bibles on the streets without legislation. That he cannot go into another State to sell goods, buy and own a tract of land, insure his life, dispose of short-weight silver dollars, even if we trust in God, without legislation.

Between the legislation and law-making that is going on by heads of families, heads of churches, societies, fashion, manufacturing monopolies, trades unions, Knights of Labor, boycott associations, boards of aldermen, town officials, county officials, State legislatures, Congress, and Almighty God, one is justified in thinking it barely possible that there is already too much of a good thing, and that liberty, freedom of conscience, and self-government are a job lot up for sale as relics, if not already parted with.

And yet, in Congress and in the State legislatures in session last year, nearly thirty thousand new laws were proposed, while the rate of applications for new laws this year indicates that a total of about forty thousand new laws will be asked for, and that thousands of new ones will be obtained. At this rate twenty-five years from now the number of courts in this country will be threefold the present number, and between usury and litigation the man who wants to be honest will be completely crucified, as was Jesus, between two invited thieves.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FIRST. THE BASKET.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOTEL CRILLON.

Continued from No. 121.

Ah! to yield one's possessions when dying,—death gives the title to the living, say nature and the law,—but to see one's self succeeded while alive, and by his own fault! That is enough to drive one mad. That is to die twice.

His mistress, this other queen of another carnival festivity, a sylph, a fairy, a pure vision of gauze and roses, was doubtless more beautiful and yet more revolting than the queen of the den of harlots in the Rue Galande. She was a traitor. The one at least wanted, from a feeling of fidelity and savage justice, to avenge her man, the other killed hers.

The charm was broken.

"Impossible," sobbed the wretch, overwhelmed. "I am not a mask, but a man damned by gaming, ruin, debt, and forgery, insolvent, dishonored, betrayed, accursed! This successor is my creditor. This palace is prison, is shame. I should be ignominiously turned out, or arrested. Ah! better still is liberty!"

For a moment longer the ousted man looked at the windows, before which were passing in confusion, as in a magic dream, all the magnetisms of the ball-room, the couples clasped in the waltz, the golden trays loaded with cut-glass, under the chandeliers streaming with light, and the enchanting orchestra covering all these fairy apparitions with its floods of harmony; and then he threw a farewell, a loud groan of indignation and of anguish, at the echoes of the festival, and resumed his course, with lowered head and haggard eyes, fleeing in shame and rage, pursued by the Nemesis of his ruined life.

"*Mauvais biffin!*" said an officer stationed at the door. "He is running away with his booty. I am suspicious. Suppose I arrest him?"

And the bloodhound gave chase.

But the rag-picker duke kept on running, and, having a start, distanced his pursuer, and was soon out of reach, sight, and scent, far from the Rue de Lille, striding along the Quai Voltaire, where the noise of his steps was lost in the rushing torrent of the river, whose flow was swollen by the melting snows. Thus he was able to continue his desperate course towards a future which was the consequence and contrast of his past.

CHAPTER III.

THE QUAI D'AUSTERLITZ.

Still running, lashed like a top by the wind and his emotion, carried away, absorbed, Garousse reached the height of the bridge of Austerlitz.

There, out of breath, in despair, surrendering to fatigue and want, he sank upon a stone bench and took his head in his hands, calling up in his mind his past, present, and future, his grandeur, fortune, friends, and loves, his follies and his fall, everything, in short, even to the last scenes of this carnival *soirée*.

The night grew colder and colder and darker and darker. At intervals the moon emerged from the clouds which eclipsed it, exhibiting against the background of the horizon, in a dissolving view, the monuments of Paris, palaces and temples, covered with a shroud of snow.

Garousse raised his head to view this dismal scene which answered to his affliction and harmonized with the end of his life. Nature's mourning penetrated through his eyes to the very bottom of his heart.

"A rag-picker, I! the Duke de Crillon-Garousse," he exclaimed bitterly. "Enough of such suffering. At least no one recognized me. This misery, this hook, this basket, oh! it is filthy, infamous, impossible. I shall never be reconciled to it after the life that I have led. No, I will not do it; death rather!"

He sprang to his feet with a bound, as if moved by a spring. His mind was made up. He abandoned his basket, threw down his hook, and, with a last gesture, hurled his hat far away. Then, resolutely, he walked to the parapet.

In face of suicide man is a moribund, but a voluntary moribund. Desperate, on the verge of the void, he feels at once the terrors of the agony and the attractions of death. Garousse instinctively allowed himself a respite for this bitter enjoyment, to breathe a last whiff of air, of life, of fright, and of horror.

He lent ear to the splash of the water rolling under the arches of the bridge with gleams which shone with the reflection of the moon and seemed like points of steel bristling to receive him.

The quai was silent and deserted, disturbed only by the distant noise of carriages, the sound of a popular refrain, *Forever wine!* and the staggering footsteps of a drunken man approaching the bridge.

It was a rag-picker, doubtless, for he carried on his shoulder an old sack made of cotton cloth, in his right hand a hook, and in the other a lantern. Dressed in a ragged blouse, on his head a soiled undress-cap, dirty and wet to the skin, he advanced, insensible to the wind and the rain, contentedly singing and chattering.

At some distance from Garousse, seized by a drunkard's whim, he began to contemplate the moon shining at its full.

"Ah, old girl! so you're gettin' up," he said to it familiarly and with the faubourg accent. "Goezh without sayin' that the sun 'zh gone t'bed. The sun and the moon! Ah! ah! what a fine household! When Monsieur get'sh up, Madame goezh t'bed. Misfortune! at that rate if there are ever t'be any little onesh, the comet will have t'step in. Wretches of stars, get away! If it is not shameful for a moon to cross the heavens' lone in such weather. You confounded giddy girl, go find your male, with your night-cap, and faster than that. Ash f'me, I will not. . . . Oh! you know very well that you will not s'duce Jean. Away with you! You're not the girl I love. Thash cert'n!"

And when he had thus barked at the moon, the drunken man, whose open face was beaming with good humor and liquor, came back to his passion and his song:

Forever wine!
Forever juice divine!
In it, while life is mine,
I'll find a source of cheer.

Jean was the name of this robust and hearty man of forty years, a jolly dog of the Faubourg Antoine, broad-backed, bronzed by the open air and by drink, well

made, by chance, some child of love, and in good condition in spite of misery, intemperance, and even intemperance, thanks to his out-door life, to Doctor Oxygen, and to carelessness,—an erratic block of Paris. He had the fire and vigor of the country, the sly and Gallic humor of the capital, all the beauty of health and especially of good nature, features as large as his heart,—the substance moulds its form,—in short, the serenity of disinterestedness or of omnipotence, which the ancients called *joviality*, *ab Jove*, after the very Father of the Gods, Bacchus included.

By the grace of this divine son of Jupiter's leg, however, Jean could scarcely stand upon his own. He continued his drunken babble:

"'Sh queer; they say a glass o' wine sustains. Well, I have drunk more'n fifteen, and I can't hold m'self up. A child could knock me down. I haven't drunk 'nough, thash sure. What I need 'sh drop o' brandy."

He stumbled over Garousse's hat, which he picked up with a thrust of his hook and stuffed into his sack.

"Good!" he exclaimed with a shout of joy. "There'sh a beaver for my Sundays."

Garousse turned round abruptly and saw the drunkard a few steps from him.

"Some one coming," said he. "I must end."

He rushed towards the parapet, and bestrode it at a bound.

For a moment he remained suspended between the quai and the river, between life and death.

But Jean, with a violent effort, had thrown himself upon Garousse and seized him by the skirt of his coat; then, as the duke fell back upon the ground, he took him around the waist, and, in a comical tone of surprise and sympathy, said:

"Well, friend, where are you going? 'Sh that the way you liquidate?"

"That does not concern you," cried Garousse, struggling.

"But if you are my fellow," said Jean, humanely, still holding him, in fear of a second attempt.

"Your fellow! Filthy beast! Go to bed."

"Thash just what I've been tellin' the moon," said the imperturbable Jean. "You're the beast, to go into the water. Man'sh not a toad. If I were not a man, I'd let you jump and fish you out again, alive for five dollars or dead for ten. What fun, hey!"

"Go away! let me go," resumed Garousse, softened by this good nature; "I have had enough of life. I prefer to die at once rather than die by inches, of hunger."

"Of what! of what! One dies only of thirst. Come 'n take a drop. 'Sh my treat."

"No, let me alone, I tell you; it is my idea. I am tired of suffering."

But in spite of everything Jean dragged him to the stone bench, and began to moralize with his drunken obstinacy.

"There, there," said he, gently. "Come, tell me your troubles. What is it that disturbs you? Poverty? If thash all, I'll cure you. But not by water first; on the contrary, by wine."

And he sang with his hoarse voice:

Of every ill it is the cure.

Then continuing his flow:

"Come, there'sh hope yet. You're not mad if you like water. Duck, away with you! Just change your drink, and if I don't save you, Jean's word for it, we'll plunge in together and I'll pay the toll."

Some carriages went by them, and masqueraders passed in their vicinity.

Garousse, weary of resisting, sank back upon the bench.

"Tick of a drunkard," he muttered, resignedly. "I must not oppose him. I'll wait till he goes away."

The compassionate rag-picker, as if divining his intention, sat down beside him, and resumed his exposition of principles with the effusiveness of intoxication.

"When one has sorrows, my dear man, he must drown 'em; he must drink. But the foam of the grape, the healing draught of Bacchus, a cooling potion. You see, I've been through it. I know how you feel. I too was born to be milord,—farce that it is,—despair and kill m'self. Well, I have drunk and saved m'self. When I have drunk, my poverty 'sh gone. I have Paris and Bercy. I'm richer 'n happier'n a wholesale wine-merchant. I see everything in beautiful colors; all is red and rosy; my rags are velvet, my bones ivory, my old iron bullion, my cotton sack a wicker basket."

Jean gave a cry of indignation. He had just observed Garousse's basket.

"Ah! so you have a basket, you! And more'n that, an elegant one. And new besides. Out upon you, risht'rat! And you complain! Here'sh a pretty fellow,—hash basket 'n wants t' kill himself. What is it, then, that Mossieu desires? A wax candle p'r'aps t' light his way and a plated hook t' pick up his bonds. . . . and the Bank o' France in the bargain."

And crossing his arms, he asked:

"Wha'sh'll I say, then, I who have only a sack, and not a new one either?"

Coming back to his fixed idea and to his revelry, he exclaimed:

"I'm choking with thirst. I don't understand why one should kill himself. . . . and by water too. The deluge, wretch, out upon it! And Noah's vineyard and the rainbow. . . . th' little white, th' big blue, th' free red, th' three-six, Mother Moreau, Father Niquet, and Son Cognac, all th' cons'lations of life. Out upon you! you're ungrateful t' the creator. Do's I do, rather. . . . Here!"

He handed his flask to Garousse, who refused it with a gesture of disgust.

"Be sens'ble," insisted Jean, without taking offence. "Drink! Drink cash down or on credit, by th' glass, by th' hour, by th' month, by th' year, as you can; but drink always and in spite of everything, and you'll think no more of trouble. You'll live t'be older 'n a patriarch, and fresher 'n more alive 'n Methuselah. . . . and every day Saint Mardi Gras."

The drunken man rose, excited by his own spirit, and, as if to fortify precept by example, emptied his flask.

"I who speak t'you," he continued, in a transport, "see, with a pint o' brandy in my belly and a quid o' tobacco in my mouth, the earth can no longer hold me; it has pavements only for me. . . . and I haven't 'nough o' them; I walk zig-zag, backwards and forwards, from one side of the street to the other; I ricochet like a shell; I am th' equal of the thunder; a wall 'sh not m' master; I could break a throne, I could stop a train, I could overturn the column. I no longer know anything, either cold or hunger, either pain or death, nothing at all. I live then as I have drunk, full to the brim, and I sing with a heart full of joy!"

"Forever wine!
Forever juice divine!"

Garousse rose in turn, exasperated by impatience, and said in an angry and threatening tone:

"So that is your suicide, you dirty wretch? I prefer mine. Every one to his taste. I like water better than your wine, drunkard. I tell you that I want to die. Make room, or I will kill you."

He seized his hook, and, disengaging himself from the rag-picker, rushed again toward the parapet.

Jean, staggering and clinging, caught him again.

"Stubborn fellow," he stammered, all out of breath. "Die! What a principle! And in my presence! Never! 'Pon my honor, it distresses me. Die! But 'sh forbidden. And your duty ash citizen. Clean your country 's I do, comrade, and come 'n pay your share of th' drink tax."

He tried to lead him away towards a closed wine-shop.

To be continued.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,

AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

Continued from No. 121.

If the workings of freedom should prove that purity in this sense is attainable otherwise, this argument in behalf of compulsory marriage fails. On the contrary, if freedom is forever prohibited hereafter, as it forever has been prohibited heretofore, how is it to be known that such a result would not come of it? One portion of mankind believe there would, and another that there would not, while the opportunity is refused to submit the question to the test of experiment and fact.

The second point is the care and culture of children. Certainly small boast can be made of the success of mankind hitherto in the practice of that art, when statistics inform us that nearly one-half the whole human family die in infancy! And when nine-tenths of the remainder are merely grown-up abortions, half made before birth, and worse distorted and perverted by ignorant mismanagement and horrible abuses afterward! Alas! Do children get cared for and reared in the family arrangement now with any skill, any true science, any just appreciation of the real nature of that sublime but delicate task, which demands more precise knowledge, more refined instincts, and more prudence and judgment than any other? Do our existing domestic institutions commend themselves by their fruits, or are the wholesale infanticides and the dreadful tortures of childhood now prevalent of a kind, the bare repetition of which will cause the ears of a later and wiser generation to tingle? Is it not possible that our most cherished social usages may be as terrible to them to contemplate as the hecatombs of political murders by the Neapolitan Government are at this day to us?

Suppose, now, that a future experience should demonstrate the fact that, of children reared in unitary nurseries, conducted by skilled and professional nurses, matrons, and physiologists, the mothers—except those engaged by choice in the nursery—being, at most, within reach for the purpose of suckling their infants at given hours, not one in a hundred died during the first five years; suppose that, by such an arrangement, the same labor that now requires the time of fifty women could be so systemised as to occupy no more than that of five, leaving forty-five persons free for productive industry in other departments; suppose that the children so reared grew up with larger frames and sounder constitutions, brighter intellects, livelier affections, and superior faculties in every way; suppose that all this were so obvious and incontestable that no one ventured to dispute it, and so attractive that hardly any mother would desire or venture to attempt the isolated rearing of her babe,—what would become of this second ground upon which the family institution is maintained by force of arms as the sole means of appropriate guardianship for childhood?

The third and last basis of the family is the protection and maintenance of women themselves. Here again it does not seem to me that the system in vogue, by which the husband and father earns all the money and does it out in charitable pittances to wife and daughters, who are kept as helpless dependents, in ignorance of business and the responsibilities of life, has achieved any decided title to our exalted admiration. The poor stipendiaries of paternal or marital munificence are liable at any time to be thrown upon their own resources, with no resources to be thrown upon. The absence of all prior necessity for the exercise of prevision unfitting them for self-support and protection, and the system affording them none but the most precarious assurances, their liabilities are terrible, and daily experiences are cruel in the extreme. At the best, and while the protection endures, its results are mental imbecility and bodily disease. There is hardly one woman in ten in our midst who knows from year's end to year's end what it is to enjoy even tolerable health. The few who, despite the system, attain some development, are tortured by the consciousness and the mortification of their dependancy, and the perpetual succession of petty annoyances incident to it; of which their lordly companions, self-gratulatory for their own intentions of kindness, are profoundly unconscious. Shut up to the necessity of this continuous and exhausting endurance, wives have the same motives that slaves have for professing contentment, and smile deceitfully while the heart swells indignantly and the tear trembles in the eye. Man complains habitually of the waywardness and perversity of woman, and never suspects that he himself, and his own false relations to her, are the key to the thousand apparent contradictions in her deportment and character. The last thing that the husband is likely to know, in marriage as it is, is the real state of the heart that throbs next him as he lays his head upon his own pillow. Woman, as well as the slave, must first be wholly free before she can afford to take the risk to speak freely. She dare not utter boldly her own complaint, and she will even denounce openly, while she prays fervently in secret for the God-speed of the friend who does it for her.

The great lesson for the world to learn is that *human beings do not need to be taken care of*. What they do need is such conditions of justice and freedom and friendly cooperation that *they can take care of themselves*. Provided for by another, and subject to his will as the return tribute, they pine, and sicken, and die. This is true equally of women as of men; as true of wives as it is of vassals or serfs. Our whole existing marital system is the house of bondage and the slaughter-house of the female sex. Whether its evils are inherent or incidental, whether they belong to the essence or the administration of the institution, whether they are remediable without or only by means of revolution, are the questions that have now to be discussed.

Suppose, then, that in some future day, under the operation of equity, and with such provision as has been hinted at for the care of children, women find it as easy to earn an independent living as men; and that, by the same arrangement, the expense of rearing a child to the early age at which, by other corresponding arrange-

ments, it is able to earn its own living, is reduced to a minimum,—a slight consideration for either parent. Suppose that suggestions of economy have substituted the large unitary edifice for the isolated home, and that, freed by these changes from the care of the nursery and the household, woman is enabled, even while a mother, to select whatever calling or profession suits her tastes, and pursue it with devotion, or vary it at will; and suppose that, under this system of living, universal health returns to bloom upon her cheek, and that she develops new and unexpected powers of mind, exquisiteness of taste, and charms of person; that, in fine, while relieving the other sex entirely from the responsibility and burden of her support, she proves incontestably her equality with man in points where it has been denied, and her superiority in a thousand beautiful endowments which freedom alone has enabled her to discover and exhibit,—what, under these circumstances, becomes of the third and last necessity for the maintenance of the institution of exclusive and perpetual and compulsory marriage?

Carry this supposition still further; assume, for illustration, that in freedom the tendency to perpetual conjugal partnership should vindicate itself, as supposed by Mr. James, as the natural law of the subject; or contrariwise, let it be assumed that a well-ordered variety in the love relations is shown by experience to be just as essential to the highest development of the human being, both spiritually and materially, as variety in food, occupation, or amusement; or suppose, to render the case still stronger, that some new and striking pathological fact is discovered and put beyond doubt; for example, that a specific disease, at present a scourge of mankind, like consumption or scrofula, is wholly due to the want of certain subtle magnetic influences, which can only come from a more unrestrained contact and freedom of association between the sexes. Let us add that just that freedom of contact and association are found to moderate the passions instead of inflaming them, and so to contribute, in the highest degree, to a general purity of life and the prevalence of the most fraternal and tender regard. Suppose, again, that woman, when free, should exhibit an inherent, God-given tendency to accept only the noblest and most highly endowed of the opposite sex to be the recipients of her choicest favors and the sires of her offspring, rejecting the males of a lower degree, as the females of some species of the lower animals (who enjoy the freedom that woman does not) are known to do; and that the grand societary fact should appear in the result that by this means Nature has provided for an infinitely higher development of the race. Suppose, indeed, finally, that the freedom of woman is found by experience to have in every way a healthful, restraining, and elevating influence, in the same degree that the freedom of man, to subjugate her, as in polygamic nations, has had an influence to degrade and deteriorate the race; and that, generally, God and nature have evidently delegated to woman the supremacy in the whole affectional realm of human affairs, as they have consigned it to man in the intellectual,—a function she could never begin rightly to perform until first freed herself from the trammels of conventionalism, the false sanctities of superstition and custom. Suppose all this to have been thoroughly well-established both by reason and fact, what *then* becomes of this last ground of necessity for the institution of legal marriage, or of marriage at all?

When purity, in its best sense, should be far better understood, and more prevalent without it than with it, and women and children better protected and provided for, where would be the continued demand for the maintenance of the now sacred and inviolable family institution? What, indeed, would render it impossible that that institution should fall into contempt, as other institutions, hallowed in former times by equally sacred associations and beautiful idealizations, have done?

Who can foretell that isolated families may not come hereafter to be regarded as hot-beds of selfishness and narrow prejudice against the outside world, separating and destroying the unity of the human race; the same thing as between neighbors that patriotic prejudices and antipathies and "mountain interposed" are between nations? Who shall say that it may not, perchance, be quoted upon us one or more generations hence, as some evidence of our barbarism, that a rich and religious citizen could sit down in quiet and happiness, surrounded by his wife and children, in the midst of comfort and luxury, bless God for his abundant mercies, and cite the Scripture that "He who provides not for his own household hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel," while wretched women and babes, with sensibilities as keen and capacities for happiness as great as those possessed by his own sweet lambs, sit in their desolate houses within a stone's throw of his own aristocratic door, shivering with cold, pinched with hunger, and trembling with apprehension of the sharp knock and gruff voice of a landlord's agent, come to thrust them out of even those miserable mockeries of homes? Who can assert with confidence that a larger conception of the brotherhood of humanity than now prevails—except as a traditional reminiscence of the teachings of Christ or the Utopian dreams of the visionary—may not, in a few years, with the rapid progress of events in these modern times, be translated into fact? And who can affirm positively that the discovery may not be made hereafter that the last grand hindrance and obstacle to the realization of that noble ideal of human destiny was the superstitious sanctification in the popular mind of marriage and the family institution, which refused to permit them to be examined and amended, or abolished, according to the dictates of sound reason and the exigencies of the case, in the same manner as the like veneration for ecclesiastical establishments and royalty have hindered the race, at earlier stages, in the same onward and upward progression?

Observe, I am not dogmatizing in anything that I say here. I am not even affirming that any one of these suppositions is likely to come true. I am simply establishing the fact that the righteousness and permanency of marriage and the family institution are fair subjects, like any other, for thought, for questioning, for investigation. I am entering my calmly-stated but really indignant protest against the assumption that there is any possible subject, in this age and nation, with our antecedents and pretensions, too sacred to be discussed. I am adding my testimony to the truth of the position assumed by the despotist and the slaveholder that the same evils which exist under the institutions of despotisms and slavery exist likewise under the institution of marriage and the family, and that the same principles of right which men seek to apply in this day to the former will not leave the latter unquestioned or unscathed. I am giving to the lazy public some intimation that there are more things in heaven and earth than have yet been dreamed of in their philosophy. I am breaking into ripples the glassy surface of that dead sea of conservatism which reflects Socialism as a bugbear to frighten children with. I am giving to the world a sample of the ideas, and trains of reasoning, facts, and principles which the New York "Tribune," professedly the organ of new thought, refuses to permit to be communicated to its readers, as matter too bad to be published. And finally, and specially, I am making an historical note of the fact, for future reference, that such ideas as these were too far in advance of public sentiment, at the middle of this century, at the metropolis of the most progressive country in the world, to find utterance anywhere through the public press, the "Tribune" being, after all, the most liberal journal we have yet established among us.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies
Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

A. P. KELLY, - - - ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.

Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL 14, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Herr Most on Libertas.

It is due to John Most to say that, in his paper, "Freiheit," he has greeted the appearance of Libertas in a spirit of entire fairness and liberality, at the same time that he has not hesitated to point out those of its features to which he cannot award approval. Besides giving liberal extracts from the first number, duly credited, he devotes nearly a column and a half to a review of its merits and demerits, which is hearty in its commendation and frank in its criticism. Barring the use in one sentence of the word "hypocritical," his article is free from those abusive epithets of which he has heretofore made me a target. With this preface of thanks for both his praise and his censure, I propose to briefly examine the latter in the same spirit in which it is offered.

Herr Most's opinion of Libertas may be thus summed up, — that it is thoroughly sound in its antagonism to the State and utterly unsound in its championship of private property. Whether Libertas champions private property depends entirely on the definition given to that term. Defining it with Proudhon as the sum total of legal privileges bestowed upon the holders of wealth, Libertas agrees with Proudhon that property is robbery. But using the word in the commoner acceptance, as denoting the laborer's individual possession of his product or of his proportional share of the joint product of himself and others, Libertas holds that property is liberty. And whenever Proudhon, for the time being, uses the word in the latter sense, he too upholds property. But it is precisely in this sense of individual as opposed to communistic possession that Herr Most opposes property. Hence, when he prints as a motto (as he often does) Proudhon's phrase, "Property is robbery," he virtually misrepresents that author by using his words as if they were intended to mean diametrically the opposite of what the author himself declared them to mean. If property, in the sense of individual possession, is liberty, then he who opposes property necessarily upholds authority — that is, the State — in some form or other, and he who would deny both the State and property at once becomes thereby inconsistent and guilty of attempting the impossible. But Mr. Schumm elsewhere arrives at this point by another road, and I will not dwell upon it further.

The principal argument used by Herr Most against Libertas is that it ignores the necessity of production on the large scale now and hereafter, — a necessity which, in Herr Most's view, involves the exploitation of labor by capital wherever private property prevails. There is no foundation for this statement. Libertas does not for a moment deny or ignore the necessity of production on the large scale. It does, however, seriously question the claim that such production must always involve large concentration of capital, and emphatically denies that it necessarily involves labor's exploitation unless private property is abolished. As

I have already said in these columns, "the main strength of the argument for State Socialism and Communism has always resided in the claim, till lately undisputed, that the permanent tendency of progress in the production and distribution of wealth is in the direction of more and more complicated and costly processes, requiring greater and greater concentration of capital and labor. But the idea is beginning to dawn upon minds — there are scientists who even profess to demonstrate it by facts — that the tendency referred to is but a phase of progress, and one which will not endure. On the contrary, a reversal of it is confidently looked for. Processes are expected to become cheaper, more compact, and more easily manageable, until they shall come again within the capacity of individuals and small combinations. Such a reversal has already been experienced in the course taken by improvements in implements and materials of destruction. Military progress was for a long time toward the complex, requiring immense armies and vast outlays. But the tendency of more recent discoveries and devices has been toward placing individuals on a par with armies by enabling them to wield powers which no aggregation of troops can withstand. Already, it is believed, Lieutenant Zolinski with his dynamite gun could shield any seaport against the entire British navy. With the supplanting of steam by electricity and other advances of which we know not, it seems more than likely that the constructive capacity of the individual will keep pace with his destructive. In that case what will become of State Socialism and Communism?" It behooves their advocates not to be so cock-sure as they have been heretofore of the correctness of this major premise of all their arguments.

But Herr Most may claim that in this reasoning the element of speculation and uncertainty is too large to warrant the placing of any weight upon it. Very well, then; simply reaffirming my own confidence in it, I will let it go for what it is worth, and consider at once the question whether large concentration of capital for production on the large scale confronts us with the disagreeable alternative of either abolishing private property or continuing to hold labor under the capitalistic yoke. Herr Most promises that, if I will show him that the private property régime is compatible with production on the large scale without the exploitation of labor, he will stand by the side of Libertas in its favor. This promise contains a most significant admission. If Communism is really, as Herr Most generally claims, no infringement of liberty, and if in itself it is such a good and perfect thing, why abandon it for private property simply because the possibility of the latter's existence without the exploitation of labor has been demonstrated? To declare one's willingness to do so is plainly to affirm that, exploitation aside, private property is superior to Communism, and that, exploitation admitted, Communism is chosen only as the lesser evil. I take note of this admission, and pass on.

Right here, however, Herr Most qualifies his promise by placing another condition upon its fulfilment. I must not only demonstrate the proposition stipulated, but I must do so otherwise than by pointing to Proudhon's banking system. This complicates the problem. Show me that A is equal to B, says Herr Most, and I will uphold A; only you must not show it by establishing that both A and B are equal to C. But perhaps the equality of both A and B to C is the only proof I have of the equality of A to B. Am I to be debarred, then, from making the demonstration simply because this form of logic is not agreeable to Herr Most? Not at all; he is bound to show the flaw in the logic, or else accept its conclusion. His stipulation, then, that I must not point to Proudhon's banking system is ridiculous, inasmuch as this banking system, or at least its central principle, is essential to the demonstration of my position. I offer him this principle as conclusive proof; he must show its error, or admit the claim. It cannot be brushed aside with a contemptuous wave of the hand.

Now, what is this principle? Simply the freedom of credit and the resultant organization thereof in such a way as to eliminate the element of the reward of capital from the production and distribution of wealth. Herr Most will not dispute, I think, that freedom of

credit leaves private property intact and even increases the practicability of production on the large scale. The only question, then, is whether it will abolish usury, for, if it will abolish usury, my position is established, usury being but another name for the exploitation of labor. The argument that it will effect such abolition, and the argument therefore which Herr Most is bound to destroy, he will find set forth in the latter half of my paper on "State Socialism and Anarchism," printed in the first issue of Libertas. If he makes no answer, the private property plank in the platform of Libertas remains unimpaired by his criticism; if, on the other hand, he attempts an answer, then we shall see what there is further to be said.

But Herr Most's criticism is not aimed at the platform alone; he is especially severe upon the tactics of Libertas. It is here that he crosses the line of courteous criticism, and becomes abusive by characterizing as "hypocritical" the declaration of Libertas that, as long as freedom of speech and of the press is not struck down, there should be no resort to physical force in the struggle against oppression. That Libertas is hypocritical in this position he infers from the fact that it now discountenances physical force, although five men have been murdered, others are in prison, and still others are in danger of imprisonment, for having exercised the right of free speech. Herr Most apparently forgets that "Freiheit" is still published in New York, the "Alarm" in Chicago, and Liberty and Libertas in Boston, and that all these papers, if not allowed to say everything they would like to, are able to say all that it is absolutely necessary to say in order to finally achieve their end, the triumph of liberty. It must not be inferred that, because Libertas thinks it may become advisable to use force to secure free speech, it would therefore sanction a bloody deluge as soon as free speech had been struck down in one, a dozen, or a hundred instances. Not until the gag had become completely efficacious would Libertas advise that last resort, the use of force. And this, far from showing hypocrisy, is the best evidence of the sincerity of this journal's utter disbelief in force as a solution of economic evils. If there is hypocrisy anywhere, it is on the side of those who, affecting to think force a deplorable thing only to be resorted to for purposes of defence, are eagerly watching for the commission of offences in the hope of finding a pretext for the inauguration of an era of terror and slaughter hitherto unparalleled in history.

T.

Force the Nature of the State.

Human liberty consists in the unrestricted and harmonious development of the individual unto the point where the equal liberty of other individuals begins, and justice consists in the equal, free, and untaxed usufruct of the natural resources of the earth and society in so far as the individual may require it for the complete development and exercise of his being. Liberty and justice thus defined man first lost with the rise of the State. It is indeed claimed that civilization traces its origin to the rise of the State, but this is a mistake if it is meant to imply that it was the State that originally made civilization possible and fostered it. I cannot conceive of true civilization, of any real growth of humanitarianism, without the most scrupulous regard for universal and equal liberty and justice. Civilization based on force and slavery is no true civilization. Talk as much as one please of historical necessity, I cannot see therein any palliation of State aggression and coercion. True civilization is not to be thought and spoken of where barbarous and brutal force usurps the office of mutual reasoning and free contract. No, the State, as known to us, has neither called forth nor fostered human civilization. The very opposite of this is the case. What measure of human civilization has been achieved, has been achieved in spite of the State. There are many persons who in all seriousness ascribe the efflorescence of the natural sciences to the churches and monasteries. But this view is not less tenable than that which credits the State with the fostering care and rise of human civilization. Neither view can abide the test of history. State and Church have ever represented organized ignorance and aggression, — in one word, organized

barbarism. The development of human civilization proceeded in spite of Church and State; the growth of a truer view of the world, of a view more nearly in conformity with the nature of things, and of a higher order of life, took place essentially outside of Church and State, acting on these institutions by virtue of the law of reciprocity in a refining sense.

We see this readily when we consider more closely the nature of the State. According to the investigations of the most celebrated historians and philosophers, remarks a defender of Stateism, "it was always and everywhere an act of conquest through which the State was founded. Not an *occupation* of an *uninhabited* country, not a conquest and the subjection of a country already occupied as well as of its inhabitants themselves,—that is the origin of the State and of all property,"—let us rather amend with Max Stirner, *Fremdum*. This is also the conclusion Herbert Spencer arrives at in his sociological investigations.

Now, as, in accordance with the testimony of historians and philosophers, the State traces its origin to acts of violence and conquest, so also has it maintained and perpetuated itself in history by force, conquest, and an utter disregard of all ethics. I refer simply to history. To meet the demand for a *raison d'être*, the State has indeed attempted to fortify its position by the claim of its advocates that its essential function consists in the defence of civil liberty and property. But we all know only too well what that means. That State I should like to know that has ever made the least approach towards conscientiously acquitting itself of this task. Look where you may, study all the countries of the earth, peruse the pages of history, and transpose yourself mentally to all ages; and if you are capable of reasoning in conformity with facts, you will agree with me that where the State took human liberty under its protecting wings, it crushed it in nine cases out of ten beneath its iron heel,—that where it gave property its protection, it did so in order to confiscate it a hundredfold,—and that justice could never yet rely on its initiative. The State as the embodiment of barbarism is the denial of liberty, justice, and property.

This will of course not be admitted by the politicians of all stripes, by the State priests of every shade, but this is the conclusion of close observation and conscientious and unbiassed thought.

Liberty, however, affirms liberty, justice, and property. Therefore it demands the abolition of the State. g. s.

Anarchy and Its Organs.

When Kropotkin's journal, "La Révolte," in answer to a correspondent's question, gave "Freedom," the "Anarchist," "Honesty," and the "Alarm" as "a list of the Anarchistic journals published in the English language that we know," I asked the editor of "Honesty" to publicly state, in view of the omission of Liberty from this list, whether "Honesty" and Liberty do not stand on the same footing in every essential of Anarchism. He responds that I am right, and that the principles of "Honesty" and Liberty are identical; and he suggests that Liberty's exclusion from the list is probably due to the opposition it has shown to the Communist-Anarchist papers. This suggestion is precisely the inference which I desired to bring out,—namely, that "La Révolte," instead of honestly satisfying its correspondent's evident desire to know what journals in English occupy the Anarchistic platform, deliberately gave him a partial list drawn up in accordance, not with any known definition of Anarchy, but with its editor's piques and prejudices, thereby leaving out a journal which antedates all of the four given, and but for which two of the four, if I may not say three of the four, would never have existed at all.

The most astonishing feature of this matter now, however, is the tone of the paragraph in which the editor of "Honesty" makes his response. One would think that he was half inclined to excuse, if not approve, "La Révolte" in taking such a course. At any rate he does not say a word in condemnation of it, but confines his rebuke strictly to me for my opposition to Communism. I give his exact words:

Perhaps, however, the exception was made owing to the marked hostility which Comrade Tucker shows to the Communist-Anarchist papers, and which we fail to see good cause

for. "Freedom" has a strong Communistic tendency, it is true, but its Communism is more than counterbalanced by its vigorous and unrelenting protests on behalf of individual liberty. Does not the "plumb-line" allow room for voluntary Communism, which is after all only an experimental compromise between the Anarchist's ideal and the present political system? and are not their exposures of the political tyrannies and exploitations as Anarchistic as our own? Their position, to our thinking, is a far more Anarchistic one than that of the "Jus" school, which pretends to advocate individualism, but really lauds dominion and exploitation. And yet Liberty can admire the latter while condemning the former.

So far as "Freedom" and "Jus" are concerned, events have already abundantly justified my preference for the latter over the former. The editor of "Honesty," before he sees the seventh page of this number of Liberty, will undoubtedly read in "Jus" itself the articles there reprinted from that journal, and then he will curse his short-sightedness and feel like wearing sackcloth and ashes for a time as penance for his lack of appreciation.

Comparing "Freedom" with "Jus," Liberty saw in the former a journal of humanitarian instincts, but a journal which based its championship of individual liberty on a foundation so largely emotional that it was ready to throw liberty to the winds on any question, no matter how vital, where it was not hard-headed enough to understand that liberty, even there, would best satisfy its humanitarian desires. Hence its denial of liberty in production and exchange.

In "Jus," on the contrary, Liberty saw a journal which championed the principle of individual liberty on rational, scientific, and non-sentimental grounds, and whose departures from it were due, apparently, less to any confusion in the editor's mind than to an attempt on his part (which is now proved futile) to sustain relations between the conflicting interests which supported the journal, by a policy of mutual concession and compromise. Liberty, trusting every time to intelligence before sentiment, saw more hope for Anarchy in "Jus" than in "Freedom," and on the first appearance of "Jus" declared this view, braving the outcry of the Socialistic journals that was sure to follow. To this belief in "Jus" it has steadfastly adhered, not hesitating, nevertheless, to freely and sharply criticise any sign "Jus" might show of subservience to privilege and power. The germ which Liberty discerned developed as expected, and "Jus," though it had to die, avowed with its last gasp its belief in "absolute philosophical Anarchy." Considering the circumstances of its death, it might almost be said, in the words of the lamented Spies, that its "silence is more powerful than speech."

But what of "Freedom," meantime? That journal, in a recent leader, has declared, in language too plain for the editor of "Honesty" to misunderstand, that "Communists would have society recognize no rights of private property at all," and that "all wealth is a public possession, and the principle upon which it must be shared amongst the members of the community is, To each according to his needs." Will the editor of "Honesty" point out to me the *voluntary* feature of that sort of Communism? If it only were voluntary, why, then, of course. But to say that it is voluntary is pure assumption. It was the delusion caused by the Communists' use of this adjective that drove poor Seymour crazy for a time. The editor of "Honesty," it is true, gives no sign of accepting Communism, as Seymour did, simply because he thinks it voluntary. On the contrary, he emphatically declares himself individualistic. Nevertheless to eliminate the compulsory element from Communism is to remove, in the view of every man who values liberty above aught else, the chief objection to it, after which its acceptance by every such man is a hundred-fold easier than before. Therefore this warning to the editor of "Honesty." Danger that way lies. T.

Radical and Conservative Reform.

After a "great deal of hesitancy," Comrade Labadie came out with a lengthy reply to my criticism of his eight-hour advocacy, which, if not crushing in its logic and argumentative force, is so remarkable for its fine and deep sarcasm that I, without the slightest hesitancy, drop the weapon of satire which places me at such a decided disadvantage in my present combat, and put my sole trust and reliance in solid, dry,

and cold reasoning. Perhaps, too, by adopting this style, I can succeed in making the reader think that there is no mischievous and ironical meaning in the personal remarks of my comrade. As it is my intention to write an elaborate and systematic criticism of George Gunton's "Wealth and Progress" at an early date, I shall now content myself with a brief answer to Comrade Labadie's main questions.

True it undoubtedly is that "most of the Anarchists of today have arrived at their present thought through the discussion of half-way measures," but from this nothing else follows than that we have reason to hope a similar growth on the part of those now yet engaged in such discussion. People once believed that the earth was flat, but, having discarded the old ideas, we are not expected to value them beyond their importance as historical data. In fact, because most of us have in the past been the victims of the same errors that now pervert the sound judgment of many, we should feel doubly strong in the possession of truth and confident in the efficacy of the straightforward policy of explaining the reasons of the new "faith that's in us" and the process by which we arrived at its recognition.

When my comrade tells me that his experience teaches him not to directly oppose and condemn the quack remedies current among the laborers, I am tempted to ask him if his policy has been sanctioned by experience as a safe and paying one. The name of those remedies being legion, it is hard to understand how one can make converts to radical reformatory ideas by crediting all with the healing power. But Comrade Labadie will protest that he draws a line at certain alleged reforms which, as, for instance, the matter of political agitation, he unqualifiedly condemns as powerless for any thing except an aggravating effect upon the disease. In that case, we will simply be brought back to the original question of the intrinsic merits of the eight-hour remedy. If he favors it, not on account of the laborers' belief in it, but in consequence of his own conviction as to its usefulness, why introduce at all the point that radicals arrive at their radicalism through the discussion of half-measures? It is then neither pertinent nor apt.

Comrade Labadie asks how, if it is not possible for the laborers to gain concessions from the privileged class through united action, emancipation for them can be achieved. He thinks that the laborers "do have it in their power" to gain such concessions, and remarks that, "if they did not have this power," he "should lose hope of Anarchy ever being attained." My assertions astonish him, as he has been "taught that Anarchy was to be inaugurated by simply refusing to recognize the State," and he cites the Irish "strike" against landlordism as an illustration of the power wielded by organizations exercising passive resistance. But I utterly fail to perceive wherein all these averments, objections, and arguments apply to the issue between us and invalidate my position on the short-hours agitation. My comrade is led into confusion by a slight error in the very beginning of his argument, which consists in the substitution of the word "privileged" for the word "employing" in one of my sentences. He unconsciously follows in the steps of all the trades-unionists and conservative labor leaders whose unscientific and sterile methods of reform are precisely the result of the fundamental error of identifying the "employer" with the "monopolist." Because all monopolists belong to the employing class, they conclude that all employers are and must necessarily be monopolists, and hence direct their attack against employers rather than against monopolists. Radical reformers, on the other hand, have no fight with employers, but with the system of legal privilege and State-created monopoly. Observing the power which the employing class exercises over the laborers, the radical reformer traces it to its source, which he makes the exclusive point of attack. He seeks to indirectly deprive the employer of his advantages by disabling the State. We can gain no concessions from the privileged class by fighting employers as employers, but we can make steady progress in the improvement of our condition by undermining the vitality of the system which places capital in command over labor.

What does labor want? Land and tools. While these are monopolized, nothing that the laborers can do will materially and permanently benefit them. If they force the employer to a concession, he takes care to compensate himself in some way or other. And this he is not only well able to do, but absolutely compelled to do as long as philanthropy is not stronger in him than the desire to survive in the commercial world. Fewer hours does not necessarily mean less toil or more employment. When the Irish struck against landlordism, they took a course that could not fail to land them in a freer and better economic condition, for free land is their first and greatest need. There is just the same difference between that no-rent movement and the short-hours movement that there is between attacking a fundamental cause and fighting a symptom or a result.

With newly-invented machinery kept out of use only by the extreme cheapness of hand labor; with female and child labor superseding more and more adult male labor; with most of the employed enjoying (?) a longer or shorter vacation of involuntary idleness every year; and with an immense army of starving unemployed anxious to get work at any wages,—to talk of eight hours as a remedy of any sort is to offend inexcusably against both the theories and facts of political economy.

V. YARROS.

Continued from page 3.

What I am able to say in this *brochure* is, of course, a mere fragment of the social theories which I wished to propound. What I needed was a continuous year of discussion, through such a medium as the "Tribune," in conflict with the first minds in the country,—philosophers, politicians, and theologians, invited or provoked into the fray,—at the end of which time the public would have begun to discover that their current social dogmas must give way before the sublime principles of a new and profoundly important science, which determines exactly the true basis of all social relations. I wanted especially to propound a few questions to the Rev. Dr. Bethune, to test the good faith of his broad statement of the doctrine of religious freedom, made in his assault upon Bishop Hughes at the Madiai meeting at Metropolitan Hall. Does he include the Mormons and the Turks, with their polygamy, and the Perfectionists, with their free love, in his toleration, or would he, with Mr. Greeley, make his *exceptions* when it came to the pinch, and go with Mr. Greeley for re-lighting on American soil the fires of religious persecution, and thrust those whose conscience differs from his upon certain points into prison, or burn them at the stake?

The question is rapidly becoming a practical one in this country, when a whole territory is already in the possession of a sect of religionists who openly profess and are ready to die for the doctrine of a plurality of wives. Honor to General Cass, the patriarch of the senate, who has recently stated the true and the truly American principle,—virtually the Sovereignty of the Individual. He speaks as follows:

Independent of its connection with the human destiny hereafter, I believe the fate of republican governments is indissolubly bound up with that of the Christian religion, and that people who reject its holy faith will find themselves the slaves of evil passions and of arbitrary power, and I am free to acknowledge that I do not see altogether without anxiety some of the signs which, shadowed forth around us by weak imaginations with some, and irregular passion with others, are producing founders and followers of strange doctrines, whose tendencies it is easier to perceive than it is to account for their origin and progress; but they will find their remedy, not in legislation, but in a sound religious opinion, whether they inculcate an appeal to God by means of stocks, and stones, and rappings (the latest and most ridiculous experiment upon human credulity), or whether they seek to pervert the Scriptures to the purposes of their libidinous passions, by destroying that safeguard of religion and social order, the institution of marriage, and by leading lives of unrestrained intercourse,—thus making proselytes to a miserable imposture, unworthy of our nature, by the temptations of unbridled lust. This same trial was made in Germany some three centuries ago, in a period of strange abominations, and failed. It will fail here. Where the Word of God is free to all, no such vile doctrine can permanently establish itself.

This is a genuine though indirect recognition of individual sovereignty; and, while marred by a few ungentelemanly flings at what the speaker obviously does not understand, it is as much above the puny and miserable suppression doctrines of Mr. Greeley—the sickly relics of the dark ages—as the nineteenth century is in advance of the twelfth.

By my reference to Dr. Bethune, it is but justice to say that I have no reason to doubt that he, too, is honest in his statement of the doctrine of religious freedom, and that he would, in practice, recognize my right to live with three women, if my conscience approved, as readily and heartily as he would contend for the right to read the Protestant Bible at Florence. If not, I hope he will take an opportunity to restate his position. I needed a lengthened discussion, as I said, not only to express my own ideas, but also to find where others actually stand upon this most vital question,—the legitimate limit of human freedom. But such discussions, carried on with the dauntless intrepidity of truth-seeking, are not for the columns of the "Tribune." The readers of that journal must be kept in the dark. I submit, and await the establishment of another organ. Meantime, those who may chance to become interested in a more thorough exhibit of principles stated or adverted to in these pages are referred to "Equitable Commerce" and "Practical Details in Equitable Commerce," by JOSIAH WARREN, and "The Science of Society," by myself, published by Fowlers & Wells, New York,* and John Chapman, London, which I take this opportunity thus publicly to advertise, since the newspaper press generally declines to notice them, and to such other works as may be hereafter announced on the subject.

STEPHEN PEARL ANDREWS.

NEW YORK, APRIL, 1853.

DISCUSSION.

I.

MR. JAMES'S REPLY TO THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Please allow me the hospitality of your paper to right myself with the New York "Observer," and so add to the many obligations I already owe you.

Yours truly,

H. JAMES.

NOVEMBER 15.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOV. 13, 1852.

To the Editor of the New York Observer:

An article in your paper of today does me so much injustice that I cannot afford to let it pass unnoticed.

The drift of your assault is to charge me with hostility to the marriage institution. This charge is so far from being true that I have invariably aimed to advance the honor of marriage by seeking to free it from certain purely arbitrary and conventional obstructions in reference to divorce.

To be continued.

A Communistic Trap.

[Galveston News.]

The strike of the engineers on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railway suggests to the New York "Commercial Advertiser" that "both the railroad companies and their employees distinctly owe it to the public to maintain the service without interruption." Upon the basis of the franchise the "Advertiser" asserts that this service has been paid for by the public. Now, strictly reasoning, where does the employee come in? His situation is not guaranteed to him. His wages are the compensation for his services. Where he has no claim, what obligation can he have? Just a common human obligation, as in hundreds of other relations, not wantonly to cause loss and inconvenience to other people. Transportation has a circumstantial importance, but really all service suddenly interrupted, whether in transportation or in other business, means loss and discomfort to blameless parties. Shall the conspicuous result in railroad business cause a deviation from the sound theory of contract, and in reduce a *régime* of status under government control? If so, the tendency will be to such status superseding free contract in other business. The factories must not stop. The newspapers must not stop. The hotel dinners must not remain uncooked or unserved.

If it were settled that the inconvenience of strikes must be borne until contract and mutual interest bring a just remedy, there would at least be an implied certainty that the remedy would not be worse than the evil complained of. The country could perhaps stand control of railroads as well as prohibition of drinking saloons, but it lies in the genius and momentum of those methods that the application of authority cannot stop there. On the Jeffersonian theory authority is never to be exercised as a substitute for contract. If this were understood and adhered to by all, there would be little delay in anticipating the inevitable and making the employees of transportation companies such contract offers as would induce them to stay at work or give and accept notice. The companies can arrange all this better than the government. They will arrange it after certain experience. The hope of government control to be introduced is cherished by State Socialists among the members of trades unions. They will do much to create the apparent necessity. For this end they delight in strikes, and then their leaders proclaim their remedy,—government ownership. Some impartial and able newspapers fall into the Communistic trap.

A Plea for Liberty in Preference to Paternal Government.

[Tidy in Canadian Labor Reformer.]

I noticed in the "Canadian Labor Reformer" of February 11, 1888, a contribution, signed C. H. S., under the title of "Some Lies," from the pen of a Knight of Labor. Being myself a member of that important Order, I solicit a small space in your valuable paper to express views somewhat different from your contributor's.

C. H. S. endeavors to define "Socialism" and "Individualism," endorsing for himself and our organization the first of these principles and bitterly denouncing the last.

After having given Worcester's and Chambers's Encyclopedias' definitions of Socialism, he continues by stating:

Perhaps, however, the idea is better grasped when one contrasts it with the opposite, "Individualism," upon which our present system is based. "Individualism" says "competition," "Socialism" says "cooperation." The former has as a rule, "Everybody for himself and the devil for the hindmost"; the latter has also a rule, "Each for all; bear one another's burdens." The motto of one is, "Survival of the fittest"; that of the other is, "The greatest happiness for the greatest number." The one is the heathen principle, the other is the Christian. It is because "Individualism" has been tried and found sadly wanting, that the people are beginning to see that it has produced the despotism, the slavery, the classes, monopoly and wage system, etc.

I hold that our present system of society is NOT based on Individualism or self-government, and that the crimes which C. H. S. enumerates are not to be charged to that principle.

The wretched state of our society is to be traced to organizations, coöperations, corporations, and centralizations of power, which systems were born from State governments and churches. State governments and churches have framed laws diametrically opposed to the immutable laws of nature. By so doing they have inculcated in our minds prejudices and superstitions which, in the long run of ages, have so distorted our mental and physical natures that we have come to believe ourselves incapable of doing right unless fettered on all sides by temporal and spiritual laws.

Surely such a state of things cannot emanate from the principles of Individualism? We have not developed ourselves into what we are at present. Governmental and spiritual laws, as well as coercive measures, have divided mankind into two camps, viz.: the wealthy, independent minority, *born from governments* and protected by the same; and a poor, disinherited majority upon which governments have heaped endless duties to perform, endless laws to obey, endless miseries to endure. This poor, unfortunate majority must toil and labor and produce all the wealth into which kings, priests, aristocrats, State governments, church governments, and their satellites of political and religious leeches are swimming. We are the creatures of organization and centralization of power! Individualism has never had a footing in our modern civilization.

We are hungering just now to grasp a plank and save ourselves from the ruthless waves of capital and monopolies. We have, at last, learned that we are not what we might be, and the knowledge of our abnormal condition is half the road to the object we have in view. That Socialism, as described by C. H. S., i. e., State and association Socialism, shall ever level all classes in society is more than I can foresee. That Individualism or self-government is the only means of emancipating ourselves seems to me a more logical conclusion. My thoughts, for many, many a year, have dwelt on that vital question. My heart would ever lean towards associations, brotherly love, each for all and all for each; but my reason would bring the heart to the bar of justice and bid it to show reasons why it should not be declared guilty of assumption.

Socialism or collectivism can never attain the object for which we are striving. Individualism or self-government alone contains in itself the elements required to readjust the equilibrium in our own selves and in society. We must have liberty first; order will follow. Not until the individual is free from prejudices, superstitions, and anti-natural laws can any fraternal associations be successful. The individual cannot do right so long as he is compelled to do a *certain thing which the laws call right*, but which is only the right of the strongest. Give him freedom to choose between right and wrong; remove all burdens under which he may bend; unfetter him completely,—and he will have to do *what is right*, because, according to the laws of nature, right and wrong will ever react on the doer. Although confusion might be the immediate result of individual freedom, yet the following and ultimate results will assert the inevitable equilibrium.

Brotherly love is a sweet and magnificent ideal, but it can never be either felt or bestowed until the individual is "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

The great French Revolution inscribed the immortal motto: "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*."

LIBERTY first—without it, *Equality* is an empty word! Both together, those two principles must bring forth the third one; and then, "*Consummation est*."

Socialists of the school of C. H. S. put me in mind of an effort being made to establish a republican form of government over a people of entirely royalistic aspirations. How long could such a system last over such a people? There can be no republic without republicans. I consider that our labor organizations are schools tending to develop our individuality, i. e., to reform ourselves and enable us to stand by our birth-rights. When this object is reached, then will tyrants pass away. No supply of slaves means no supply of masters. Self-reliance means strength. Protection implies weakness. Union is strength for the strong, but it is disastrous to the weak.

Regarding the allusion of C. H. S. to the principle of the "survival of the fittest," or adaptation of the individual to surroundings, and also the principle of competition which he denounces so vehemently, I beg to call his attention to "Darwin's Natural Selection," regarding the plumage of cock birds. Those forces have brought about and developed in birds that magnificence in plumage and strength of body of which they seem to be so proud. The beautiful, the powerful, the happy ones have become the largest number.

Instead of contemplating merely the means by which our weaker brothers may be relieved from their misery and poverty, we ought also to devise the safest operations by which misery, poverty, infirmities, and weaknesses may be removed from society. While we must help and comfort those poor, disinherited brothers, we must, at the same time, deliberately strike at its root and kill the germ.

* "The Science of Society" is now published by Sarah E. Holmes, Box 3366, Boston, Mass.

A Prophecy in Course of Fulfillment.

So far as I am aware, Comrade Yarros does not claim to be a prophet or the son of a prophet, but it certainly looks very much as if a prediction that he made last summer were being rapidly fulfilled. In an editorial entitled "On the Road to Anarchy" and treating of a lecture by Wordsworth Donisthorpe a report of which had appeared in "Jus" (then purporting to be the organ of the Liberty and Property Defence League), Mr. Yarros said:

It is evident that Mr. Donisthorpe cannot be long in reaching Anarchy. For him there is no alternative. But the "noble" sons of the thieves and pirates who "conquered" and enslaved the people of the United Kingdom, constituting the robbery-property and impunity-liberty defence league, should be given warning. They who want liberty to still further crush and oppress the people; liberty to enjoy their plunder without fear of the State's interfering with them; liberty to coerce Ireland; liberty to summarily deal with impudent tenants who refuse to pay tribute for the privilege of living and working on the soil,—these should beware of such friends as Mr. Donisthorpe. He is not safe.

I do not know whether Mr. Donisthorpe is directly connected with the editorial control of "Jus." At any rate, he seems to be closely identified with its position. In that view of the matter, the following leading editorial from "Jus" of March 23 offers a very striking parallel to Mr. Yarros's paragraph. And in any view of the matter, it affords most encouraging evidence of the progress of ideas and the influence of reason.

"JUS" AND THE LEAGUE.

"LIBERTY AND PROPERTY." The phrase sounds well enough, and the principles involved are sound and well worth fighting for. But, like all other abstract terms, liberty and property require defining, and different persons impose different meanings upon them. For this reason, probably, a party basing its political action upon individualist principles would have done well not to have chosen as its descriptive title the name "Liberty and Property Defence League." Whatever its motives and aims may be, it is certain that the League is extremely unpopular among working-class audiences. Not that English workmen are at heart opposed either to liberty or to property. Far from it. But they are distinctly opposed to property as understood by those whose real object is the bolstering up of privilege. Again, the liberty of the slave-owner to whack his own nigger without fearing the inconvenient interference of the State is a liberty with which ordinary Englishmen have little sympathy. Now the League is credited, justly or unjustly, with a lively respect for the liberty of the wolf to devour the lamb, and a cynical admission of the equal right of the lamb to devour the wolf. Somehow the British wage-slave cannot share the League's supposed zeal for this kind of liberty. He feels there is something wrong about it somewhere.

Then the property which the League is said to defend sometimes resembles the legal title of the trustee to the trust estate. Ordinary mortals are inclined to take the equitable view of the case, and to hold that the *cestui que trust* is really the proprietor, whatever nonsense the law may talk for purely technical convenience. When the trustees of charitable funds prate about the rights of property, as soon as the public requires them to devote the income to the uses originally intended, the League is suspected of sympathizing with them. When the spiritual tax-gatherer—called euphemistically the ecclesiastical tithe-owner—claims the tax as his own private property, or as the property of an effete State department, of which he is a paid official, the League will not, it is said, allow the tax-gatherer's proprietary rights to be called in question. Is he not the tithe-owner? It is ominously whispered, too, that the interest taken in the League by successive Lord Mayors of London is not unconnected with the alleged proprietary rights of the City Corporation. Again, some of the "interests" federated with the League use brave words about the freedom of the Briton to drink when he likes, what he likes, and where he likes; but when he happens to choose to drink pure beer in a workmen's club after licensing hours, all is changed, and these quondam lovers of liberty take the initiative in hounding on the State to intervene, and to crush out the workingman's liberty for the sake of the liquor monopolists. Besides all this, the ordinary citizen cannot for the life of him see why brewers and gin-palace keepers should be imbued with the "spirit of divinest liberty" in larger proportion than other people. *Prima facie* there does not seem to be anything in common between potato spirit and the spirit which Coleridge adored with such deep worship. Scepticism creeps in. It has been admitted by members of trade-associations federated with the League that their societies subscribe to that organization by way of retainer for the services of certain well-known and able peers; and that, if these peers retired from the League, the connection of their societies would also cease. These gentlemen's zeal for liberty is such that they ingenuously credit honorable members of the House of Lords with basing their legislative action on motives as sordid and self-in-

terested as their own. When railway companies plead for liberty to make what bargains they like with their customers, but oppose tooth and nail the liberty of new companies to pay dividends out of capital during construction, what interpretation can outsiders put upon such advocacy?

Again, people are asking one another, Why all this fuss about the State-violation of land contracts, but never a word about the State-violation of personal liberty in matters religious, moral, and medical? How much credit is due to the League for the repeal of the iniquitous and foolish Contagious Diseases Act? What has it done towards repealing the compulsory clause of the Vaccination Act? Are we indebted to the League for the present position of the Oaths Question? Above all, what word has the League, as a body, uttered on behalf of freedom of thought? The Disestablishment agitation rose and fell two years ago, but the League was dumb.

"Jus" has from first to last spoken out frankly and unequivocally against State-backed religion. And for this reason it has been boycotted by an influential section of the Liberty and Property Defence League. It is true that "Jus" is represented on the Council of that body; but the position seems to be a false one. Half-hearted and one-sided individualism is not the doctrine we have set ourselves to preach. If the doctrine is good for anything, it is good for everything. A body which flaunts the flag only on suitable occasions, when the rich, the strong, and the privileged may benefit by the adoption of the principle, but which remains silent when it cuts the other way, cannot be expected to welcome an organ of the press which positively declines to stoop to political dodgery. If it is true, as its enemies declare, that the League has got into the hands of large landowners, who intend to square individualism with hereditary legislative privilege, with strict settlements and bolstered-up families and estates, and with State-fomented superstition for the degradation and enchainment of the people,—well, the sooner it speaks out clearly the better. Anyhow, "Jus" will not hesitate. If the League has really made up its mind to pervert the noble principles of liberty and property to ignoble uses, it will do well to dispense with an organ of the press altogether. Diplomacy and duplicity and chicanery and insincerity and hypocrisy are more suited to the platform than to the press. "O, that mine enemy would write a book," is the wish of one who knows his enemy to be dishonest. The honest have nothing to fear from writing a book. Similarly, the society which fears to commit its present contentions to print tacitly admits that it may be convenient to express the contrary views tomorrow. It is rash to trumpet its own inconsistency. If the League sinks again into silence, its attitude will not be misconstrued. It has turned its back on the Individualist Club from its earliest foundation, and working-class individualists understand the reason. If the League survives the calumnies of its enemies, as we trust it will, it will also have to survive the counsels of some of its friends.

Postscript.—The above was in type when a still later issue of "Jus" arrived, announcing itself, I grieve to say, as the last to appear. There are not more than two papers on Liberty's exchange list which the cause of Liberty could not have better spared. It is now made plain that Mr. Donisthorpe was the editor. I must make space in this issue for the noble editorial with which he bids his readers farewell. In it he completes the fulfillment of Mr. Yarros's prophecy, as will be seen by the words which I italicize. It is comforting to think that, as this good ship went down, like that other unfortunate craft, the "Radical Review" of my good friends and comrades, the Schumms, it nailed to its mast-head colors more unmistakable than ever, and thus made its death even more glorious than its life.

A LAST WORD.

For the State is mindful of its own, and it remembereth its children. Our Father, the all-wise, the omnipotent State, has watched over us for generations. What has it done for us? It has made poor-laws, and thus brought into existence an army of one hundred and seventy thousand tramps, creeping like lice over the surface of the land. It has suppressed the healthy recreations of the people, and driven them to dens of drink and vice, where they spend eighty millions of their hard-earned wages in trying to get some enjoyment out of life. By its inexorable law of practically indissoluble marriage, it has brought into existence a huge army of prostitutes and perpetuated the scourge of Tyre. It has permitted its children for a generation to spread the loathsome disease smallpox by inoculation, and then it has compelled them to keep it alive by vaccination. It has stamped out improvements in sanitation by its compulsory sewage-system, thus propagating the germs of typhoid and cholera. By its inopportune interference between the workers and their employers, it has stereotyped a moribund system of wagedom, and set back the enfranchisement of labor for generations. It has stifled the electric light, the telephone, and all the latest and greatest inventions. It has artificially bolstered up unwieldy estates and clogged the wheels of agriculture. It has raised the cost of transport one hundred per cent. by the creation of monster monopolies, strangling all competition with the post office, and with State-coddled and State-bullied railway companies, water companies, gas companies, etc. It has

well-nigh crushed out the healthy and natural system of education which has already put England at the head of the nations, and made an Englishman the most valuable worker to be found in the market. Finally, by its idiotic restrictions on coöperative enterprise,—its law of partnerships and of joint stock companies,—it has diverted millions upon millions of capital from prudent and productive investments into the unproductive coffers of an extravagant State.

It has done many other equally wise and paternal things, and it is on the high road to a great many more. Where is the Saviour of Society? Can any one stave off the impending evil? Must we sink beneath the wave of Socialism which is threatening all the civilized nations of the earth? The people? No, they desire it. Their representatives in the House of Commons? No; they have to buy their positions by pandering to the most numerous section of the constituencies. The Second Chamber? No; they are trembling for their privileges, and must buy off the enemy by throwing sop to the masses. Are there no influential leaders of men who will come to the rescue? Alas! those upon whom we could rely have given themselves over to a policy of despair. Lord Derby writes to us: "The tendency of the present age to increase the functions of government is, I believe, irresistible. It is open to great objection; but only experience will teach the public what its faults are. New classes are in possession of power, and they will not easily be persuaded that it is possible for them to make a bad use of it. Time alone can teach them." Again, speaking of the individualist movement, Lord Bramwell writes to us: "I always despaired of it. People will not interest themselves in an abstract idea. You must have a definite specific object." Can the Liberty and Property Defence League reverse the wheels? We did hope so. A great field of usefulness was open to it. Five years ago much might have been effected by taking its stand on the principle, the whole principle, and nothing but the principle, and by adopting bold and far-reaching methods. Now, perhaps, it is too late. The League seems to be fast degenerating into a sort of Harassed Interests Defence League. We cannot fairly charge it with having done those things which it ought not to have done; but it has unquestionably left undone many things which it ought to have done, and there is no health in it. We ourselves have fought hard, but without success. The editor of "Jus," in retiring from the Council of the League, simultaneously resigns the editorship of this paper. We may have been misconstrued, and we may have failed to make our position clear; therefore, before retiring, it may be well to state in precise terms our attitude with respect to political questions now before the public or within range. *We hold that the society of the remote future will be held together on the principle of absolute philosophical Anarchy*, but that at present we are passing through a transitional period, in which we are continually subject to Socialistic relapses. At this particular time the attack is a severe one. We shall not touch the bottom until we have universal (male and female) suffrage; and the sooner we touch the bottom the better. It is always well to know the worst. Democratic Socialism is no worse than aristocratic Socialism; in some respects the tyranny of the many is less odious, in other respects it is more hateful, than the tyranny of the few. In order to justify our action in combating the one, we must loyally sweep away the other. State-religion must go. The Church, as such, must be disestablished and disendowed; but the clergy of the Church must not be despoiled to the extent of a penny-piece. The Second Chamber must be supported as a legislative Court of Appeal; but it must be purged of the bishops, and the hereditary principle must gradually make way for modern arrangements. Neither should the metallic principle continue to prevail in the Lower House. Members should be paid for their services, but not at the expense of those who would prefer to see them hanged. Every member of Parliament should be paid what he is worth by his own constituents. Legislation is not required for that.

With regard to the duties of government or the functions of the State, we are in favor of curtailing the scope, while insisting on the more rigorous fulfilment of the remainder. Thus the starving of our defensive forces (army and navy) seems to be a source not only of weakness, but of expense in the long-run. Also, there seems to be too much parsimony in the maintenance of our judicial system; our judges are too few in number; they are ill-paid and overworked. All this is mistaken economy. Justice should be certain, cheap, speedy, and accessible. It is at present none of these. While crimes go unpunished, while honest citizens put up with injuries rather than appeal to the law, the State, the Father of the people, is occupied in reading through all the comedies and burlesques brought out in the London and provincial theatres; it is running after little boys who dare to play pitch-furthing; it is peeping through the chinks in the shutters of public-houses to see that no capable citizen has a glass of beer at the wrong hour; it is going on sledging expeditions to the North Pole or yachting trips in the Antarctic Ocean; it is prescribing cab fares and boat fares; it is holding spelling-bees for fishermen; it is mixing wholesome "squashes" for the operatives in lead works; it is scouring the firmament for new asteroids; it is writing suitable poetry on the landing of foreign princes on British soil; it is polluting our principal rivers with sewage, and persecuting other people for fishing in the close time. Above all, it is inspecting every-

body and everything, with the result that things are very much as before,—all but the bill, which has to be paid for the inspection. Let but the State mind its own business thoroughly and exclusively, and the cooperation of sane citizens will accomplish the rest. "Jus" will not appear again.

Cranky Notions.

Comrade Holmes did have such a conversation with me as he states; but because his position is such as I stated in No. 13 is the very reason why the Communist-Anarchists should cease using the word "Communist." Some Anarchists may believe in the medical school of homoeopathy and others in allopathy, but that is no reason why they should call themselves homoeopathic-Anarchists or allopathic-Anarchists. Those who have become familiar with the fundamental principle of Anarchy should know that there is no qualification to the term "Anarchy" necessary. It is immaterial whether one be a Communist or an individualist so long as he be an Anarchist. Anarchy, as I see it, admits of any kind of organization, so long as membership is not compulsory. Give us Anarchy,—freedom to those who desire freedom,—and I presume no one will object to any number of persons going by themselves and being ruled by a despot if they so wish.

When I proposed a conference of Anarchists in Detroit next summer, I anticipated the very objections made by Comrade Tucker. Now, supposing it did cost four hundred dollars, or even a thousand dollars, would not such a conference and the discussions had in it and the principles agreed upon by it get a larger circulation through the Associated Press and other channels than could possibly be got in any other way? What is necessary, it seems to me, is to keep the newspapers talking about Anarchy and having the public mind directed towards it. A conference such as I suggest will in my opinion give Anarchy a much better advertisement and advancement than the cost of it would directed in any other channel.

Edward Bellamy in "Looking Backward" has painted just about such a picture of the future as others have painted before him, but, unfortunately for his fancy picture, the fact is that wherever government steps in to control industry and social relations the tendency is in the opposite direction of Mr. Bellamy's civilization of the twenty-first century. I wonder if the "State control" craze has much longer to run?

When Comrade Tucker considers that his presumption is erroneous when he says I presumably did not refer to patents in classing machinery as a monopoly, he will see how impossible it is to discard machinery from my classification. The most popular classification of monopolies is "land, money, and transportation"; but "land, money, and machinery" seems to me to be a better classification, because transportation is made by machinery, and there is but a small portion of the total amount of machinery used in transportation. The place for the patent office and all its appurtenances is the bottom of the ocean.

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

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Vol. V.—No. 19.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1888.

Whole No. 123.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

London "Freedom" brings the report that "Jus" is likely to be revived as an Individualist Anarchist paper. If the movement to this end proves successful, it will be the most cheering event to Anarchists chronicled in these columns for a long time. "Jus," freed from the restraints by which it was always hampered, would be a power in England. There is no better soil for Anarchistic seed.

At the end of a protest against the addition of the higher branches of education to the curriculum of the public schools, the Winsted "Press" says: "The common district school thoroughly well conducted is good enough for common folks. Let the uncommon folks have uncommon schools and pay for them." True enough; but, if common folks should not be made to pay for uncommon schools, why should uncommon folks be made to pay for common schools?

Judging from indications, "Honesty" will not much longer enjoy the distinction of being the only Anarchistic journal in Australia. The "Australian Radical," published in Hamilton and edited by W. R. Winspear, which, if I mistake not, has heretofore leaned strongly toward State Socialism, gives unquestionable signs of a reversal of its attitude. In its first number of the enlarged and improved form recently adopted it squarely favors the Anarchistic solution of the land question, antagonizing both the State Socialists and Henry George, and it would seem that the editor must soon follow the logic of liberty to the end.

In the "Standard" of April 14 Henry George says: "The real reason why I got sixty-eight thousand votes for mayor of New York in 1886 and only thirty-seven thousand votes in the same city in 1887 was that in the one case, owing to the pledge of votes with which I entered the contest, it was believed that I might be elected, and that in the other case not even the most sanguine could pretend that I had the slightest chance." [Italics mine.] Then you lied, did you, Henry George, when all through your last campaign you persistently told the voters that you stood a good fighting chance of election, and at any rate would poll a vote dangerously near a plurality?

From San Francisco comes the first number of a paper called the "Commonwealth," published in the interest of the Kaweah Coöperative Colony. The moving spirit in this colonial enterprise and the editor of the paper seems to be Burnette G. Haskell. Knowledge of this fact is all that is necessary to keep persons who know Haskell, and who value their lives, possessions, and reputations, aloof from the colony. Other persons should be informed that Haskell is a consummate scoundrel, with whom it is highly dangerous to have any dealings, as he will stop at the commission of no crime, provided he can reap the advantages and make others take the risk.

The "American Idea" is surprised that I describe it as Anarchistic, but does not reject the name. It simply restates its political views, and says that, if these views are Anarchistic, then it stands on an Anarchistic platform. These views, briefly summarized, are that there should be no government save over those who

either cannot or will not govern themselves; in other words, that the only function of government is to restrain insane persons and criminals. Not discussing here whether government is the proper name for this function, I will ask the "American Idea" a single question: Should the cost of such restraint be met by compulsory taxation or voluntary contribution? The answer to this question will decide whether I was justified in claiming my Missouri contemporary as "a new Anarchistic ally."

Observant readers of "Lucifer" for the last few months have not failed to notice that E. C. Walker, though nominally connected with the paper, has practically disappeared from its columns as a writer. Those who have also noticed the championship of reactionary and superficial measures to which the senior editor, Mr. Harman, has given himself have not been at a loss to account for Mr. Walker's conduct. They must also have regretted its necessity, for Mr. Walker's writings have always been the paper's chief attraction. Now they will be surprised and glad to learn that he is about to publish a paper of his own. On May 12 will appear the first number of "Fair Play," which he will issue fortnightly from Valley Falls, Kansas. It will have eight pages, something more than half the size of Liberty, and the subscription price will be fifty cents per year. Let it have a generous send-off.

Those who criticise the Anarchists' Club for appointing a chairman from whose decisions there shall be no appeal on the ground that such a course is inconsistent with the teachings of Josiah Warren show thereby that they understand as little as a babe unborn what that philosopher really taught. No point was insisted on more strenuously both by Warren and by Stephen Pearl Andrews (whom one of these critics describes as Warren's "formulator") than that, in all undertakings requiring the coöperation of two or more individuals, an essential of efficient work is an individual leader from whose decisions no appeal can be taken save by secession. Appeal by secession is recognized in the constitution of the Anarchists' Club. Far from acting in violation of Warren's teachings, those who formed the Club acted directly in obedience thereto. The critics who charge them with inconsistency on this score are for the most part men whose determination to criticise puts them under the necessity of finding something upon which to exercise that determination.

When it first became necessary to distinguish between Communistic Anarchists and Individualistic Anarchists, somebody or other gave the latter the name, philosophic Anarchists. It stuck, and on the lips of the Communists even became an appellation of derision; so that now, when a Communist desires to be particularly severe on an Individualist, he calls him a philosophic Anarchist. How the Communists must feel, then, at the thought of Phillips Thompson, the labor lecturer, expounding the doctrines of Kropotkin, and summarizing his "Paroles d'un Révolté," on the platform, under the title "Philosophic Anarchism"! This is really unkind. And it is hard on the Individualists, too. Not only have they been forced to share with others the name which they were the first to assume, Anarchism, but now they must share also with others the distinguishing adjective, philosophic. People who have squeamish fancies about the enslaving influence of party names need be in no hurry on that account to bolt our party, for at this rate it will soon be nameless.

I expected to share with the readers of this number of Liberty the joy of an announcement that E. C. Walker and the Harmans were out of the clutches of the Comstock gang, for such at one time seemed to be the case. On motion of their counsel, the indictments against them were quashed by the court on the ground that the objectionable passages were not set out in them. But the report of this action was speedily counteracted by the further news that the district attorney, being obstinately determined on the defendants' downfall, had secured their indictment a second time, in face of the fact that nearly one hundred and fifty citizens of Valley Falls petitioned for an abandonment of the prosecution. My latest information is that the defendants were summoned to Topeka last Monday to give bail, but hoped to secure a postponement of the trial till next Fall. These additional legal proceedings will no doubt entail new and large expenses, and all who value free discussion should rally promptly to the protection of our persecuted comrades. Contributions may be sent to E. C. Walker, Valley Falls, Kansas.

Lucien V. Pinney issued the final number of the Winsted "Press" on April 12. It is a unique journalistic document, and I shall preserve a copy as a memento. Every line upon its editorial page bears the imprint of a MAN. Discarding the editorial "we" for the individual I, he reviews the career of the paper, the causes it has stood for, the opinions it has championed, revises the opinions somewhat, damns the public as it deserves, pays tribute of thanks to his helpers and friends, extends some decidedly left-handed compliments to his successors, refuses to offer any regrets, promises to be heard from again "in some quarter with more or less emphasis," and, instead of saying Good-bye, says "Good Night, as one who is coming on the morrow with the rising sun to say Good Morning." Of this revelation of himself to the public the most significant feature to the readers of Liberty is his confession that he is uncertain whether to classify himself as an Anarchist or a State Socialist, and so remains unclassified and expectant, awaiting further developments. No one is more anxious than I to see him again a public influence; still, if he will not scorn a word of advice, I will recommend him to pass his season of retirement in finding out exactly where he stands so that his influence may not be impaired by inconsistencies. But, whether his paper has been consistent or not, I can truthfully say of it as he himself says of it: "I don't believe there was ever such another paper as this one published in Winsted, or in Connecticut either, and I doubt if there ever will be. And all the pimps, and purists, and canting moralists, and scandal mongers, and chronic hypocrites,—all the tomnoddies and toads in the community will rise up and say: 'No, I hope not.'"

The Reporter's Peculiar Retina.

[Burlington Justice.]

When a merchant on change wipes his brow with a red bandanna, or a dude shows the corner of one out of his side pockets, it is described—if spoken of at all—as a red silk handkerchief. But if the same piece of dry goods appears around the neck of a laboring man or at the end of a stick, it is called BLOOD-RED. Ushers at a fashionable gathering may wear red badges, but the same badges at a labor meeting or an anti-poverty assemblage are always "blood-red." These differences of nomenclature for one and the same shade are the result of the peculiar construction of the retina in the newspaper reporter's eye. The moral press has no job for a reporter with a normal eye.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,

AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

MR. JAMES'S REPLY TO THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

Continued from No. 122.

For example, I have always argued against Mr. Greeley that it was not essential to the honor of marriage that two persons should be compelled to live together when they held the reciprocal relation of dog and cat, and that in that state of things divorce might profitably intervene, provided the parties guaranteed the State against the charge of their offspring. I have very earnestly, and, as it appears to me, very unanswerably, contended for a greater freedom of divorce on these grounds, in the columns of the "Tribune," some years since; but I had no idea that I was thus weakening the respect of marriage. I seemed to myself to be plainly strengthening it, by removing purely arbitrary and damaging obstructions. The existing difficulty of divorce is one of those obstructions. You will not pretend to say that the legislative sanction of divorce now existing discharges the marriage rite of respect? How, then, shall any enlargement of that sanction which I propose avail to do so? Is it possible that a person exposed to the civilizing influences of a large city like this so long as you have been should see no other security for the faithful union of husband and wife than that which dates from the police office? I can not believe it. You must know many married partners, if you have been even ordinarily fortunate in your company, who, if the marriage institution were formally abolished tomorrow, would instantly annul that legal abolition again by the unswerving constancy of their hearts and lives.

No man has a more cordial, nor, as I conceive, a more enlightened respect for marriage than I have, whether it be regarded, 1st, as a beautiful and very perfect symbol of religious or metaphysical truth, or, 2d, as an independent social institution. I have fully shown its claim for respect on both these grounds in a number of the "Tribune" which you quoted at the time, but which it serves your dishonest instincts now to overlook. You probably are indifferent to the subject in its higher and primary point of view, but your present article proves that you have some regard for it in its social aspects. If you regard marriage, then, as a social institution, you will, of course, allow that its value depends altogether upon the uses it promotes. If these uses are salutary, the institution is honorable. If, on the contrary, they are mischievous, the institution is deplorable. Now, no one charges that the legitimate uses of the marriage institution are otherwise than good. But a social institution, whose uses are intrinsically good, may be very badly administered, and so produce mischief. This, I allege, is the case with the marriage institution. It is not administered livingly, or with reference to the present need of society, but only traditionally, or with reference to some wholly past state of society. In a disorderly condition of society, like that from which we have for the last two centuries been slowly emerging, men of wealth and power, men of violence and intrigue, would have laughed at the sacred affections, and rendered the family security nugatory, had not society fortified marriage by the most stringent safeguards. The still glaring inequality of the sexes, moreover, would have led kings and nobles into the most unrebuked licentiousness, and consequently into the most brutal contempt for woman, had not the politico-ecclesiastical régime almost utterly inhibited divorce. The elevation of woman in Christendom has thus been owing exclusively to a very rigid administration of the marriage institution in the earlier periods of our social history. But what man of wealth and power, what man of violence and intrigue, is there now to take away a man's wife from him? No doubt there is a very enormous clandestine violation of the marriage bond at the present time; careful observers do not hesitate to say an almost unequalled violation of it; but that is an evil which no positive legislation can prevent, because it is manifestly based upon a popular contempt for the present indolent and vicious administration of the law. The only possible chance for correcting it depends, as I have uniformly insisted, upon a change in that administration,—that is to say, upon freely legitimating divorce, within the limits of a complete guarantee to society against the support of offspring; because in that case you place the inducement to mutual fidelity no longer in the base legal bondage of the parties merely, but in their reciprocal inward sweetness or humanity. And this is an appeal which, when frankly and generously made, no man or woman will ever prove recreant to.

Again, in the "Tribune" article of last summer which you quote (or, rather, shamelessly misquote) it seemed to me the while that I was saying as good a word for marriage as had ever been said beneath the stars. I was writing, to be sure, upon a larger topic, and alluded to marriage only by way of illustration. But what I said about it then seems to me still completely true. And, true or untrue, why do you not cite me before your readers honestly? You allow your printer to turn the first quotation you make into sheer nonsense, and you so bedevil the second with ostentatious and minatory italics that a heedless reader will look upon the imbecile tumefaction as so much solid argument, and infer that any one who can provoke that amount of purely typographic malediction from a pious editor must needs be closely affiliated—you know where.

Now, as a matter of speculation merely, why should you desire to prejudice me before the community? I am a humble individual, without any influence to commend my ideas to public acceptance, apart from their intrinsic truth. And if, as you allege, my desire and aim be to destroy the marriage institution, I am at least not so foolish as to attempt that labor by a mere exhibition of will. I must have adduced some colorable reasons for its destruction. Will you be good enough to tell me where I have exhibited these reasons? Or, failing to do so, will you be good enough to confess yourself a defeated trickster, unworthy the companionship of honest men?

Doubtless, Mr. Editor, you address an easy, good-natured audience, who do not care to scan too nicely the stagnant slipslop which your weekly ladle deals out to them. But the large public perfectly appreciates your flimsy zeal for righteousness. Every reasonable man knows that, if I assail a cherished institution without the exhibition of valid reasons, I alone must prove the sufferer, and that immediately. Every such person therefore suspects, when a pious editor goes out of his way to insult me for this imputed offence, that his apparent motive is only a mask to some more real and covert one. And this suspicion would be palpably just in the present instance. You are by no means concerned about any hostility, real or imaginary, which I or any other person may exhibit toward the marriage institution. I do you the justice, on the contrary, to believe that you would only be too happy to find me and all your other fancied enemies "bringing up"—to

use your own choice expression—"against the seventh commandment." But my benevolence, at least, is quite too weak to afford you that gratification. Naturalists tell us that the sepia, or cuttle-fish, when pursued, is in the habit "of ejecting an inky fluid, which colors the adjacent waters so deeply as to afford it an easy means of escape." Now, science, in revealing to us the splendid analogies of nature, teaches us that the sepia, or cuttle-fish, of these watery latitudes is only an oblique or imperfect form of the tricky sectarian editor of higher ones: even as that tricky editor is himself only an oblique or imperfect prophecy of the integral MAN of still higher latitudes. Accordingly, if we take the trouble to explore the inky and deceptive puddle you have trajected in our path, we shall find that the origin of your ill-will lies very much behind that. We shall find that it lies altogether in the criticism which I have occasionally brought to bear upon that fossil and fatiguing Christianity, of which the "Observer" is so afflictive a type, and its editor so distinguished and disinterested a martyr. Indulge me with a few lines upon this topic.

Christianity, in its only real or vital apprehension, seems to me to imply a very perfect life for man, or one which safely disuses all professional knavery, as it is sure to disappoint all merely professional or private ambition. I have expressed, poorly enough I allow, my dawning conception of this majestic life. It is at last the veritable life of God in the soul of man, and one must celebrate it with stammering lips rather than be wholly silent. It runs through one's veins like new wine, and, if one's speech thereupon grew lyrical and babbling, it should rather be an argument of praise to the late-found and authentic Bacchus than of blame to his still unfashioned worshipper. I have tried to put this miraculous and divine wine into our old customary bottles, but the bottles pop, whiz, sputter, and crack so on every side, that my wife and children and servants laughingly protest that we shall have no rest short of absolutely new bottles. Now, these bottles admit of no private manufacture. They are so vast in compass, and so costly in material, that they claim all the resources and all the wit of society to fashion them. There is no harm, of course, in a patient citizen like me occasionally stirring up the pure mind of his brethren by way of remembrance, or indulging a word now and then upon the pattern the fabric should follow. Accordingly, I do drop an occasional word in the columns of the "Tribune," and would be happy to do the same in those of the "Observer," on this interesting topic: hinting how, as I conceive, our good old family bottle, conjugal bottle, and social bottle generally—might be destroyed?—not might be saved from destruction, renewed, regenerated, and reformed, by wise and timely legislation. I am happy to say, too, that my efforts seem to be taken in growing good part. Virtuous and genial Presbyterians even, as well as mere unregimented sinners, are beginning to express an interest in the attractive theme, and a hope of good fruit to come out of its seasonable agitation. For it is evident to every honest mind that, if our conjugal, parental, and social ties generally can be safely discharged of the purely diabolic element of outward force, they must instantly become transfigured by their own inward, divine, and irresistible loveliness.

Hinc illae lachrymæ! This is the open source of your tribulation, the palpable spring of your ineffectual venom. With the instinct unhappily of self-preservation, you perceive that, if our social relations once become orderly, not by constraint, but of an inherent and divine necessity, there will be a speedy end to the empire of cant and false pretension. For if a living piety once invade the human mind, a piety attuned to the ministries of science, a piety which celebrates God no longer as the mere traditional source of lapsed and contingent felicities, but as the present and palpable doer of divinest deeds,—such as feeding the starving hordes of the earth's population, clothing the naked, enlightening the ignorant, comforting the dejected, breaking the yoke of every oppression, cleansing the diseased conscience, banishing want, and sickness, and envy, and diffusing universal plenty, peace, and righteousness,—what, in Heaven's name, will become of that rapid piety which now exhales only in the form of selfish and mendicant supplication, or else of impudent interference with the privacies of other people's souls?

I have not yet had the pleasure of reading any of Mrs. Smith's publications, and can not, therefore, estimate your candor in associating her labors with mine. But inasmuch as I perceive from the newspapers that that well-intentioned lady is engaged in a very arduous crusade against the natural and obvious distinction of the sexes, the which distinction I meanwhile set great store by, I presume your good will in this instance to be as transparent as I have found it in others, and thank you accordingly.

As to your attempt to insinuate a community of purpose or tendency between myself and that ramification of your own religious body, known as the Oneida Perfectionists, I may safely leave it to the scorn of those among your readers who can estimate the cowardice which, in wanton disregard of a neighbor's good name, hints and insinuates the calumny it dares not boldly mouth. These men, as I learn from their own story, are *ultra*—that is to say, consistent—Calvinists, who have found in the bosom of the doctrines you yourself profess the logical warrant of the practices which you nevertheless condemn. From a conversation or two which I have had with some of their leading men, I judged them to be persons of great sincerity, but of deplorable fanaticism, who were driven to the lengths which you so sternly reprobate strictly because they exemplify what you do not,—a logical abandonment to their own religious convictions. I told them candidly that any man of common sense must give short shrift in his regard to a deity who elected men to the privilege of leading disorderly lives; but at the same time I saw that they were no way amenable to the tribunal of common sense. An unhappy religious fanaticism, the flowering of your own fundamental principles, has lifted them out of that wholesome judicature, and they must henceforth drift whithersoever the benignant powers—who, after all, are paramount in this world, spite of many "Observers"—will let them. But at the same time I must avow that these strenuous and unhandsome sectarists appeared to me far worthier of tender compassion than of brutal public vituperation. Honest, upright souls they seemed at bottom, though sadly misguided by an insane sense of duty, and delicate women were among them, too, full no doubt of woman's indestructible truth. They were fathers, and husbands, and brothers, like myself, disfigured, to be sure, by a morbid religious conscience, but no less capable of suffering on that account whatever I suffered. And so I could not help saying to myself how surely must errors like these involve this poor unprotected people in permanent popular disgrace, or what is worse, perhaps, provoke the fatal violence of a disgusting pharisaic mob; and how gladly, therefore, must good men of every name rather lessen than deepen the inevitable odium in which they stand! Accordingly it appears to me about as unmanly a sight as the sun now shines upon to see a great prosperous newspaper like the New York "Observer" gathering together the two wings of its hebdomadal flatulence, "secular" and "religious," for a doughty descent upon this starveling and harmless field-mouse!

And this reminds me, by the way, to adore the beautiful Nemesis—beautiful and dread!—which in every commotion of opinion infallibly drives you, and persons like you, into a significant clamor for the interests of the Seventh Commandment. Whence this special zeal, this supererogatory devotion to the interests of that institution? Have you, then, a fixed conviction that no man, however refined by God's culture and the elevation of our present social sentiment, could be exempted

from police regulation without instantly rushing into adultery? It would really seem so. But if that be your state of mind, it only furnishes another striking proof of the power which your friends the Socialists attribute to constraint in enhancing and inflaming the normal appreciation of sensual delights.

And here I drop my pen. I have used it freely to express the indignation which every true man must feel at seeing an eminent public station, like that of the editor of a religious newspaper, perverted to the wanton defamation of private character and the profligate obstruction of humane enterprise.

I am yours, etc.,

HENRY JAMES.

Then followed several communications between the "Observer" and Mr. James, which are omitted. Anything in them pertinent to this discussion is contained in the excerpts indicated by quotation marks.

To be continued.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

Continued from No. 122.

"Shut up before the hour! I protest," he exclaimed; "I'll enter a complaint."

Garousse threw him aside, and in a furious voice shouted:

"Hold! You really worry me. Stand off, or this time I strike."

Jean drew back into the axis of the parapet, and, stretching out his arms, still barred the passage.

"Ah! Monsieur 'sh angry," said he, in a tone of irony. "Excuse me! Monsieur then prefers water t' wine, like the Grand Turk! Ash you please, sultan, and so much th' worse if you don't know how t' swim. You'll be put in the Morgue. . . and in the newspapers, with all the honors due your rank."

The duke shivered as if the cold marble had just touched him. Exposed on the slab, paraded in the press, he! Oh! He had not thought of this outrage upon suicides, of these dregs of the cup.

Jean, seeing that he wavered, redoubled his moral death-dance, and, striking his forehead, cried:

"Stop! I have egzhactly your story in my sack."

"My story?" said Garousse, surprised.

"In black and white and in the 'Officiel.' Precisely that!" replied the rag-picker.

"In the 'Officiel'? It isn't possible," exclaimed Garousse, sitting down again.

"Let us look at it; can you read?"

"A little, my nevvie," answered Jean, confidently.

He handed his lantern to Garousse and drew from his sack a bit of newspaper.

"Yes," said he, "I read this while I was drinkin' over there at th' inn; I should have got tipsy, as you say, if they hadn't passed me back the drunkard's glass 'thout rinsing it; thash why I preach t' you so well. Listen:

"ANOTHER SUICIDE."

He interrupted himself to attend to the charred wick of his candle.

"Snuff yourself," said he. "I can't see a thing."

And he continued slowly, reading without slurring his words, stammering:

"A man in the prime of life has just been taken from the Seine and carried to the Morgue. He should have been taken on a hurdle. Hm! what sort of 'n animal 'sh that? Well, never mind, I haven't my dictionary. 'A letter found on him proves that he was one more madman unable to endure the trials of life.' Thirst, for sure. 'Better dead than poor, said this crazy coward.' Hear that?"

"Really," said Garousse, shrugging his shoulders, "morality from below followed by morality from above! Go on."

Jean, reeling about in his seat and his eyes fixed on the piece of paper, resumed his reading.

"There is no greater crime against religion and soci-i-e-e-ty than suicide, that son of idleness and pride! Suicide is the brother of murder. Worse, perhaps. It is murder without the risk. The man who commits it is a guilty coward, a deserter, a merchant of wine—No, theresh no wine there—a merchant who goes into bankruptcy, everything that is cowardly and vile.' And so forth and so on. Yes, as much as to say the comrade who does not empty his glass, a pretender, a good-for-nothing, a blunderhead. 'He is' . . . but the paper's torn. To be continued in our next. What an oration, hey? What an epitaph! How it strikes home! How pat! The purest of wisdom! What have you to answer, coward? Hey? Drown yourself now, if you want to."

And brutally, as if branding the duke, the rag-picker clapped the bit of newspaper on his shoulder, saying in his rough drunken voice:

"Theresh your mark. Keep it!"

Then he started off, staggering and grumbling:

"Hm! Hm! The reading has made me hoarse. I'm off to get a drink. Farewell!"

Garousse took the newspaper and read the passage again.

"Yes," said he, bitterly, "fine morality to be read at the table at the Maison-Dorée. Ah! thus the world treats those who wish to rid it of their presence, who, like myself, prefer death to ignoble poverty."

Jean, who had made a pretence of going away, returned to the charge.

"I say!" he cried out to Garousse, "if you're still bent on killing yourself, I'll keep your basket. 'Sh th' only thing I need to bury Rothschild."

With this conclusion he started off again, singing at the top of his voice his favorite refrain:

Forever wine!
Forever juice divine!

CHAPTER IV.

THE BANK COLLECTOR.

Garousse walked back and forth with long strides, turning and twisting on the quai like a tiger in his cage. He seemed to be revolving in his over-excited brain an idea even more frightful than suicide.

"Everything that is cowardly and vile," said he, repeating the last phrase of the newspaper article. "Well, no! Neither cowardice nor villainy, neither water

nor wine, neither the mud of the street nor the hurdle of the press. If I do this, I shall be an object of terror. Better an object of terror than of shame. Away then with the thought of another suicide; crime's the thing! Yes, a curse, a curse not on myself alone, but also a curse upon others!"

He looked steadily before him, in a fit of dizziness, his hand stretched out as if to recover all his losses, riches, pleasures, loves, his head on fire, his eyes bloodshot, seeing everything in red.

Prey to a spasm of homicidal madness, he brandished his hook as if to strike a hoped-for victim.

"What do I see?" he cried, hiding suddenly in the dark angle of the wine-shop. "Oh! Providence of evil, you serve better than the Providence of good."

And he did not stir, crouching behind a part of the wall which screened him from the street-lamp.

Two bank collectors, dressed in blue uniforms with brass buttons and wearing on their heads the three-cornered hats looked upon as an essential of their profession equally with their honesty, were rapidly approaching, completing their route and talking.

One of them carried on his back a heavy money-bag, and an enormous bank-book, held by a strong but small chain, stuck half-way out of his front pocket.

"What a day!" said he to his companion. "I have been delayed by the weight of the receipts. Let us double our pace. Do you know that we carry on our persons half the wealth of the house?"

"Yes," said the other, "it is heavy and tempting. But here we are in Paris. Suppose I leave you and go home? There is no more danger now?"

"No. Thank you, and farewell till tomorrow. As for me, I am going to get rid of this load as fast as possible in order to go home myself. My wife must be anxious."

"Think of mine, then! She is in confinement, you know. One mouth more to feed."

"I know that," said the collector with the big bank-book; "but bah! when one has health, what matters it?"

His honest face beamed. He continued:

"I have a little girl, Marie, a love of a child. She is as big as a cent's worth of butter and gives me a hundred thousand dollars' worth of joy. Oh! I am happy. You see, Louis, a child is the joy of a house."

"Or its sorrow," said the other, shaking his head.

"Yes, but when one has heart together with health and work" . . .

"He has all, you are right, Jacques. That's what I meant."

"Be off, then; let me detain you no longer. Good evening, Dupont."

"Good night, Didier."

Thus they separated, each going in his own direction.

He whom his comrade had just called Jacques Didier continued on his way, apart from the other, and directing his steps towards the lamp in front of the wine-shop.

He walked briskly, thinking of his day's work done, his duty fulfilled, his family's bread earned, and rest by his humble fireside with his young wife and his little Marie.

Suddenly, as he reached the wine-shop, at the corner of the quai, a threatening form emerged from the shadow of the wall, and a terrible voice hurled these words into the silence of the night:

"It is over! Blood. . . gold!"

Jacques Didier stopped short with a cry of distress.

"Help! help!"

He had received a stunning blow. Blood spurted from a small but deep hole in his temple.

Fatally wounded, he staggered a moment; his outstretched hands seemed to grasp at some means of salvation and clutched in the empty air; then, uprooted, losing his footing, he fell at full length, like a tree.

Garousse, frightened but determined, threw down his bloody hook and leaped upon his victim like a vulture on its prey.

Didier then made a last resistance. With his failing arms he surrounded the precious money-bag, and like a faithful dog defending to the last his master's property, he gave, in spite of his death agony, a final sign of energy and honor.

The assassin had to use all his strength in plundering the unfortunate Didier. Death came to the aid of crime against the duty that still defended the coveted receipts. The man of duty at last let go his hold with a plaintive groan.

With his foot on the money-bag, Garousse took hold of the bank-book, fastened by its chain to a button-hole of the uniform, and tried to tear it away.

At that moment a sound of hurried steps fell upon his ear. Frightened, he dropped the chain, which had held firm, and quickly, to make an end, he rummaged the bank-book lined with bills and stuffed the bundles into his pockets by the handful; then, his infamous task ended, he was about to flee, when Jean, recalled by the cries, came running up with an uncertain gait, calling out:

"Well, what's the matter there?"

And throwing down his sack in order to run faster, he fell upon Garousse just as he was picking up the money-bag.

"Assassin! robber! false brother! To dishonor the profession! Help! Wait!"

Garousse tried to release himself from Jean's grasp.

"Will you be silent, you rascal?" he said, in a hollow voice, while Jean screamed like a dog at a wolf.

A short struggle ensued between them, near the inert body of the bank collector. The guilty man saw that he was lost if the combat lasted. He made a desperate effort; his iron hand seized the rag-picker's throat; and, with an irresistible strain, he threw him down by the side of the poor Didier.

"Ah! brigand!" exclaimed Jean, with a choking voice. "What a wrist! What a throw! I shall not soon forget it."

Garousse freely picked up the money-bag. For a moment he looked at the two men stretched at his feet; then, slapping his pockets stuffed with bank-notes, he burst into a diabolical laugh.

"Neither cowardly nor vile," he cried. "Blood and gold. Now I have the wherewithal to live respectable and rich, and so I will live."

The storm had redoubled in fury, drowning in its continuous roar the echoes of this double struggle. Nature seemed no longer indifferent to this human tragedy; the night made itself the murderer's accomplice, an English night: Paris disguised as London for its carnival. One could not see ten steps before him. The assassin disappeared as if he had plunged into the earth. No one but the rag-picker had seen or heard him.

Jean got up painfully.

"Good God!" he repeated. "What a throw! What a wrist! It has sobered me."

In fact, a new expression had replaced his bewildered look. He was transfixed. He seemed awakened from the bestial sleep of Circe, returning by the way of Damas, converted by a revelation, possessed by a vision and an inner voice

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Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

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Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., APRIL 28, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

After "Freiheit," "Der Sozialist."

The first criticism upon *Libertas* came from the Communists by the pen of Herr Most. That I have answered, and Herr Most promises a rejoinder in "Freiheit." Meanwhile there comes an attack from another quarter,—from the camp of the State Socialists. In their official organ, "Der Sozialist," one of its regular writers, J. G., devotes two columns to comments upon my paper, "State Socialism and Anarchism." Under the heading, "Consistent Anarchists," he first institutes a contrast between the Anarchists, and the Communists who call themselves Anarchists, which is complimentary to the former's consistency, logic, and frankness, and then proceeds to demolish the logical Anarchists by charges of absurdity, nonsense, and ignorance, ringing about all the changes on these substantives and their kindred adjectives that the rich German vocabulary will allow. Now, I submit that, if the Anarchists are such ignoramuses, they do not deserve two columns of attention in "Der Sozialist"; on the other hand, if they merit a two-column examination, they merit it in the form of argument instead of contemptuous assertions coupled with a reference to Marx's works which reminds one very much of the way in which Henry George refers his State Socialistic critics to "Progress and Poverty." To tell the Anarchists that they do not know the meaning of the terms value, price, product, and capital, that economic conceptions find no lodgment in their brains, and that their statements of the position of the State Socialists are misrepresentations, is not to answer them. An answer involves analysis and comparison. To answer an argument is to separate it into its parts, to show the inconsistency between them, and the inconsistency between some or all of them and already established truths. But in J. G.'s article there is nothing of this, or next to nothing.

The nearest approach to a tangible criticism that I can find is the statement that I attribute to Marx a conception of the State entirely foreign to the sense in which he used the term; that he did not believe in the old patriarchal and absolute State, but looked upon State and society as one. Yes, he regarded them as one in the sense that the lamb and the lion are one after the lion has eaten the lamb. Marx's unity of State and society resembles the unity of husband and wife in the eyes of the law. Husband and wife are one, and that one is the husband; so, in Marx's view, State and society are one, but that one is the State. If Marx had made the State and society one and that one society, the Anarchists would have little or no quarrel with him. For to the Anarchists society simply means the sum total of those relations between individuals which grow up through natural processes unimpeded by external, constituted, authoritative power. That this is not what Marx meant by the State is evident from the fact that his plan involved the establishment and maintenance of Socialism—that is, the

seizure of capital and its public administration—by authoritative power, no less authoritative because democratic instead of patriarchal. It is this dependence of Marx's system upon authority that I insist upon in my paper, and, if I misrepresent him in this, I do so in common with all the State Socialistic journals and all the State Socialistic platforms. But it is no misrepresentation; otherwise, what is the significance of the sneers at individual sovereignty which J. G., a follower of Marx, indulges in near the end of his article? Has individual sovereignty any alternative but authority? If it has, what is it? If it has not, and if Marx and his followers are opposed to it, then they are necessarily champions of authority.

But we will glance at one more of J. G.'s "answers." This individual sovereignty that you claim, he says, is what we already have, and is the cause of all our woe. Again assertion, without analysis or comparison, and put forward in total neglect of my argument. I started out with the proposition that what we already have is a mixture of individual sovereignty and authority, the former prevailing in some directions, the latter in others; and I argued that the cause of all our woe was not the individual sovereignty, but the authority. This I showed by specifying the most important barriers which authority had erected to prevent the free play of natural economic processes, and describing how these processes would abolish all forms of usury—that is, substantially all our woe—if these barriers should be removed. Is this argument met by argument? Not a bit of it. Humph! says J. G., that is nothing but "Proudhonism chewed over," and Marx disposed of that long ago. To which I might reply that the contents of "Der Sozialist" are nothing but "Marxism chewed over," and Proudhon disposed of that long ago. When I can see that this style of reply is effective in settling controversy, I will resort to it. Till then I prefer to see it monopolized by the State Socialists. This form of monopoly Anarchists would sooner permit than destroy.

Should Labor be Paid or Not?

In No. 121 of *Liberty*, criticising an attempt of Kropotkin to identify Communism and Individualism, I charged him with ignoring "the real question whether Communism will permit the individual to labor independently, own tools, sell his labor or his products, and buy the labor or products of others." In Herr Most's eyes this is so outrageous that, in reprinting it, he puts the words "the labor of others" in large black type. Most being a Communist, he must, to be consistent, object to the purchase and sale of anything whatever, but why he should particularly object to the purchase and sale of labor is more than I can understand. Really, in the last analysis, labor is the only thing that has any title to be bought or sold. Is there any just basis of price except cost? And is there anything that costs except labor or suffering (another name for labor)? Labor should be paid! Horrible, isn't it? Why, I thought that the fact that it is not paid was the whole grievance. "Unpaid labor" has been the chief complaint of all Socialists, and that labor should get its reward has been their chief contention. Suppose I had said to Kropotkin that the real question is whether Communism will permit individuals to exchange their labor or products on their own terms. Would Herr Most have been so shocked? Would he have printed that in black type? Yet in another form I said precisely that.

If the men who oppose wages—that is, the purchase and sale of labor—were capable of analyzing their thought and feelings, they would see that what really excites their anger is not the fact that labor is bought and sold, but the fact that one class of men are dependent for their living upon the sale of their labor, while another class of men are relieved of the necessity of labor by being legally privileged to sell something that is not labor and that, but for the privilege, would be enjoyed by all gratuitously. And to such a state of things I am as much opposed as any one. But the minute you remove privilege, the class that now enjoy it will be forced to sell their labor, and then, when there will be nothing but labor with which to buy labor, the distinction between wage-payers and wage-

receivers will be wiped out, and every man will be a laborer exchanging with fellow-laborers. Not to abolish wages, but to make every man dependent upon wages and to secure to every man his whole wages is the aim of Anarchistic Socialism. What Anarchistic Socialism aims to abolish is usury. It does not want to deprive labor of its reward; it wants to deprive capital of its reward. It does not hold that labor should not be sold; it holds that capital should not be hired at usury.

But, says Herr Most, this idea of a free labor market from which privilege is eliminated is nothing but "consistent Manchesterism." Well, what better can a man who professes Anarchism want than that? For the principle of Manchesterism is liberty, and consistent Manchesterism is consistent adherence to liberty. The only inconsistency of the Manchester men lies in their infidelity to liberty in some of its phases. And this infidelity to liberty in some of its phases is precisely the fatal inconsistency of the "Freiheit" school, the only difference between its adherents and the Manchester men being that in many of the phases in which the latter are infidel the former are faithful, while in many of those in which the latter are faithful the former are infidel. Yes, genuine Anarchism is consistent Manchesterism, and Communistic or pseudo-Anarchism is inconsistent Manchesterism. "I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

T.

The Effect of Force in Finance.

The course of Senator Reagan of Texas on the question of prohibition has shown him to be anything but a reliable champion of liberty, but nevertheless, when, in a recent Senate debate, he opposed the idea of legal tender paper money and said that, if any more treasury notes were to be issued, they should not be a legal tender for private debts, but should be receivable for all taxes and public dues, he showed due regard for liberty and a marked degree of financial insight. The Fort Worth "South West," however, which believes in a complete legal tender money, calls Senator Reagan very hard names for this, and likens what it describes as his partial legal tender scheme—that is, a scheme of legal tender to the government, but not to individuals—to that other partial legal tender scheme according to which the original treasury notes were issued,—that is, a scheme of legal tender to individuals, but not to the government for import duties.

That the treasury notes suffered depreciation under the latter scheme no one now doubts, and the "South West" argues that, both schemes being partial legal tender schemes, notes issued under the former would depreciate similarly: which goes to show how dangerous it is to accept an analogy without first analyzing it. In comparing two things it is important to ascertain, not only in what respects they are alike, but in what respects they are different. These two schemes are undoubtedly alike in the respect that each furnishes a partial legal tender money, but a little closer inspection will reveal a vital difference between them, no less a difference, in fact, than that between a note-issuer who is willing to receive his own notes and one who is unwilling to do so but is determined to force others to receive them.

In order not to overtax the "South West's" power of abstraction, I will make the illustration that I have to offer a little more concrete by substituting John Smith for the government. Suppose that John Smith issues his notes and starts them in circulation, and then, holding a pistol at the head of John Brown, his neighbor, says to him: "If any of my notes are offered you in payment of a debt due you, you must receive them; if you decline, your life shall pay the penalty; but, as for me, I give you and the rest of the world notice that I will not receive these notes in payment of any debts due me." The "South West" will have no difficulty in seeing that John Smith's notes, issued under such circumstances, would rapidly depreciate. In fact, it sees that such was actually the case in a corresponding instance, where John Brown, the citizen, was forced by John Smith, the government, to take notes which the latter issued but was unwilling to accept in payment of import duties.

But suppose John Smith had taken a different course

with his neighbor Brown. After putting his notes in circulation, suppose he had said to Brown: "If any of my notes are offered you in payment of a debt due you, you are at liberty to receive or refuse them, as you may see fit; but I give you and the rest of the world notice that I will promptly receive these notes at their face value in payment of any debts due me." Does the "South West" think that such an attitude on John Smith's part would have caused his notes to depreciate? On the contrary, does it not think that such willingness on his part to trust the fate of his notes to their merits would have inspired in Brown and others a higher feeling of confidence than they ever would have entertained if Smith, even though willing (as he was not) to take the notes himself, had attempted to force them on others? It seems to me that in reason it must answer in the affirmative.

But this answer would be equivalent to an admission that Senator Reagan's partial legal tender not only is widely different from and far superior to the partial legal tender of the original greenback legislation, but must also be given the preference over the complete legal tender which the "South West" has advocated. How easily my Texas contemporary might have avoided this dilemma by the exercise of a little discrimination!

T.

Mr. Blodgett's Final Question.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I have one more question, and it does not occur to me now that I shall want to trouble you further in this way.

You say: "I do not believe in any *inherent* right of property. Property is a social convention."

Now, does Anarchism recognize the propriety of compelling individuals to regard social conventionalities?

S. BLODGETT.

GRAHAMVILLE, FLORIDA.

Readers who desire to refresh their minds regarding the series of questions which the above concludes should consult Nos. 115 and 117. The answer to the first question in No. 115 is really an answer to the question now put. There I said that the only compulsion of individuals the propriety of which Anarchism recognizes is that which compels invasive individuals to refrain from overstepping the principle of equal liberty. Now, equal liberty itself being a social convention (for there are no natural rights), it is obvious that Anarchism recognizes the propriety of compelling individuals to regard *one* social convention. But it does not follow from this that it recognizes the propriety of compelling individuals to regard *any and all* social conventions. Anarchism protects equal liberty (of which property based on labor is simply an expression in a particular sphere), not because it is a social convention, but because it is equal liberty,—that is, because it is Anarchism itself. Anarchism may properly protect itself, but there its mission ends. This self-protection it must effect through voluntary association, however, and not through government; for to protect equal liberty through government is to invade equal liberty.

T.

Not a Decree, But a Prophecy.

Have I made a mistake in my Anarchism, or has the editor of Liberty himself tripped? At any rate, I must challenge the Anarchism of one sentence in his otherwise masterful paper upon "State Socialism and Anarchism." If I am wrong, I stand open to conviction. It is this. "They [Anarchists] look forward to a time . . . when the children born of these relations shall belong exclusively to the mothers until old enough to belong to themselves."

Now, that looks to me like an authoritarian statement that is in opposition to theoretical Anarchy and also to nature. What is the matter with leaving the question of the control of those children to their two parents, to be settled between them,—allowing them to decide whether both, or only one, and which one, shall have control?

I may be wrong, but it seems to me extremely un-Anarchistic to thus bring up an extraneous, authoritarian, moral obligation and use it to stifle an instinct which nature is doing her best to develop.

I would like to know whether the editor of Liberty momentarily forgot his creed that we must follow our natural desires, or if I have misunderstood his statement, or misapplied my own Anarchy.

Paternal love of offspring is, with a few exceptions, a comparatively late development in the evolution of the animal world, so late that there are tribes of the order of man, and individuals even among civilized nations, in whom it is not

found. But the fact that it is a late development shows that it is going to develop still more. And under the eased economical conditions which Anarchy hopes to bring about, it would burst forth with still greater power. Is it wise to attempt to stifle that feeling—as it would be stifled—by the sweeping statement that its object should belong to some one else? Maternal love of offspring beautifies the woman's character, broadens and enriches her intellect. And as far as I have observed, paternal feeling, if it is listened to, indulged, and developed, has an equally good, though not just the same, effect upon the man's mind. Should he be deprived of all this good by having swept out of his hands all care for his children and out of his heart all feeling that they are his, by being made to feel that they "belong exclusively to the mother"? It seems to me much more reasonable, much more natural, and very much more Anarchistic to say that the child of Anarchistic parents belongs to both of them, if they both wish to have united control of it, and, if they don't wish this, that they can settle between themselves as to which one should have it. The question is one, I think, that could usually be settled amicably. But if some unusual occasion were to arise when all efforts to settle it amicably were to fail, when both parents would strongly desire the child and be equally competent to rear it, then, possibly, the fact that the mother has suffered the pain of child-birth might give her a little the stronger right. But I do not feel perfectly sure that that principle is right and just.

I would like to know if Mr. Tucker, upon farther consideration, does not agree with me.

F. F. K.

I accept F. F. K.'s challenge, and, in defence of the Anarchism of the sentence objected to, I offer to submit the language in which it is phrased to any generally recognized authority in English, for the discovery of any authoritarian meaning possibly therein contained. F. F. K. seems to misunderstand the use of the word "shall." Now, it may be ascertained from any decent dictionary or grammar that this auxiliary is employed, not alone in the language of command, but also in the language of prophecy. Suppose I had said that the Anarchists look forward to a time when all men shall be honest. Would F. F. K. have suspected me of desiring or predicting a decree to that effect? I hardly think so. The conclusion would simply have been that I regarded honesty as destined to be accepted by mankind, at some future period, in the shaping of their lives. Why, then, should it be inferred from similar phraseology in regard to the control of children that I anticipate anything more than a general recognition, in the absence of contract, of the mother's superior claim, and a refusal on the part of defensive associations to protect any other claim than hers in cases of dispute not guarded against by specific contract? That is all that I meant, and that is all that my language implies. The language of prophecy doubtless has its source in authority, but today the idea of authority is so far disconnected from the prophetic form that philosophers and scientists who, reasoning from accepted data, use this form in mapping out for a space the course of evolution are not therefore accused of designs to impose their sovereign wills upon the human race. The editor of Liberty respectfully submits that he too may sometimes resort to the oracular style which the best English writers not unfrequently employ in speaking of futurity, without having it imputed to him on that account that he professes to speak either from a throne or from a tripod.

As to the charge of departure from the Anarchistic principle, it may be preferred, I think, against F. F. K. with much more reason than against me. To vest the control of anything indivisible in more than one person seems to me decidedly communistic. I perfectly agree that parents must be allowed to "decide whether both, or only one, and which one, shall have control." But if they are foolish enough to decide that both shall control, the affair is sure to end in government. Contract as they may in advance that both shall control, really no question of control arises until they disagree, and then it is a logical impossibility for both to control. One of the two will then control; or else there will be a compromise, in which case each will be controlled, just as the king who makes concessions governs and is governed, and as the members of a democracy govern and are governed. Liberty and individualism are lost sight of entirely.

I rejoice to know that the tendency of evolution is towards the increase of paternal love, it being no part of my intention to abolish, stifle, or ignore that highly commendable emotion. I expect its influence in the future upon both child and parent to be far greater and

better than it ever has been in the past. Upon the love of both father and mother for their offspring I chiefly rely for that harmonious coöperation in the guidance of their children's lives which is so much to be desired. But the important question so far as Anarchy is concerned is to whom this guidance properly belongs when such coöperation has proved impossible. If that question is not settled in advance by contract, it will have to be settled by arbitration, and the board of arbitration will be expected to decide in accordance with some principle. In my judgment it will be recognized that the control of children is a species of property, and that the superior labor title of the mother will secure her right to the guardianship of her children unless she freely signs it away. With my present light, if I were on such a board of arbitration, my vote would be for the mother every time.

For this declaration many of the friends of woman's emancipation (F. F. K., however, not among them) are ready to abuse me roundly. I had expected their approval rather. For years in their conventions I have seen this "crowning outrage," that woman is denied the control and keeping of her children, reserved by them to be brought forward as a *coup de grâce* for the annihilation of some especially obstinate opponent. Now this control and keeping I grant her unreservedly, and, lo! I am a cursed thing!

T.

"Fraternal" Coercion.

The "Commonweal" is one of those few Socialistic papers that I always have the patience to read, its brightness and thoughtfulness being a rather remarkable exception to the insufferable dullness and commonplace of the average Socialistic journal. In its last issue I find the following clipping, credited to the "People":

Not a Paternal, but a Fraternal, State is what Socialists want. You growlers for individualism, can't you see the difference?

This is a very good illustration of the Socialistic method of avoiding a difficulty and of the enviable ease with which they satisfy their desire for security. Attack them where you will, they are perfectly safe and invulnerable. Destroy their position, and they will change its name and then claim that your fire did not disturb them. You object to the compulsory element of their reformatory utopias, and show them the inconsistency, the absurdity, the self-annihilating tendency of the mode of treatment which they prescribe for society, and they will invent another label for the unwholesome medicine.

Names are of no consequence, gentlemen. Show us that State Socialism does not violate our liberty, does not seek to deprive us of our rightful possessions, and does not force upon us the ignorant superstitions of the majority; but do not try to conceal yourselves behind an euphemism. A "fraternal" State? Bah! Read Bastiat:

"The Montagnards intend that taxation shall lose its oppressive character and be only an act of fraternity."—*Political Platform*. Good Heavens! I know it is the fashion to thrust fraternity in everywhere nowadays, but I did not imagine it would even be put into the hands of the tax-gatherer.

Some men, when under the influence of intoxicating beverages, delight in going around and forcing fraternal embraces and kisses upon everybody that happens to be near at hand, entire strangers not excepted. Doubtless such a drunken individual would be astonished and angered at seeing one offended and repelled by his overflowing cordiality. But the liberty to choose one's friends and associates is very important. We insist upon not being even kissed against our will.

V. YARROS.

To Tax Monopoly Not to Abolish It.

[Galveston News.]

Wherever there is a monopoly taking tribute from the people, such tribute is taken from individuals in specific sums, and not from all individuals alike. Therefore to simply tax and continue a monopoly is to convert to the use of the government the tribute unjustly paid by some people, and not to do such justice as would be done by abating the monopoly. In other words, it is to levy an unjust tax for the State in lieu of allowing an unjust tax for private benefit. A reform, some may say. Well, a partial reform, but with not much difference to the persons imposed upon.

Continued from page 3.

which cried out to him: "Jean, you are guilty also! What have you done with Jacques?" . . . what the mystics and Biblicals formerly called a divine miracle, but which was only the natural awakening of the moral sense, of social duty. In the corpse of his fellow Jean had found again his conscience.

The rag-picker, still dazed by his fall, gathered himself up and took his head in his hands in order to drive away the last fumes of the alcohol.

A voice which seemed like a death-rattle, so slow and feeble was it, recalled him to reality.

"My wife! My child!"

Jean again saw Jacques lying before him, clasping his hands in an impulse of ineffable affection and breathing a last farewell to all that he loved.

"Oh! poor, poor man!" murmured the rag-picker, in the heartfelt tone of a Good Samaritan. "His family! Nothing else was lacking!"

He bent over the dying man covered with blood.

"His wife! his child!" he continued; "it is enough to break one's heart."

And suppressing his emotion in order to console the unfortunate money-carrier, he said:

"Rest easy. Some good soul perhaps will look out for them. I at least will do what I can. Your name, friend?"

And Jacques, with a last unfinished gesture, pointing to the bank-book hanging to his blue coat, ejaculated:

"Berville Bank. . . Jacques Didier. . . I defended it . . . but . . . Oh!"

All was over. The body stiffened and stretched out, forever motionless, inanimate. The victim of the Duke Garousse had just expired in the arms of the rag-picker.

The measured and sonorous tread of a patrol then mingled with the noise of the squalls, unchained and furious, which blew down chimneys and tore off roofs in a dismal whirlwind. It rained tiles; blinds opened and closed again, grinding on their hinges and slamming against the walls.

In the uproar of this nocturnal tempest Jean neither heard nor saw the guard. He detached the bank-book, which bore in gilt letters the address of the Berville Bank and the name of the bank collector, Jacques Didier. Trembling and agitated as if he were the author of the crime, Jean examined the bank-book to see if it was really empty, and, reassured, put it under his blouse.

"And he has killed him, the scoundrel," he exclaimed, shaking his head. "A poor devil of a man of the people like ourselves. God! is it possible that we should eat each other thus? Worse than the wolves! Ah! the Cain! It was worth while, indeed, to stop him from killing himself that he might kill another! The bad saved at the expense of the good! It is my fault."

To be continued.

Why Not Commit Adultery?

In Liberty No. 119 Mr. A. H. Simpson caustically criticises Mr. W. S. Lilly's reason for not committing adultery under the *régime* of what is called the "new morality." His point is that "Mr. Lilly never for the moment thinks of the woman in the matter except as an object." Let us for a moment try to set aside all considerations likely to arise in our thoughts that might be attributed to any system of morals, old or new, and discuss the question entirely on the physiological plane. Let us take it for granted that there is truth in the prevalent idea that, when a woman has once conceived and borne a child, her organization has been indelibly influenced by that of the father of it, so that any subsequent children are liable to partake of his nature. Then the next man who may take part with this woman in the procreative act is not entirely the father of his child, rather their child. From this point of view it is even questionable whether a woman may not be impressed by the influence of her lover, though child-bearing be avoided. Then arise two questions,—first, whether a man has a right to indulge the selfish desire of wishing to be wholly the father of a child, and second, whether for the sake of the child it is best that it should be the product of two or more influences, or lines of heredity. When a man marries a widow, he generally does so with his eyes open, knowing what to expect; but is it not right, from the autonomistic standpoint, that a man should be able, if he so prefer, to associate himself with a woman who shall agree to a mutual agreement to maintain strict chastity for the sake of producing a "pure breed" of progeny, if for no other reason? Scientific stock-breeders are very particular with their thorough-bred stock, and do not permit their female stock to become contaminated with males that they would prefer not to use in breeding. In some respects thorough-breeds are preferred, but crossing and mixing are resorted to for the advantages to be found in mongrels. Possibly all children would be improved by modes of mixing which would render them mongrels of many mixed types, but, on the other hand, if anything is to be gained by closer breeding, the mothers must be denied some liberty.

E. B. FOOTE, JR.

Liberty, Adultery, and Mental Sex.

Dear Comrade Tucker:

I have received from Dr. E. B. Foote, Jr., the above article for Liberty, accompanied by a note of explanation from which I quote: "Friend Lloyd: I was much interested in your last letter to Liberty, and it seems to me you have the faculty of saying much that I would like to say better than I could say it. What I have written above does not suit me, but it may be in part because I have not evolved clear ideas on the subject, and in part because I am not in the proper mood to best express the little I do think. I send it to you . . . for I thought you might like to comment upon it, and send it to Liberty."

It is certainly needless for me to say that in this very kind and complimentary little note my friend (whose reputation as a clear, concise writer is at least national) is entirely too modest; or to assure you that I have not presumed to alter his article in the slightest, but send it on precisely as dictated. I shall be glad, however, to add a few words of comment, as he requests.

It appears to me that the thought Mr. Simpson endeavored to convey was something like this: A woman has an inalienable right to dispose as she pleases of her own person; marriage is bondage; nothing so invariably and universally breaks the married bond as adultery; liberty is worth having at any price; therefore, says Mr. Simpson: "I maintain that not only have the young man and the married woman the right to commit adultery, but that in the majority of cases it is the best thing they can do—in the furtherance of liberty."

But Dr. Foote, having read the interrogation "Why not?" takes at once a professional view of the matter, and suggests that from the standpoint of stirpiculture there may be, in many cases, a physiological reason why not,—*viz.*, that if thorough-bred progeny is desired, the female must associate sexually with only one male. Now, all unknown to Dr. Foote, I incline to this theory myself, and more, I believe that, whenever the average woman accedes willingly and responsively to sexual union with a man, even where there is no physical impregnation, she is *mentally impregnated*.

I say average woman, because I consider it quite possible, and even probable, that there are women who in the sphere of mental sex are barren and incapable of such impregnation.

By mental impregnation I mean that the spiritual or mental nature of the man at such a time, if the woman is not resistant, flows into her brain and nerves, and perhaps effects phy-

sical changes in their molecular arrangement, mode of action and growth, but at any rate implants, as it were, germs of thought and feeling which will ultimately develop into full-formed ideas and emotions, such as the woman herself never would have had without such fertilization.

Does not the woman also affect the man? I think so, and powerfully, but less so, I believe, in this act than in the ordinary relations of life. In this, it appears to be the ordinary arrangement of nature that the woman should be chiefly receptive and impressible, the man mainly projective and positive.

I think it highly probable that, by a single act of connection with a coarse and sensual man, a refined woman might find herself tainted with cravings and passions foreign to her nature, tormenting and humiliating her for years, perhaps for life; and *per contra*, a woman of low life might by such an association with a thoroughly superior man be lifted temporarily to a higher plane, and imbibe a thirst for better things never to be entirely lost. This is of course only a theory, to be proved or disproved, like all others, by careful observation and comparison of facts, to be accepted or rejected freely by each individual consciousness. But if found to accord fully with truth,—and many facts and popular beliefs might even now be adduced in its support,—it will afford the strongest argument ever yet brought against sexual promiscuity, meaning by promiscuity, not variety in the sexual manifestations of the self-wise forms of love, but careless and inconsiderate gratifications of impulse toward the other sex. If a woman fully accepts it, she will naturally be eager to associate with those men whose mental nobility she admires; equally peremptory in her refusal of men whom she doubts or fears, and wisely cautious in her relations with all; realizing that there are mental as well as physiological and pathological considerations to be taken into account.

But now to Dr. Foote's query, "Is it not right from the autonomistic standpoint that a man should be able, if he so prefer, to associate himself with a woman who shall agree to a mutual agreement to maintain strict chastity for the sake of producing a 'pure breed' of progeny, if for no other reason?" Not exactly; but, if not only "he prefers," but the woman prefers also, then it is perfectly right "from the autonomistic standpoint"; and so it would be if the contract pertained to anything else conceivable, not invasive of outside parties. But the man has no right in Anarchy to force a woman to abide by such an agreement if once her mental consent is withdrawn; and herein is the irreconcilable difference between Free Love and Marriage. Free Love contains no prohibition of exclusive love; it only excludes its enforcement, or rather its attempted enforcement, for forced love cannot be. But adultery (in all ordinary thought and language at least, and Dr. Foote claims no peculiar definition) is purely a legal "crime" pertaining only to marriage, outside of which it has no existence. I wonder if Dr. Foote does not forget this, and if he is not arguing for exclusive love relations rather than for non-committal of adultery. If a woman mistakenly marries a man, and then finds that he is not the man she would prefer to be the father of her children, and finds some other man who does satisfy her in this respect, it is perfectly right for her, from the autonomistic standpoint (questions of personal safety aside), to leave her husband and commit adultery with the man of her choice. If she accepts the Foote theory, she will maintain exclusive relations with this man; but she will be none the less an adulteress. Therefore Dr. Foote's suggested argument, granting it full force, becomes no argument for non-committal of adultery, but simply an argument for *exclusive breeding contracts* between human beings; another matter altogether.

Anarchy does not regard its "female stock" as so many cows or mares—"objects," as Mr. Simpson might put it—with sexual functions and affections to be regulated by rape of law; but as free individuals, "stock breeders" in their own right; free to keep themselves pure, or "contaminate" themselves, according to the action and results of their own wise or foolish notions of self-benefit. Nor "must" the mothers "be denied some liberty," let what may be the advantages of closer breeding, except in so far as they themselves perceive those advantages, and make self-application of the requisite denial to obtain them.

Speaking of denying liberty suggests another thought to me. It has always appeared to me that many more people would embrace Anarchy if they clearly comprehended what I call the distinction between liberties and Liberty. A liberty is an opportunity to do, or be, or possess something desired; Liberty is opportunity to pursue happiness in the path indicated by our intellect and impulses, without other restraint than that afforded by the necessary limitations of naturally conditioned existence and operation,—the natural necessities. Nature is continually denying about half our liberties, but of our Liberty she is the great assurance. To illustrate: I have the liberty to sit down; also to stand up; but whichever liberty I elect, Nature denies the other; I cannot both sit and stand at the same time. So with every act in life; if my liberty to do one thing is exercised, my liberty to do its opposite is denied, and there is no escape. But so long as I act from individual initiative, and in accordance with the advice of my own intellect, in pursuit of my own happiness, without invasive interference or coercion from other human beings—and this is what the Anarchist means when he says *Liberty*—I am free and my larger liberty is intact.

When we figuratively speak of nature as a person, it is well enough, perhaps, to speak of her as "governing," to talk of her "laws," etc. But when we do this so often and so seriously that the fable assumes the guise of undisputed reality, we have committed the grave mistake of all theistic systems,—we are worshipping an anthropomorphic imagination as a literal god of despotic power.

Government is the invasive action of a self-conscious intelligence; and there is no sense in speaking of it as exercised by anything else, except figuratively. And a law is a rule or method of government formulated by such an intelligence. Therefore to speak of the laws and government of nature is proper language enough for those Pantheists—if such exist—who regard nature as a consciously intelligent deity; but improper for Christians who should substitute "God" for "nature"; and still more improper for Anarchists, who should regard government and legislation as exclusively human inventions, or at least as commensurate with self-consciousness.

J. WM. LLOYD.

Pessimism and Rose-Water.

(London Commonweal.)

Apart from those middle-class persons who have had the good luck to be convinced of the truths of Socialism and are actually working for it, I have met with two kinds amongst persons of good will to the popular cause: first, persons of very strong and marked advanced opinions who are so far from thinking that the holding of such opinions involves any sort of action on their part that they rather (or indeed very much) plume themselves on their superiority over those who act on their opinions, whatever they may be;—of course, such persons are desperate pessimists. The other kind are persons whose opinions are not very advanced, but have a sort of idea that they should act upon them, such as they are, and will undertake cheerfully any little job that may turn up, from total abstinence to electioneering, with a cheerful confidence in the usefulness of their work; but all the while they have not even faced the question as to the necessity of changing the basis of society; they suppose that the present system contains in itself everything that is necessary to cure the evils which they are to some extent conscious of; and indeed some of them are very anxious to stave off the radical change which Socialism proposes by exhibiting the said evils in course of being cured by—well, I must say it—*rose-water*.

The Case Against Dives.

[W. H. Paul Campbell in the Christian Socialist.]

As the great case of Lazarus *vs.* Dives is every day assuming an increasing importance in the minds of thinking people, and is accordingly every day attracting an increasing amount of attention, it may be as well to make clear what are the real offences against Lazarus which Dives has committed, and with which he is now being charged. It seems necessary this should be done; for many people, whose sympathies are entirely with the plaintiff and against the defendant, have yet but the very vaguest notion of what the latter is to be condemned for; whilst many others, whose sympathies are quite the other way in many instances, consider that, in deference to a growing public opinion and in his own interest, Dives should plead guilty to an offence quite other than the much more serious one of which he is really guilty.

The offence to which these opportunist friends of Dives consider it advisable for him to plead guilty, and of which many, either with a real or affected indignation, or timidly and half-apologetically, say he actually is guilty, is simply that of a steward who has been at times unfaithful to his trust. His great riches, it would appear, have been given to him by God, as his poverty, with its accompanying misery and suffering, has been given, we are to suppose, to Lazarus. The object of God in giving the riches to Dives is that he may help Lazarus. The riches, in fact, are a trust to Dives,—to which, by the way, he is allowed to help himself for his own private purposes in a way not usually permitted to trustees. He has spent too much of his riches, thus divinely entrusted him, upon himself, in the purchase of innumerable comforts and luxuries, and too little upon Lazarus, in the way of alms and charitable doles. Now, those who look at matters in this light urge Dives to bring the case which Lazarus has raised against him to a speedy termination, which will really be in his favor, by deciding to be a more faithful steward in the future, and give more largely to Lazarus in charity than he has done hitherto! He is to remember—so their meaningless jargon runs—that “property has its duties as well as its rights.” If he does not do this in time, and surrender a portion of his wealth graciously, Lazarus will undoubtedly rise in wrath and make him give it *all* up ungraciously! Dreadful thought! Chaos will then come again, and the Old Anarch of the Ages will hold high revel amid the ruins of a shattered society—and have everything, generally speaking, his own wicked way.

There are other friends of Dives, however, who object to their lord and patron being spoken to in this way. They will not have him lectured and bullied and worried. Granted that his main faults are two, as one of these apologists of his in the press said recently: first, that “he practises, or his ancestors practised (!), thrift to such an excess that he possesses a superfluity,” and secondly, that he “spends this superfluity chiefly upon his own enjoyment.” Here is Lazarus, however, who has not practised thrift either personally or by proxy in the persons of his ancestors,—a most scandalous state of things,—nevertheless spending of his wages in beer and tobacco. Why do you not lecture him as much as Dives? Are not his wages a trust as much as the “savings” of unfortunate Dives? It may be said, perhaps, that much is expected of the latter, because he has had much given him; well, does he not give much? Does he not pay nearly all taxes, support all charitable institutions, and give to thriftless Lazarus, who is glad enough of his help in times of distress? Lazarus we might do without; in fact, Lazarus we will do without, and ship him off to British Columbia or Manitoba, if he gets too importunate and troublesome; but do without Dives? Never!

As these uncompromising friends of Dives, here referred to, seem to have a very strong case, the rich man really appearing to spend a good deal on Lazarus and make himself generally useful, yet, as the condition of Lazarus seems to be getting every day more grievous, whilst that of Dives is just as pleasant and agreeable as before, the many excellent people who think there is something wrong and that somehow Dives is not acting fairly are extremely puzzled, as we have said, to find out what to charge that apparently most respectable man with. We seek to enlighten them.

Is it not strange that everyone should not have fully realized by this time that the question in the case of Lazarus *vs.* Dives—the question upon which people are asked to adjudicate—is not so much how Dives *spends* his money, as how he *gets* it; not so much that he spends his vast wealth selfishly, as that he has obtained it and is obtaining it unjustly. Yet this is so. Dives is impeached, not for putting to a wrong use money which has been entrusted to him, as some absurdly say, by providence for certain purposes, or which, as others equally absurdly say, he or his ancestors have “saved” out of his or their lawful earnings; but for accumulating that money by despoiling and defrauding another of his lawful earnings,—to wit, Lazarus. Dives, in fact, is accused of being a robber; and his property, it is claimed, is simply so much plunder. It is not held that Dives is *consciously* a robber; and he is not deemed culpable, therefore, to the extent of deserving punishment. But a robber all the same he must be declared; and the power to steal must be taken from him for the future. Of course, it is very startling to many people to hear that the charge against Dives is so serious; and

it is considered by some very wrong to state it so bluntly. But if Dives is the good, though mistaken, man some of his admirers claim him to be,—who, if doing wrong, is doing so unconsciously,—he should be glad at being startled into a consciousness of his wrongdoing by our plainly calling that wrongdoing by its right name.

And how do we substantiate this serious charge against Dives? Well, to begin with, those of his accusers who are Christians claim that he should be tried under the divine law. He recognizes that law himself generally,—being usually a most religious person,—and admits there is a divine way of spending. Is there no divine way—that is, no *just* way—of getting? Surely there is. Is not just getting getting in exchange for a due equivalent of the getter's? If this is conceded, then you can only justly obtain the produce of another's labor by giving him in return an equal amount of the produce of your own. Dives obtains largely of the produce of the labor of Lazarus; what of his own does he give in return? So largely does he receive, what of his own *could* he give in return, constituted as he is like other mortals, with strict limits to his producing powers? As a matter of fact, he gives nothing of his own to Lazarus; at least, if he sometimes does give of his own, he gets more in exchange, else he could not become rich. How he does become rich is simply that, having obtained possession of the land upon which Lazarus must dig for his daily bread, and the tools which Lazarus must use, he is able to exact rent or toll for the use of these things and get of the labor of Lazarus without giving of his own. Moreover, if Lazarus wishes to exchange any of his produce with another than Dives, he finds he can only do it through Dives, who, besides having absolute possession of all land and tools, has also the possession of all markets and channels of exchange. Turn whichever way Lazarus may, he finds Dives confronting him, and, in one capacity or another, demanding from him a certain portion of his produce in return for the privilege of being allowed to live. That is to say, Dives daily appears before Lazarus, with the old highwayman's demand of the lonely traveller, “Your money or your life.” Indeed, Dives is seemingly more exacting than was ever any Turpin or Claude Duval, for his demand of the man in his power and at his mercy is only too often, “Your money *and* your life.” Lazarus has the privilege of living always nominally given him, if he yields to the demands of the rich man, but under such conditions as to make the concession of the privilege only nominal.

This, then, is the case against Dives, and it can only be met and disproved by direct evidence showing the charges here stated against him to be unfounded and unjust. Direct evidence to that effect has not been so far forthcoming. You cannot prove that a man is not a robber by admitting him to be a not over-faithful and over-zealous steward; still less by asserting that he has been “thrifty to excess” and pays all the taxes!

Bastiat on Government.

[Economic Sophisms.]

In private transactions each individual remains the judge both of the service which he renders and of that which he receives. He can always decline an exchange, or negotiate elsewhere. There is no necessity of an interchange of services, except by previous voluntary agreement. Such is not the case with the State, especially before the establishment of representative government. Whether or not we require its services, whether they are good or bad, we are obliged to accept such as are offered and to pay the price.

It is the tendency of all men to magnify their own services and to disparage services rendered them, and private matters would be poorly regulated if there was not some standard of value. This guarantee we have not, (or we hardly have it,) in public affairs. But still society, composed of men, however strongly the contrary may be insinuated, obeys the universal tendency. The government wishes to serve us a great deal, much more than we desire, and forces us to acknowledge as a real service that which sometimes is widely different, and this is done for the purpose of demanding contributions from us in return. . . .

The State is also subject to the law of Malthus. It is continually living beyond its means, it increases in proportion to its means, and draws its support solely from the substance of the people. Woe to the people who are incapable of limiting the sphere of action of the State. Liberty, private activity, riches, well-being, independence, dignity, depend upon this.

If one should ask what service has been rendered the public, and what return has been made therefor, by such governments as Assyria, Babylon, Egypt, Rome, Persia, Turkey, China, Russia, England, Spain, and France, he would be astonished at the enormous disparity.

At last representative government was invented, and, *a priori*, one might have believed that the disorder would have ceased as if by enchantment.

The principle of these governments is this:

“The people themselves, by their representatives, shall decide as to the nature and extent of the public service and the remuneration for those services.”

The tendency to appropriate the property of another, and the desire to defend one's own, are thus brought in contact. One might suppose that the latter would overcome the for-

mer. Assuredly I am convinced that the latter will finally prevail, but we must concede that thus far it has not.

Why? For a very simple reason. Governments have had too much sagacity; people too little.

Governments are skillful. They act methodically, consecutively, on a well concerted plan, which is constantly improved by tradition and experience. They study men and their passions. If they perceive, for instance, that they have warlike instincts, they incite and inflame this fatal propensity. They surround the nation with dangers through the conduct of diplomats, and then naturally ask for soldiers, sailors, arsenals, and fortifications. Often they have but the trouble of accepting them. Then they have pensions, places, and promotions to offer. All this calls for money. Hence loans and taxes.

If the nation is generous, the government proposes to cure all the ills of humanity. It promises to increase commerce, to make agriculture prosperous, to develop manufactures, to encourage letters and arts, to banish misery, etc. All that is necessary is to create offices and to pay public functionaries.

In other words, their tactics consist in presenting as actual services things which are but hindrances; then the nation pays, not for being served, but for being subservient. Governments assuming gigantic proportions end by absorbing half of all the revenues. The people are astonished that while marvelous labor-saving inventions, destined to infinitely multiply productions, are ever increasing in number, they are obliged to toil on as painfully as ever, and remain as poor as before.

This happens because, while the government manifests so much ability, the people show so little. Thus, when they are called upon to choose their agents, those who are to determine the sphere of, and compensation for, governmental action, whom do they choose? The agents of the government. They entrust the executive power with the determination of the limit of its activity and its requirements. They are like the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who referred the selection and number of his suits of clothes to his tailor.

However, things go from bad to worse, and at last the people open their eyes, not to the remedy, for there is none as yet, but to the evil.

Governing is so pleasant a trade that everybody desires to engage in it. Thus the advisers of the people do not cease to say: “We see your sufferings, and we weep over them. It would be otherwise if we governed you.”

This period, which usually lasts for some time, is one of rebellions and insurrections. When the people are conquered, the expenses of the war are added to their burdens. When they conquer, there is a change of those who govern, and the abuses remain.

This lasts until the people learn to know and defend their true interests. Thus we always come back to this: there is no remedy but in the progress of public intelligence.

Certain nations seem remarkably inclined to become the prey of governmental spoliation. They are those where men, not considering their own dignity and energy, would believe themselves lost, if they were not governed and administered upon in all things. Without having traveled much, I have seen countries where they think agriculture can make no progress unless the State keeps up experimental farms; that there will presently be no horses if the State has no stables; and that fathers will not have their children educated, or will teach them only immoralities, if the State does not decide what it is proper to learn. In such a country revolutions may rapidly succeed one another, and one set of rulers after another be overturned. But the governed are none the less governed at the caprice and mercy of their rulers, until the people see that it is better to leave the greatest possible number of services in the category of those which the parties interested exchange after a fair discussion of the price.

Duty Never Would be Missed.

[Max Nordau.]

The genius performs his benefits for mankind because he is obliged to do so and cannot do otherwise. It is an instinct organically inherent in him which he is obeying. He would suffer if he did not obey its impulse. That the average masses will benefit by it does not decide the matter for him. Men of genius must find their sole reward in the fact that thinking, acting, originating, they live out their higher qualities, and thus become conscious of their originality, to the accompaniment of powerful sensations of pleasure. There is no other satisfaction for the most sublime genius, as well as the lowest living being swimming in its nourishing fluid, than the sensation, as intensive as possible, of its own Ego.

Quacks Shy of Their Own Medicine.

[Charles Dickens.]

As Doctors seldom take their own prescriptions, and Divines do not always practise what they preach, so lawyers are shy of meddling with the Law on their own account: knowing it to be an edged tool of uncertain application, very expensive in the working, and rather remarkable for its properties of close shaving, than for its always shaving the right person.

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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 21.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1888.

Whole No. 125.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

For an article compact with original, suggestive, valuable, and lofty ideas on one of the most delicate of questions, read Zelm's "Reply to Victor" on the sixth and seventh pages.

Just before we go to press the capitalistic papers bring the news that the "Alarm" is to be revived in New York with financial backing, and that it will be conducted by Henry London, John Most, and Dyer D. Lum. This is interesting, to say the least.

B. F. Underwood, editor until recently of the "Open Court," has been engaged as the editor of the Chicago "Illustrated Graphic News." It is to be hoped that he will exclude from its columns such slanderous references to Anarchists as were lately made by him in the columns of the Boston "Investigator."

My recent complimentary notice of E. C. Walker's forthcoming fortnightly, "Fair Play," made Moses Harman, editor of "Lucifer," so boiling mad that he dumped the whole of it into a department of his paper which he calls "Spirit of the Opposition," along with Talmage and other pietists. Really, Mr. Harman, a man of your age ought to have better control of his passions.

"All taxation is an evil," says Speaker Carlisle. Now, when greenhorns talk to you about the blessings of government and the beauties of law and order, point out to them that this man, who certainly is more competent than they to pronounce judgment, since he has long been and still is in the business, completely knocks them out. If government is a necessary and serviceable institution, then there is nothing to complain about in the expense of running it. Taxation is an evil because government is a farce and a snare.

Hereafter the "Workmen's Advocate," the organ of the Socialistic Labor Party, will be published in New York, from the office of the German organ of the party. It is to be hoped that the change of external surroundings will be accompanied by an improvement in the tone and quality of the editorial mouthings. The paper has been too shallow and stupid even for a place as small as New Haven, and Liberty is anxious to meet an "Advocate" of Socialism with whom it would be refreshing to occasionally exchange a word or two. It is inconvenient to have to go for intelligence and originality to the London Socialistic market.

A New Jersey court has decided that the will of a citizen of that State, by which Henry George was given a large sum of money for the circulation of his books, is invalid on the ground that the bequest is not educational or charitable, but intended for the spread of doctrines contrary to the law of the land. Probably the judge who rendered this decision thinks regarding the determination of economic truth, as Mr. George thinks regarding the issue of money, the collection of rents, the carrying of letters, the running of railroads, and sundry other things, that it is "naturally a function of government." And really, if Mr. George is right, I do not see why the judge is not right. Yet I agree that Mr. George has correctly branded him as an "immortal ass."

Judson Grenell of Detroit edits the "Advance," and he is so Communistic that he directs his compositors

to throw the type into their cases regardless of the compartments in which the various letters respectively belong, which probably accounts for the following extraordinary statement in the "Advance" of May 19: "Benjamin Tucker of Boston edits Liberty, and he is so individualistic [*sic*] that the little [*sic*] of the paper, though in scrip [*sic*] type, has a space between the letters, so that each one stands alone." If Judson Grenell were more *individualistic*, he would know how to spell that word, would be able to distinguish between *little* and *title*, and would not confound *script* with *scrip* or an artist's taste with a crank's whim. (Should this paragraph lead any one to accuse me of triviality in criticism, no defence will be attempted.)

The State Socialists are forever citing the efficiency of the postal service as a sample of the superiority of governmental over private enterprise. Yet here comes the Fort Worth "South West," a paper very much given over to State Socialistic doctrines, and says that a reduction of the rate of postage is of less importance now than an increase in the efficiency of the service, which, "through mistaken economy, has been lowered to an inexcusable extent." Until the State Socialists can agree that the post office is well managed, they had better look in some other direction for a pattern of public administration. First and last I have a good deal to do with the United States postal department, and I have seen enough to satisfy me that, were I to take the time necessary for a thorough investigation of its workings, I could show it to be a most stupidly and wofully mismanaged concern.

The death-rate among the labor and liberal journals has reached an appalling figure during the past month or two. In all directions the ground is covered with the dead and dying. First, the Winsted "Press" passed in its checks in Connecticut. Then the "Alarm" gave up the ghost in Illinois. At the same time the tidings came from London that the "Anarchist" was in a state of suspended animation, though with a prospect of resumption. And now I must announce that the London "Radical" has gasped for possibly its last breath, the Denver "Labor Enquirer" has "risen," as the Spiritualists say, and the San Francisco "People" is in its grave. What manner of pestilence is this that is stalking abroad, decimating our ranks? Let us pray that Boston may not lie in its fated path. But if it should, let those who shall be left behind us sing as we do now:

Then fill up your glasses steady;
This world is a world of lies;
Three cheers for the dead already!
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Abused by the Paris newspapers and boycotted by the *bourgeoisie*, Zola's "Germinal" was forced from the stage after fourteen representations. Judging from "La Révolte's" account, however, the play was by no means a dramatic failure intrinsically, but, on the contrary, a production of startling power, which would have achieved corresponding pecuniary success, had it not been so bitter a pill to the rich that they would not swallow it, even though Zola, in anticipation of their wry faces, had consented to give it numerous coats of sugar. The cheaper seats were well filled at every performance, but the receipts from these unfortunately are insufficient for the support of a first-class theatre. First a victim of the official censor and now a victim of plutocratic censure, Zola's play must await the future's sure seal of approbation.

Meanwhile the novel from which it was drawn has already taken its place among the books—perhaps half a dozen in all—which can contest with any show of success for the honor of being the greatest work of fiction ever written.

In his last sermon before the Unity congregation of New York Rev. Pentecost said among other things that "men who get rich by interest do not earn the money, but violate the laws of justice," and that there "would be no such thing as interest in a society justly ordered." I expect that in the next "Standard" Mr. Pentecost will be taken to task for this anti-Georgian heresy and advised to read "Progress and Poverty." But as I have reason to believe that he is not unacquainted with that book, I am puzzled at his apparently wilful opposition to the precepts of his prophet. Of course he must have heard all about the "time" argument, and he must know that interest and wages rise and fall together, as well as that both capitalists and laborers would be benefited by the single-tax. How, then, can he speak as he did? If interest is an evil which (according to Mr. George's own emphasized declarations) appropriation of land values by the government would not only leave untouched, but foster and develop, it is evident that the single-tax can not be the cure for poverty and the solution of the social problem. It looks very much as if Mr. George has lost another of his most prominent and thoughtful disciples.

"Jumping" the True Solution.

[The Radical, Australia.]

This mistake of nationalization has multiplied itself, and its consequences are now felt amongst the units or individuals of every nation. The history of England shows that, in proportion as nationalization of land has gained ground, monopoly by the few and suffering by the many have increased. State control has resulted in legalized monopoly, in grants of land to the few and enslavement of the many, in despotic tyranny and the denial of liberty; the same horrors which today Land Nationalists say Socialists and Free Communists are endeavoring to bring about. The history of Australia shows the same effects from nationalization. From the time when land was held for use only to Thomas Garrett's system is but a few years, and yet what changes have been wrought. When the diggers used their claims, or had them taken from them by "jumpers," to the time when disused claims were legalized by a Minister for Lands, was but a few weeks or days, yet what a change came over the spirit of our dream. Under the former system peace, employment, and prosperity reigned; under the latter confusion, social discord, and starvation are seen everywhere. Under the former system the land was individualized and de-nationalized; under the latter it is monopolized and nationalized. The former was nature's law, the latter is artificial or unnatural law.

We are suffering from Nationalization, and, like the drunkard, we desire a hair of the dog that bit us; or like the protectionist who is suffering from the protection of his master, and still wants another homœopathic dose of protection. Henry George says truly that we have become so imbued with the idea that labor must be protected that we fail to calculate the benefits to be derived from freedom, yet George falls into the same error by failing to see the benefits of de-nationalization of land or *true nationalization based on liberty, equality, and fraternity*, or, in other words, the freeing of land from political corruption and control. The true solution of the land question lays in making it free to all so that it will cost men and women nothing to use it. Instead of nationalizing land, it must be de-nationalized, so that the only title to the land will be *use*. We must solve it in the way that the diggers used to solve it in the days gone by. Land that is held in disuse must be "jumped"; which is the natural way to break up the land monopoly, and which way will be found to be the best economically and socially.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

Continued from No. 124.

They constituted the flower of liberalism, the pleiades of the opposition, financiers first, lawyers, soldiers, literary men, artists, all the celebrities of the *bourgeoisie* of the day.

At the right of the host was seated his friend, his master, the great national banker, Jacques Laffitte, in a dark blue coat with brass buttons, the promoter of the Foy subscription, the treasurer of the party, the quarter-master of the army, destined to be minister of the revolution and to lose his fortune in victory. By the side of Laffitte, his *confrère* and rival, Casimir Perier, who was to supplant him, and his *protégé*, the young little Thiers, who was to betray him. Farther along was the historian of the cause, Sismondi, the surest and also the soundest of our historians, and his young and brilliant pupil, Lieutenant Carrel, the pen and sword of the party, the rebel of Bidassoa and the republican of the "National," who was to fall by the bullet of a thief. Then David d'Angers, the sculptor of Barra, and the astronomer Arago, predicting the return of a red comet.

Near them the lawyer of the middle class and the middle king, Dupin, in heavy iron-tipped shoes, more rustic than Roland and more crafty than Pathelin, still hot with the Orleanist protest against the birth of the Count de Chambord, and already meditating the will of the Prince de Condé.

And the Bonapartist general, the Corsican, Sebastiani, destined to be less famous for his deeds than for his phrase, "Order reigns at Warsaw," and for his poor dead daughter assassinated by the hand of her husband, the noble Duke de Praslin.

In the middle, opposite M. Berville, in the place of honor, sat the eldest, the venerable patriarch of the Revolution, the ex-Marquis de La Fayette, *en cheveux blancs* (in the words of the poet Delavigne), who had cut off his particle together with his cue on the night of the Fourth of August and had since called himself *Lafayette* for short; the "hero" of Two Worlds, a would-be Washington, a mis-carried Cromwell, a gallant Warwick, dethroner of kings and courtier of queens, still, in spite of his age, treating all the fair sex as Marie Antoinettes, and, placed near Mlle. Berville, dominating the whole company by his high stature, his great renown, and his all-powerful authority.

At the left of Berville was Benjamin Constant, a beau of the Consulate, a skeleton, with three garments to fill him out, who, like a certain Greek, would have needed lead in his boots to hold him before the wind, his head covered with long hair, now gray but formerly light, which fell over his shoulders and curled angelically, in the style of Bernardin, the author of "Virginie," his chin buried in a Directory cravat, in the style of Talleyrand; in short, all that had been left of him by his fat mistress, Mme. de Staël. Such as he was, he was the tribune of the opposition. The King's body-guards had demanded satisfaction (*raison*) for his last speech, and he had answered them that they undoubtedly stood in great need of reason (*raison*), but that he had not so much that he could spare them any. Which had amused France.

Then there was the deputy Manuel, still covered with glory by his expulsion from the Chamber by the *gendarmes* who had laid hands upon him after the national guards on duty at the Palais-Bourbon had refused. Which had made France indignant.

Then his friend Béranger, his forehead already bald, a real alabaster globe above his two handsome, delicate, soft, radiant, sparkling blue eyes, who had just lampooned in song the *Carabas* and the *Hommes noirs*.^{*} Which had set all France singing.

Without counting the newspaper writers of the "Constitutionnel" who enlightened her, Jay, Jouy, Jal, and even the publisher Touquet,—in short, all the stars of the political and literary firmament, all the glories of liberalism, all the forces of that opposition which was turning towards conspiracy to end in Revolution. Brilliant stars then, obscure today, which have had their influence, shot across the heavens, and disappeared in the limbo or become nebulous in the galaxy of history, from which the novel rescues them for a moment for its use if not for its pleasure.

After the period of silence with which a grand dinner usually begins, there was a running fire of raillery, anecdote, political, literary, and financial gossip on all the subjects of the day, barring the fashions, woman not being represented at this table of black coats, save by Mlle. Berville, who represented only the reaction and the kitchen.

Witticisms were showered on the Bourbons, the king *a l'engrais*, Louis XVIII., and his honorary mistress, the hunter, Charles X., and his Jesuit confessor, the Miraculous child and his immaculate mother, and especially the responsible ministers, their legislative projects and administrative policies, the double vote, right of primogeniture, law of love, law of sacrilege, tickets of confession, abolition of civil marriage,—in short, all the clerical and royal pretensions contained in the ominous Article 14 of the granted Charter.

The scandals and crimes of the clergy, high and low, of Archbishop Quélen and Father Mingrat, were no less bombarded.

All this political and religious artillery, varied with financial petards regarding bonds and discounts, conversions and loans, rise and fall of prices, heavy stocks, the latent crisis, suffering commerce, canals, roads, imports and exports,—all was of the opposition.

While biting the legitimate dynasty, they never failed to set their teeth in better meat. Upon the artistic appearance and the flavor of each dish they congratulated Mlle. Gertrude, who, the only woman at the banquet, with her abbé beside her, was the target of the male sex and threw her grain of feminine salt into the conversation.

"Well," she replied to Benjamin Constant, an epicure who, while eating the king and the priest, regaled himself and complimented her on a *languet de Vierzon*,† "will you always speak evil of religion?"

"A monk's dish!" exclaimed the delighted orator.

"You are right; I hold the secret directly from the convent of the Benedictines. Ask my cousin, M. de Berville."

"Berville, if you please, cousin."

"Yes, the last monk whom your frightful '93 expelled from the convent left the receipt to my aunt, the mother of my cousin de Berville."

"Berville, cousin."

"You see, the Church has done some good."

"Ah! if it had done nothing but give banquets!" said the orator, laughing and licking his chops.

"Your Revolution has not done as much, has it?"

"That is Voltaire's fault."

"To say nothing of the burnt almonds of Bourges, and the pastries of Linieres, and the *case-museaux de Mehun*, all products of the convents of our religious Berry."

"That is Rousseau's fault."

"And the liquor of Chartreux, and the gingerbread-nuts of Reims, and the feet of Sainte-Ménéhould, cousin," added M. Berville, who liked to tease her.

"Your guillotine has killed cookery with the rest. No more Vatel's; I am going to discharge mine, first because he swears, which I do not like, but especially because he has a notion that he will not make the white sauces which I like," said Gertrude, laughing.

"Ah! if our poor defunct were here, what a lesson in equality she would give you, cousin."

"Yes, the dear republican who called Our Lord *Sans-Culotte* and God *Citizen* . . . who sang her child to sleep with the Marseillaise. That God may forgive her is my daily prayer. The old Christmas hymn and the blessed bread would have been better."

"Yes, we do justice to the Church, but at the table, not of communion, but of *Mardi Gras*," said Constant. "This fine *languet* makes up for the insipidity of the host."

But the coarse *bourgeois* wit of the sceptical banker, his swaggering incredulity and vulgarity, redoubled when the poultry was served, a turkey truffled ministerially which he invariably called a Jesuit, offering Monsieur the abbé the rump, which he pitilessly called a bishop's cap, and accompanying it with some pastry, which, to cap the climax, he described as nun's wind.

There was only a shout of laughter.

"Respect for the child," said Gertrude.

"With the mitre," said M. Berville savagely to the poor martyr, "you cannot fail to succeed the archbishop of Paris, and even become cardinal-minister, like Dubois, or at least king's confessor, like Father Cotton. And, speaking of confession, have you read Paul Louis's latest pamphlet on celibacy?"

The abbé, stout and fat, Gertrude's spiritual director, did not breathe a word, but closed his ears and opened his mouth, as much as to say, like his Cardinal Mazarin, "Let them sing, they will pay for it!" and took his revenge upon the banker's larded truffles, gluttony being the most venial of the seven capital sins.

Benjamin Constant, as gluttonous as he was thin, came to the aid of the priest out of sympathy with his vice, saying that the Church had civilized table manners as it had civilized morality, politics, and literature, — *Alma parens*, holy mother of all knowledge!

And straightway the conversation took an upward turn.

"Well and good," said Mlle. Gertrude, "you, a Protestant, do more justice to Catholicism than these freethinkers like my cousin de Berville. You are at least Christian. But these Voltaireans, these infidels, these atheists, like my charming neighbor, Béranger". . .

"I beg pardon, Mademoiselle," said the poet, "I an atheist! You forget the 'God of the good people.' I an infidel! Not to 'Lisette.'"

"It is true. But you do not recognize as we do the glory of the century, Monsieur the Viscount de Châteaubriand, the illustrious author of the 'Genius of Christianity'". . .

"And of 'René,' the incestuous."

"You do not like our modern literature so original and so new". . .

"New, humph! as new as the Middle Ages."

"So Catholic, so monarchical, so national". . .

"Like Pitt and Cobourg."

"Ah! I can see them all gathered in their *coterie* at Abbaye-aux-Bois, at the beautiful, noble, and pious Madame de Récamier's."

"Ah! yes, the Magdalen of the Directory, but little repentant! No, indeed!"

"Radiant constellation, of which Viscount de Châteaubriand is the sun, and the planets Viscount d'Harlincourt, Chevalier de Lamartine, Baron Taylor, Count de Vigny, and the son of the happy Vendean, the young Count Victor Hugo."

"Yes, all counts. . . the Gotha almanac. . . all nobles, and Apollo was a shepherd. . . stay, you forget Dumas, the Marquis de la Pailleterie, a negro marquis, and the printer Balzac, who has also become a noble author, — Honoré de Balzac."

"Just as my cousin is de Berville," said M. Berville.

"Oh, speak not so ill of the noble particle," said Gertrude. "Are not you yourself, dear poet, noble also, M. de Béranger?"

"Oh! oh! if my father, the tailor, could hear you in his grave, he would be capable of recrossing his legs."

"No matter! you, a poet, you, the singer of 'Lisette,' admire at least the child of genius celebrating in song the child of miracle, the poet of the 'Ode to the Duke de Bordeaux'! What poetry! the flower of the grave."

"Humph! the flower of the grave! what a perfume! the odor is unpleasant."

"And the 'Ode to the Column,' great patriot, what do you think of that?"

"Yes, there is something for all tastes, except mine. You see, Mademoiselle," said Béranger, seriously, "I am only a song-writer, but a Frenchman; and all your poets are only foreign troubadours, English and German minstrels, sons, and, I fear, fathers, of invasion. Wellington and Blücher have invaded and abandoned us; but they have left us their fellow-countrymen, Scott and Goethe! Voltaire and Rousseau are conquered, like France. We are, I repeat, invaded and occupied. Are we going to progress backwards, advance toward the rear, retrace our steps, return to the Middle Ages, and relapse into childhood, the second, the ugly childhood, that which precedes death? I have said: 'Kings never will invade France.' I was wrong. With this poetry they will regain it. You will not make citizens with René and citizenesses with Atala. And to save ourselves, to restore us to the path of progress, a second revolution is needed."

"We will make it; we shall see the Republic again!" cried Carrel, raising his head filled with enthusiasm.

"Yes, we shall have the 'best of republics,'" said La Fayette, diplomatically.

"We shall have the citizen-king," insisted the little Thiers, with his owl's head and his rattle voice.

"Yes, yes, the golden mean," added Dupin.

"And then all will not be ended," said Sismondi, shaking his head. "The Revolution perhaps will go farther and faster than they would like to have it. Let us remember! The taking of the Bastille caused the taking of the Tuileries. The taking of the Tuileries will cause the taking of the Bank."

At this word Bank, M. Berville stopped laughing and teasing his cousin. His interest, in the absence of intellect, comprehended the historian Sismondi and checked the sage.

"Yes, not so fast and no extremes! Let us be positive!" said he. "I am very willing to subscribe to the 'Constitutionnel,' but for the Constitution. I desire the Charter, but not the Republic. I am for the golden mean, as M. Dupin says."

*The priests.

† This phrase and another occurring a few paragraphs farther on, *case-museaux de Mehun*, are not to be found in the dictionaries, and are unknown to such French cooks as I have been able to consult. They doubtless describe dishes or products peculiar to the places specified in them. — Translator.

Frankly, I do not like priests or nobles, as my cousin well knows; but I like democrats no better. I say more; I even prefer knights to citizens and 'short-ropes' to *sans-culottes*. Anything rather than demagogues who have neither house nor home nor faith nor law". . .

"Very good," exclaimed his cousin, laughing; "soon you will call yourself de Berville. Bravo, and thank you, my cousin, for thus defending religion and royalty."

"They are necessary for the People," said Berville, with a sagacious air.

"So, then," replied his malicious cousin, "you deny the nobility from pride."

"As you desire it from vanity. Yes, my dear vain cousin, no more nobles. All Frenchmen are equal before the law."

"That is just what the People say to the *bourgeois*."

"They are wrong."

"And you right?"

"Undoubtedly the People are at least our equals. I even maintain that the most insignificant workman who calls himself a slave is freer and happier than I". . .

"Yes. *Les gueux, les gueux sont des gens heureux*," hummed Béranger.

"Allowances, fees, wages, salaries,—the same thing under different names. Really the employee has neither responsibility nor care nor supervision nor obligations. I am not his master, I am his steward."

The young Berville, who had listened to all this long conversation without going to sleep, thanks to the nun's wind and other holy *bombons* of the great confectioner of Rome, at this point addressed an indiscreet question to his father between two mouthfuls of gingerbread-nuts:

"Say, then, papa, why don't you become a workman?"

The guests smiled.

The father, nonplussed, evaded the question.

"There, Camille, children of your age should be seen and not heard. Gentlemen, I may seem paradoxical; but really I declare to you that the meanest of my employees is more independent than I."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Carrel.

"Take, if you will, the lowest of all my collectors,—Didier, for instance. I take him because he is steady. He earns eighty cents a day, and for doing what, my God? He goes, he comes, he receives, and he carries. A terrier would do as much. His life is assured, and, as he is honest, he is more than rich,—he is happy."

"Why don't you change places with him?" asked the *enfant terrible*. "He would ask nothing better."

And the guests shouted.

The father, now indignant, was about to resume his argument after an angry gesture at the child, when behind a valet a man of mature age entered cautiously, and with an air of embarrassment and anxiety approached the banker's chair.

It was the cashier of the establishment.

"Monsieur," said he, in a hesitating tone.

And in a low voice the following conversation began.

"What do you want, Brémont?" said Berville, testily.

"To speak to you in private."

"You know very well that I do not wish to be disturbed when I am at the table."

"Excuse me, Monsieur, but". . .

"And how happens it that you are here at this hour? Why come back?"

"I have not come back; I have remained."

"Why?"

"I have been waiting for the collector, who has not yet returned."

The banker leaped from his seat.

To be continued.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE, AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

MR. GREELEY'S COMMENTS.

Continued from No. 124.

We have no doubt this wise law, while essential to the progress of the race in intelligence and virtue, is eminently conducive to the happiness of individuals. True, there are unhappy marriages, discordant marriages, unions sanctioned by law which lack the soul of marriage,—but these occur, not through any inherent vice or defect in the institution, but through the levity, rashness, avarice, or overmastering appetite of one or both of the parties, who marry in haste, or from the impulse of unworthy motives, when the law counsels deliberation and demands pure affection. If a general proclamation were issued tomorrow, with the sanction of all our civil and ecclesiastical authorities, authorizing every married couple to obtain a divorce by merely applying for it within two months, and, in default of such asking, to remain undivorced ever afterward, we do not believe one couple in ten would apply for divorce. But let it be understood that marriages would hereafter be sanctioned and honored, binding the parties to regard each other as husband and wife only so long as should be mutually agreeable, and leaving them at perfect liberty to dissolve this tie and form new ones at pleasure, and we believe marriages *would* be contracted and dissolved with a facility and levity now unimagined. Every innocent young maiden would be sought in marriage by those who now plot her ruin without marriage, and the facility of divorce would cover the arts and the designs of the libertine with all the panoply of honorable and pure affection. How many have already fallen victims to the sophistry that the *ceremony* of marriage is of no importance,—the *affection* being the essential matter? How many are every day exposed to this sophistry? Marriage indissoluble may be an imperfect test of honorable and pure affection,—as all things human are imperfect,—but it is the best the State can devise; and its overthrow would result in a general profligacy and corruption such as this country has never known and few of our people can adequately imagine.

We are inflexibly opposed, therefore, to any extension of the privileges of divorce now accorded by our laws; but we are *not* opposed to the discussion of the subject. On the contrary, we deem such discussion vitally necessary and already too long neglected. The free trade sophistry respecting marriage is already on every libertine's tongue; it has overrun the whole country in the yellow-covered literature which is as abundant as the frogs of Egypt and a great deal more pernicious. It is high time that the press, the pulpit, and every other avenue to the public mind, were alive to this subject, presenting, reiterating, and enforcing the argument in favor of the sanctity, integrity, and perpetuity of marriage.

IV.

EXTRACT OF REPLY OF MR. JAMES TO THE OBSERVER.

To Mr. Greeley:

I do not see that Mr. Andrews's queries need detain us. The numerous fallacies and misconceptions on which they are grounded either suggest their own correction to the observant reader or else stand fully corrected in my replies to the "Observer" and yourself. Besides, the entire "indifference" which Mr. Andrews professes as to any possible issue of the discussion between the "Observer" and myself gives a decided shade of impropriety to his interference in it. I value my time and thoughts much too highly to bestow them upon those who can afford to be indifferent to them; and, accordingly, I shall hold myself excused if I confine my attention to yourself and the "Observer."

V.

MR. GREELEY'S COMMENTS.

We do, indeed, believe that most parties are now as happy and contented in their marriage relations as their own natures will allow; because we believe that marriages are now contracted with a very general understanding that they are practically indissoluble; that nothing short of death or the deep demoralization and lasting infamy of one of the parties can ever dissolve them. But let it be understood that marriages may be dissolved whenever the parties are tired of each other,—and we can conceive no essential modification of our present system which will not amount practically to this,—and we believe more false than true marriages would be contracted; because libertines would resort to marriage as a cloak for their lecherous designs, which the legal penalties of bigamy and adultery now compel them to pursue by a more circuitous and less shaded path. Apprise sensualists that they may at any time be rid of the obligations of marriage by simply dishonoring them,—and if Mr. James does not intend this, we cannot understand him,—and thousands would incur those obligations with deliberate intent to throw them off whenever they should be found irksome, as, with their appetites, they are morally certain soon to become. We insist, then, that what Mr. James intends or contemplates may be ever so innocent and practically just without at all discharging his proposition of the responsibility of such use as the carnal and unprincipled would inevitably make of it. And this use we determine by the ruin they are now too often enabled to effect through the influence of the sophism that the *ceremony* of marriage is of no account where the *essential* marriage of heart and soul has already taken place. We determine it also by the demoralization and degeneracy of the Romans, especially the Patricians, following closely on the heels of the liberty of divorce accorded by their laws in the last days of the republic. We find, also, that the most flagrant social disorders were diffused and aggravated in France by the liberty of divorce accorded during the frenzy of the first Revolution. In short, we believe this liberty always did create or immensely inflame such disorders wherever it has been legalized, and we think it always must do so; at least until the human race shall have been very differently trained and developed from aught the world has yet seen. If there ever shall come a time when the whole race shall profoundly realize that lewdness, with all transgression of the laws of God, is a ruinous *mistake*, destructive of the happiness of the transgressor, there will then be no need of human laws or penalties, and they may be dispensed with altogether. But so long as there shall exist a social necessity for interdicting and punishing murder,—which we reckon will be rather longer than either Mr. James's or our writings will continue to be read,—so long we believe there will be a necessity for punishing seduction and adultery and forbidding divorce.

We contend that Mr. James's liberty of divorce, no matter what *his* intent may be, or what hedges he might seek to set about it, would practically open to the licentious and fickle a prospect of ridding themselves of the obligations of marriage at pleasure,—would say to them, "Get married, if that will subserve the ends of today; and you may get unmarried again tomorrow, or as soon as you shall think proper." And we regard Mr. Andrews's queries and well-understood position as most significant and pertinent, pointing, as they do, to a still larger (or looser) liberty than Mr. James contemplates. Once admit divorce on Mr. James's basis, and it will be utterly impossible to confine it within his limits.

Our own conviction and argument decidedly favor "indissoluble marriage," any existing law to the contrary notwithstanding. But for the express words of Christ, which seem to admit adultery as a valid ground of divorce, we should stand distinctly on the Roman Catholic ground of no divorce except by death. As it is, we do not object to divorce for the one flagrant and gross violation of the marriage covenant, though we *should* oppose even *that*, if it did not seem to be upheld by the personal authority of Christ. Beyond it we are inflexible.

VI.

NOTICE BY MR. GREELEY.

We acknowledge the receipt of Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH's promised exposition of her views on the divorce question, which we shall publish soon. But we have had one much longer on hand from Mr. S. P. ANDREWS, which we shall print first, though we consider its doctrines eminently detestable, while Mrs. Smith's conclusions are just, though her way of looking at the question differs somewhat from ours.

The world is full of perilous fallacies and sophisms respecting marriage and divorce, which, we are confident, are mischievous only because they burrow in darkness and are permitted to do their deadly work unopposed. Let them be exposed to the light of discussion, and they will, they *must*, be divested of their baneful power. We hope to do our share toward this consummation.

VII.

MR. ANDREWS' REPLY TO MR. JAMES AND MR. GREELEY.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

Mr. James declines answering my questions on the ground that I expressed indifference to the issue of a discussion between him and another party. I did not express any indifference to the information which I sought from *him*. By this expert quibble he gracefully waves aside queries to which it is simply impossible for him to reply without committing himself, by inevitable sequence, to conclusions which he seems either not to have the willingness or the courage to avow. It would be cruel to insist any further. So let Mr. James pass. Before doing so, however, since he charges "fallacies and misconceptions" upon *my* article, and refers me obliquely to his replies to the "Observer," permit me to recapitulate the positions at which he has tarried temporarily while boxing the circle of possibilities in that discussion. I quote from Mr. James's various articles on the subject.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., MAY 26, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

A Seed Planted.

Time: Thursday, May 17, 7.30 P.M.

Place: Residence of the editor of Liberty, 10 Garfield Ave., Crescent Beach, Revere (a town in the suburbs of Boston).

Dramatis Personæ: Charles F. Fenno, so-called tax-collector of Revere, and the editor of Liberty.

In answer to a knock the editor of Liberty opens his front door, and is accosted by a man whom he never met before, but who proves to be Fenno.

Fenno. — "Does Mr. Tucker live here?"

Editor of Liberty. — "That's my name, sir."

F. — "I came about a poll-tax."

E. of L. — "Well?"

F. — "Well, I came to collect it."

E. of L. — "Do I owe you anything?"

F. — "Why, yes."

E. of L. — "Did I ever agree to pay you anything?"

F. — "Well, no; but you were living here on the first of May last year, and the town taxed you one dollar."

E. of L. — "Oh! it isn't a matter of agreement, then?"

F. — "No, it's a matter of compulsion."

E. of L. — "But isn't that rather a mild word for it? I call it robbery."

F. — "Oh, well, you know the law; it says that all persons twenty years of age and upwards who are living in a town on the first day of May" —

E. of L. — "Yes, I know what the law says, but the law is the greatest of all robbers."

F. — "That may be. Anyhow, I want the money."

E. of L. (taking a dollar from his pocket and handing it to Fenno) — "Very well. I know you are stronger than I am, because you have a lot of other robbers at your back, and that you will be able to take this dollar from me, if I refuse to hand it to you. If I did not know that you are stronger than I am, I should throw you down the steps. But because I know that you are stronger, I hand you the dollar just as I would hand it to any other highwayman. You have no more right to take it, however, than to enter the house and take everything else you can lay your hands on, and I don't see why you don't do so."

F. — "I have your tax-bill with you?"

E. of L. — "I never take a receipt for money that is stolen from me."

F. — "Oh, that's it?"

E. of L. — "Yes, that's it."

And the door closed in Fenno's face.

He seemed a harmless and inoffensive individual, entirely ignorant of the outrageous nature of his conduct, and he is wondering yet, I presume, if not consulting with his fellow-citizens, upon what manner of crank it is that lives at No. 10 Garfield Ave., and whether it would not be the part of wisdom to lodge him straightway in a lunatic asylum. If he will reconsider his conversation in the light of the article printed

below from the pen of J. Wm. Lloyd, perhaps he may discover that there is some method in the madness of Anarchists who try to evade the "tax-collector."

T.

Trust All to Liberty.

Comrade Leahy confesses: "We take it that the cost of all benefits should fall on those benefited. But the benefits arising from the suppression of crime must necessarily fall upon all alike, and hence the cost should be borne by all alike, whether willingly or unwillingly," and thereupon he beseeches, if he is wrong, that Liberty would give him light.

I have perfect faith that our natural leader will give it to him, broad and bright; nevertheless I, too, am fain to swing my lantern and add my "barbaric yawp."

The trouble with the "American Idea" appears to be its idea that a man can in justice be required to pay for something bestowed upon him, without his request or consent, merely because the dealer insists upon its being a benefit. At least it believes this when the dealer is the government and is dealing out what it believes is benefit. This is indeed the American idea, and a devil of an idea it is,—that very Liberty-smothering paternalism which Comrades Leahy and Allison elsewhere so ardently attack.

In referring to the cost principle, Comrade Leahy evidently thinks we shall be "hoist with our own petard," but he forgets that behind and within the cost principle is the primary and greater principle of individuality. And because of the principle of free individuality a man cannot rightfully be charged for any benefit, or for any measure intended to benefit, to which he has not willingly subscribed. How now, if ten regulators in Missouri hang a highwayman, can they rightfully demand that Messrs. Leahy and Allison, riding afterward on that road, shall share the responsibility and pecuniary expense of the deed because of the alleged benefit? Can the Prohibitionists rightfully compel non-Prohibitionists to share the expense of enforcing the anti-liquor laws, and the cost of the prohibitory propaganda, because "suppressing drunkenness is a benefit"? Is it not self-evident that I must be satisfied in my mind that a given act is a crime, and a given method for its suppression efficacious, before I can be properly called upon to subscribe to the fund that makes suppression possible? And even if satisfied, have I not a right to refuse to subscribe? If not, why not?

A benefit is either a free gift, a ware in the market, or a weapon aimed at one's liberty. If a gift, there is no indebtedness; if a ware, then the buyer has a right to say whether he will buy, or not, and what price he will, or will not, pay; if a weapon, let all beware.

Liberty's cost principle requires that every man shall bear the expense of his own acts, unless others freely choose to share it with him. Incidental benefits are like the gifts of nature, "without money and without price," and free to all who can appropriate them. Any attempt to admeasure them and exact compensation for them would, if successful (which it could never be except for the *fetish* of government), convulse society to its foundations and set every man against his brother.

For instance: if I live in a village, can my neighbor A, who lives across the street, compel me to share the cost of the pretty cottage he builds, and the neat lawn he lays out, because my view is rendered so much more beautiful than before, and the value of my property enhanced by his "improvements"? Can neighbor B, on my right, who puts up a high board fence to screen his back yard from observation, justly assess me with part of the expense because the frost is thereby kept from my cucumbers? Can I honestly compel neighbor C, on my left, whose lot is lower than mine, to pay part of the cost of an expensive fertilizer for my terrace, because, indeed, a good part of that fertilizer eventually washes down to his hedge? If Comrade Leahy answers "No" to these, then he must also, to be consistent, answer "No" when I ask him if a collection of my neighbors can, rightfully, tax me to pay the cost of a stone sidewalk they insist upon putting in front of my premises (whereas I prefer turf) or

to pay the wage of a policeman to strut up and down on that walk when I prefer to guard myself.

No, friend Leahy, that "Liberty" which your "Idea" claims to be "the fundamental and only condition of all growth, all evolution, all progress," is the equal liberty of each and every individual to labor in his own way, and to spend the fruits of that labor as he may please, and your plan of taxation for the suppression of crime only is an elastic necktie that will choke at last as fatally as a hangman's halter. Comrade Tucker has asked you a test question, and your answer shows you to be in a position where, unless you "pent, sinner, 'pent," you will soon be lost to Liberty altogether. And, if you follow up your doctrine of charging for incidental benefits, you will find no logical stopping-place this side of State Communism. But I do not fear this, and I look for the day when your American Idea shall become the Anarchical Idea, and you, with your learning and eloquence, one of the freest sailors on Liberty's sea, and Allison your equal mate.

If I should propose to Comrade Leahy to support the judiciary of the United States by theft, he would start aghast, and quote something about "casting out devils by the prince of devils"; yet this is precisely his own proposition. It is admitted by almost all human beings that robbery is to take from an individual that which rightfully belongs to that individual without that individual's consent. Mr. Leahy's government would do exactly this; therefore his government would be a robber. All governments do this; therefore all governments are robbers. To suppress crime by crime is not to suppress crime, is only to change its form and seat. Anarchy only is honesty.

To invade a man's liberty under pretext of defending his liberty is hypocrisy as damnable as anything Mr. Leahy can find in the house of the "harlot" of Rome, from whose allurements he has so lately purified himself. If some private ruffian insisted upon "protecting" Mr. Leahy, and compelled him to pay for the "protection," he could see the outrage; but, when the State does this, he is blind. But Honesty reck nothing of minorities or majorities, things private or things public, knows only free consent and fair exchange; and Honesty and Liberty are coördinate.

I am reminded by all this of an argument once or twice brought to me in this form: If a group of Anarchists were attacked by an outside foe, would it not be just for them to compel their cowards and shirks to help fight, or at least help foot the bills? I replied "No," for such compulsion would be government, the benefit received being an incidental one, the others having to defend themselves just the same, even if these meaner spirits were absent. If the associates constituted a defensive organization, bound together by voluntary pledges, the case might be different; but even then it appeared to me that Liberty would sanction no action toward these defaulters except the spontaneous boycott of natural contempt and disfellowship. It was argued, then, that such laxity would be pernicious, and that examples of successful cowardice and falsehood would demoralize and break up defensive societies. To this I replied that the natural forces could be relied upon to maintain them without invasive compulsion.

For example: if, after the enemy had been repulsed, and the cowards had secretly rejoiced that they had secured defence without cost, a deputation of the enemy should return with this message: "We will not trouble you again, for we see you are too brave and strong for us; but we perceive there are cowards among you who would not help in defence; if they would not help you, you need not them, and if you will promise not to interfere with us in plundering them, we will punish them for you, and be your friends forever." What now? If the cowards are robbed, they will learn a lesson that will make them quick enough, next time, to join in the mutual defence. If the brave ones are too magnanimous to permit them to be despoiled, they will none the less perceive the imminence of their danger, and will have the additional motives of shame and gratitude to make them coöperate; the outcome will be the same either way, or any way,—that men will combine against danger whilst danger exists. Just as the perceived necessities of normal life (and many not

perceived) make men moral without Christianity; just as the necessities of affectional satisfaction make true hearts link without marriage,—just so will the social forces, loneliness, timidity, sympathy, friendship, love, ambition, convenience, need of reciprocal assistance, and habit, hold men together and make them defend each other. And the carefully nurtured love of liberty will prevent them from becoming all alike and stagnant in development, as has been the case in all forced associations; their agreements, being free, will be perfectly harmonious, and their disagreements, being devoid of invasion, will contain the minimum amount of inharmony.

Again I say: Trust all to Liberty.

J. WM. LLOYD.

Proudhon and Fraternity.

In the closing chapter of the first volume of his "System of Economical Contradictions" Proudhon discusses the origin of evil. He combats the doctrine of Rousseau that man is born good and that society depraves him, pointing out that, if men were good by nature, the social institutions which lead to inequalities could have no such effect, for the inherent goodness of man's nature would at once restore the balance. In the course of his argument he uses this language:

Love thy neighbor as thyself, Jesus Christ tells us, after Moses. That is the whole of it. Love thy neighbor as thyself, and society will be perfect; love thy neighbor as thyself, and all distinctions of prince and shepherd, of rich and poor, of learned and ignorant, disappear, all clashing of human interests ceases.

Joseph R. Buchanan, the editor of the Chicago "Labor Enquirer," in a paragraph which he considers, I suppose, a review of Proudhon's work, quotes the above lines, and comments on them thus:

As near as can be seen from the mass of intricate arguments, the reconciliation sought for is Love—with a big L. This remedy is an old one, but it is thought by many that its application would destroy economical science instead of reconciling its contradictions.

It is unmistakably Buchanan's intention to give his readers the idea that Proudhon proposed Love as an economic remedy. Is it possible that he sees no distinction between pointing to the absence of love as explanatory of the existence of social evil and advocating love as the means of abolishing that evil? Wm. Lloyd Garrison held that, if slaveholders loved their neighbors as themselves, they would free their slaves. It does not follow, however, that his plan for the abolition of slavery consisted of a pouring of love into the hearts of the slaveholders. Nor is such Proudhon's plan for the abolition of economic slavery. On the contrary, he, perhaps more than any other writer, discountenanced all reformatory projects resting on fraternity as a basic principle. If Buchanan had really read the book which he "reviews" in this quack fashion, numerous passages in it would have shown him this. I content myself with the quotation of only one of them, taken from the chapter on "Monopoly," in which the author is discussing, not the origin of evil, but political economy:

Why, then, continually interject fraternity, charity, sacrifice, and God into the discussion of economic questions? May it not be that the utopists find it easier to expatiate upon these grand words than to seriously study social manifestations?

Fraternity! Brothers as much as you please, provided I am the big brother and you the little; provided society, our common mother, honors my primogeniture and my services by doubling my portion. You will provide for my wants, you say, in proportion to your resources. I intend, on the contrary, that such provision shall be in proportion to my labor; if not, I cease to labor.

Charity! I deny charity; it is mysticism. In vain do you talk to me of fraternity and love: I remain convinced that you love me but little, and I feel very sure that I do not love you. Your friendship is but a feint, and, if you love me, it is from self-interest. I ask all that my products cost me, and only what they cost me: why do you refuse me?

Sacrifice! I deny sacrifice; it is mysticism. Talk to me of debt and credit, the only criterion in my eyes of the just and the unjust, of good and evil in society. To each according to his works, first; and if, on occasion, I am impelled to aid you, I will do it with a good grace; but I will not be constrained. To constrain me to sacrifice is to assassinate me.

God! I know no God; mysticism again. Begin by striking this word from your remarks, if you wish me to listen to

you; for three thousand years of experience have taught me that whoever talks to me of God has designs on my liberty or on my purse. How much do you owe me? How much do I owe you? That is my religion and my God.

From this and other passages it is clear that any reviewer of the book who says that Proudhon proposed Love as a reconciliation is either a contemptible quack, an insufferable blockhead, or a sophistical trickster. Come, Buchanan, make your confession. Of these three which are you? T.

Revolutionary Plays.

Those were profound and valuable observations which Colonel Ingersoll recently made in the "Truth Seeker" and another New York paper in regard to the respective usefulness of the Church and the Stage to civilization. He who loves the drama must hate the Church, and he who is anxious about the glory and safety of the Church must recognize in the drama its most dangerous and successful rival. Some poet is recorded to have said that, if he were allowed to write the people's songs, he would not care who governed and controlled them. So we can say, give us a free and independent stage, and we will cease to trouble ourselves about the pulpit. But unfortunately even the theatre has been converted by the canting moralists and hypocritical purists of the *bourgeois* world into a means of fostering superstition and ignorance. The *bourgeoisie* has even forced the theatre to a humiliating compromise and undignified overtures with the sneaking creatures of the orthodox pulpit. "Wilhelm Tell" is banished from the German stage, "Germinal" from the French, and "Ostler Joe" cannot be recited by a lady in fashionable society at Washington without incurring the angry displeasure of the mob of respectable fools and humbugs. Today, with very few exceptions, the lessons taught from the stage are no more healthful and rational than the sermons of such clowns as Talmage, Dix, Cook, or Jones.

So much the more precious, therefore, are the exceptions. And to some of them I wish to call the attention of radicals and men of progressive ideas and sympathies.

No Egoist should fail to see Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, "The Pirates of Penzance." The beauty of duty and of sacred keeping of promises is the "moral" of the charming opera. "The Queen's Favorite" is a drama which revolutionists should go miles to see whenever they have a chance. It is a splendid and exquisite satire on the farce of parliamentary agitation, politics, diplomacy, and the business of government generally. One such play is worth more than ten volumes of dissertations on civil service reform, tax reform, tenement house reform, or political improvements. I cannot enter into detail here, but I can assure all of Liberty's readers that the seeing of this play would be something for them to always recall with the deepest gratification and keenest enjoyment. "Henrietta," a comedy written especially for Robson and Crane (of whom Colonel Ingersoll is an enthusiastic admirer), who play it to absolute perfection, astonishes one by its bold and unsparing denunciation of the gambling and speculation and dishonesty and indecency of modern "business"; one wonders how it is tolerated for a single night by the cotton kings, coal barons, Napoleons of Wall Street, railroad magnates, and all the powers that be in the commercial world. That it is tolerated should be a matter for congratulation to all friends of progress. No better satire on New York society, fashionable churches, swell clubs, and business dealings can be desired or conceived.

"Henrietta" will do more good than all the pathos and eloquence of the Adlers of the Ethical Culture movement, who exhort business men to moralize their offices.

"Henrietta" and "The Queen's Favorite" are not unimportant factors in the "revolution which is making all things new," and, as a recognition of their influence and service, they should be preserved and treasured even "after the revolution." When the Church will be buried and forgotten, and the political machine swept out of existence, these plays will still be more and more in demand by the free children of the future. *Vive la Révolution Sociale!*

V. YARROS.

Cranky Notions.

The discussion of egoism vs. altruism in Liberty has been very interesting. To me there is no such thing as altruism,—that is, the doing of anything *wholly* for the good of others. We do things for self-satisfaction. I wonder if there are any altruists who would go to hell (presuming there be a hell) in order that their neighbors should go to heaven (presuming there be a heaven)? There is no hope of reward in hell, and a true altruist must expect no reward for his acts. One who would undergo all the tortures of hell so that his neighbors could enjoy all the pleasures of heaven would be an altruist indeed.

I do not like controversy for the sake of controversy, but as a means of arriving at truth, and unless my controversy with Comrade Yarros is to that end I must decline its continuance. In the last number but one of Liberty he twice puts me in wrong positions. In the first place he makes me satirical where I am humble, and in the second place he assumes that I do not know the difference between an employer and a monopolist. No headway can be made if these misrepresentations continue; I am too serious to practise satire while discussing with those from whom I expect to gain valuable information. The difference between us is clear. He says the eight-hour movement is a cure-nothing. I say it is a cure-something, but not a cure-all. I know by hard, practical experience with men who were mentally incapable of grasping the great social-economic problems that lie at the base of the labor movement that they can understand when you tell them their working time is too long for a day's work; that by shortening their day's work their pay will not be less, because that is as low now as it can get; and that by working a less number of hours they will have more time for enjoyment and self-improvement. With a very large class of laborers the reduction of the hours of toil is absolutely essential before any considerable improvement in their mental status can take place, and I assume that radical reformers are mentally far more highly developed than those who toil and drudge from ten to fifteen and eighteen hours a day. Of course it is understood that, when I say the "eight-hours" movement, it implies any movement looking to the shortening of the day's labor. With some men who even work ten or more hours a day it is not necessary to urge the shorter workday, because they are mentally capable of understanding more difficult subjects, and are otherwise so conditioned as to be able to understand principles looking to more lasting and greater good. I call the attention of Yarros and those besides him who oppose the short-day movement to the bakers' and brewers' struggle for a shorter day's work and the results. I am of the opinion that no other movement could have been of so much benefit to them as has been the movement which resulted in reducing their working time from fifteen and eighteen hours a day to eleven and even ten in some towns. And this, too, in a comparatively short space of time. An improvement in their mental and physical status is already noticeable, and they are now preparing for further gains. It is not true, either, that these gains are not permanent; that is to say, as permanent as are any human conditions. For we must recognize the fact that no human condition is so permanent as to be everlasting. If I gain an advance in wages from \$2 a day to \$2.50 a day, and that advance continues even only a year, I have gained absolutely 50 cents a day for that year, and I am for all time to come just so much better off than if I had not had that additional 50 cents. So it is with shortening the working time. My employment brings me in every-day contact with mechanics who are certainly not below the great body of people in mental development, and they consider me a kind of mild lunatic when I propound my radical position on social-economic questions; and, mark you, I lose no opportunity to present fundamental principles. Now, I would be doing the radical movement a positive injury by totally and uncompromisingly opposing their efforts to better their condition by shortening their working time, because they would soon close their ears to my arguments and dub me a nuisance altogether. I believe every Anarchist has a right to carry on the movement as to him seems best. I choose to help those who strive for less hours for work, especially as it gives me an opportunity for propaganda. An old fellow hereabouts used to tell us of "a man who was so straight that he leaned backwards," and warned us that that was an undignified attitude. To stand straight is enough; I don't want to lean backwards.

Radical Jack is asking the boys very pertinent questions, and I hope they will be answered. He, however, seems to have fallen into the notion of many others that Anarchists want to abolish all "law" at one sweep. This is not necessary. If the State would only remove those laws that stand in the way of free land, free money, and transportation, its other statutes would, in course of time, become useless and "repeal" themselves. Poverty is the cause of crime, and the laws that stand in the way of free production and exchange are the cause of poverty. Were these removed, the laws for the punishment of crime would not need to be exercised. Anarchy in trade and industry will lead to Anarchy in other avenues of human activities.

JOSEPH A. LABADIE.

Continued from page 3.

Position No. 1. "Marriage means nothing more and nothing less than the *legal union* of one man and one woman for life." "It does not mean the voluntary union of the parties, or their mutual consent to live together *durante placito*" (during pleasure), "but simply a legally or socially imposed obligation to live together *durante vita*" (during life).

That is to say, if I understand, that it is "the base legal bondage," or "outward force," which characterizes the union, and not the internal or spiritual union of loving hearts which constitutes the marriage.

Position No. 2. "It is evident to every honest mind that, if our *conjugal*, parental, and social ties generally can be safely discharged of the purely diabolic element of *outward force*, they must instantly become transfigured by their own inward, divine, and irresistible loveliness." "No doubt there is a very enormous clandestine violation of the marriage bond" [legal bond, of course, as he has defined marriage] "at the present time. . . . The only possible chance for correcting it depends upon fully legitimating divorce. . . . because, in that case, you place the inducement to mutual fidelity no longer in the *base legal bondage* of the parties merely, but in their reciprocal inward sweetness or humanity." "You must know many married partners who, if the marriage institution" [the legal bond] "were *formally abolished* tomorrow, would instantly annul that *legal abolition* again by the unswerving constancy of their hearts and lives." That is, without marriage.

Position No. 3. "I have. . . contended for greater freedom of divorce on these grounds; . . . but I had no idea that I was thus weakening the respect for marriage. I seemed to myself to be plainly strengthening it," etc. "It seemed to me the while that I was saying as good a word for marriage as was ever said beneath the stars."

To resume: These three positions are, if language means any thing, as follows:

1. The whole and sole substance of marriage is the *legal bond* or *outward force* which unites the parties for life.

2. This legal bond or outward force is a diabolical element, and should be wholly abolished and dispensed with.

3. By dispensing with marriage altogether—that is, with all outward form or legal bond—you do thereby strengthen the respect for marriage, and purify and sanctify the institution!

Position No. 4 goes a step further, if possible, in absurdity, and proposes not merely to allow parties to unmarried themselves *ad libitum*, but to still further purify what remains of marriage (after the whole of it is abolished) by turning disorderly members out, as they turn members out of church. See last article, *passim*.

Position No. 5 entreats of the editor of the "Observer" to let him off from the discussion—declines to answer my interrogatories—and, to make a verb of one of his pet substantives, he *cuttle-fishes*, by a final plunge into metaphysical mysticism.

When a writer, claiming distinction as a philosophical essayist, is content to rest his reputation upon a collation of his avowed positions such as the above, culled from his own statements made during the course of a single discussion, he shall not be compelled by any "shade of impropriety" on my part to undertake the distasteful task of disentangling himself from the perplexing *embroglio*.

To be continued.

A Reply to Victor.*

"Independent men and women, in independent homes, leading separate and independent lives, with full freedom to form and dissolve relations, and with perfectly equal opportunities to happiness, development, and love." I leave out the word "rights," doubtful if I can use it without being misunderstood. Perhaps I can succeed in dispensing with its use altogether. This ideal, so stated, is attractive to me and completely in harmony with my idea of the course in life which will best further human happiness.

I am not sure that I quite understand Victor's position in regard to the number of children desirable in the future family. Yet this seems to me so essential an item in the consideration of the social problem of the future that it must be dealt with at the outset. If the greatest amount of happiness can only be secured by obedience to the "natural" sexual instincts, unrestrained by consideration of any other pleasures which are renounced for their sake, then I can but admit that there seems no escape from the perpetual dependence of woman upon man. Of whatever form the new organization of society may be, it is not likely to be one in which one can "have his cake and eat it too." And, allowing considerable margin for the "certain period" at which, Victor claims, "variety is only a temporary demand," it is not too much to suppose, on his theory of life, that every Apollo will find his Venus before she is older than twenty-five. She has twenty years of child-bearing possibilities before her, and the simple gratification of by no means abnormal sexual impulses might result in her giving birth to ten children. During twenty years of her life she will have held, borne, and nursed these children. And yet his plan involves that, during this time, when, he asserts, she "needs the care, support, and service of others and is therefore unable to support herself," she is nevertheless "educating the children and surrounding her lover with comfort"! It seems to me that, if I have not misunderstood him in this, he has been looking at the subject from a man's standpoint.

But I do not see why we should let this sexual impulse lead us where it may. All our life is a foregoing what we are inclined to do for the sake of a future happiness we may thereby gain or a future pain we may thereby avoid. I do not always eat whenever I see appetizing food; I refrain from sitting in a draught and drinking ice-water when I am too much heated; I sometimes get up when I am still sleepy; and I do not stay in the ocean long enough to risk a chill. And I know the consequences of following the simple sexual impulses to be more serious than any other.

I may consider many of nature's methods exceedingly wasteful and clumsy, and I may believe that, if I had made the world, I would have made it otherwise; that I would have made our simple, spontaneous, first, and most keenly-felt desires those which, if blindly followed, would result in the greatest conceivable happiness. But nature and the laws of the universe and of our own selves are facts which we cannot alter and to which we can only study to adjust ourselves. "If God exists, he is man's enemy"; woman's even more. Finding no escape from this conclusion, I no longer treat nature as my friend when she betrays me. I do not even insist upon trying all experiments for myself. When they are too costly, I am sometimes content to learn from the experience of others. Now, for the woman, the consequences of simply obeying the sexual impulses are the bearing of children. That means risking her life. It also means the endurance of intense suffering, such suffering as she has never before been able to conceive. In the future social condition I believe every girl will be taught this. Nevertheless, I believe there will still be children in the world. I believe that, when a woman no longer looks upon bearing children as either a duty or a slave's necessity in the service of her master, it is not impossible that she will consider it the greatest privilege life may hold out to her. And with her claim to this child which has cost her so much once recognized by all men and women, why may it not be that

she would *choose* this luxury rather than other "opportunities"? A woman will no longer look upon children as a more or less unfortunate natural consequence of the satisfaction of a strong desire, but as a blessing—yes, the very greatest in life to any woman with the mother-instinct—to be secured with full purpose and careful choice, with a complete understanding of all else that must be given up for its sake. Victor has not made it clear to my mind that the woman is the loser who chooses this. It is hard to find the measure of other development or luxury that will be compensation for a woman's loss of this possibility.

But I do not admit that she must needs sacrifice her independence to secure this end. Under normal conditions a woman is by no means unfitted for any productive labor during pregnancy. It would be an exceptional case in which she would be unable to perform the three hours' daily work necessary for self-support during the whole period. This is adding one hour to the limit set in the "Science of Society," in which Mr. Andrews claims that two hours' daily labor will be more than sufficient to support each individual in average comfort. I do not even admit that the woman "has to depend upon the man whom she made the father of her child for some time before and a long time after giving birth to a child." All that is needful is that she have the service and help of some one. It is even impossible that he can give her the real sympathy of one who can understand just this. I think it must have been the experience of every mother, however tenderly cared for by her husband, that, after all, only some other mother could or did understand, and that all his offered sympathy was really only pity.

After the birth of a child, a woman may be unfitted for any productive labor for two months. And we must add to the list of expenses the support of a nurse during this time and the physician's fee. During another seven months she will nurse her child and, perhaps, will do no other work except directly caring for him. But I am taking this for granted rather than a desire not to underestimate the needful expense of child-bearing than because it seems to me surely the better way. There is a strong feeling among advanced people that a woman ought to do nothing whatever during pregnancy and child-nursing but fold her hands and look at beautiful pictures and listen to beautiful music. But I think this is largely reactionary. The pendulum has swung quite over. It is like saying: "Women have done too much; therefore they should do nothing."

It is a safe estimate, it seems to me, to say that it will cost not more than half as much to support a child for the first ten years of its life as to support an adult. That is, a woman will be obliged to work four hours and a half a day instead of three for ten years in order to support each child. And she must have previously saved money enough for the child-bearing expenses which I have just indicated. After ten years, in the new order of economic life, a child may be self-supporting.

I cannot see how all this can seem to any one an impossibility or even an undesirability. When the nursing period is at an end, the mother engages in the four and a half hours' daily employment, leaving for this time her child in the care of others. These others may be friends who assume this care because it is to them a delight and a rest. Or, in the absence of such friends, it may be simply trustworthy people who would find in it, not rest, but attractive labor, for which they would receive due remuneration. I am almost certain of encountering on this point a remonstrance in the minds of many women. A true mother will never leave a young child, they will say. But I am almost as certain that every mother who is thoroughly honest with herself will admit that it would have been better, both for herself and her child, if she could have left him in safe hands for a few hours each day.

Victor's plan involves the education of children by the mother, and I am quite sure that he is positive about every true mother desiring to educate her children herself, and that it will be her most ardent wish. I am less confident about that being the case. I can only admit that it may be her greatest desire that they be well educated. But the ideal mother, in my mind, is one whose most ardent desire is to be her children's closest, dearest, best friend; that, in all their life, in all trouble and sorrow, they will look first to her with that sweet serenity of confidence that can only come of having never looked in vain. And I hold it to be a simple, utter impossibility for most women to stand in this closest and best relation in a child's after-life if, throughout its childhood, she has wasted herself in attempting to be its sole educator. If the mother's arms must ache for every hour of rest the child enjoys, if the tired, dull brain must be worried and strained to answer the many, many eager, care-free questions which are so easy to ask, so hard to answer,—there is *nothing left* for sympathy with the young, fresh, growing life. And the mother who, because of all the long, close first life with the baby heart and because of all which that little baby has inherited of her own nature, might stand in a special, peculiar relation to the little growing individual, is often farther off, actually, than any other friend. And I believe it to be a truth that many, perhaps most people, will silently verify that, when the stress, when the crises of life come, however much the mother may yearn to help, however sorry she may be for all the pain her child must bear, the sympathy she has to offer is not that which alone has worth,—the sympathy of an *understanding* heart.

Although, in a sense, education begins at birth, we may speak of it now as beginning with a child's first questions, and, from this time, to secure its best possible development, it should have the help of real educators. Now, real educators are born, not made. And there are very few born. The ability to bear healthy, strong, beautiful children by no means argues any ability whatever to educate them. I do not say that any mother may not be able to answer a child's questions somehow, but to answer them truthfully and in a manner fitted to the child's just-dawning understanding is another matter. And that is education. It is a well-established belief among the most advanced minds that the best teachers are needed most in the Kindergarten. Older children are better able to dispense with the best of guidance. But this belief is a new, not an old idea; a product of evolution. A still later product, I believe, will be the discovery that the best of teachers are needed to answer a child's first questions, and that the mother of any special baby is as little likely to be possessed of the requisite qualifications for success in that direction as she is to be able to teach the higher mathematics.

The feeling is sometimes expressed that it is hard and unjust for a mother to pay all the cost of her children. That is, I think, because, in family life as it has always existed, except in those cases where the mother has been left a widow, she has never known what it was to have what she had purchased. Consequently, in the minds of most people, there is no conception of the reward that might be hers. All that a woman may hope for, under present conditions, is that the father will be so occupied with outside cares that he will be content to leave the control of the children in her hands. But the fact that he is their father and supports both herself and them leaves him in no doubt as to his right to interfere. The suffering she endured in bringing them into the world is a cost which he can never estimate. Even if he has once witnessed it, and if it has made such an impression on him that he would never risk another such possibility for her, he does not consider it as giving her a right to anything.

Now, I do not feel that it is a blessing to a woman to bear children whom she cannot control. I believe that their existence is a joy to her only just so far as their existence is a happy one. That to be forced to see them harshly or unjustly treated, or even treated in any way other than what she conceives the best, is to be forced to endure greater suffering than could come to her in any other way. "Mothers never do part bonds with babies they have borne. Until the day they die, every quiver of their life goes back straight to the heart beside which it began."

*For Victor's article see last issue of Liberty, No. 124.

Suppose, some day, little Frank throws his ball through the window. It is papa's window, bought with the money earned by his own labor. Frank has been told not to throw his ball in that room. And papa thinks he will never remember not to do it again until he is whipped. So he whips him. Mamma does not agree with papa about this. Indeed, when they used to talk about how children should be treated, papa was always quite sure that a child should never be whipped. But in this emergency he has abandoned his theory of education and adopted a new one. It is not enough to put this illustration by with the reflection that a more careful investigation into the possibilities and probabilities inherent in papa's nature would have avoided the difficulty. It is impossible that a woman can know what any man will do in any position until she has seen him just there. We all know that no theory of education exactly fits all children; that, in actual life, circumstances are constantly arising where the long-cherished theory must be set aside for this individual child in just this individual case. And I am not claiming that a mother can ever secure herself against witnessing some suffering on the part of her child. It is only that if, in all cases, the course followed is chosen by her, unconditionally, uninfluenced by consideration for any other opinion than her own, she may then feel confident that, whatever pain has been caused, a greater has been avoided; and in that reflection lies her comfort and compensation.

On any theory of mutual control and paternal support, or of maternal control and paternal support, or of mutual control and mutual support, how will these questions be answered? Is Frank to be put to bed in a room by himself and obliged to lie there until sleep comes, or is he to be rocked and sung to? When he is sick, are physicians and drugs to be summoned, or is heroic cold water and hygienic treatment to be solely relied upon? Shall he be vaccinated? Shall all attention be paid to his physical development for the first few years, or shall he be given early opportunities for mental discipline? Shall he be allowed without remonstrance to follow his own will, or is he to be resisted when he becomes an invader? Shall this resistance be offered when he makes his first attempt to possess himself of another's property, or must one wait until he threatens to throw the looking-glass out of the window? May he pick berries and chop wood for the neighbors if he prefers it to attending school? Must he learn to swim or go into the water first? Is he to have both a bicycle and a pony, or to go barefooted in summer? Is he to dress in crimson velvet or in dark-blue overalls? Is he to be fitted for a surgeon or a book-agent? Is he to have a private tutor and a hundred-dollar microscope, or to go to the village-school?

Even apart from the consideration of definite questions, it seems to me impossible that any but the most self-controlled man who has any claim, even a fancied one, shall refrain from continually interposing most well-meant suggestions which must oftener bewilder and hopelessly entangle the originally clear plan of the mother than serve any useful purpose.

This theory of independent living does not seem to me to involve any loss of the "home" which the family relation has always, it is assumed, been alone able to secure. There would always be, for the little children, the safe, sure mother-home. And, besides this, there would be the father-home, somewhere else, and as many friend-homes as there were dear friends, to which the little children would lend their sunshine whenever their wish so to do met with the mother's consent.

I cannot readily understand anyone but a Communist being ready to favor "a sort of communism between lovers." In every other social relation an Individualist would have the strongest faith in every plan which conduced to the greatest development of individuality as most certain to bring happiness. But in this relation, in which, of all others in life, mistakes result in the sharpest suffering, this general principle is set aside, and the development of individuality, at least of womanly individuality, less carefully considered than the securing, for her, of certain luxuries and other material advantages. It is true that, when one is in love, it is impossible to conceive happiness in any other form than the constant presence of the loved one. Nevertheless, I believe that neither the finest nor the keenest happiness-lovers are capable of yielding each other will result from following this wish blindly, without reason or thought. I am even disposed to find fault with Victor's saying that "between true lovers who are really devoted to each other the relations are ideal." I do not think that "devotion" is any element of an ideal relation between grown-up people. A mother or father or adult friend may be devoted to a helpless baby, to a child, or to a weak, sick, afflicted man or woman. But only weakness has need of devotion, or desires it. What strong men and women want, in either the relation of friendship or in that fervid, passion-full form of friendship known as love, is simply to feel the "home in another heart"; a home not made, but found. Apollo's Venus is doubtless altogether lovely in his eyes, but that fact is only tiresome or amusing to the rest of the world, and must inevitably tend to fill Venus with a narrow vanity which effectually checks all desire or capacity for growth. I no more admire a blind love than a blind hatred. Either is below the plane on which developed men and women will find themselves. That youth is inconstant is proverbial, but not all proverbs are quite true. Youth is the age

of hero-worship, and the tendency of that period is to idealize the object of love. Today young people, experimenting in love, begin by finding an Apollo or Venus in every beautiful face, and end—in what? In finding the true one at last? Not at all. In finding that they were mistaken, but in concluding that this one *will do*. Having reached this conclusion, their inconstancy hides itself from public view under the veil of married life, and these young people become *constant*, but not always constant in their *love*. My prophecy of the future is that, after love has been left free long enough (I do not mean an individual man or woman, but all men and women), Apollo will find that he has no Venus. Because it seems to me that, as human life advances and human beings differentiate, there becomes less and less possibility of finding any one with whom one is completely in sympathy.

Nevertheless, I believe there will always be love. Indeed, I believe in love. I do not see why hating should be so free and so—it would seem—comparatively virtuous. If one hates, it is a matter of course. But if one loves, it is something to be looked into, and there is *probably* something wrong about it. Now, I am going to assume, in spite of all public sentiment to the contrary, that love is not a bad thing, but a good thing; that it is a normal, healthful, strengthening, developing force among the conditions of human existence; that it is called forth by the perception of lovable, admirable, fine qualities, wherever they exist; that in its intrinsic nature it is a blessing, and not a curse, wherever it exists; that it does not need to be *sanctified* by a marriage rite or even by the approval of friends; that if, in its results, it leads to suffering, it is because our own reason, not the authority of others, has not rescued us.

When a man "makes a home" for a woman in the way Victor proposes, he makes it impossible that either shall know any other love without calling upon the other to bear a certain amount of deprivation. For me, any arrangement which would involve the love of only one at a time would be sufficient to condemn it. Not to be free to love is the hardest of all slavery. But marriage is like taking a path in which there is only room for two. And a man and woman cannot take up a position before the world as dearest friends or lovers—call the relation by any name you choose—without by that action cutting themselves off from all fullness and spontaneity of other love and friendship. By the very announcement of their mutual feeling—in whatever form the announcement may be made—they have said: "Everything in my life is to be subordinated to this." To voluntarily and deliberately "make a home" is to say that nothing foreign to either can enter. The result in life today is commonly this: of the old friends of either only those enter the new home who have a sufficient number of qualities that are equally attractive to both to make them welcome and who can be content to continue friendship on the basis of those qualities. If John does not like music, Ellen gives up her musical friends. Why should he be asked to hear the piano, when it is only so much noise to him, or even hear music discussed, when it is a bore to him? Why should Ellen be called upon to breathe tobacco-perfumed air, because John and certain of John's friends feel restless and uncomfortable without their after-dinner cigar? Things are mainly either pleasurable or painful; not indifferent. If John and Ellen are honest with each other, they will discover that John dislikes music and Ellen dislikes tobacco, and that to lay aside their sensitivities on one occasion may be a slight matter, but that to be called upon to lay them aside at any time is a really serious matter. But Victor perhaps thinks the home need not be like that. John may have his smoking-room and Ellen her music-room. In that case the smoking-room would be, after dinner, John's home, and the music-room Ellen's home. The place where we are free,—that is home. That is perhaps the secret of all home feeling. The presence of our dearest friends helps it only when their mood meets ours.

But this is not "making a home." To make a home, in the popular sense, is to buy land and build a house which is *ours*, buy dishes and furniture which are *ours*, agree to have children which are *ours*, and to make no change in our life arrangements except by mutual consent.

Victor puts the case simply, and it sounds easy: "When they cease to be happy together, they separate." Is it so simple? It is not enough to say: We are not bound together one hour longer than our mutual love lasts. Mutual love does not come and go, keeping step like well-trained soldiers.

As the first flush of love passes away, people begin to *discover* each other. After all, they were not one. In very many cases it was only the blinding force of the sex element which retarded this discovery. There was no conscious deceit. But the discovery is apt to be a painful one. And the old hunger for sympathy in all things returns. If we are still free to seek it, no harm comes. There may even be no pain in the slow discovery that in no one other soul can it be found. But if we are not free, and if, by some chance, one, not both, comes to believe that the love was founded on a mistake? Jealousy is only pain at a loss suffered or threatened. It need not be angry pain. We have come to apply the word only to angry pain, but the anger is in the individual and not an inevitable result of the condition. And people are not commended, do not receive the support of public sentiment, when they are angry at the loss of something to which they have never claimed a right,—or more, have never believed they possessed a right. We all understand that in

"What's To Be Done?" the marriage of Véra Pavlovna and Lopoukhoff was simply a form, demanded by conditions of their environment which they were helpless to resist. Law and custom necessitated her going through the form of making herself his slave. Being a slave in her own father-and-mother-home, it was only on that condition that he could give her liberty. Later, when he discovered her feeling for Kirsanoff, his love for her liberty was greater than his desire to preserve an outward form of home from which the home had fled. Both he and Kirsanoff saw or dimly felt that she was not a woman who would love more than one at once. Their future showed that she could not even believe in a love she could not understand. In the fullness of her light-hearted content with Kirsanoff, she decides quite positively that Lopoukhoff did not really love her. We are all a little inclined to the view that real love is only that which we feel or have felt.

It is very true of love that we know not whence it comes or whither it goes. It is sometimes more sadly true, and makes one of life's problems far more intricate, that we know not when it comes or when it goes. Its death is as incomprehensible as its birth. Sometimes it is drained away, silently and unsuspectingly, by the thousand wearing trifles inevitably attendant upon that constant companionship which the torrent of new-born love so imperiously demands. Sometimes it is swept away in one instant by the discovery of some quality of character of whose existence we have never dreamed. Sometimes, as in "What's To Be Done?" the constant need of one is identical only with the temporary need of the other, and the discovery can not possibly be made until the temporary need has passed. All life is either growth or decay,—that is, change. And with every change in the individual there is change in his love. In the happiest lives and the longest loves its proportion and depth and character are perpetually changing.

Victor says: Variety may be as truly the mother of duality as liberty is the mother of order. Has he forgotten that this mother does not die in giving birth to her daughter, and that this child does not thrive well without the mother?

ZELM.

The Original Anarchist.

One of Liberty's friends in Iowa, Werner Boecklin, sends me the following letter, which he lately received from an acquaintance, a learned pedagogue:

Just now I found record of the oldest Anarchist. It is "Demonax," an ancient philosopher, whose works are lost and whose biography is found in Lucianus, the Voltaire of antiquity. Demonax said: "Laws are absolutely useless, whether they are made for good people or for bad ones; for the good ones do not need them, and the others are not made better by them." You see, cursed Anarchism is not an invention of modern times, but the outcrop of a heathen's philosophy. I am sorry that Lucianus does not say more on this point, which he mentions only as a 'cute saying.

THE DISINHERITED.

They cluster at every corner;
They wearily pace the land;
Their starving eyes devour each loaf;
They stretch the begging hand.

They are hungry, and sick, and tired;
Their bleeding footsteps lag;
My brothers!—and none to help them!
Their nakedness mocked with a rag!

They bake, but others have eaten;
They burn, but others are warm;
They build, but their heads, unsheltered,
Are bare to the pitiless storm.

They till, but the crop goes from them;
They reap, but "The Harvest Home"
Means to them that their product is stolen;
They brew, and taste but the foam.

Ah God!—how sadly they call thee;
If thou wert, thou could'st not withstand;
But always the wicked have triumphed;
The cunning and strong hold the land.

The hearts of the mothers are breaking;
The daughters are bedded with shame;
The fathers are brutish with labor;
The thoughts of the sons are a flame.

And Hatred, and Arson, and Murder,
Like demons they beckon and tempt,
The hand to the sword is outreaching—
Blood! Blood!—O can nothing exempt!

O Wisdom be instant and help us!—
Quick rearing thy radiant crest—
O brothers the sword is a traitor!
The calm, thoughtful methods are best.

The way of the wise is the best,
That thinkers have pondered and planned;
The Gordian tangles are slipping—
Behold!—your release is at hand.

J. Wm. Lloyd.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 22.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888.

Whole No. 126.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

Mr. Yarros's review of George Gunton's "Wealth and Progress," begun in this number of Liberty, will continue through two more issues.

E. C. Walker's "Fair Play" has appeared. Instead of the eight-page fortnightly at fifty cents a year announced in the prospectus, it is a four-page weekly at seventy-five cents a year. Printed mainly from new type, it makes a much better appearance than "Lucifer." I am agreeably disappointed in finding it less exclusively devoted to anti-Comstockism than I had supposed, from sundry articles in "Lucifer," that it would be. On the contrary, it does vigorous battle against Authority all along the line. May it steadily grow in influence and circulation!

M. D. Leahy, whose doubts on the subject of compulsory taxation J. Wm. Lloyd made a vigorous effort to dispel in the last number of Liberty, generously surrenders a large portion of his little paper, the "American Idea," to a reproduction of Mr. Lloyd's article. In his comments, however, he does not so much as touch a single one of Mr. Lloyd's arguments. The upshot of his remarks is that he has not yet sufficiently examined the question and must have further time before announcing his position. Which is very fair: only, in my judgment, it should have been stated in something like the following direct and simple fashion: "Mr. Lloyd's arguments seem to me unanswerable; otherwise I should try to answer them. On the other hand, there are difficulties which I am likewise unable to overcome. Therefore I must suspend judgment." But, instead of such simplicity, Mr. Leahy gives his readers over a column of "fine writing," which, though in no sense a reply, has the air of one, and sounds, as Ruskin wittily said of Mill's definition of productive labor, "so very like complete and satisfactory information that one is ashamed, after getting it, to ask for any more." Perhaps Mr. Leahy approaches nearest to argument when he expresses sympathy with Labadie's statement that, "if the State would only remove those laws that stand in the way of free land, free money, and transportation, . . . the laws for the punishment of crime would not need to be exercised." Labadie is perfectly right, but Leahy errs if he understands him to assert that free land and free money would render compulsory taxation useless. The position of the Anarchists, as Mr. Lloyd clearly showed, is that the law establishing a compulsory tax is a law, not for the punishment, but for the commission, of crime, and is precisely the most potent of all those laws that stand in the way of free land and free money. The logic of Labadie's statement classes the abolition of compulsory taxation as a means rather than a result. I have no doubt that Mr. Leahy will soon see this, for he has an open mind and sincerely desires the truth.

The following sentences occur in an editorial in "Lucifer" written by Moses Harman: "In his criticism published two weeks ago the charge was made by Mr. Tucker, or at least such was the legitimate inference from his language, that I had treated Mr. Walker so unfairly as to drive him from 'Lucifer.' When he

spoke of the 'necessity' of his (W's) conduct in 'practically disappearing from its columns as a writer,' the only legitimate inference was that in some way the Junior had been so trammelled by me that he could not be heard through 'Lucifer's' columns." Then, if I were to say that I find myself under the "necessity" of going into the house when it rains, Mr. Harman would "legitimately infer," I suppose, that I am forbidden to stay out doors. Must I inform that gentleman that necessity sometimes takes other forms than compulsion by arbitrary will,—often resulting, for instance, from the force of circumstances? The word necessity is generally used with reference to some end implied, and implied so clearly oftentimes that it would be an insult to the reader's intelligence to specify it. When I speak of the "necessity of going into the house when it rains," it is superfluous to add "in order to avoid getting wet," unless I am talking to an idiot. Similarly, when I spoke of the "necessity" of Mr. Walker's disappearance from "Lucifer's" columns, it was superfluous, in view of the context, to add "in order to avoid the shame and humiliation of responsibility for the vacillating policy of a paper bearing his name as one of its editors." That and nothing else is what I meant. But Mr. Harman chooses to "legitimately infer" that I meant to charge him with excluding Mr. Walker, and on the strength of this prints column after column of ludicrously absurd complaint against me. His especial grievance is that I refuse to reprint his stuff in Liberty, and so he begs such readers of Liberty as see "Lucifer" to send him the names of all other readers of Liberty in order that he may supply them with copies of "Lucifer" containing the explanation of the establishment of "Fair Play." I hope to be the means of saving much trouble by notifying all readers of Liberty that the address of "Lucifer" is Valley Falls, Kansas.

RESPECTABILITY.*

Dear, had the world in its caprice
Deigned to proclaim "I know you both,
Have recognized your plighted troth,
Am sponsor for you: live in peace!"—
How many precious months and years
Of youth had passed, that speed so fast,
Before we found it out at last,
The world, and what it fears?

How much of priceless life were spent
With men that every virtue decks,
And women models of their sex,
Society's true ornament,—
Ere we dared wander, nights like this,
Through wind and rain, and watch the Seine,
And feel the Boulevard break again
To warmth and light and bliss?

I know! the world proscribes not love;
Allows my finger to caress
Your lips' contour and downiness,
Provided it supply a glove.
The world's good word!—the Institute!
Guisot receives Montalembert!†
Eh? Down the court three lamplons flare:
Put forward your best foot!‡

Robert Browning.

* George Sand and one of her lovers, Jules Sandeau, were in the habit of taking midnight walks in the streets of Paris. This fact is supposed to have suggested to Browning the above poem.
† That is, respectability, membership of the Institute, crushes out individuality and subordinates merit and spontaneity to rule.
‡ That is, they are approaching a brilliantly-lighted spot where people are gathered, and they must behave themselves with conventional decorum.

The Decline of Compulsion.

[From the Election Sermon preached by Rev. Phillips Brooks before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, June 4, 1888.]

The military idea is in its broadest statement the idea of recognized and more or less organized compulsion and restraint. Into the power of that idea man enters at a very early period of his development. If there is a time before he enters it, a time of unrestrained wilfulness, without compulsion, when every man does that which is right in his own eyes, that time is very early left behind, never to be re-entered till man at the other end of his history shall need no power beyond the self will of every individual, because every individual shall have become perfect and incapable of willing anything but what is absolutely right and good. . . . Man, having left lawlessness behind, having once entered into the region of compulsions, dwells in that region, we cannot say how long, but while he does live in it finds in it an abundant room for growth, changes compulsion for higher compulsion and yet higher, the coarser for the finer, the brutal for the spiritual, and so is to be judged at any special moment by the kind of compulsion which at that special moment is ruling him and giving shape to his life.

Now, the time upon which our thoughts are specially fixed today, the time which lies two hundred and fifty years ago, was peculiarly a time when the world was passing, or rather was realizing that it had passed, from the power of one compulsion to the power of another, which was higher and deeper and less arbitrary and more essential. The more we study the seventeenth century, the more impressive it becomes, the more we feel that, as we study, we are attending at the birth of modern history, we are watching the tree Yggdrasil put forth a new leafage, which shows the coming of a new spring. . . . Out of it the world came new and different. What the difference and newness was it is not hard to tell. To sum it up in one word, the world had passed from the compulsion of force into the compulsion of fact. When the century began, it was the strongest will backed by the strongest army that decided the movement of the world's affairs. When the century closed, the world had fairly and distinctly entered on that new condition where to find and to conform to the established facts of the universe was the ambition and the purpose of mankind. That is the difference of ancient and modern life. . . . To find the fundamental facts in every region and conform to them, to put the sceptre into the hands of the nature of things small, this is modern. It is Puritan; it is scientific. It has left the old empire of Force behind. The new empire of Fact has come.

And evidently now the military idea will undergo a change. The soldier will be no longer the minister of wanton force. He will be the embodiment in its crudest and most palpable form of the power of fact. He will be no thunderbolt flung into the midst of an amazed world. He will be the symbol and expression of the vital forces which are working everywhere for the expression of the eternal facts. He will be no longer the destructive power, but the conservative. He will appeal to men's admiration, not by the splendor of the sword he wields, but by the justice of the cause he represents. To put it in the simplest and severest form, the modern as distinguished from the ancient idea of war is the police idea. The soldier is not himself the changer of the world. He is only the securer and preserver of those conditions in which the vital forces which proceed out of the bosom of the eternal facts can do their work and make their mighty revolutions.

There is nothing good or glorious which war has brought forth in human nature which peace may not produce more richly and more permanently. When we cease to think of peace as the negative of war and think of war as the negative of peace, making war and not peace the exception and interruption of human life, making peace and not war the type and glory of existence, then shall shine forth the higher soldiery of the higher battles. Then the first military spirit and its ranks shall seem to be but crude struggles after and rehearsals for that higher fight, the fight after the eternal facts and their obedience, the fight against the perpetually intrusive lie, which is the richer glory or the riper

Continued on page 8.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE, AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL. A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

MR. ANDREWS' REPLY TO MR. JAMES AND MR. GREELEY.

Continued from No. 125.

Dismissing Mr. James, permit me now to pay some attention to your opinions. You, at least, I think, have the *pluck* to stand by your own conclusions, unless you are fairly driven off from them.

You affirm, with great truth, while you deplore it, that this is preëminently an age of "individualism," wherein the "sovereignty of the individual"—that is, "the right of every one to do pretty much as he pleases"—is already generally popular, and obviously gaining ground daily. Let us, then, define our positions. If I mistake in assigning you yours, you are quite competent to correct me. You declare yourself a reactionist against this obvious spirit of the age. You take your position in opposition to the drift—I think you will find it the irresistible drift—of that social revolution which you recognize as existing and progressing toward individualism and the sovereignty of the individual. You rightly refer free trade, freedom of the finances, freedom from State systems of religion and education, and freedom of the love relations, to one and the same principle, and that principle you recognize as the spirit of the age,—the spirit of this, the most progressive and advanced age in the world's history. To this element of progression you put yourself in a hostile attitude. You rightly say that all these varieties of freedom "find their basis and element in that idea of 'individual sovereignty' which seems to us alike destructive of social and personal well-being." I rejoice that you so clearly perceive the breadth and comprehensiveness of that principle, and that all the ruling questions of the day are merely branches of one and the same question,—namely, whether the "sovereignty of the individual," or, what is the same thing, the individual right of self-government, be a true or a false, and consequently whether it be a safe or a dangerous principle. This will greatly narrow the limits of the discussion; besides, it is much pleasanter to reason about general principles with one who is capable of grasping them than to be carried over an ocean of particulars, apparently different, but really belonging to the same category.

This same principle of individual sovereignty, which to you seems destructive alike of social and personal well-being, is to me the profoundest and most valuable and most transcendently important principle of political and social order and individual well-being ever discovered or dreamed of. Now, then, we differ. Here, at the very start, is an illustration of individuality or diversity of opinion, and, growing out of that, of action also. We are both, I believe, equally honest lovers of the well-being of our fellow-men; but we honestly differ, from diversity of organization, intellectual development, past experiences, etc. Who, now, is the legitimate umpire between us? I affirm that there is none in the universe. I assert our essential peerage. I assert the doctrine of non-intervention between individuals precisely as you do, and for the same reasons that you do, between nations, as the principle of peace and harmony and good-fellowship. Upon my principle I admit your complete sovereignty to think and act as you choose or must. I claim my own to do likewise. I claim and I admit the right to differ. This is simply the whole of it. No collision, no intervention can occur between us, so long as both act on the principle, and only to prevent intervention when either attempts to enforce his opinions upon the other. How now is it with your principle? You determine, you being judge, that my opinions are immoral, or that the action growing out of them would be injurious to other living individuals, or even to remote posterity. You, as their self-constituted guardian, summon to your aid the majority of the mob, who chance to think more nearly with you than with me for the nonce; you erect this unreflecting mass of half-developed mind, and the power thence resulting, into an abstraction which you call "The State," and, with that power at your back, you suppress me by whatever means are requisite to the end,—public odium, the prison, the gibbet, the hemlock, or the cross. A subsequent age may recognize me as a Socrates or a Christ, and, while they denounce your conduct with bitterness, never yet discover the falsity of the principle upon which you *honestly* acted. They go on themselves to the end of the chapter, repeating the same *method* upon all the men of their day who differ, for good or for evil, from the opinions of that same venerable mob, called "The State." Or, perchance, the mob, and consequently "The State," may be on my side,—if not now, by-and-by,—and then I suppress you. Which, now, of these two, is the principle of *order* in human affairs? That I should judge for you, and you for me, and each summon what power he may to enforce his opinions on the other; or that each begin by admitting the individual sovereignty of the other—to be exercised by each at his own cost—with no limitation short of actual encroachment?

With what force and beauty and truth does Mr. James assert that "freedom, in any sphere, does not usually beget disorder. He who is the ideal of freedom is also the ideal of order." He seems, indeed, wonderfully endowed by the half-light of intuition to discover the profoundest truths and to clothe them in delightful forms of expression. It is lamentable to see how, when he applies his intellect to deduce their conclusions, they flicker out into obscurity and darkness. You see, on the contrary, that this simple statement alone involves the whole doctrine that I have ever asserted of individual sovereignty. Hence the line of argument as between you and me is direct, while with him it leads nowhere. Your positions are intelligible; so, I think, are mine; Mr. James's are such as we find them. I am a democrat. You, though not a despotist consciously, and calling yourself a progressive, are as yet merely a republican; republicanism, when analyzed, coming back to the same thing as despotism,—the arbitrary right of the mob, called the State, over my opinions and private conduct, instead of that of an individual despot. I am no sham democrat. I believe in no government of majorities. The right of self-government means with me the right of every individual to govern himself, or it means nothing. Do not be surprised if I define terms differently from the common understanding. I shall make myself understood nevertheless.

There are in this world two conflicting principles of government. Stripped of all verbiage and all illusion, they are simply: 1, that man is not capable of governing himself, and hence needs some other man (or men) to govern him; 2, that man is capable of self-government, potentially, and that, if he be not so actually, he needs more experience in the practice of it, including more evil consequences from failure; that he must learn it for himself, as he learns other things; that he is entitled of right to his own self-government, whether good or bad in the judgment of others, whenever he exercises it at his own cost,—that is, without encroachment upon the equal right of others to govern themselves. This last is the doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual, which you denounce and oppose, and which I

defend. It is simply the clear understanding, with its necessary extension and limitations, of the affirmation in the American Declaration of Independence that "all men are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The principle of Protestantism is the same in the religious sphere,—*"the right of private judgment in matters of faith and conscience."* Either assertion includes virtually and by direct consequence the whole doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual, or "the right of men to do pretty much as they please." The right or wrong of this principle, dimly understood heretofore, has been the world's quarrel for some centuries. Clearly and distinctly understood, with the full length of its reach before men's eyes, it is to be the world's quarrel ever hereafter, until it is fairly and finally settled. All men are now again summoned to take sides in the fight, with the new light shed upon the length and breadth of the quarrel, by the development of modern ideas, and especially by Socialism, which you, sir, have done something to foster. Let those who wish to draw back do so now. Hereafter there will be less and less pretext of misunderstanding or incautious committal to the side of freedom.

Still, you are not upon the opposite side in this contest. So far as any guiding principle is concerned, it seems to me that you, in common with the great mass of progressives, or half-way reformers in the world, are simply without *any*—which you are willing to trust. The conservatives are a great deal better off. So far as you adopt a principle at all, it is generally that of this very individual sovereignty, which, nevertheless, you fear in its final carrying out; and hence you join the reaction whenever the principle asserts a new one of its applications. The petty despot and the comfortable *bourgeois*, in Europe, fear, from the same standpoint, in the same manner, just as honestly, and with just as good reason, the freedom of the press.

A liberty which anybody else in the universe has a right to define is *no* liberty for me. A pursuit of happiness which some despot, or some oligarchy, or some tyrannical majority, has the power to shape and prescribe for me, is not the pursuit of my happiness. Statesmen, politicians, religious dissenters, and reformers, who have hitherto sanctioned the principle of freedom, have not seen its full reach and expansion; hence they become reactionists, conservatives, and "old fogies," when the whole truth is revealed to them. They find themselves getting more than they bargained for. Nevertheless, the principle, which already imbues the popular mind instinctively, though not as yet intellectually, will not wait their leave for its development, nor stop at their bidding. Hence all middle men, far more than the conservatives, are destined in this age to be exceedingly unhappy.

A mere handful of individuals, along with myself, do now, for the first time in the world, accept and announce the sovereignty of the individual, with all its consequences, as the principle of order as well as of liberty and happiness among men, and challenge its acceptance by mankind. The whole world is drifting to our position under the influence of forces too powerful to be resisted, and we have had merely the good or ill fortune to arrive intellectually at the common goal in advance of the multitude. It gives us at least this happiness, that we look with pleasure and a sense of entire security upon the on-coming of a revolution which to others is an object of terror and dismay. In our view, the ultra-political Democrat of our day has only half taken his lessons in the rightful expansion of human freedom. He, too, is, relatively to us, an "old fogey." Nor do we trust the safety of the final absence of legislation to any vague notions of the natural goodness of man. We are fully aware that no sum total of good intentions, allowing them to exist, amounts to a guarantee of right action. We trust only to the rigid principles of science, which analyzes the causes of crime and neutralizes the motives which now induce or provoke men to commit it.

To be continued.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

BY FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

Continued from No. 125.

The conversation ceased, and all eyes were fixed on Berville, erect and petrified. The sinister finger tracing the fatal handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast amid the noise of thunder had no greater effect upon the king of Babylon than the words of the cashier produced upon the banker Berville.

Presentiment, that shadow of misfortune, which precedes it instead of following it, passed over the moist brow of the financier, who, erect as a statue and pale as death, left the dining-hall with Brémont, without an excuse or a bow to any one.

The guests, who had seen him turn pale, watched him go out, some with surprise, others with suspicion, his rivals with joy, no one with pain. And then, looking at each other without saying a word, all went out one after another, leaving Mademoiselle Gertrude, threatened with celestial wrath, lone and dejected, in the middle of her wasted dessert and her empty dining-hall, all abandoning the house, as rats abandon a sinking ship.

As for the Berry banker, the miracle which changed Nebuchadnezzar into a wild beast was no longer necessary. It was done.

No more festivities. All is silent, dark in the Berville mansion, except in the director's office.

The banker and the cashier, anxious and mute, are shut up there.

They are waiting.

The clock strikes one in the morning.

"You see," exclaimed the banker in a tone of anguish, "my ruin is complete. He will not return."

And walking up and down the room in agitation, his hands clinched behind his back, he continued:

"How imprudent you have been, Brémont! To entrust a collector with such a sum! Three hundred thousand dollars! It is enough to tempt honesty itself."

The cashier, trembling, tried to excuse himself.

"But Didier really is honesty itself. During the fifteen years that he has been in your service he has not deserved a reproach, and that is why I selected him. Probity, activity, morality, he has everything in his favor, everything!"

"Even my collections!" exclaimed the banker, ill concealing his growing irritation.

"I acted for the best. And what should I have done?" observed the cashier.

"I had no orders" . . .

"No orders, no orders. . . you had the orders of good sense; you should have taken the responsibility of sending some one with him."

"That is what I did, Monsieur; Louis Dupont went with him, and I wonder"

"You sent some one with him? All is explained! Shared between them!"

"But, Monsieur, I scarcely understand you."

"I understand myself only too well."

"Their route was a long one, extending outside of Paris," ventured M. Brémont. "Perhaps they could not find a carriage to bring them back."

M. Berville stamped his foot.

"Say rather that they have run away together!"

"Jacques and Louis?" replied the cashier. "Impossible! I would answer for their honesty almost as quickly as for my own."

"Be silent," cried the banker, "or I shall believe that you are their accomplice."

The cashier started, and, in a voice choking with indignation, said:

"Oh! Monsieur!"

The master perceived that he had gone too far, and, recovering himself immediately, he said in a softened tone:

"I beg your pardon, my dear Brémont. My head is no longer my own; I am carried away by my distress; this blow strikes me unexpectedly. Come, let us be cool, let us reason. At what hour ought they to have returned, allowing for all possible and even impossible delays?"

"I repeat that the route was a long one," said the cashier, scarcely recovered from his emotion. "The largest sum to be collected, exceeding all the others combined, was outside the city. Bad weather and mischance, the foreseen and the unforeseen, would very likely detain them till ten o'clock, perhaps till eleven, at the latest till midnight."

The banker pointed to the clock, which indicated half past one.

The cashier made no answer to this gesture, more eloquent than any words.

The two men looked at each other in despair, and for a few seconds silence prevailed, disturbed only by the ticking of the clock, whose golden hands turned as inexorably as fate.

The half hour struck.

"Where does Didier live?" suddenly asked M. Berville.

"Rue Sainte-Marguerite."

"What street is that? Is it far?"

"Far enough. In the middle of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine."

"A devil of a distance! And Dupont?"

"He lives near here, Passage"

The banker prevented him from finishing.

"Run and find him. Quick!"

M. Brémont went out upon this errand.

Left alone, M. Berville could not sit still. He rose, walked back and forth, then sat down again only to rise once more, impatient, enervated, exasperated, tortured by anxiety.

"I wish to know where I stand; this uncertainty is killing. . . Over a quarter of a million," said he slowly, folding his arms. "More than I possess! Oh, it is horrible! This Didier is surely a robber; but he cannot be alone; that is out of the question. And this imbecile of a Brémont who does not return with the other! Undoubtedly all three have an understanding."

He listened anxiously to the street sounds, awaiting the cashier's return.

A carriage, arriving at full speed, stopped in front of the house.

A minute later the cashier reentered the office, accompanied by Dupont.

"Where is Didier? Whence come you?" burst out M. Berville.

The collector stammered, astonished and frightened by the master's question and the absence of Jacques.

"Didier! What! He has not returned? I left him at ten o'clock at the Quai d'Austerlitz."

The banker exploded.

"Confounded beast! . . . traitor! . . . wretch!"

And he seized his employee by the arm, grasping him tightly and shaking him.

"Why did you leave him?" he cried.

"Monsieur, the collections were made. . . . the day's work was done. . . . I was anxious. . . . My wife is sick. . . . She has just given birth to a child."

"In the name of God, what's that to me?" swore the banker, pushing Dupont away in a mad fit of anger. "But this will not be the end of it. I will have you all imprisoned."

He paced the room for a moment like a wild beast in its cage, his look recalled to the clock as it struck two.

"Ah! you strike my ruin," said he. "To have worked so hard to establish this house . . . destroyed by these monsters! Robbed! Ruined! A den of thieves!"

Then, seized with a fit of madness, he leaped at the clock.

"You shall strike no more," he cried.

And he dashed it upon the marble hearth, breaking it and trampling on the pieces. Then, his nerves strained almost to bursting, he vented his rage upon himself, tearing out his beard and lacerating his face.

M. Brémont and Louis, overwhelmed, looked on in fear at their master's despair.

Finally he stopped, with foam on his lips and his eyes starting from their sockets, and planted himself in front of the collector.

"Clear out, you scoundrel! I dismiss you. . . Or rather, no, I keep you. You shall be imprisoned in La Force, there to await the other, with your fellows, bandit!"

And, addressing M. Brémont, he added:

"An officer! Go get me an officer! Not a word. It is my will!"

The cashier started to obey this peremptory order.

"No, stay, you too!" exclaimed the banker, stopping him at the door. "You shall not go out either."

And he began to scream at the stairs, calling the janitor.

"Plumet! Plumet! Bring me the police. Do you hear me?"

The janitor, waking with a start, hastily dressed himself and obeyed passively, like an automaton, without knowing why.

Soon an officer made his appearance.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Here I am, surrounded by fools and knaves, who have robbed me and allowed me to be robbed," cried the banker, beside himself.

The officer, ever ready, went straight to the point, and, designating the cashier and the collector, asked:

"Which is to be arrested?"

"The other first!" exclaimed the banker.

"The other?" echoed the officer, with a look of surprise, searching the room with his eyes.

He was looking for the third, almost suspecting the employer's sanity.

"Yes," explained the banker, coming back to his senses, "another: Jacques Didier, who has not returned his receipts. It must be ascertained what has become of him. He must be found and arrested."

"Is he married?" asked the officer.

"Undoubtedly."

"Indeed! Where does he live?"

"Faubourg Saint-Antoine."

"Surely he must have first gone home. We must start at once. Perhaps we shall catch the bird in his nest before he flies again. The paired robber always returns to his home to carry away his female."

"You think so?" exclaimed the banker. "Let us be off."

And, taking his hat, he opened the door.

Alarmed, with eyes and ears wide open, two human forms then faced him, — his cousin and his son.

"What are you doing there?" cried the banker.

"Berville, my fortune is yours," said Gertrude.

"Fool, keep your pear for your own thirst."

And he pushed her aside brutally.

"And I tell you that Jacques is no robber," exclaimed the *enfant terrible*, stopping his father.

But the crazed banker overturned his son as he had overturned the clock; and, at the risk of his life and in spite of his weight, he cleared the stairs four at a time, followed by the others.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DIDIER GARRET.

A moment later M. Berville, his cashier, the collector, and the police officer, were being driven rapidly in the direction of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

On the way the four men could not exchange a word. The cab, going at full speed, made a deafening noise.

They stopped at last in an uninviting street before a sorry-looking house.

"This is the place," said M. Brémont, opening the cab-door.

M. Berville cast an indignant glance at the Rue Sainte-Marguerite and the entrance of the house.

"Why, this Didier lives in a hovel!" he exclaimed. "And you knew him, Brémont?"

The officer, too, made a significant grimace.

"Find the treasure in there! We are foiled!"

"But," observed the cashier, "the laboring class is obliged to live in low quarters; at a dollar a day one does not live where he likes, but where he can. Poverty is not a crime, Monsieur."

The banker made no answer.

They all entered a dark passage.

Reaching a staircase as steep as a ladder, M. Brémont stopped in embarrassment.

"I do not know the floor," he said, casting his eyes about for the janitor's lodge.

"The top story, I think," said Dupont.

"No matter, let us go up at any rate," said the officer.

"Yes, and without delay," exclaimed the banker.

A door opened at the top of the house, and a light appeared.

At the same time a woman's voice was heard, a voice of gentleness shaded with anxiety.

"Is that you, Jacques?"

The officer shook his head.

"Not returned!" said he, simply.

M. Berville stifled a cry of despair.

Brémont and Dupont looked at each other in consternation.

The four men rapidly ascended the stairs. As they reached the last step of the fifth flight, they saw the wife of Jacques Didier.

The attic room was so orderly that it seemed large and so clean that it seemed luminous; not a rag, not a thread; not a straw or a grain of dust; a cleanliness, not of the surface only, but of the depths; the nooks and corners that never come into the middle of the room thoroughly searched with the duster: the brasses worn with rubbing and shining as if new; everything in place, nothing dragging; Jacques's spare pantaloons and shoes drying on a chair before a remnant of fire; a table set for two persons, perfect in its neatness, awaiting the ragout stewing on the stove; but the crown and centre of all these great and little cares was a pretty, white cradle for the rosy-faced baby.

Ah! the amount of courage and virtue that such a woman as Louise Didier expends in struggling with fortune is inexpressible!

Always neatly shod and wearing on her head a linen cap that added to her thoroughly feminine look, anxious at this moment and more than anxious, alarmed, Louise lighted a second candle, the first having burned out; she was starting up her fire and ironing her baby's linen to distract her thoughts while waiting, when she heard the noise on the stairs, opened her door, and hailed her husband.

She seemed about thirty years old, with features as regular as her life, surrounded with light hair, and possessing the bloodless and touching grace of the women of the people made prematurely pale by the hard labors of the house and shop through lack of air, food, and clothing.

Mme. Didier started back in surprise upon the entrance of the four men, half in fear, half in shame, scarcely dressed as she was in a short skirt and a white sack, half open to nurse her child.

"What is the matter?" she asked, seized with a fearful presentiment and modestly covering her bosom in presence of these strangers.

"Where is your husband?" asked the officer, brutally.

"I am waiting for him. He has not yet returned. But what do you wish of him, gentlemen?"

"I wish him to return me three hundred thousand dollars," cried the banker, containing himself no longer.

"Three hundred thousand dollars!" exclaimed the poor woman, clasping her hands. "What would he do with such a sum, great God? If he has it, he will return it to you, you may be sure. Three hundred thousand dollars!"

The officer confronted Mme. Didier.

"Come, no nonsense!" said he, staring at her. "You know what the trouble is. Your husband has stolen!"

"Stolen! My husband!"

"Yes, stolen my fortune!" said the banker.

"It is not true! You lie!" cried the young woman, straightening up like a lioness struck with a lash.

"Wretched woman! you forget to whom you speak!"

"And how about you, then?"

"Alas! everything accuses him," said the cashier, intervening.

"But I tell you it is not true!" repeated Mme. Didier. "Look, hunt, ransack everything; here is our furniture, — cupboard, clothes-press, commode, everything that closes"

And she threw everything wide open.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 9, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Herr Most Distilled and Consumed.

After proclaiming, in "Freiheit" of May 19, his intention of proceeding to my final demolition, Herr Most, in "Freiheit" of May 26, closes his side of the controversy with me with such a homœopathic dilution of his preceding articles that it is scarcely worth attention. Summarized, his positions are that the controversy is unequal, because he quotes and then criticises, while I criticise without quotation; that I am the dodger, not he, because the essential question is the private property question, while I insist on discussing Proudhon's banking system; that he has read Liberty for six years, and has found no plausible defence of that system in its pages, and that the statement in my last reply probably covers that system; that the system has been put into operation in Germany and elsewhere with no further effect than to enable the smaller *bourgeois* to hold out a little longer against the larger; that I only half understand Proudhon's works; that, if I would read the whole of "Freiheit" instead of only such portions as relate directly to me, I might know something about the economics of Socialism; that Proudhon's banking system has no longer a single champion in Europe; and that, "if we are once through with the political tyrants, then the economic ones will no longer be dangerous to us, for the latter will surely have had their necks broken with the former, especially since both kinds are essentially one and the same persons."

I answer, with like brevity and succinctness, that I have accurately represented Herr Most by restatements, while he has misrepresented me by garbled quotations; that the essential question is not the private property question, since Herr Most promised to abandon Communism for private property on being shown that the latter is compatible with production on the large scale without the exploitation of labor, which immediately made the arguments on which the claim of such compatibility rests the essential question; that the principle of Proudhon's banking system has been expounded repeatedly in Liberty, and far more fully and adequately than in the present controversy; that neither his system nor any similar system was ever put into unmolested operation so far as I know, and that, if my knowledge on this point is deficient, it is Herr Most's business to supply the deficiency by distinct specification of facts; that, other things being equal, those countries and those periods have been the most prosperous in which financial institutions have most nearly approached Proudhon's idea; that to understand half of Proudhon's works is better than to understand none of them; that a number of intelligent persons whom I know and who read "Freiheit" thoroughly, tell me that they have failed to derive any such benefit from it as Herr Most promises me; that within a very few years a book of several hundred pages has been published in Paris ably stating and defending Proudhon's banking theories, — "La Question Sociale" by Emile Chevalet; that many ideas

of transcendent importance have been launched into the world, only to lie dormant under the pressure of reaction for long years before being revived and realized; and that it is quite true that economic privilege must disappear as a result of the abolition of political tyranny, — a fact which the Individualistic Anarchists have always relied on against the "Communitic Anarchists," whose claim has steadily been that to abolish the State is not enough, and that a separate campaign against economic privilege is necessary. In this last sentence of Herr Most's article, he gives away his whole case.

The Next Campaign.

While it is true that free trade, as an economic measure, if unaccompanied by other reforms, contains no relief for the victims of the present disorderly industrial system, and is therefore, from this point of view, entirely undeserving of the attention of the true friends of reform, it is nevertheless not to be denied that a political campaign fought upon the issue of Free Trade *vs.* Protection would incidentally prove of incalculable value to the Anarchistic movement and the cause of the people's emancipation. That the coming campaign will be so fought is of course extremely unlikely. Whatever individual Democrats here and there may say and do, the party machine and the chief influential organs of the so-called Democracy will never allow anything like a square and honest battle between free trade and protection. But if the Republicans should persist in ignoring the apologetic attitude of the revenue reformers and their protestations that they are *not* in favor of free trade, and succeed in compelling the Democrats to finally raise the banner of complete and absolute free trade, they would render the Anarchists a great service and entitle themselves to our warm thanks. The Anarchists could not promise them to go into politics as their allies and help them defeat their antagonists, but they certainly would pledge themselves not to furnish aid and comfort to the Democrats.

No intelligent person can attempt a discussion of the tariff question without finding himself obliged to define his views of the most fundamental principles of social and political relations. To discuss the tariff means really to discuss the merits of paternalism and *laissez faire*. A protectionist, in defending his position, cannot escape the necessity of endorsing Communistic conceptions of the Individual and the State; and a free trader, in refuting the protectionist, cannot exhaust five minutes of his time before he boldly asserts and champions Anarchistic doctrines. Indeed, how is it possible to make out a more or less satisfactory case for protection without reference to and argument upon the rights of the community, the proper exercise of compulsion by the majority upon dissenting factions, the rational sphere of State activity and control, the salutary effects of artificial regulation and intervention in the natural operation of economic laws, etc.? On the other hand, how can a vigorous attack upon protection and a sound and consistent defence of liberty be made without a logical argument in favor of spontaneity, of private enterprise, of individual sovereignty, and of the beneficence of free competition? The past has shown that this issue cannot be argued without involving others more radical and vital. And we may expect to hear a free interchange of the epithets, Communist, Socialist, Paternalist, Anarchist, Individualist, Naturalist, between the tribunes and organs of the opposite parties.

Anarchists can (and therefore should) derive great benefit from such a campaign. Without disgracing and lowering themselves à la George and the other labor politicians, they can watch the struggle and study the lessons of the hour, profiting by the concentration of the people's attention and showing them the logical bearings of the principles discussed. In public meetings and in the press we can say what office-seekers feel compelled to leave unsaid and demonstrate that the real issue between Protection and Free Trade is, in its economic aspect, an issue between absolute freedom of industry and governmental monopoly, and, in its political and ethical aspects, an issue between Individual Sovereignty and compulsory Communism.

V. YARROS.

Trying to Be, and Not to Be.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I do not write this with the idea that you will publish it, for the tardiness with which you inserted my last question indicates that you do not care for any more of me in your paper. You are too good a reasoner to not know that, if it is proper to interfere to compel people "to regard one social convention," it is not improper to force another, or all, providing there is any satisfaction in doing so. If "there are no natural rights," there is no occasion for conscientious or other scruples, providing the power exists. Therefore there is no guarantee that there will be even as much individuality permitted under Anarchistic rule as under the present plan, for the principle of human rights is now recognized, however far removed we may be from giving the true application. The "equal liberty" "social convention" catch-phrase can be stamped out as coolly as any other. There are but two views to take of any proposed action, — that of right and that of expediency, — and as you have knocked the idea of right out, the thing is narrowed to the lowest form of selfishness. There certainly can be no more reason why Anarchists, who deny every obligation on the ground of right, should be consistent in standing by the platform put forward when weak, than that ordinary political parties should stand by their promises made when out of power.

I called "equal liberty" a "catch-phrase." It sounds nice, but when we criticise it, it is hollow. For instance, "equal liberty" may give every one the same opportunity to take freely from the same cabbage patch, the same meat barrel, and the same grain-bin. So long as no one interferes with another, he is not overstepping the principle of "equal liberty," but when one undertakes to keep others away, he is, and you can only justify the proscription by saying that one ought to have liberty there, and the others had not, — that those who did nothing in the production ought not to have "equal liberty" to appropriate. But if nobody has any "natural rights," then the thief not only does not interfere with the "equal liberty" of others, but he does them no wrong. You have done well, considering your opportunity, but your cause is weak. You are mired and tangled in the web you have been weaving beyond material help. Still, I see a ray of hope for Anarchism. Just unite with the Christian Science metaphysicians, and the amalgamation will be an improvement. As I have looked it over, I am sure the chemical combination will be perfect, and the result will be the most pleasing nectar ever imbibed by suffering humanity.

S. BLODGETT.

As Mr. Blodgett says, it is as proper to enforce one social convention as another "providing there is any satisfaction in doing so." But Anarchists, from the very fact that they are Anarchists, take no satisfaction in enforcing any social convention except that of equal liberty, that being the essence of their creed. Now, Mr. Blodgett asked me to define the sphere of force as viewed by Anarchism; he did not ask me to define any other view of it. To say that an Anarchist is entitled to enforce all social conventions is to say that he is entitled to cease to be an Anarchist, which nobody denies. But if he should cease to be an Anarchist, the remaining Anarchists would still be entitled to stop him from invading them. I hope that Mr. Blodgett is a good enough reasoner to perceive this distinction, but I fear that he is not.

It is true, also, that, if there are no natural rights, there is no occasion for conscientious scruples. But it is not true that there is no occasion for "other scruples." A scruple, according to Webster, is "hesitation as to action from the difficulty of determining what is right or expedient." Why should not disbelievers in natural rights hesitate on grounds of expediency? In other words, why should they be unscrupulous?

It is true, again, that Anarchism does not recognize the principle of human rights. But it recognizes human equality as a necessity of stable society. How, then, can it be charged with failing to guarantee individuality?

It is true, further, that equal liberty can be stamped out as coolly as anything else. But people who believe in it will not be likely to stamp it out. And Anarchists believe in it.

It is true, still further, that there are only two standards of conduct, — right and expediency. But why does elimination of right narrow the thing down to the lowest form of selfishness? Is expediency exclusive of the higher forms of selfishness? I deem it expedient to be honest. Shall I not be honest, then, regardless of any idea of right? Or is honesty the lowest form of selfishness?

It is far from true, however, that Anarchists have no more reason to stand by their platform than ordinary

politicians have to stand by theirs. Anarchists desire the advantages of harmonious society and know that consistent adherence to their platform is the only way to get them, while ordinary politicians desire only offices and "boodle," and make platforms simply to catch votes. Even if it were conceivable that hypocrites should step upon the Anarchistic platform simply for their temporary convenience, would that invalidate the principle of Anarchism? Does Mr. Blodgett reject all good principles the moment they are embodied in party platforms by political tricksters?

General opportunity for all to take freely from the same cabbage patch is not equal liberty. As was happily pointed out some time ago by a writer for the New York "Truth Seeker," whose article was copied into Liberty, equal liberty does not mean equal slavery or equal invasion. It means the largest amount of liberty compatible with equality and mutuality of respect, on the part of individuals living in society, for their respective spheres of action. To appropriate the cabbages which another has grown is not to respect his sphere of action. Hence equal liberty would recognize no such conduct as proper.

The sobriety with which Mr. Blodgett recently renewed his questions led me to believe that he did not relish the admixture of satire with argument. But the exquisite touch of irony with which he concludes the present letter seems to indicate the contrary. If so, let him say the word, and he shall be accommodated. The author of "Tu-Whit! Tu-Who!" is not yet at his wits' end.

T.

Phillips Brooks Becoming "Immoral."

The editor of Liberty has no reason to love Rev. Phillips Brooks, the Episcopal pastor of Trinity Church, Boston. Calling at Mr. Brooks's house on one occasion to secure his aid in the reparation of a wanton outrage committed by Anthony Comstock, of which Mr. Brooks chanced to be a witness, he was refused a hearing and virtually ejected from the premises by that preacher of the gospel of Christ, who committed this gross discourtesy in what seemed to be a fit of ill-suppressed anger for which there was not the slightest provocation. To a friend of his, who heard of his conduct and remonstrated with him against it, he said, as I was later informed, that he could not lend aid or countenance to one who entertained such immoral views. Since then I have held Rev. Phillips Brooks in utter contempt, and have found it difficult to believe that there is anything good in him.

But on June 4, the occasion of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, he preached the election sermon for that body, in which he gave eloquent utterance to thoughts so nearly identical with the "immoral" views entertained by me that for the first time my distrust was somewhat shaken. I am tempted to conclude that he had been filled by some slanderer with an erroneous account of my opinions, which, if true, may partially account for his conduct, though it cannot entirely excuse it.

Be this as it may, the sermon referred to is so Anarchistic, and some of its sentences are so "incendiary," that, had it been preached in Chicago previous to the throwing of the bomb, Mr. Brooks could have been convicted of murder under the law of Illinois and hanged with Spies and his brave comrades. If any one doubts it, let him read the extracts printed elsewhere in this paper. He will not find in them any scientific exposition of the Anarchistic philosophy or any defence of it on thoroughly rational grounds; but he will find the abolition of government held up as an ideal, the steady diminution of government favored as a policy, and rebellion against government urged upon every individual who finds established powers in conflict with what Mr. Brooks calls his "conscience." Such doctrines are sufficiently "immoral" to send even a Christian minister to the gallows.

T.

In sharp and significant contrast with the utterances of Rev. Phillips Brooks at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company stands the toast given by Robert C. Winthrop at the anniversary of fifty years before: "Ballots and bullets, the paper currency and metallic basis

of a free people! The former can only be saved from depreciation by keeping an abundant supply of the latter to redeem it." In these words we have democracy's brutal confession of its kinship with all other political tyrannies.

We are told by John Morley, on the authority of George III., King of England, that "politics are a trade for rascals, not for gentlemen." This is valuable expert testimony.

Land Reform in 1848 and 1888.

The veteran land reformer, J. K. Ingalls, in a fine article running through two numbers of the "Truth Seeker" under the above title, contrasts the schemes of George Henry Evans and Henry George. The whole is well worth reading, but room can be made here only for the following extracts:

I do not propose to discuss the respective claims of George and Evans as authorities on the land question, nor, at any length, the nature of their peculiar plans or schemes; but will state the "measure" of the one, and the "remedy" of the other, briefly, leaving you to judge between them as reason or prejudice may determine. So far as a statement of the pernicious influence of land monopoly is concerned, Mr. George has simply reiterated the arguments and statements of the early reformers, and, if in more attractive phrase, it does not necessarily follow that the influence of his utterances will be more enduring. So far the two men and their eras present no important differences. Only in respect to: "What is to be done?" do they differ. They represent in this not only different eras, but quite different systems of philosophy, social and political. It is true they agree that reform must come through the ballot and through legislation. But Mr. Evans belonged to the school that believes government to be a necessary evil, and that we are to have as little to do with it as possible. That nature is to be relied on mainly, and that to correct the evils of already existing legislation is the great aim to be sought by the reformer. Thus far he is an optimist. The line of Mr. George's thought is decidedly pessimistic. He accepts the theories of Malthus and Ricardo that rent, that synonym of all subjection and the oppression men suffer from it, is a result of natural law, which can only be eliminated through Statecraft and the rule of force, and that the onward march of progress, with its natural adjunct, poverty, can only thus be stayed. He has some way, however, of applying the optimistic rule to interest and profits; at any rate, has never proposed that these should be taxed back for the benefit of the State, although admitting they are equally uncompensated by service, and are as truly "a gratuity of nature" as is the use of land.

The plan of Mr. Evans was this: By political agitation and control of the legislature to place a limit to the ownership of land. This principle had already been applied to religious and other corporate institutions, and to the patenting of the public lands "only to actual settlers in limited quantities." The maximum had been fixed at one hundred and sixty acres. Mr. Evans suggested this as a limit to private ownership, not as a fixed quantity, but to obtain a recognition of the right of government to so limit it, to be modified as wisdom should direct in the future. He contemplated a peaceful attainment of this object, by wise gradations, invading no "vested rights," yet effectually preventing any further accumulation of landed estates beyond the legal limit, whether by purchase, gift, or inheritance. All of these matters are held to be subjects properly regulative by statute law. The advocates of land nationalization propose to have the State resume the title to the land it has once already sold to private parties; to be rented back to those who want and are able to hire. Mr. George simplifies this process by treating land values as simply the amount of rent the land will yield, and taxing it back entire without any disturbance to owners or to occupiers. This may be termed "a short method" of "land nationalization." It means "confiscation of rent."

You have here substantially the means proposed by the two men, representing different schools and distinct periods, for the reform of a universally admitted evil, the monopolized control of the only passive factor in production,—the home and standing-place and work-room of the whole human family. They are in accord fully as to the nature of the evil to be remedied, and, indeed, as to the necessity of securing political supremacy to accomplish the reform. The great object, as both agree, is justice to labor, the abolition of poverty, and the promotion of the public good. But the measures for which such political power is to be wielded in order to accomplish those ends are wholly incompatible with each other. The one sought equality through limitation of power and restriction of privilege, mutually operative as to all citizens of a State. The other seeks the annihilation of a class, allodial owners, embracing those whose ownership promotes social prosperity as well as those which endanger it, and the making of every occupant of the land a tenant of the State, but offers no guarantee whatever against the unlimited control of the land through lease-hold, or the extension of legal privilege to the lordly rule of capital, such leases would give.

Now, limitation of powers is involved in, and is, indeed, the professed burden of, all forms of legislation whatever.

Limitation to private ownership of an essential, natural element, indispensable to the life and to the well-being of the individual, is a logical and constitutional means of redress, under any view of law which ever prevailed. It accords with our system of tenure, which assumes that the right of occupancy is in every one of the whole people. "Confiscation of rent," on the other hand, would require an entire subversion of our system of occupancy and of well-established principles of property; is inconsistent with our Constitution, if we have one; and, being revolutionary in its character, should only be resorted to in the last extremity, even were it in itself wise and feasible. This remedy is, doubtless, compatible with the fictions of English law and of monarchy by "divine right"; but not by any theory of democracy or principles of equity with which I am acquainted. But I think the time for promoting any positive reform of the land system through political ascendancy, and by legislative preponderance of an honest purpose to effect a public good, has long since passed away, through either Mr. George's or Mr. Evans's schemes. For it is quite apparent now to clear-headed people that the land question, and all other questions of human interest, will take care of themselves, if governments will let them alone, withdraw their bailiffs, tax-gatherers, detective police, and bandit, mercenary soldiery.

Social industry from its primitive communal organization has passed through three phases of development. In the patriarchal state labor had some degrees of organization, in which the more spontaneous coöperation of the tribe or community became subjected to authority and to the order of an arbitrary will, whose rude directorship effected some approach to the combination and division of labor, more lately established.

Next, in the struggle and as the consequent growth of leadership in their interminable wars and the rise of monarchical rule, the warlike organization of labor was effected, under the militant spirit, and became compulsorily coöperative, a system characterized by Hobbes as having "selfishness everywhere and unlimited power somewhere." On the decline of the militant spirit and as the rule of law obtained and constitutional governments became established, what may be termed the litigant organization of labor took place and became semi-voluntary in place of wholly involuntary; but of the apparent freedom under this now existing form much is the result of a compulsory assent effected through the various fictions and subtle devices of our transmitted legalities, not less invasive than the sword of the freebooter or the lash of the slaveholder. In nothing is this so conspicuous and so fatal to social life and progress as in the falseness of the law of property and of the unlimited dominion of the land, under the law of the market.

The inability to defend our land system on any ethical or economic grounds, the agreement of all thinkers that it is incompatible with any rule but one of despotism, and the necessity for a system of organization of labor and coöperation which shall embrace *division* as well as production, indicates a possible future type of labor organization wherein a broader freedom and a clearer sense of mutual help and mutual benefit will secure a more fully developed sustaining system, and one which will promote, not the military, civic, or material aggrandizement of a nation or of an individual, but the development of higher activities and the pursuit of nobler aims. It is simply idle to suppose that the dangerous class who aspire to profit by making, interpreting, and enforcing, and also in evading, our system of legal quiddities will ever willingly further any such reform whatever, or propose to aid any salutary cause except for the purpose of betraying it.

The well-intentioned efforts of Mr. Evans and his *confrères* had been pertinaciously followed up for an entire generation. It is true that they looked to political action and legislative expedients as effective agencies of reform, and so in that regard their labors were fruitless. But Mr. George has not learned from their failure, but has repeated their blunders, even if he has not used the reform as a means to political preferment and the advancement of party aims. The land reformers of 1848 who followed the lead of Mr. Evans have kept alive the embers of the fire that glowed in that early day, and now by placing their reform upon the broad ground of economic and industrial law have made the scientific consideration of land ownership imperative. Mr. George's remedy is wholly empirical, and is suggested by no principle of law or fact of economy. In subjecting the question to careful analysis, and to the test of the social good, we have placed it in the line of positive settlement, without or in spite of political scheming, caucus dictation, purchased votes, or stuffed ballot-boxes; for nothing can stand before the advance of exact knowledge. There is no rebellion against mathematics; and no demonstrated truth can be suppressed by any despotic rule. In the words of Ruskin: "We live in an epoch of change, and probably of revolution; thoughts that cannot be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought. One principle can, in the end will, close all epochs of revolution,—that each man shall possess the ground he can use and no more."

A peaceful evolution of industry and society will then ensue; and the rule of ignorant, arbitrary will of monarch or majority will end, when helpful science and progressive thought shall free mankind from their superstitious reverence for ecclesiastical dogmas and legal fictions.

Continued from page 3.

"No difficulty in finding three hundred thousand dollars there. Your fortune is no more there than Jacques is," she continued.

The banker and the officer had soon examined the whole room.

"No, nobody!" said M. Berville.

"Only an infant," said the officer, in turn.

In fact, in the midst of this household of workers, clean and orderly, they had seen the muslin-covered cradle where slept a new-born babe, the jewel of these poor people, — Marie.

Disturbed by the noise, the child began to cry desperately. The mother, thus called by her daughter, took her in her arms as in a cradle to pacify her.

This touching picture calmed the banker's fury for a moment.

"Tell me, Madame," said he, almost gently, "does your husband often come home late?"

"No, Monsieur," said the mother. "That is why I am anxious. He should have been here at eight o'clock, as usual, or at nine at the latest. See! his supper is there on the stove, waiting for him."

"Does he sometimes play?"

"With what?"

"Does he go to the wine-shop?" insisted M. Berville, while the officer still rummaged about in all directions.

"Never," protested Mme. Didier, "and I do not know what this means. He, always so exact. . . . Oh! my God, if any misfortune has befallen him!"

"Pshaw!" cried the banker, with an air of importance and raising his voice again, his momentary calmness exhausted; "it is my money that misfortune has befallen!"

In the meantime doors had opened on the landing, and the neighbors were approaching curiously.

Mme. Didier turned to them, quivering with indignation, and called them as witnesses to her husband's honor.

"Come in, enter. They say that Jacques is a robber," she cried, in turn. "Is that possible, tell them?"

All men and women, shook their heads, and a unanimous, energetic "No," almost threatening to the accusers, answered her question.

But a noise from the street came up the stairs, growing louder and more distinct.

To be continued.

Socialist Economics and the Labor Movement.

By VICTOR YARROS.

Socialistic schools of reform are undeniably acquiring greater popularity and receiving more thoughtful consideration as time rolls on and organized labor, or the revolutionary forces all over the *bourgeois* world in general, grow weary, sceptical, and discontented with the methods and means by which in the past the great battle against capitalism has been carried on. All the resources of our "intelligent American mechanic" having been exhausted to no purpose, and all the measures that accord with the "genuine spirit of true democratic institutions" having been found utterly inadequate for the accomplishment of the end of the labor movement, nothing was more natural than that "foreign importations" should be examined a little nearer and with less prejudice. For a short time it really seemed as if the day of conservative "labor reform," trades-unionism, strikes, and boycotts, was over, and the emptiness of the talk about "fair wage," "harmony between capital and labor," arbitration, profit-sharing, and "the American way of adjusting difficulties" demonstrated beyond a doubt. Today the fact—viewed with alarm by some and enthusiastic delight by others—which most impresses every student of the labor movement is that nearly all the able and influential leaders and tribunes of organized labor are, if not professedly Anarchistic or Socialistic, at least very pronounced in their tendencies and inclinations to either one or the other of these schools of radical and revolutionary reform; that the number of outspoken organs of Anarchism and Socialism is large and increasing; and that most of the labor organs in the country (and certainly all the prominent and important among them) exhibit strong sympathies and decided leanings either toward Socialism or toward Anarchism. Little is now heard about "fair wages," but the propositions that labor is entitled to its full natural reward, that usury must be abolished, and that capital must be dethroned, are everywhere being discussed.

But let no Socialist or Anarchist prematurely congratulate himself. Their triumph is still far from permanent, and they are seriously threatened with being dislodged from their position and trampled into dust. After a temporary mental aberration, the intelligent American mechanic, under the skilful discipline of a new expert, is rapidly recovering his sober sense and conservative wisdom, and will soon renew his vigorous opposition to "imported" ideas in a fashion that will make it plain that no market exists in this healthy and beautiful land for the drugs of Socialism.

Self-defence impels us to seek to inform ourselves about the man who shall be known in all coming ages as the great conqueror of the nineteenth century and the deliverer of civilization from the heresies of Socialism. George Gunton is his name, "eight-hours" the terrible weapon, and "Wealth and Progress" the battlefield.

As intimated above, Mr. Gunton girds himself for no smaller task than the total overthrow of all radical schools of reform in the sphere of economic relations. After the performance of this unparalleled undertaking, we are gradually and carefully made acquainted with the simple, beautiful, natural, easy, modest measure, which, if carried out according to instructions, would immediately secure the permanent harmonious coöperation of capital and labor, abolish poverty and crime, establish peace, liberty, and social order, and remove all obstacles from the path of progress. And this miraculous panacea is not within the reach of the new world alone, but there is hope even for the unfortunate countries of the rotten old world. Let Germany, Belgium, France, England, and America adopt an eight-hour standard, and the prophecy of the lamb and the lion will be on the point of fulfillment.

We might state here Mr. Gunton's central position and make it an object of extended criticism, leaving minor points for the reader to dispose of in the light of our fundamental principles and essential truths, but it seems preferable to closely follow Mr. Gunton's line of argument and examine one by one his claims and statements. So far as we are aware, his is the first and only attempt to build a systematic scientific theory upon the unclassified and discordant data of conservative labor reform, and to put forward the policy of trades-unionism in distinct and bold opposition to Socialistic doctrines. The advocacy of incomplete and superficial means, hitherto defended on grounds of expediency, is raised by Mr. Gunton to the dignity of an historical method of economic progress, and, far from apologizing for it, he professes to see in it the only true and certain means of reform. While we have no fear that the book will lead astray any considerable number of

intelligent and informed people, yet, in view of the admiration, approval, and praise that the organs of capitalism bestow upon it, we are not altogether sure that there is no danger of the Henry George farce being played over again. For, even more than Henry George, is Mr. Gunton determined to maintain the present system, and, though ostensibly written in the interests of labor, his book is really and essentially a plea in behalf of capitalism and an effort to shield it from the onslaught of the radical movement.

Perhaps it is proper, in "opening for the defence," to give an outline of our case and of the points we seek to establish. We expect to prove to the reader's satisfaction that Mr. Gunton is incompetent to deal with the subject-matter of his book; that he has the shallowest and crudest and most superficial conception of Socialistic economics; that his criticisms only expose his own lack of understanding; and that he has no more firm grasp of the scientific, historical, and philosophical aspects of the labor problem — its essence, significance, and extent — than the average unenlightened laborer who joins a union for the purpose of fighting capital by "legal and honorable means."

In the Introduction Mr. Gunton, admitting that "poverty is more inimical to society today than ever before" and that "there never was a time when the demands of labor were so urgent," quarrels with those who raise the cry that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. He denies that the laborer is no better off than in the middle ages, but grants that his poverty is now "more intense in kind and dangerous in character than ever before." Without stopping to argue this phase of the question, we, satisfied with Mr. Gunton's own way of putting it, pass over to his first important postulate and objection against Socialism. "To eliminate poverty," he affirms, there is "but one way," — to increase wealth; and further, that the question for the social reformer to ask is how can the aggregate wealth *per capita* of the population be increased. Schemes involving "artificial manipulation of profits, rent, or taxes" contain no remedy, as they would at best result "in a transfer, not an increase of wealth." The well-nigh universal complaint among the working classes and their intellectual advocates that distribution of wealth is unfair and inequitable, and that consequently the problem to deal with is how to so change social, economic, and political institutions as to secure an equitable distribution, is due to their inability to see that distribution is only a mental concept and not an actual independent economic fact. Distribution being in reality an inseparable part of the process of production, no reform in distribution is possible except through direct influence upon production. A greater diffusion of wealth among the masses is only possible through a larger aggregate production, and such an increase of wealth is only possible by extending the use of machinery and improved methods of production. The question how to abolish poverty resolves itself into these two simple propositions; 1. How can the use of improved means of production be increased? and 2. How can the general rate of wages be advanced?

When we add that the incomes of the rent- and profit-receiving classes must not be diminished by the arrangements, we have stated the whole problem as it appears in the Introduction of Mr. Gunton's "Wealth and Progress."

Students of Socialistic economy will at once perceive the vulgar prejudice to which Mr. Gunton has fallen a victim. He obviously imagines that the Socialists desire to "divide" the existing wealth more equally among the population. I say, prejudice, for it is impossible to regard it merely as an error of judgment. His way of stating the Socialistic position is in itself sufficient to prove to all competent to express an intelligent opinion that Mr. Gunton is criticising proposals which he has not troubled himself to examine with any care or candor. Had he read Proudhon's "What is Property?" or Marx's "Capital," with any attention, he would have avoided the sin (and consequently the mortification resulting from exposure) of making a grossly false statement and a ridiculously weak hypothesis. Mr. Gunton will be surprised to learn from me that all Socialists do seek to increase the "aggregate wealth *per capita*," and well understand the sphere of distribution. He advances nothing new in his Introduction, and, if he is honest in his claim to originality (he or Ira Stewart, who appears to have been his teacher), it shows that his "twenty years of study" of economics have left him at a point where it will certainly take him at least twenty years more to reach the line of modern thought. We shall explain just what the Socialists mean by charging the present way of distributing wealth with being mainly responsible for our industrial evils. And we shall have no difficulty in making it clear that the Socialists of all schools base their wholesale condemnation of rent, interest, and profits — that is, usury, or reward of capital — precisely and strictly on the consideration that they alone are in the way of a natural and progressive increase of wealth through the extension of improved methods of production and lay their effective veto upon the tendency of wages to rise concurrently with material progress.

Throughout the book Mr. Gunton's criticisms of Socialistic schools are trivial, purely verbal, and utterly forceless. In the First Chapter, treating of the respective shares of labor and capital in production, we have a fair sample of his logic. He combats the popular idea among reformers that "labor creates all wealth," admitting freely at the same time that, if this should be proven to be really the case, their claim that "all wealth belongs to the laborer" would have to be acknowledged as valid, and the accusation that capitalists who derive incomes from sources other than personal productive labor are exploiters and robbers considered borne out by the evidence. And how does Mr. Gunton refute that idea? He does it in a way that reflects alike upon his honesty and intelligence. He repeats the well-known and long-exploded arguments of Bastiat in favor of interest on capital, entirely ignoring the question of "original accumulation," as well as that of the legalized monopoly of credit, the introduction of which plays sad havoc with that Bastiat argument and deprives it of its seeming reasonableness. By pointing out that a laborer who works with tools obtains more products than one without them, he imagines that he makes out a case for a legitimate reward of the capitalist tool-lender, whereas, in fact, he does not even touch the main question, which is, why the industrious laborer happens to be in need of borrowing tools, and why competition among the lenders of tools does not bring the price of their use down to the cost limit, or as near it as in other legislatively "unprotected" products of labor.

Besides this argument in favor of reward of capital, which is not new and which, in spite of the appearance of force, ought not to deceive those who profess to be familiar with Socialist economics, Mr. Gunton has another, which, if puerile, has at least the merit of being original with our author. He speaks of the objection against interest advanced by some reformers that capital is simply labor in another form or stored-up labor, pronouncing the phrase "stored-up labor" a "very misleading metaphysical expression," "where the error begins." It appears that labor, being "simply human force or energy," cannot be stored up, and the most that can be claimed for it is that the "amount of human energy expended in producing an object is transferred to and preserved in that object." Between "stored-up" labor and "preserved" labor there is doubtless as vast a difference as between tweedledum and tweedledee, and are we to wonder at the preposterous and absurd conclusions of the ignorant Socialists who fatally err at the very start in confounding these two conceptions?

To be continued. Digitized by Google

An Ordinary Occurrence.

One fine evening, as I walked home from my place of work with a fellow-craftsman and friend, the question of the "social evil," or, more plainly and shockingly, prostitution, forced itself upon my attention. I immediately proceeded to discuss it with my friend.

In the city in which I live, as in all other "civilized" and populous centres, there are entire blocks and streets almost exclusively inhabited by those who do their business when the world rests from the labor of the day, who are relentlessly persecuted and bitterly denounced and abused by their patrons and customers in spite of low prices, and whose "vocation" is universally considered so degrading that even those unscrupulous money-making concerns, the newspapers, refuse to directly advertise their offers.

Prostitutes! Who does not know them? Who has not seen them? Who has not been solicited and invited by them? Who, to be cruelly truthful, has not explored their quarters? Surely, this is a subject upon which men have abundant information.

I had to pass through one of those long and narrow streets where, provided you have a certain object in view, it matters little what bell you ring and how many flights you climb. It was at the hour when the windows are opened and heads seen in all of them. Dark enough, but not too dark. No lights needed within, and none wanted. Unless a policeman is in sight, walkers-by are sure of pleasant greetings and cordial requests to "step in" and be made welcome.

Familiar though the spectacle was, that evening my mind was preoccupied in considering all the various phases of the strange characteristic of our "civilization." When I mentioned it to my friend, he confessed thinking about it himself. A controversy then began. My friend was angry (and therefore wrong) with everything and everybody. That prostitution was condemned as immoral, damnable, disgraceful, barbarous, and utterly indefensible, goes without saying. He held, of course, the industrial system largely responsible for this evil, but he had no pity or compassion with those "miserable wretches" who, rather than toil or starve, sell their bodies without affection, passion, or discrimination.

Such a view I could not accept. Leaving out the moral phase as meaningless, I simply described prostitution as an unnatural phenomenon, something which could not exist under proper industrial and social conditions, and which is sure to disappear together with capitalism and legal marriage. But to heap abuse upon the heads of the unhappy victims themselves was sheer folly and prejudice. They had a right to do it; they were wise in doing it, if they preferred it to death or slow starvation; and they are certainly more respectable than those who prostitute themselves in marriage and lead a life of shame and false pretences. They, at least, do not pretend to have an affection for you when they merely want your money, and do not promise to be faithful and true.

My defence of these creatures grew very warm and eloquent. I talked loud and gesticulated. I must have been very distinctly heard by those for whom I gratuitously and disinterestedly pleaded.

For suddenly I was startled and silenced by mocking voices from several windows and door-ways. The possessors of the suspiciously-fair cheeks repeated my words, imitated my tone, and copied the movements of my hands so as to produce upon me an effect which consisted of a combination of the feelings of disgust, surprise, shame, and anger. That the words had reference to them, that they were favorable to them, that they had been uttered with the best of intentions, seemingly made no difference whatever. They repeated them as parrots would, without thought, understanding, or appreciation.

"Never again shall I defend them," was my first hasty thought. "They are not worth it."

But a second sober thought changed my determination. Whether the victims mocked me or not, whether they are indifferent to their own lot or not, the truths which I had expressed in their behalf none the less remained truths. I still have the same opinion, and why not adhere to it?

It is hard, of course, to meet with such a reception from those whom one defends, but has not such been the treatment of all the characters in history who made the cause of the oppressed and wretched their own and labored and suffered for them? The victims have always mocked and ridiculed and pursued and crucified and slandered their best friends. And perhaps that is why they still remain victims.

The prostitutes on that summer evening had simply repeated history and had exemplified by their conduct the historic relations between the miserable and their sympathizers and well-wishers.

Happily for the ideal, the work goes on without them and in spite of them. The man who knows *will* speak, and the man who feels *will* rebel. And they do it because they prefer to.

E. S.

Fiat for Fiat.

[Galveston News.]

Fiatism in treasury notes is the nemesis for fiatism of restriction, which has ruthlessly laid an embargo upon the contract creation and negotiation of paper secured by evidences of wealth and good credit.

Was Proudhon a Hypocrite?

In a lecture recently delivered in London Pierre Kropotkin declared Proudhon to be "undoubtedly one of the greatest writers who have ever dealt with economical questions" and perhaps "the most suggestive among those writers who lead men to think for themselves." But "his scheme of Mutual Banking," continued the lecturer, "was an evident compromise between the middle-class and working-class interests. It even seems probable that he did not believe in it himself, and only hoped that it might stir the workers to act on their own behalf." Coming from Kropotkin, I cannot believe that the insult to Proudhon's memory contained in the words I have italicized was deliberate, but certainly he could have said nothing more unwarrantable, more false, or more cruel. Proudhon estimated his writings on banking and credit above all his other work, and his views of these matters are reiterated and emphatically dwelt upon in nearly every book that he wrote from 1848 until his death in 1865. The importance which he attributed to them is established in the most indubitable manner by the following words with which he introduces the articles establishing the "Bank of the People," and that Kropotkin should be ignorant of them and upon his ignorance should base so gross a misjudgment makes one question the justice of his reputation as a man of scientific habits:

I make oath before God and before men, on the Gospel and on the Constitution, that I have never had or professed any other principles of social reform than those set forth in the present act of incorporation, and that I ask nothing more, nothing less, than the free and peaceful application of these principles and their logical, legal, and legitimate consequences.

I declare that, in my inmost thought, these principles, with the consequences which flow from them, are the whole of socialism, and that outside of it there is nothing but utopia and chimera.

I swear that in these principles, and in the entire doctrine for which they serve as a basis, there is to be found nothing, absolutely nothing, contrary to the family, to liberty, to public order.

The Bank of the People is only the financial formula, the translation into economic language, of the principle of modern democracy, the sovereignty of the People, and of the republican motto, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity*.

I protest that, in criticising property, or rather the totality of institutions of which property is the pivot, I have never intended, either to attack individual rights recognized by prior laws, or to contest the legitimacy of acquired possessions, or to provoke an arbitrary redistribution of wealth, or to place any obstacle in the way of free and regular acquisition of property by sale and exchange, or even to prohibit or suppress, by sovereign decree, rent of land and interest of capital.

I think that all these manifestations of human activity should remain free and optional with all; I admit for them no other modifications, restrictions, and suppressions than those which result naturally and necessarily from the universalization of the principle of reciprocity and from the law of synthesis which I propose.

And what I say of property I say equally of every political and religious institution. My only object in passing the various portions of the social symbolism through the crucible of criticism has been to arrive, by a long and laborious analysis, at the discovery of superior principles, the algebraic formula of which is given in this act of incorporation.

This is my testament of life and death. *I permit no one to suspect my sincerity save the man who could lie with his dying breath.*

If I am mistaken, public reason will soon have done justice to my theories: it will remain for me only to disappear from the revolutionary arena, after having asked pardon of society and my brothers for the trouble that I had cast into their souls, and of which I, after all, must be the first victim.

But if, after having been thus contradicted by general reason and experience, I should later try, by other means, by new suggestions, to again agitate minds and inspire false hopes, I should call down upon myself thenceforth the contempt of honest people and the curse of the human race.

Competition Not a Nurse of Inequality.

[Bastiat.]

In modern society competition is far from occupying the sphere of its natural action. Our laws run counter to it; and when it is asked whether the inequality of conditions is owing to the presence or the absence of competition, it is sufficient to look at the men who make the greatest figure among us, and dazzle us by the display of their scandalous wealth, in order to assure ourselves that inequality, so far as it is artificial and unjust, has for foundation, conquests, monopolies, restrictions, privileged offices, functions, and places, ministerial trafficking, public borrowing, — all things with which competition has nothing to do.

The Right to Learn.

[Galveston News.]

From time to time attacks are made upon trade unions without uniformly discriminating between actions which may be illegal or incompatible with the good order of society and actions which are fair in themselves, but simply potent because joined in by many. The latter kind of power is a form of competition. There would not be free competition if association were denied. The simple test in numerous apparently perplexing questions is to find whether the action would be deemed fair if done by an individual. For instance, a man has a right to spend his money where he chooses for proper objects, and to quit work if violating no contract. Then two or more men have a right to do what it is right for each of them to do, and they have a right to confer and consult. All this is included in free competition, — in freedom. The case becomes different when any body of men propose to have a law made giving them some privilege over others, and then combine to use their force and intellect thus aided by law. In such case reformers should not strike at the principle of combination, the very principle by which all great industrial works are performed, but they should strike at the principle of monopoly. If let alone, new forms of competition will spring up by like combinations, and a very brief period of antagonism will usually result in a smoother arrangement for service and supply than was known before under the imagined, or at best imperfect, protection of restrictive methods. No doubt most restrictions sanctioned by society have had some use, but they have cost something, and whatever may have been the net result in a state of infancy of the human mind and of social science, there comes a time in progressive development when restriction, the method of early instinct, costs more than it contributes to the industrial, physical, and moral welfare of mankind, as mankind becomes conscious of ability to exercise freedom. To apply the argument to a serious movement made by the regular medical fraternity, it may be noted that the president of the American Medical Association, in his annual address at the opening of that body at Cincinnati, proposed the formation of a standing committee for each State and territory in the union to "attend their respective legislatures and use all honorable means looking to the reduction of the number of medical schools in the United States, and a consequent diminution in the annual number of medical graduates." "This suggestion," says the report, "was received with storms of applause." This is protectionism of a kind never approached by modern trade unions except in the way of restricting immigration and skilled convict labor. It is true that the trade unions limit the number of apprentices, but only by exercising their personal right of abstaining from working for such employers as disagree with their proposals. A parallel with the demand of the doctors would be found if the trades were to go lobbying in order to get a law passed restricting the number of apprentices. What are the medical men in the ring doing if they are not teaching other professions and trades just the same logic? If this sort of protection is to be coupled with penal statutes by which a mother can not give a prescription for her offspring, the medical association will lead the way in a movement back to the caste system, fixing every individual's status and repressing the native talent of the young, forcing them to move in grooves fixed by the accidents of birth and the iron-clad statutes of the political State. Is this country to be ruined by protection gone mad?

Hypocrisy Overdone.

[Galveston News.]

Pharisaically the copyrighters' organs ignore fair arguments, and content themselves with the bald and impudent assertion that theirs is the side of honesty, and all opposition is dishonest. The wolf in sheep's clothing is sure to declare himself a sheep, but, when he declares that he is the only real sheep, he directs too much attention to some wolfish peculiarities which protrude.

A "Function of Government" Usurped.

[Standard.]

The Chicago "Times" tells the story of a telegraph system which has gradually developed in one of the counties of Michigan. It began by two farmers connecting their houses by wire for their own convenience in exchanging messages about every-day matters. A third farmer saw the advantage these two were enjoying, and so extended the wire to his house. Then a fourth joined on, and a fifth, and an enterprising store keeper brought his store into the circuit. And so the system grew, until now it has sixty-five miles of wire and ninety offices, two-thirds of the latter being in farm houses and the rest in stores and offices dependent on the farmers' patronage. For convenience of management the farmers and store keepers have organized themselves into a corporation, but each shareholder continues to be his own operator and line repairer. The "Times" asserts that there are already two or three independent systems of this kind in operation, arranged so that they can be connected at intersecting points, and the business is conducted cheaply and successfully.

Continued from page 1.

man. The facts of government, the facts of commerce, the facts of society, the facts of history, the facts of man, the facts of God,—in these, in the perception of their glory, in the obedience to their compulsion, shall lie the possibility and promise of the soldier statesman, the soldier scientist, the soldier philanthropist, the soldier priest, the soldier man.

Have we said all? Have we seen all when we have seen the compulsion of facts issuing from and claiming to take the place of the compulsion of force? Surely not. Surely there is one last word still to be said. Surely there is something greater and more imperious than facts for a man to obey, or rather there is one last fact behind all other facts to which his final allegiance must be rendered. That last fact is himself, his own character, his own personal, spiritual nature filled and inspired by God.

I think of my life as beginning in simple lawlessness, obeying nothing but its instincts and its whims. I think of it next as taken possession of by some powerful master, and making his force effective in the world. It passes to a higher stage when out of the sky above it, and the earth beneath it, and the history behind it, and the world around it, issue and speak the facts of the universe which it acknowledges to be its Lord's. But all of these are but the vestibules to the complete obedience in which my life finds its consummate mastery in my own conscience filled and illuminated by the light of God.

All study of the compulsions of life is slight and feeble unless it brings us here, to the dominion of personal character.

This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Here, in this ultimate loyalty must lie the warrant of judgment, the condemnation or approval of the others. If my personal captain were absolutely perfect, if my perception of the regal fact were absolutely true, they would always utter the same mandate which my conscience speaks; but, as it is, they come again and again in conflict, and the conscience, the character, as the "higher law," compels them both. Alas! for the man who knows no "higher law," who holds himself in such absolute obedience to any power of governor or government on earth that he is not ready to listen when the demands of his own character say to him "disobey." Alas! for the man who thinks even the facts of nature his inevitable masters, who will not believe in his power to overcome them, even though it be by undergoing them, who will not rush through fire though it burn, through water though it drown, to do the work which his soul knows that it must do.

It is only in this last compulsion of character that the brave and faithful of all ages and conditions meet. Generals and captains come and go. Facts vary with their changing interpretation. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord abideth for ever." I cannot follow Cæsar or Scipio. I cannot believe with Plato or Confucius, but I can obey my conscience as all true men have obeyed theirs and so be one of the only really ancient, the only really honorable company which the world can offer or the soul desire.

To this last compulsion of character all the decisions of things must more and more constantly tend. As the world grows riper, fewer and fewer questions will go to the arbitrament of arms. Men will learn some day that legislation ought to have less and less to do. He is the benefactor of his race today who makes it possible to have one law less. He is the enemy of his kind who would lay upon the shoulders of arbitrary government one burden which might be carried by the educated conscience and character of the community or of the race.

And, therefore, in the development of this ultimate compulsion of character lies the highest duty and the only perfect hope of man. It is in education that the great battles of humanity are to be fought and the great victories of humanity are to be won. The schoolroom is the modern battle-field; the schoolroom, not merely as the reservoir of facts, but as the home of character; the schoolroom, therefore, claiming its highest privilege and demanding the divinest strength.

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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 23.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

Whole No. 127.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

A very lively quarrel is in progress among Australian radicals. Joseph Symes, the high priest of Free-thought at Melbourne, finding himself unable to "boss" the Anarchistic element so rapidly growing under the fostering care of David A. Andrade, is trying to expel it from the organization of the Secularists. His task is proving not altogether an easy one. Excluded from the columns of Symes's paper, the "Liberator," the Anarchists are conducting the fight through the "Australian Radical," which is itself becoming more and more Anarchistic with each new issue.

It is not often that Liberty's interpretation of the principle of equal liberty receives legal sanction. But its application of that principle to the matter of boycotting now has the clear endorsement of the California courts. The following decision has recently been rendered by Judge Maguire of the supreme court, who therein shows a knowledge of the doctrine of individual sovereignty which would make Eastern judges envious if they were not dishonest: "If each and all have the right to bestow their patronage or employment, or sell their labor to whomsoever they will, to commence and discontinue at will, then it would be absurd to say that, while each and all have the individual right, they cannot exercise it collectively, for that would be to assert that the exercise of one lawful right is legal, but that the exercise of two lawful rights is illegal; that while one right will not constitute a wrong, two rights, or ten rights, or one hundred rights will constitute a wrong, increasing in illegality with the number of rights collectively exercised, which is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the position that a combination among workmen to do collectively that which each has the individual and unquestioned right to do separately constitutes an unlawful act or an unlawful conspiracy."

The London "Freedom" says that the American Mutualist papers, with the exception of the "Alarm," "zealously repudiate all but passive resistance to oppression, and cling to the peace-at-all-costs doctrine of George Fox, Godwin, Shelley, Proudhon, and Leo Tolstoi." The truth of this assertion cannot be tested unless "Freedom" will be good enough to define the doctrine concerning peace which it imagines these five men to hold in common. I am not sufficiently familiar with Godwin's writings to speak positively of that author's views, but I am certain that no American Mutualist paper accepts the non-resistant teachings of Fox and Tolstoi. And what Shelley is this that is sandwiched thus between these men? And what Proudhon? Surely not the Shelley who said to the Men of England: "Forge arms, in your defence to bear." Surely not the Proudhon who wrote two large volumes on "War and Peace," which, while a prophecy of peace, were at the same time a justification of war. Neither Shelley nor Proudhon preached peace-at-all-costs, nor do the American Mutualist papers. Liberty prefers peace to war only when it is less costly than war, and has never based its preference on any other ground. Before "Freedom" can intelligently criticize Individualistic Anarchism, it will have to make a further and closer study of it.

IBO.

Translated from the French of VICTOR HUGO by B. R. TUCKER.

Written at the colmen of Rozel, January, 1853.

Say, why, within the soundless deeps
And walls of brass,
Within the fearful gloom where sleeps
The sky of glass,

Why, 'neath that sacred temple's dome,
Dumb, vast retreat,
Within the infinite as tomb
And winding-sheet,

Imprison your eternal laws
And your bright lights?
O truths! my wings will never pause
Below your heights.

Why hide yourselves within the shade
To us confound?
Gloom-compacted mankind why evade
By flight profound?

Let evil break, let evil build,
Be high, be low,
You know, O justice! I have willed,
To you I'll go!

O beauty! pure ideal that lives
In germ 'mid woe,
That to the mind new firmness gives
And makes hearts grow,

You know it, you whom I adore,
O reason, love!
Who, like the rising sun, must soar
And shine above,

Faith, girdled with a belt of stars,
The right, the true,
O liberty! I'll break my bars,
I'll go to you!

In boundless space in vain do you,
O gleams of God!
Inhabit dismal depths of blue
By feet untrod.

Accustomed to the gulf, my soul
Is undeterred;
I have no fear of cloud or goal;
I am a bird.

I am a bird of such a sort
As Amos dreamed,
As sought Mark's bedside and athwart
His vision gleamed,

Who, 'twixt a pair of eagle's wings,
'Mid rays that rain,
O'er neck and forehead proudly flings
A lion's mane.

Wings I possess. I soar on high;
My flight is sure;
Wings I possess for lurid sky
And azure pure.

Innumerable steps I climb;
I wish to know,
Though knowledge be as dark as crime
And bitter woe!

You surely know the soul dare try
The blackest hill;
If I must mount, however high,
Then mount I will.

You surely know the soul is strong
And fears nought, so
The breath of God bears it along!
You surely know

I'll climb pilasters azure-crowned,
And that my feet,
Once on the ladder starward bound,
Will ne'er retreat!

Plunged in this troublous epoch, man,
To pierce the dark,
Must imitate Prometheus' plan,
And Adam's mark.

From austere heaven he must seize
A fiery rod;
To his own mystery find the keys,
And plunder God.

Within his hut, by tempests torn,
Man needs the sight
Of some high law in which is borne
His strength and light.

Forever ignorance and need!
In vain man's flight,
From Fate's tight grip he's never freed!
Forever night!

The people now must overthrow
The stern decree,
And martyred man at last must know
The mystery.

Upon this dying era's grim
Retiring trace
Is sketched by love, in outline dim,
The future's face.

The laws of human destiny
By God are signed;
And, though these laws mysterious be,
I have a mind.

I am the man who stops nowhere
And never falls,
The man prepared to go whene'er
Jehovah calls;

I am the man to duty bound,
The poet austere,
The breath of grief, the lips to sound
A clarion drear;

The seer whose gloomy scroll records
Those living still,
Whose music freights the winds with words
That bode but ill;

The dreamer winged, the athlete bold
With sinewy arm.
And I the comet's tail could hold,
Secure from harm.

To solve our problem and its laws
Then I engage;
I'll go to them, nor further pause,
Bewildered sage!

Why try to hide these laws profound?
Your walls are glass.
Your flames and waves begird no ground
But through I'll pass;

I'll go to read the bible grand;
I, nude, alone,
Will in the tabernacle stand
Of the unknown;

Into the darkness I will dash,
The deep abyss
O'er which the lurid lightnings flash
With jealous hiss.

I'll go to the celestial gate,
Nor stop before,
And, thunders! growl at whate'er rate,
I'll louder roar.

Socialist Economics and the Labor Movement.

By VICTOR YARROS.

The vexed question of the right of capital to reward having been settled, it remained for the author to unfold his plan of removing poverty without affecting the income of the capitalist. We have seen that extension of the use of machinery is the only means of increasing wealth. Now, what conditions the use of machinery? For an answer we are referred to Chapter Second, and in it we are told that there are two necessary requirements to be fulfilled to induce the capitalist to invest more and more in machinery. First, that the entire produce meet a demand, and, second, that the investment yield the capitalist increasing returns. (Mr. Gunton's logic is exhibited in the fact that the order of stating these two conditions is reversed in his book: first, that the whole produce be sold at a profit; second, that it be sold. But perhaps only Socialists cannot see that, after a thing is sold at a profit, it cannot be unsold.) Considering that the working population consumes about eighty per cent. of the machine-made products of the world, it is clear that, unless the great majority of consumers are able to buy the increased quantity of goods, there is no market for them. And as the consuming capacity of the wage receivers who constitute that majority is limited by the rate of wages, that rate must be permanently raised in order to enable them to enlarge their consumption.

Gradually thus we are brought to the question of the law governing wages. But before we follow the author into Part Second of his book, we must point out a contradiction in his argument. When contending for the right of the tool-lender to a share (and a lion's share) of the increase in the total product due to the use of the tool, Mr. Gunton was obliged to suppose that the inventor of the tool was the first to make the offer to his fellow-laborer to lend him the tool for a share of the benefit of its use, and that the laborer, seeing a chance to get a greater return from the same amount of labor, readily and gratefully accepted the offer. Now, when speaking of the consuming power of the laborers, he lays it down that *all* introduction of new and better methods in production has invariably been preceded by a demand for higher wages on the part of the laborer, which demand grows out as an inevitable result of unconscious social influences and changes. If this last be true, the question of the reward of the idle tool-lender will have to be reopened and reconsidered. For it is evident that, if employers are forced, in the interest of self-protection, to utilize all new improvements, and are not permitted to do it leisurely and as a matter of choice, the argument of extra inducements and increasing returns being a condition of extension of machinery falls to the ground.

With the critical analysis of the various theories of the law of wages with which Part Second opens we are not concerned. Suffice it to say that its criticisms of Mr. George's theory of wages are very strong, though not new. Readers of Liberty will recall Mr. Tucker's articles against Mr. George, in which he contended that mere land is of no practical use to the moneyless proletariat, who would rather starve or work for extremely low wages in the centres of trade and wealth than go out into the wilderness and lead a semi-barbarous life. Mr. Gunton's argument is very similar to this, but not as conclusive. He refutes Mr. George's imaginary and ungrounded theory of wages by pointing to the fact that employers pay higher wages to their laborers than they ought to according to Mr. George's theory; but Mr. Tucker shows that even those who live most miserably on scant earnings and those who, having no employment, earn nothing and have only the hope of securing employment, would rather endure hardships in the cities than settle on unoccupied land.

After some preliminary remarks the author proceeds to state his idea of the law governing wages. We will not undertake to describe the confusion and muddle into which he gets himself by his valorous and bold defiance of all known theories of political economy. Arguing that labor, being a commodity and consequently subject to all the conditions of exchange, must have its price determined by the same general law governing all other things in the domain of exchange, the author accordingly first gives us a general law of prices: "The ratio in which quantities of different commodities will exchange for one another . . . is determined by the cost of production." Not by the relations between supply and demand, as it is popularly, but erroneously, held among economists, and not by the amount of labor socially necessary to produce them, as the Socialists teach, but by "the cost of the portion of the supply which is produced under the greatest disadvantages." Of all the parties engaged in the manufacture of a given article, that which has to struggle with the greatest difficulties and is least favorably situated as regards that line of production is the one which fixes the price of that article in the market. The author, in advancing this "theory," puts himself in opposition both to the economists and the Socialists and reveals his own mental disorder. The economists have a half-truth on their side, and so have the Socialists, and in order to clearly perceive Mr. Gunton's enormous offence against elementary economic knowledge, it is necessary to bring together the two theories mentioned and show their inherent harmony. When it is said that supply and demand govern prices of commodities in the market, it is not to be taken as a denial that there are other factors by which prices are and can be determined. On the contrary, it is just because there are several such factors, and because they are constantly operating, conflicting and clashing with one another, that some general, though superficial, and, strictly speaking, meaningless formula, as "supply and demand," was found necessary to express at any given moment the play of these factors in the market. The real fight is between labor cost and monopoly greed. In a natural state of the market, when competition is free and unlimited, the prices of things are reduced to and kept at the cost price. And not the cost to those who produce under the greatest disadvantages, but the cost of those who produce under the most advantageous conditions; for competition does not satisfy itself with securing greater profits to those who produce with better facilities, but tends to drive out of the circle the unsuccessful and backward, leaving none except the most enterprising and economical producers in the field. In a market hopelessly controlled and ruled by monopoly, prices are as far removed from the labor cost limit as prudence and the narrowest self-interest will allow. When monopoly is enabled to suspend the rules of ordinary transactions, it will have no hesitation in taxing the people's patience and endurance to the most extreme point compatible with its own immediate safety. The prices are then kept at the maximum that consumers are willing to pay rather than deprive themselves of the product altogether. But no sooner is competition allowed to march against its foe, monopoly, than the latter takes a hurried retreating step in the direction of cost. Weak and insufficient competition (such as we have today), while unable to kill the monopolies which are protected in their disadvantageous conditions, serves to check their greed and to indicate the tendency of more complete freedom. It is perfectly correct to say that supply and demand regulate prices, though the natural limit of price is that of cost.

Dimly realizing the fact that competition tends to reduce prices to average labor cost, but confused at the same time by the contradictory fact of profits, Mr. Gunton tries to save himself by the straw of "cost of production under greatest disadvantages," which seems to him to afford a sure basis for a permanent system of

profits. But the straw of course fails to save him, and he sinks, intellectually, in view of all who witness his desperate and frantic effort. Profit exists because monopoly and protection and privilege exist and freedom does not, or is but slightly tolerated; and also because the backward and poorer manufacturers find the means of holding their own in the otherwise unequal fight with their betters by making their "help" supply the deficiency. It is notorious that poorer employers who are without improved and perfected methods seek and contrive to keep themselves above water by grinding out more "surplus value" from their laborers. Mr. Gunton discusses the law of prices without the least recognition of the all-important difference between the natural operation of economic laws in a free market and the conditions of trade as we find them today. He is not aware that in establishing fundamental principles it is illegitimate and illogical to apply for evidence either for or against an abstract scientific proposition to the present industrial muddle, which cannot be analyzed and understood except in the light of those very fundamental principles.

Our author is now prepared to deal with the question of wages. In the first place, he takes issue with "Marx, Proudhon, Bakounine, and Lassalle," who "have heaped damnation" upon what they all thought to be, and the last mentioned called, the "iron law of wages." Asserting that there is nothing "iron" about wages, but that, on the contrary, there is nothing more flexible and elastic, the author, as conclusive and crushing evidence against the soundness of the Socialistic doctrine, points out that there are different rates of wages, and that cheap labor does not, as the "iron law" would seem to imply, entirely crowd out expensive laborers, but that numerous classes of laborers get very high wages and live up to a high standard. Whether in the supply of labor or that of other commodities, observes the author, the actual state of things is not that those who produce at the very lowest prices sell at cost and all others do not sell at all, as it should be according to the pessimistic "iron law," but that there are various degrees of high and low wages as well as of profits. Far from being fixed by the minimum absolutely necessary for subsistence, wages, claims Mr. Gunton, are determined by the "minimum amount upon which the most expensive laborers will consent to live." As in the case of other commodities, so in the supply of the labor-commodity, those who produce under the greatest disadvantages—that is, those who require a high standard of living—fix the prices at which all other laborers in their line will be employed, enabling those who are satisfied with a lower order of living to make accumulations and invest in real estate, etc.

Since the author is an entire stranger to the thought of "Marx, Proudhon, Bakounine, and Lassalle," and knows nothing whatever of either their positive or negative positions, as I have already said and as I shall prove later on, I am relieved from the necessity and responsibility of defending them against their new assailant. His patronizing references to them and polemical remarks I will simply pass in undisturbed peace of mind. But with regard to the iron law of wages in general it may not be amiss to say a word or two for the benefit of Mr. Gunton and the uncritical reader who is liable to be misled. First, then, Mr. Gunton evidently is under the impression that the iron law of wages is a Socialistic invention, a result of pessimistic exaggeration, which does not describe any real phenomenon, either past or present. Yet the Socialists (in the person of Lassalle) have only, so to speak, an etymological share in the matter, for "the iron law of wages" refers to and embodies the Ricardo-Malthusian conclusions concerning the effect of fluctuations of wages upon population, and *vice versa*. Mr. Gunton, for no obvious reason, leaves out the subject of population altogether from the discussion of wages; yet if he had glanced into the writings of Lassalle (whom he feels at liberty to censure), he would have known that it is futile, thoughtless, and inexcusably arbitrary to dissociate the iron law of wages from the question of population and criticise it in its isolated and meaningless form. Again, the iron law of wages does not pretend to be an exact and absolutely accurate description of actual facts, but merely an approximately true indication of the tendency of wages under the present capitalistic system. Mr. Gunton, further, interprets it to mean that the laborers are reduced to the lowest conceivable point at which a human being can subsist, and, making his own rendering the basis for abundant talk about the differences of the standards of living in different civilizations, demands to be told why, if this law be true, wages in this country do not fall to the Chinese and Indian level and why American laborers are not reduced to the extremity of subsisting on rice and fish. No Socialist of course is obliged to answer this question, for the iron law does not necessarily imply or involve such a consummation. It only affirms that the tendency is to reduce the laborer to the minimum at which he, at a given time, *will consent* to live and to what he considers the necessities of existence. Thus far and no farther can the ruling order drive him; beyond that the red terror and revolution reign supreme. Among unskilled workers naturally the reality of this tendency is displayed in its most palpable form. Those who know the life of some classes of common laborers in mining regions and of working women and children in large cities surely could give Mr. Gunton valuable information regarding the lowness of the level of some portions of "American" wage-workers. At any rate, even if extreme degradation were really unknown here, the "iron law" would not be disproven by it. For there are still numerous influences at work which check the downward movement and slacken its velocity. A patient may be doomed to a slow and gradual decline while yet allowed temporary breathing spells now and then. Need Mr. Gunton be told that in all statements of what a certain law is bound to effect, the qualification, *if unchecked* or counteracted, is implied?

Wages, as Mr. Gunton truly says, are determined in the same way that the prices of other commodities are determined. Competition among laborers tends to bring wages down to the cost of production,—that is, the least amount upon which existence is considered desirable and preferable to suicide or the dangers of war and social chaos. Thus we see that where the competition is "freest" and bitterest, as among the low unskilled laborers, wages are at the point where the "iron law" reaches its culmination. The less competition in the supply of labor, the higher the wages. Skilled laborers, enjoying a species of monopoly, command their prices precisely as sellers of other monopoly-commodities do. But the difference is that machinery and minute division of labor are constantly rendering skill less and less necessary and thus make monopoly in the supply of labor an exception which becomes rarer and rarer every day. Labor, indeed, is the only commodity in the supply of which competition promises to soon be at its fullest and the price of which consequently will sink to the cost limit. (And herein, by the way, is to be found the condemnation of capitalism, for of all commodities labor should always be—and, under a rational and free industrial system, could not fail to be—the one exceptional commodity for which demand would greatly exceed the supply and of which the sellers would command the terms.) Victim of a patent-remedy, Mr. Gunton scornfully ignores every-day facts and experiences of the labor world. Unsuccessful strikes, defeats and failures of organizations, seem to contain no lesson for him. And the immense army of starving unemployed is entirely left out of the classification of the factors operating on wages. It were interesting to know what Mr. Gunton thinks of the condition of the unemployed: whether they are literally worse off than the laborers of past times or whether their poverty is only "more intense in kind."

But we must follow Mr. Gunton's argument and let him make out his case. The standard of living being the regulator of the price of labor, no permanent increase in the rate of wages is possible except through raising that standard. The habits of the working population must be improved and refined, their opportunities enlarged, their wants multiplied, their appetite developed. A loud and emphatic demand for more of the pleasures of life must arise before the capitalists will be moved to action. As long hours of hard toil are destructive of high aspirations and refined cravings, a reduction of the hours of labor is the first step toward a new order of life. This step taken, a number of others in the same direction would necessarily follow. The employer, in order to satisfy the demand for higher wages without loss to himself, would cheapen the processes of production,—that is, would introduce new machinery. But even then he would not be equal to the task of supplying the increased demand for commodities. He would have to call in all idle hands and give them employment at good wages. In short, once begun, this movement would steadily gain in vigor and solidity, ever making new and still greater reforms indispensable, finally working out the solution of the labor problem. This reform, however, must not begin where it is most sadly needed. There is no immediate help for those who are most disastrously wrecked by our industrial war. Sentiment must submit to "economic necessity," and those who are least pinched must first be attended to and surrounded with greater comforts. Only slowly and imperceptibly will the amelioration spread among the lower classes of laborers, for their degradation and brutality are too deep to allow them any rapid elevation and development.

To be continued.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE, AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL. A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

MR. ANDREWS' REPLY TO MR. JAMES AND MR. GREELEY.

Continued from No. 126.

You speak in the most hopeless manner of the final removal of murder from the face of the earth. Do you reflect that already among us one-half the crimes of the Old World, or of other countries, are entirely unknown as crimes. Such are *lèse majesté* and *heresy*, the utterance of treason, etc. Thirty hours' ride south of us, the crime which actually shocks the public mind more than any other is negro-stealing. Throughout the Southern States it is pretty much the only crime that is rigorously punished. Here it is unknown, even by name, among the common people. What, now, is the cause of this wonderful phenomenon,—that one-half of the known crimes of the world are actually gone out and extinguished in this the freest spot (observe the fact) upon the face of the earth? It is simply this,—that the artificial institutions against which these crimes are but the natural protest of oppressed and rebellious humanity have themselves gone out—not, as is thoughtlessly supposed, to be replaced by better institutions, but by the absence of institutions—by the natural and untrammelled action of individuals in a state of freedom. There is no *lèse majesté*, because there is no institution of majesty to be insulted or offended; there is no heresy, because there is no instituted or established church; there is no verbal treason, because there is so little of government that it seldom provokes resistance, and can afford to wait till the resistance becomes overt; there is no negro-stealing, because there is no institution of slavery; there is no publication of incendiary documents as a crime, because there is no institution so conscious of its own insecurity as to construe freedom of the press into a crime; there will be no seduction, and no bigamy, and no adultery, when there is no legal or forceful institution of marriage to defend, when woman is recognized as belonging to herself and not to a husband, when she is expected simply to be true to herself and not to any man, except so far as such fidelity results from fidelity to herself as the prior condition, of which she alone of all human beings is a competent judge; and when, by the principle of "commercial equity," which, thanks to the same science of society, is now known in the world, woman shall be placed upon a footing of entire pecuniary independence of man and installed in the actual possession, as well as admitted to the right, of being an individual.

There is already far less murder among us than elsewhere in the world, because there are less institutions to be offended against. With still less institutions there will be still less murder, and, with the addition of equitable relations between capital and labor, there will be none. Crime is just as much a matter of cultivation as potatoes. The way to produce it and the way to prevent it is a matter of science, just as much as any chemical process. Chemical processes go on and fail to go on in nature without our knowledge, but we can learn them and hasten or prevent them. Crime springs solely from two causes. 1. The existence of arbitrary institutions, and the ignorant and false ideas in men's minds growing out of our relation to those institutions, whereby acts are construed to be crimes, which, by the institutes of natural law, are no crimes; and, 2. The denial of equity, growing out of ignorance of the scientific principle of equity, and out of the want of sufficient intelligence and expansion of the intellect to enable men to see that their interests lie in adopting and acting upon that principle, when known. In other words, out of the denial of the sovereignty of the individual in all things, and out of a false or unscientific commercial system.

I see clearly, and even sympathize with, while I do not partake of, the fears of the conservative and half-way progressive, from the growth of the sovereignty of the individual. Still further, I recognize that evils and disorderly conduct grow out of its growth, when unattended, as it is hitherto, by "equity" in the distribution of the burdens and benefits of life. But I see just as clearly that the remedy for those evils does not lie in the direction of repression or forcible constraint, but in the acceptance and addition of an entirely new principle of order; not in going backward to a system which has been tried, and disastrously failed, for thousands of years, but in going forward to the discovery and application of a new and efficacious system.

You expressly acknowledge, you can not but acknowledge, that marriage does not work well for all the parties concerned,—only for some of them; and the first must be content to sacrifice their life-long happiness and well-being for the good of the others. No such system will ever content the world, nor ever should. It does not meet the wants of man. Your line of reasoning is after the old sort,—that the State exists not for the good of this or that individual, but for the good of all, when you begin by admitting that the good of all is not secured. You are, of course, aware that this is the argument of every despot and despotism in the world, under which the liberties of mankind have always been stolen. The argument is the same, and just as good, in the mouth of Louis Napoleon as it is in yours. It is just as good as a reason for depriving me of the freedom of the press, as it is when

urged as a reason for depriving me of freedom in the most sacred affections of the heart. The most stupendous mistake that this world of ours has ever made is that of erecting an abstraction, the State, the Church, Public Morality according to some accepted standard, or some other ideal thing, into a real personality, and making it paramount to the will and happiness of the individual.

So much for principles. Now, then, there is another thing in the world which is called expediency, which is just as right and just as good a thing, in its place, as principle. Principle indicates the true and right toward which we are to aim, and which we are finally to attain; expediency, what we are to do provisionally, or as the next best thing, in the midst of the wrong by which we are surrounded, while working to vindicate principle, or to secure the final right. If your tariff doctrines, for example, and other repressive measures, were put fairly on the basis of expediency, or present exigency, and admitted to be wrong in principle, evils themselves, to be zealously overthrown as soon as practicable, I might go a great way along with you. Extremes meet. Ultra and intelligent radicalism has many points of relationship to rigid conservatism. Its surface action is often just the reverse of its deeper and more persistent movement. You certainly do not mean to assert that free trade is a wrong thing in itself; that it is a breach of one of nature's laws, a thing to be feared and defended against, if the whole world were dealing fairly and honestly in the reward of labor and in their interchanges with each other. You mean that, because the European capitalist deals with his laborer upon such terms as render him a pauper, American laborers are compelled, by their wrong, to resort to another wrong, and refuse to buy those starvation products, in order to protect their own labor from the same depression through the medium of competition. They are compelled by the wrong of others to deprive themselves of one right, as an expediency, to secure themselves in the possession of another right. Hence you are found defending a tariff on the ground that it is the most speedy avenue to free trade with safety,—free trade and safety being both goods to be sought after and attained.

So, again, you do not and can not mean that the time is never to come when woman shall possess the freedom to bestow herself according to the dictates of her own affections, wholly apart from the mercenary considerations of shelter, and food, and raiment, and to choose freely at all times the father of her own child. You do not, of course, mean that the free play and full development and varied experience of the affections is intrinsically a bad thing, any more than the development of the bodily strength or of the intellect; but only that it is bad relatively to the present depressed and dependent condition of the woman; just as intellectual development is a misfortune to the slave, only tending to render him unhappy until the final period approaches for his emancipation. You certainly do not believe that human society, in the highest state of well-being it is destined to attain, is ever to be attended by an army of martyrs, who must sacrifice their own highest happiness and "the highest happiness of all the parties immediately concerned" to the security and well-being of somebody else remotely interested.

Do you, or do you not, then, advocate restrictions upon the exercise of the affections as you do the tariff,—merely as a means of arriving the more speedily at complete "free trade"?

To be continued.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

Continued from No. 126.

Some of the neighbors leaned over the bannisters and jumped back, frightened. "It is he?" asked Mme. Didier, with a gleam of hope.

There was no answer.

"What is the matter?" she continued.

"Nothing good," murmured a member of the group.

She rushed to the stairs, pressing her child to her bosom.

"Go no farther, poor lady!" said a man who was hurriedly ascending.

It was Jean.

But, borne on by her impulse, the unfortunate woman violently pushed him aside.

Banker, collector, cashier, and officer followed her.

Some municipal guards appeared, bearing a torch.

"Arrested! at last!" cried the banker, deceived by appearances.

But suddenly the body of Jacques Didier came into view upon a stretcher.

"No! dead!" said the poor woman, with a terrible cry.

"Ruined!" exclaimed the banker, leaning against the wall to keep from falling.

"Murdered! Murdered!" repeated the widow, throwing herself upon the stretcher.

"Dishonored!" he responded.

"My husband! My baby!"

"Oh! My God! My God! restore my uncertainty!"

And a flood of blood rushed to the banker's neck and head.

"You see that we are not all knaves or fools," said Brémont, gravely; "you sought a robber and you find a victim."

The banker heard no more; his apoplexy stifled him; and, stammering these incoherent words: "Maturity, end of the month, bankruptcy!" he sank at the head of the stairs like an ox felled by a club.

The widow, raising her head, saw the miserable man fallen near Jacques at her feet, and with a movement of sublime compassion she exclaimed:

"Ah! poor Monsieur!"

Then, quickly entering her room again and depositing her baby in the cradle, she was the first to go to the banker's aid, moistening his temples with salts and water.

"Ah! he would not do as much," said the cashier, deeply moved and looking at his employer, who was recovering consciousness. "A strong-box is not a heart!"

All hastened around the banker. The cashier aided the guards to bear him away.

It is said that the name Calais was found in the heart of Queen Elizabeth. The word bankruptcy would have been found in that of the banker.

While they were going out, the widow came back to her own sorrow and her own dead, distracted for a moment by that feeling so keen among the masses,—solidarity in misfortune.

Kneeling by Jacques's side, she felt of him, called him, kissed him, tried to restore him to life, to impart to him her own.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies
Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE 23, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

The "Home Guard" Heard From.

The last issue of the "Workmen's Advocate" contains the following communication:

To the *Workmen's Advocate*:

Oh! what a feeling of rapture came over me as I began reading the dialogue between Tucker and Fenno in the last number of Liberty. (Ego Tucker needs no introduction, Fenno is the fiend who came to collect the poll tax.) My thoughts went back to another age and to distant clime. I thought of John Hampden refusing to pay the ship tax. I had often asked myself, who will be the leader in this, the struggle of the fourth estate? Where is the man who will dare resist oppression? I thought I was answered. *Here! here was the man who would risk all for Liberty! And although she slew him, still would he trust in her!*

But softly; as I read further, he takes the big iron dollar from his pocket and gives it to the minion.

Oh, ignominy! Instead of *refusing* to pay, he indulges in a little billingsgate,—a favorite pastime with him. He pays, and all is over. Our idol is but clay, and we must seek another leader. Is this what Ego Anarchists call "passive resistance"? If it is, it is certainly passive.

H. J. FRENCH.

DENVER, JUNE 5.

When I published the poll-tax interview, I foresaw that it would call out some such rubbish as the above from my Socialistic critics. The fact that timely retreat often saves from defeat seldom saves the retreating soldier from the abuse of the "home guard." The "stay-at-homes" are great worshippers of glory, but are always willing to let others win it. To the man of peace the man who runs is never a hero, although the true soldier may know him for the bravest of the brave. After reading such a criticism as Mr. French's, well may one exclaim with Wilfrid Scawen Blunt: "What men call courage is the least noble thing of which they boast." To my mind there is no such depth of poltroonery as that of the man who does not dare to run. For he has not the real courage to obey his own judgment against that "spook," public opinion, above which his mind is not sufficiently emancipated to rise in scorn. Placed in a situation where, from the choice of one or the other horn of a dilemma, it must follow either that fools will think a man a coward or that wise men will think him a fool, I can conceive of no possible ground for hesitancy in the selection. I know my circumstances better than Mr. French can know them, and I do not permit him to be my judge. When I want glory, I know how to get it. But I am not working for glory. Like the base ball player who sacrifices his individual record to the success of his club, I am "playing for my team,"—that is, I am working for my cause. And I know that, on the whole, it was better for my cause that I should pay my tax this year than that I should refuse to pay it. Is this passive resistance? asks Mr. French. No; it is simply a protest for the purpose of propagandism. Passive resistants, no less than active resistants, have the right to choose when to resist.

Far be it from me to depreciate the services of the Hampdens and the martyrs revered by mankind.

There are times when the course that such men follow is the best policy, and then their conduct is of the noblest. But there are times also when it is sheer lunacy, and then their conduct is not for sane men to admire. Did Mr. French ever hear of the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava? And does he remember the comment of the military man who witnessed that memorable, that splendid, that insane exploit, fruitful in nothing save the slaughter of half a thousand men: "It is magnificent, but it is not war." The editor of Liberty is engaged in war. T.

Mr. Underwood and the Anarchists.

To the Editor of Liberty:

In your issue of May 26 you speak of my "slandering references to Anarchists" in the Boston "Investigator." If I have slandered Anarchists, I am sorry. I certainly have not done so consciously. I am confident that I have not done so at all. Who are Anarchists? You say Thomas Paine was an Anarchist. If this be true, I am an Anarchist, for I agree with Paine in his views of government. Perhaps you will be kind enough to reproduce one or two of the "slandering references" to which you refer. My aim is to be just to every class of thinker, whether I concur in their views or not.

Yours truly,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE, 1888.

The "slandering references to Anarchists" appeared in the "Investigator" of March 21, in an article on "Freethinkers and Free Thought." It was my original intention to subject that article to systematic criticism, but so many weeks passed before time permitted that I decided to dismiss it with a paragraph. If, however, Mr. Underwood insists on proof, in fairness it must be furnished; hence I give below the principal portion of the matter which I have characterized as slanderous.

We see the words Freethinker and Free Thought used to indicate the views of Darwin and Spencer and George Eliot, and of those "Anarchists and Freethinkers"—products of European despotism—who would destroy government and religion by dynamite. The temptation is doubtless strong, when the object is to show the weakness of the views held by actual Freethinkers, to bring in the cruel thought and violent methods of the ignorant and indiscriminating men who are regarded as an element of danger in the country. But these men are not in any rational meaning of the word "Freethinkers."

Their condition is one produced by that despotism, civil and religious, which has been the persistent foe of Freethinkers and of Free Thought. The men who come to this Republic and advocate violence as the true method of reform are not Freethinkers in fact. It would be nearer the truth to say they are no-thinkers; in truth, they are men who have thought enough to enable them to perceive injustice and wrong, but not enough to enable them to distinguish between real and fanciful causes, or between the necessary condition of social life and security, and evils, admitting of removal, connected therewith. "Freethinking habits" never produced men of this type. They are the legitimate products of conditions caused by the accursed union of church and State, of priestcraft and kingcraft, and the military system which is encouraged and sustained by this corrupt union, and which goes far to neutralize the effects of intellectual and moral culture in repressing the brute in man.

With a few years' experience in this country, and opportunities that will be afforded them to observe the methods by which reforms are effected here, where the social rigidity of the old world is unknown, these revolutionary Anarchists and Socialists will, let us hope, outgrow their wild theories, and, by the exercise of Free Thought, of which they have had too little, they must share the larger and broader views, and the milder and more constructive spirit, of the country and the times.

What is the estimate placed in these paragraphs upon the men to whom they refer? Simply this,—that they are illiterate, ignorant, indiscriminating men, well-nigh devoid of intellectual and moral culture, and governed by instincts largely brutal. Who are the men thus characterized? Clearly and indubitably those typified by the eight defendants in the recent trial at Chicago growing out of the bomb-throwing. What is the real truth about those eight men in the respects specified? That among them there was not one who was not above the average American citizen, the product of our "free institutions," in enlightenment, culture, and gentle-heartedness, and that some of them were men of distinct superiority in education, intelligence, and humanitarian sympathies, not only to the average American, but, in my judgment, to Mr. Underwood himself. And yet it would be a slander upon Mr. Underwood to apply to him such language

as he applies to them. Is not his language equally a slander upon them?

Mr. Underwood's question as to who are Anarchists is not to the purpose at the present moment. Perhaps I ought to have been more definite in my accusation. In charging Mr. Underwood with "slandering references to Anarchists," I meant slanderous references to the men whom he called Anarchists.

As the "Investigator" has published a letter from a correspondent in which I am called upon to substantiate my complaint against Mr. Underwood, I hope that paper will have the kindness to reproduce this article, which I tender as my response. T.

Liberty in the Incidental.

In reviewing my comments on Comrade Leahy's position, I am reminded that the subject is not exhausted; that there are incidental injuries as well as incidental benefits; that there is a reverse as well as an obverse to the coin. And this side of the question puzzles students of Anarchism at least as much as the other, and perhaps more.

The question appears and reappears in a hundred different forms, but so far, by holding fast to the principles of individuality and cost, I have always been able to answer it, at least to my own satisfaction. And I think that the trouble with those who are troubled is a false conception of what constitutes liberty, and, consequently and necessarily, a false conception of what constitutes a violation of liberty. They do not consider their problems in the light of Anarchistic definitions.

The most disagreeable, yet perhaps the most necessary, part of a teacher's function is the frequent reference to first principles, the constant repetition of fundamental definitions, the patient restatement of apparent truisms. And this labor we Anarchists may in no wise shirk, but must accompany every lesson with definitions of liberty and of government, knowing right well that, when all men accept these definitions, our battle will be more than half won; and when all men *understand* them, there will be no more battle for all time.

Liberty for the unassociated man is the right to do as he pleases. But the unassociated man is either the man unknown or a criminal. If we do not know him, he is to us non-existent; and if a criminal, we are against him. Therefore the only liberty we are concerned with is social liberty, and social liberty is the right of each to do as he pleases co-equal with his fellow, or the right of each to do as he pleases at his own expense,—equal liberty. Crime is an invasion of social, equal, liberty. Government, viewed in its history and necessity, is an association, or an act, for the invasion of equal liberty. Therefore government and crime are synonyms, governors are criminals, criminals are governors, and action or association to resist crime, government, is not properly to be called government (for that is confusion and contradiction), but defendment.

Tiresome and ridiculous as the following questions must appear to many, they are asked every day by awakening minds of the first intelligence, and urged as objections to the philosophy of liberty. Thus:

"I am a Christian, and a believer in the sacredness of marriage, but there's my neighbor, Mr. White, living right opposite to me with a shameless creature whom he has not married. He takes walks and rides with her, and takes her everywhere, and it's the scandal of the neighborhood, a perfect nuisance. I know a family that moved away rather than endure it, and it is frightfully demoralizing to my son and daughters. As a free woman I have a right to live in a decent neighborhood. *She* ought to be arrested, anyway," etc.

Sad case. Let's see,—you appeal in the name of freedom?—to freedom we will go. You are Christian and married, these "nuisances" are un-Christian and unmarried; equal liberty, all right. He goes with the "shameless creature" to walk, to ride, everywhere. Well, you go with your husband, who appears equally shameless, to walk, to ride, everywhere. Right again. The "scandal of the neighborhood"? Whose fault is that? If the neighborhood minded its own business,

would there be any scandal? Certainly these people desire none.

Scandal mongers have a right to scare themselves with their own phantoms, but let them take care they do not tell lies that the accused have no chance to refute with the truth. The nuisanceship appears to be of your own construction; for, if you agreed with these people, they would be your friends, and no nuisances, yet their attitude would be unchanged. What shall be thought of those who construct nuisances? The family that moved was free to stay, therefore not invaded. The "demoralization" of your son and daughters depends, first, on their ideas of morality, and, secondly, upon their *self-application* of the "demoralizing" agent or agencies. Suppose this "shameless" one begets a son and daughters, who are demoralized by your Christianity and marriageism. What then? As a free woman you have a right to live in a "decent neighborhood"—if you can find your ideal in that respect,—but no right to compel any neighborhood, or any individual, to subscribe to your ideas of decency; for in so doing you cease to be a free woman and become a tyrant woman. And, finally, you would have the woman arrested in preference to the man, because, although they are equal in fact of act, you have made her the greatest "nuisance" in your fancy.

Pardon, reader, this is dull, but it discovers a most important principle: *An act that can only become an injury through some supplementary and voluntary act of our own is not an invasion.*

Just as my neighbor opposite cannot compel me rightfully to share the expense of his lawn-planting because of my delight in it,—the benefit being no benefit except by my own act,—so my Christian friend cannot hold the "shameless creature" responsible for an injury that is only an injury through her own fancy. Suppose that I am not æsthetic, and the lawn is to me a nuisance, and suppose that my friend is not Christian and the "shameless creature" is her admiration,—what then? The lawn and the lady have not changed. If I leave a loaded pistol on my table, and my neighbor comes in and shoots himself with it, can he hold me responsible for the hole in his leg? If I have a savage dog, chained, and my inquisitive neighbor interviews him, with disaster to the cuticle, can he blame me for the bite? Leave the dog, the pistol, and the "shameless creature" alone, and they are all equally harmless; concern yourself with their affairs, and you do so at your own risk. It is obvious, then, that an act is only an invasion where it is necessarily and unavoidably injurious, in the probable course of events, and without any voluntary assistance or co-operation on the part of the one injured.

Here is another problem: "Jake, the newsboy, bathed nude in the river in full view of all the mansions on the esplanade. He was promptly arrested for the outrage."

But the outrage was in the arrest. Jake had a right to be clean, a right to bathe, a right to such dress, or undress, as pleased him. Nothing in his behavior was necessarily injurious, unless something was added to it by the one injured. To be sure, the dwellers on the esplanade were shocked. Old women in caps fainted, and old women in whiskers muttered "Comstock"; maids who were prudes blushed, and maids who were prurient peeped and giggled; but it must be confessed that a back town in Turkey would have been equally aghast at the undraping of a lady's nose. And there were three remarkable exceptions: Miss Palette, the artist, sat down with innocent enthusiasm and sketched the happy vandal; Dr. Cerebrum was inspired to write an article for the "Popular Science Monthly" on "The Sanitary Value of Sun, Air, and Water Baths for the Poor"; and Prof. Ideal fell into a profound and delightful reverie upon the Golden Age, Greek art, and the Renaissance. Art, Science, and Philosophy were not offended, but Convention and Christian Morality had fits. Jake, I acquit you; but—go and bathe with your breeches on hereafter, for it was said by one of old time that a prophet had no honor in his own [time and] country.

"Suppose that in Anarchy a majority of city residents pave a street, on which other residents, not sharers of the cost, choose to travel. These latter

wear out pavements they have not paid for, and so destroy property without compensation, and get something for nothing, which is injustice. You will be obliged either to forbid these non-coöperators to travel your streets, or you must tax them with a share of the cost."

Neither. One of the most fundamental rights is the right of free travel, in any direction, and with as much directness as is reasonable and consistent with the necessary occupancy and cultivation of the major part of Earth's surface. The public streets do not belong to any one man; neither are they the communistic property of all; they are like the wilderness, unpossessed except at the moment of using. If I lay a book down in the street, I may go and recover it, for it is my property; but if the foot of a pedestrian has defaced it, I can call for no compensation, for the road is for travel, and everything in it may be travelled on; nevertheless, on the other hand, if I fell a tree into the street, I may be compelled to remove it, and pay all damages, for the road is for travel, and must not be obstructed. If I lay a paving stone in the street instead of a book, it is with it as with the book, anyone who goes that way may travel on it; for the road is for travel. I may put what I please in the street at my own cost, for the road, being nobody's, is as much mine as anybody's; but anybody may travel on what I put there, for the road was left to promote the liberty of travel, and to make any man pay for improvements made in the road before he can travel is to obstruct the liberty of travel,—is to be an invader. Howbeit I may make private roads, competing with, but not obstructing, the public roads, as many as I please, and take toll from all willing to pay it.

"The right to travel being so sacred, you cannot, in Anarchy, prevent a sick traveller from scattering germs, or in any way establish quarantine."

Why not? In the order of liberty superior rights necessarily take precedence of inferior ones, and the most fundamental right is the right to live,—the right of self-defence. A man has a right to travel, but if his traveling, necessarily, in the probable course of events, will bring sickness and perhaps death to me, I am justified in stopping it till I feel safe. A man whose traveling is a necessary peril to others is not traveling at his own expense,—is not fulfilling the necessities of equal liberty. Certainly a justifiable quarantine does not invade liberty.

"A exposes whiskey for sale, and tempts young men by various devices to go to his saloon and drink. He should be prohibited."

Not so. The tempter can do no injury except by the willing coöperation of the tempted; the injury is not a necessary or unavoidable one; therefore the right to tempt, which is one branch of the right of free expression and communication of ideas, must be kept inviolate. But the tempter has no right to obtrude his temptation upon the unwilling to be tempted. I have a right to prohibit his tempting me, just as I have a right to prohibit all non-defensive acts toward me. I can always refuse to heed, and to compel me to listen is to go beyond temptation,—is utter invasion.

Temptation never can be prohibited by law; it can only be made, at the most, infrequent and secret; and the infrequent and secret temptation is the more dangerous, because the law has taken the place of moral courage as a defender. There must be free competition between temptation and *con-temptation*, between persuasion and refusal, vice and virtue, folly and wisdom, the rum-seller and the total abstainer, the prostitute who sells mock love for coin and the soul-sweet woman who loves because she loves.

And we must trust Liberty as we hope for happiness.
J. Wm. LLOYD.

J. K. Ingalls, the well-known pioneer in land reform and author of "Social Wealth," announces a course of Industrial Economy Lectures, dealing with the questions of land, money, credit, competition, and coöperation. The terms are ten dollars for the course and one dollar for a single lecture. Mr. Ingalls and his wife, Mrs. O. H. F. Ingalls, live at Glenora, Yates Co., New York, one of the most healthy and picturesque spots on Seneca Lake, and parties who would like, not only copies of the lectures, but oral illustra-

tion thereof, can get good board and rooms at the Ingalls home at reasonable rates. This is an unprecedented opportunity for students of economic problems to acquire valuable knowledge, benefit their health, and pass a delightful summer.

George Standing's friends have come gallantly to his rescue, and his paper, the London "Radical," will therefore continue to appear monthly. The June number contains a sketch of Félix Pyat's life by his former secretary, Jules Magny, which is accompanied by a portrait of Pyat admirably well executed and printed. Facts given in the sketch regarding Pyat's youth indicate that the character of Camille in the "Rag-Picker" is drawn largely from the author's own life.

Children and Liberty.*

If I had said, "I do not feel that it is a blessing to a woman to bear children the conditions of whose life some other can control," would Mr. Warren feel more in agreement with me? The word control may have carried an idea which it does not convey to my own mind. I can think of no other way to express the establishing and defining, by the mother for the child, of those limitations which fate sets for us all. Little Frank might throw a hundred dollar gold piece from the boat into the water. There is quite strength enough in his little hands and ignorance enough in his little mind to make that a possibility. If he does it, Ellen is one hundred dollars less rich, for herself and him. Her nerve and strength not being quantities of unlimited elasticity, she can replace neither that amount of money nor what that money would procure.

I admit the right of every one to protect himself against all invasion, even that of children. If the gold piece had been snatched from Mr. Brown's hand instead of from Ellen's, certainly the stranger has the right to rescue his own. What I wish to secure for Ellen is such control of Frank's destiny while he is a child that, if she deems Mr. Brown's method rough or cruel, the little one need not again be subjected to his influence.

The limitation, as Mr. Warren calls it, to the sovereignty of the individual seems to me not a limitation. It is simply saying: If liberty is to be universal, it must be equal. If my liberty extends beyond yours, it is invasion. If I do something at your cost, you are no longer free. Now, a child can do almost nothing at its own cost. And if Ellen gives Frank liberty to do anything, at whatever cost to her, she is making of herself a slave, and of him a tyrant; not at first an intentional tyrant, but a real one, nevertheless. And it is often difficult to determine when a child who has constant opportunities to practise tyranny begins to be a willing master.

And again, something else has to be considered in reference to children besides the protection of others against invasion. We must first rescue the child from self-invasion until he is old enough to understand what self-destruction means. Frank must be kept from throwing himself from the window, from putting pins in his mouth, from in any way directly endangering his life or even indirectly doing so by anything which may affect his health. Ellen could claim no altruistic motive in this care. The child's life is at present more to her than to him.

All this involves a frequent restraining the child in many natural impulses, simply because many of our natural impulses are from a very early age at war with our best interests. And this function of restraint and guidance, and the choice of the theory of life and conduct upon which it is to be based, should fall, it seems to me, except in very sudden emergencies, exclusively upon the mother as the guardian and sustainer of the child and at whose cost the child exists.

I think it is not true that children are sovereign from the moment of birth. The difficulty and perplexity of this question about the rearing of children springs from the fact that a child is not an individual and yet is daily becoming one; and that it does not become one at some definite and unvarying period, take a leap into individuality, but grows into that estate. But, if Ellen is an enthusiastic lover of liberty and believer in the sovereignty of the individual, she will check herself more and more, as the years go on, in her interference with the child's wishes. She will appeal to his reason just as fast as there is any evidence of the existence of reason in his mind. She will most studiously and carefully assist his reason. While restraining him,—by force, if need be,—she will explain to him the motives for this restraint even before he can comprehend them, that the words which are at first almost meaningless may the more quickly acquire meaning from their iteration. She will carefully warn him against little dangers, and yet permit him to expose himself to them, that he may learn by experience what her words can never teach. Herbert Spencer's illustration of the child playing with the candle seems to me an admirable instance of the ideal course to be followed in education.

ZELM.

* See A. Warren's communication on the seventh page.

Continued from page 3.

"Ah! his poor blood! Dumb, dull, cold, dead!"

And, despair giving her tenfold strength, she took the body in her arms and laid it on the conjugal bed.

Unperceived by her, Jean had remained a witness of this desolation. At all risk he had rejoined the patrol and guided it to Didier's address. Agitated, he descended to the story just above the ground-floor, where the janitor's lodge was located.

"Have you anything to let here?" he asked the janitor, abruptly.

"Yes, a loft," answered the latter, sleepily. "But why?"

"Nothing. I simply wanted to know. I will come back."

And he descended, or rather jumped down, the rest of the stairs, wiping two big tears from his beard as he reached the street and saying:

"Really, I didn't think I knew how to weep. Ah! yes, I will come back, by tomorrow at the latest."

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE PAWN-SHOP.

The next day the entire press reported the double tragedy of the Berville mansion and the Didier garret.

The authorities were congratulated on restoring the body of Jacques to his widow, instead of sending it to the Morgue, as is the rule. Right-thinking journals, well cared for out of the secret funds, did not fail to affirm that it was a great consolation to the poor woman in her affliction to be able to bury her husband at her own expense.

It was necessary, then, to pay for burial in any cemetery save that of the criminals, which receives its bodies from the Morgue and from the scaffold, scoundrels and outcasts, murderers and suicides, the whole offscouring of civilization, no less good than Providence, that other Divine.

An immense current of interested sympathy was formed. . . . for whom? For M. Berville. And everybody repeated after his newspaper: "The poor man!" As for the widow, there was no further question of her; she was left to herself. For she had no stockholders, no person interested in her safety.

What is the ruin of a woman of the people? That of a banker is quite another thing!

The principal creditors and stockholders of the Berville Bank granted a renewal of their claims for a fortnight, thus permitting the banker to double the cape of maturity, the end of the month. This mark of confidence and prudence did not fill the treasury; but at least M. Berville had a breathing-spell before the inevitable crash that awaited him on the fifteenth of the month, the wealthy classes' day of settlement and the limit of the conceded delay.

That of the poor, the petty rent-day, as it is scornfully called by the proprietors, was near at hand with no prospect of indulgence. Consequently the pawn-shops were never empty. The central office, in the Rue des Blancs-Manteaux, was crowded from morning till night. The entire laboring and consequently needy population of Paris came to this shrine of Saint Necessity to pledge their poor offerings at the headquarters of philanthropic and official usury.

A woman dressed in black made her way into the office of pledges and redemptions.

Undecided or ashamed, she looked on for a moment at the continuous and varied procession, by turns ludicrous and pitiful, of those coming and going.

She did not notice the presence of a man in a blouse, who had entered behind her and was sitting in concealment on a bench in a dark corner of the room.

Summoning all her courage, she finally took her place between two railings, running in front of the grated windows.

The clerks, bending over their registers, noted the pledges, took strict account of the names, addresses, and professions of the borrowers in order to strip them as much as possible, delivered them their pawn-tickets, and handed them cards against which the cashier paid them the sums loaned.

The attendant went back and forth, taking the packages and carrying them into an adjoining room, where they were estimated in a loud voice.

The woman dressed in black was the last of a line of thirty persons, arranged in single file as at the ticket-office of a theatre, all having packages or articles in their hands.

A girl dressed with the elegance of an interloper, with a fine India cashmere on her back and a short silk mantle under her arm, then entered as if perfectly at home and went straight to the window without heeding the procession.

"At the end of the line!" cried the crowd.

Not disconcerted, the beauty slipped a coin into the attendant's hand and advanced.

"At the end of the line! at the end of the line!" the voices repeated, louder than before.

"It is an outrage!" exclaimed a Hercules with a husky voice.

"What do you expect?" answered the attendant; "it is a custom."

She was already at the window, on the other side of the railing, handing in her shawl.

"Ah! this has been here before," said the clerk, not examining it very closely; "number 66, ninety dollars."

"I need a hundred."

"Then complete your security, my dear."

She took off her lace veil.

"Oh!" exclaimed the Hercules, "it is Sophie."

"My daughter! Sophie! Sophie!" cried in turn a woman at the head of the line, "give me a dollar."

"What does this crazy creature mean?" said Sophie, superbly.

"All right! One hundred dollars," said the clerk, receiving the veil. "Forty cents to be deducted for the wrapping."

Sophie threw down the forty cents, received the hundred dollars, and, putting on her mantle, went out, as proud and irresponsible as Queen Victoria.

"Number 67. Come, be quick," cried the clerk from his window, the space in front of which was left vacant for a moment.

And the denied mother, a poor madonna with a poor Jesus clinging to her neck, who, either from shame or fear, had hesitated a moment before opening her bundle, with a trembling hand laid a heap of rags upon the counter in front of the window.

They were the woman and the innocent who had presided at the lottery of the basket at the Hotel d'Italie.

"We cannot lend on those," said the attendant, pushing back the needy woman's collateral.

"I am in such need, good people," she murmured. "Only twenty cents. I have nothing but these things, and no bread."

"You know very well that we do not lend less than sixty cents," said the clerk.

"Monsieur! I beg of you," said the poor woman.

"This is not the charity department; go to the board of public relief."

"Come, my old woman, make room for the others!" said the attendant.

The unfortunate creature left the railing and went away, saying in an undertone of despair:

"Nothing left, nothing! Ah! such heartless people as my daughter!"

She passed by the woman in black; the latter stopped her, and, quietly slipping a few copper coins into her hand, said, in a voice of ineffable sadness:

"For the little one."

"Oh! thank you!" exclaimed the other. "God bless you! This saves us . . . till tomorrow."

And she passed out, pressing her baby, who also uttered his moan of thanks, more closely than ever to her breast.

"Number 68," cried the clerk.

A drunken and dissolute man, another acquaintance of the Hotel d'Italie, the Hercules of the North, asked by the attendant to lay down his collateral, fumbled for a moment, and then, with herculean wit, said:

"One moment, and I will show you, governor. . . . I have been robbed. . . ."

One would say that 'my aunt' has nephews and all sorts of relatives. What a family! It is enough to stifle one! It makes one hot. . . and thirsty. Ah! but don't push so in the rear. Say, easy there, relatives!"

"Well?" said the attendant, getting impatient.

"Yes, well? what do you want, young fellow?"

"What have you to pawn?"

"Myself!" answered the Hercules. "I weigh two hundred . . . not easy to support, and the government is bound to restore articles in good condition!"

"Will you clear out?" said the attendant.

And he gave him a rude shove.

"Take care . . . fragile! You are answerable for breakage. I come to put myself in gage, I tell you."

"In gage, you mean," said the clerk, intervening.

Then, calling the officer on duty, he said:

"We have had enough of this. Officer, take Monsieur into the jewelry room."

The drunkard tried to resist.

"I tell you that I wish to be hung up."

"That's what we are going to do with you," retorted the clerk. "Next!"

The officer led away the obstinate man, who still went on jabbering:

"You will give the ticket to my wife. She will come to redeem me, — the tall beauty who just went out without her cashmere. She loves me like a beast; consequently I do as I please. When one is a fine specimen of a man, he ought to live on his physique, eh?"

The door closed upon him.

"Number 69, a clock . . . Ah! we are deaf with them, two dollars," cried the clerk; "number 70, a set of teeth, not new, sixty cents."

M. Brémont, M. Berville's cashier, hesitating and mortified, offered a set of diamonds which had belonged to Mme. Berville.

"Number 71, six thousand dollars."

Then came the turn of a man of military bearing.

"Number 72, a sword, three dollars. No, it is a sword of honor, with the name upon it: only two dollars and forty cents."

The valuations continued.

A gentleman, decorated and serious as a diplomat, was at the window.

"A necklace of the order of the Golden Fleece . . . an imitation. Number 73, one dollar."

A workingman, in the prime of life, handed in the implements of his toil, saying in a discouraged tone:

"No more work. . . . No need of tools". . .

"Number 74, a hammer, nippers, etc., eighty cents."

"Not a dollar?"

"No, we have too many of these traps. Eighty cents. . . will you take it?"

"I must."

"Twenty cents for wrapping, you know?"

The workingman bit his moustache and grumbled as he passed to the cashier's office, where he was given but sixty cents.

A freshly-shaven individual, looking like a clergyman, advanced a picture.

"Number 75, a Raphael, 'The Holy Family,' a copy. We cannot take that. Ah! yes, the frame is copper; a dollar and forty cents."

"That is not much for my poor little ones, Monsieur."

"Or your mistress," muttered the workingman on his way to the payment office.

And he added, laughing:

"See, the Good God! the Good God also pulls the devil by the tail."

A musician took his place before the window.

"A violin," said he.

"Try it," said the clerk.

The artist began to play the "Marseillaise."

"Stop, or I arrest you!" exclaimed the officer, just then coming in again.

"All right. Number 76, six dollars," continued the appraiser.

A sculptor passed in several busts under the head of objects of art.

"Number 77, Charles X, Napoleon I, and Louis XVIII. Three plasters, not much difference! a dollar, forty cents, twenty cents, — in all, a dollar and sixty."

The Hercules had returned behind the officer.

"Louis Eighteen," he cried, with his massive wit, "Louis Eighteen! I prefer eighteen louis! Where is Sophie, who has twenty-five? I must have her."

Again the officer put him out.

"Ah! Number 78, a silver watch with its chain, and a second-hand wedding-ring, five dollars."

The tired clerk raised his eyes upon the person offering them.

It was the last comer.

"Your name?"

"Madame Didier."

"Residence?"

"Rue Sainte-Marguerite."

"Business?"

"Seamstress."

"Have you your husband's authorization?"

"I am a widow, Monsieur."

"Then a death certificate is necessary; two licensed witnesses must answer for you and sign upon this register."

"Two licensed witnesses?"

"Yes, two merchants of your neighborhood."

"But I have nobody, Monsieur. I cannot make my position known to everybody. It is impossible."

"I am very sorry, but it is indispensable."

"Then give me back my things; I will go to a second-hand dealer."

"No. The pledge is seized. Here is a receipt."

To be continued.

Equity in Love.

To the Editor of *Liberty*:

Zelm's ideal reads almost like mine: "Independent men and women, in independent homes, leading separate and independent lives, with full freedom to form and dissolve relations, and with perfectly equal" and equitable "opportunities to happiness, development, and love."

The difference seems trifling, yet without equity her beautiful ideal would be sterile. That Zelm does not fully appreciate equity is shown by the meekness of her computation, in assuming the costs of maternity and the rearing and educating of children, obligingly assigning to men the rôle of a drone in a bee-hive. It will never do to encourage sexual robbery by favoring lady-killing and female infatuation; we must not forget that we are laying a foundation for pure and unalloyed equity, which cannot compromise with iniquity. Those who have studied Anarchistic coöperation know that sexual relations may be as equitable and self-adjusting as other relations, by the provision of a special fund, raised by voluntary contributions, to pay the costs of maternity and childhood; said fund constituting a restraining balance-wheel by throwing the costs of sexual invasion and folly upon their propagators, by the wronged parties refusing to support them.

Intelligent men cannot afford indifference in matters of education, which does not mean the perpetuation of our hobbies through children, whose education should be free and who should be allowed to educate themselves, the task of their educators consisting chiefly in supplying subjects for study, selected with impartiality.

Truly yours,
JAMES THIERRY.
LARAMIE CITY, WYOMING, JUNE 3, 1888.

The Rights of Babies.

In determining the rights of classes of persons, there is but one standard that will bear radical criticism, and that is the absolute sovereignty of each individual. It is true that few, if any, of even the most radical, have yet practically attained to this standard. Even the great apostles of freedom, Warren and Andrews, adopted it only with the limitation, "Each at his own cost"; as though a square circle or a limited sovereignty could be consistently conceived. Since the retirement of those noble pioneers, I have been watching for the advent of a leader brave enough to stand squarely on the apex of their work, and insist on the sovereignty without the restriction; but so far my watching has been in vain. If such a position has been consistently held, the fact has not come to my knowledge. A goodly number have approached very near it, and none nearer, perhaps, than the editor of *Liberty*. Some of these, with him, go so far as to be satisfied with no word short of Anarchy, to express their superlative position. They want no government, at all; which, indeed, seems quite radical enough, — seems to mean absolute freedom for every human being. I will admit, for the present, that it does mean that; but do they so construe it in the affairs of every-day life? Has any one ever even pretended to make the principle universal in practice?

I have been led to utter this criticism by the appearance in *Liberty*, No. 125, of "A Reply to Victor," which Mr. Tucker very cordially and unqualifiedly endorses. Zelm has come nearer, I think, than almost any other writer to a consistent application of the principle in the sexual realm. She (I take Zelm to be a woman) has expressed my thought on that subject better than I myself have yet been able to do, except upon one point. As to this one point, without depreciating the many beautiful truths of her article, I wish to enter a protest. In her sensitiveness to the needs and aspirations of true womanhood, she has, I think, overlooked the needs and rights of children. I credit her with overlooking these. She was not thinking of the rights of children. Her soul went out, just then, to the mother only. I am sure that, when she comes to turn her attention to this branch of the subject, she will agree with me.

If freedom is to be universal, children are sovereign from the moment of birth. If not, then who shall say when their freedom shall begin? But if the child is sovereign, the mother can have no authority to control it, any more than can any other person. Zelm says: "Except in those cases where the mother has been left a widow, she has never known what it was to have what she had purchased." Too true; but what was it that she bargained for? "I do not feel that it is a blessing to a woman to bear children whom she can not control," says Zelm. This is the point I wish to examine.

I do not deny the right of the mother to control her child. This is included in her individuality; but it is not her exclusive right. It belongs to the father also, and to everybody else. The right to control children is not different from that to control adults. It is not derived from motherhood or fatherhood; and it is not a commodity that can be purchased on any condition whatever. Neither is it based on any idea of benefit to the governed. It is simply a prerogative of sovereignty. There is but one question as to controlling others, or attempting such control, and that is, "Will it pay?" To this question the answer is not a constant quantity; and this is why I am not an Anarchist. I am in favor of government wherever there is need of government. I do not see that government is necessarily a denial of individual freedom. If all could agree to respect one another's sovereignty, then

government would be useless, but until we come to this agreement, I shall reserve my right to make war, both offensive and defensive. I am in favor of promoting this agreement, and exemplifying it in practical life, so as to render all government unprofitable just as rapidly as possible; and I think we can do this in no way with better effect than in our treatment of children. Let the little ones understand, from the first, that you respect their individuality, and have no selfish desire to control them, and you will win their love and confidence far more effectually, and will enjoy them more exquisitely, than it is possible to do in the old way. Don't you think so, Zelm?

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.

A. WARREN.

A Russian "Privilege."

[From G. Uspensky's sketches of peasant life in Severny Vestnik.]

When I asked him where he was going and with what end in view, he said:

"Oh! I don't know that. First of all, I have no money at all, and no passport either, though I am called upon to pay my tax-bill."

This mention of the tax was so out of keeping with the nature of my impressions of the man that it astonished me. He has no money, no passport, and does not know where he is going; he has no tobacco, no hat, no clothes to speak of, — and yet here are taxes!

"But what are you paying for?" I inquired, in my astonishment.

"I pay for two souls!"

"You, singly?"

"Just as I stand!"

"So you must have some land?"

"No. I pay for not having land."

And he added by way of explanation:

"It is best to pay in this manner. . . . If we had to pay for the land, we could not get along. . . . As it is, Heaven be blessed! . . ."

"You prefer to pay your tax without accepting your allotment?" I asked, uncertain whether I really understood him.

"Very much so."

"Hold on. You mean that you part of your own free will with your right to the land while paying taxes on it?"

"Exactly."

"But why so? Couldn't you rent your land to somebody, if you cannot use it yourself?"

"Oh! but it is nothing but swamp," said he triumphantly.

"Nobody would take it."

"Swamp! Well, don't use it then. But why not hold it? It can do you no harm."

"God help those who have anything to do with such land!"

"Well, don't have anything to do with it; but why not keep it? Something may turn up to make it advantageous."

"But, you see, if I hold the land, I am regarded as one of the Mir, and am compelled to do everything that is required of active members of the commune. I should have to pay for the highway, the maintenance of police, and a number of other things. As it is, I buy my immunity by agreeing to pay the tax on two souls and leaving the land to the Mir. I pay my tax, and then I am care-free and can do as I like. You see now?"

Parentage and Function of Politics.

[Bastiat.]

The progressive nature of man causes spoliation to develop resistance, which paralyzes its force, and knowledge, which unveils its impostures. But spoliation does not confess herself conquered; she only becomes more crafty, and, enveloping herself in the forms of government and in a system of checks and counterpoises, she gives birth to politics, long a prolific resource. We then see her usurping the liberty of citizens the better to get hold of their wealth, and draining away their wealth to possess herself more surely of their liberty. Private activity passes into the domain of public activity. Everything is transacted through functionaries and an unintelligent and meddling bureaucracy overspreads the land. The public treasury becomes a vast reservoir into which laborers pour their savings, to be immediately distributed among placemen. Transactions are no longer regulated by free bargaining and discussion, and the mutuality of services disappears. In this state of things the true notion of property is extinguished, and every one appeals to law to give his services a fictitious value.

The True Meaning of Laissez Faire.

[Bastiat.]

When we assert that men's interests are harmonious, when we thence conclude that they naturally tend and gravitate towards the realization of relative equality and general progress, it is surely from the play and action of the laws governing human transactions, not from their perturbations and disturbances, that we deduce harmony. When we say *laissez faire*, we surely mean, allow these laws to act, not, allow them to be disturbed. According as we conform to these laws or violate them, good or evil is produced; in other words, men's interests are in harmony provided right prevail and services are freely and voluntarily exchanged against services. Does this imply that we lose sight of, or approve, the

efforts which have been made in all ages, and are still being made, to alter by force or fraud the natural equivalence of services? This is exactly what we repudiate as a violation of the natural social laws, as an attack upon property, — for, in our view, the terms, free exchange of services, justice, liberty, security, property, all express the same idea under different aspects.

Power for Power's Sake.

[Emile Zola in "His Excellency Eugène Rougon."]

Without, frightened France was silent. The emperor, in summoning Rougon to power, wanted examples. He knew Rougon's iron hand; on the day after the attempted assassination, he had said to him, in his wrath of a saved man: "No moderation! you must make yourself feared!" And he had just armed him with that terrible law of general safety, which authorized banishment to Algeria or expulsion from the empire of every individual condemned for a political offence. Although no French hand had been steeped in the crime of the Rue Le Peletier, republicans were to be ferreted out and exiled; this meant the removal at one sweep of ten thousand suspected persons who had been forgotten on the Second of December. They talked of a movement set on foot by the revolutionary party; it was given out that arms and papers had been seized. Since the middle of March three hundred and eighty exiles had been shipped from Toulon. Now, every week, a convoy started. The country trembled, in the terror which reeked, like storm-vapor, from the green velvet office in which Rougon laughed all alone as he stretched himself.

Never had the great man tasted such contentment. He was in fine condition and growing fat; health had come back to him with power. When he walked, he buried his heels heavily in the carpet, that the weight of his steps might be heard in the four corners of France. It was his desire to be unable to set his empty glass upon a table, to lay down his pen, to make a motion, without giving a shock to the country. It amused him to be a source of terror, to forge the thunderbolt in the presence of his admiring friends, to rain blows upon a people with his swollen fists of an upstart bourgeois. He had written in a circular: "Let the good be reassured; none but the wicked need tremble." And he played his rôle of God, damning some, saving others, with a jealous hand. An immense pride took possession of him; the idolatry of his force and intelligence turned into a formal worship. He treated himself to feasts of superhuman enjoyment.

In the sudden growth of the men of the second empire Rougon had always proclaimed authoritarian opinions. His name stood for the extremity of repression, the denial of all liberties, absolute government. Consequently nobody deceived himself on seeing him become premier. Nevertheless, to his intimate friends, he made confessions; he had needs rather than opinions; he found power too desirable, too necessary to his appetite for domination, to refuse it, no matter what the condition on which it might be offered. To govern, to set his foot on the neck of the crowd, — that was his immediate ambition; the rest was simply a matter of secondary circumstances, to which he could always accommodate himself. His sole passion was to be superior. Only, at the present hour, the circumstances under which he reentered politics doubled his joy at his success; from the emperor he held entire liberty of action, thus realizing his old desire to drive men with the lash, as he would a herd. Nothing delighted him more than to feel that he was detested. Then, sometimes, when he was branded between the shoulders with the name of tyrant, he smiled and said these profound words:

"If some day I should become liberal, they will say that I have changed."

Not Public, But Private Works.

[Galveston News.]

A Memphis writer says: "The secret of England's great power among nations, her ability to span oceans and link continents, lies, after all, more in the liberality with which public works are conducted than in force of arms. The arts of peace are as ably employed as those of war." Nevertheless there is not a commercial harbor in Great Britain which has not been improved by an incorporated company, contrary to the plans of all the paternal governments elsewhere, precisely as there is not a life-boat station on the British coast which is not an establishment under local control and supported by voluntary subscriptions, and yet there is no country so well supplied with harbors and life-saving apparatus.

As Usual, Protection Only for the Rich.

[Galveston News.]

One of the peculiar arguments of the copyright men is that the bill will not affect the price of any volume which has been printed. In other words, if "piracy" has been practised for one day or for years, piracy of the same thing may go on. If there were any justice in the bill, it would stop piracy if of six months' or six years' duration. The bill does not really guard the alleged natural copyright of a poor foreign author. It allows any publisher to pirate the works of all authors who are not rich enough to invest a considerable sum in printing in this country or famous enough to get some American publisher to do so for them.

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NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 24.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1888.

Whole No. 128.

*"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."*
JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

A man can have no more despicable enemies than those who, pretending to be his "warm friends and admirers," make their praise the vehicle of insidious attempts to injure or belittle him in others' eyes.

A. B. Westrup's lecture on "The National Banking System," begun in this issue, was given in Chicago, in reply to Banker Lyman B. Gage's defence of that system at one of the "Economic Conferences" held in that city, and made a marked impression.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is credited with this remark: "The chivalry of the average man consists in protecting a woman against every man save himself." And the men-made laws for "protecting" women protect them against sexual abuse from every man except their "legal" husbands. Now the question suggests itself: Is the law such because of man's alleged notion of chivalry, or are the men made brutally egotistic by the evil effect of the law? Whatever the answer, abolition of legal marriage is necessary for the elevation of sexual relations.

The Socialistic municipality of St. Etienne, France, has abolished the common grave to which heretofore have been consigned all bodies buried at the public expense. Why those whose dearest wish is to institute Communism in everything this side the grave should object to it in the grave itself is incomprehensible to an Anarchist. One would suppose that, if Communism must be accepted at all, it would be found less intolerable than anywhere else in the common dust of earth to which we all return. But it seems to be the aim of the Communists and State Socialists to destroy all individuality that exists and make a pretence of it after it has gone, — to murder men and worship their ghosts.

To Edward Atkinson's perfectly sound argument that the present accumulation of money in the United States treasury does not constitute a surplus revenue, inasmuch as there are \$250,000,000 of demand notes outstanding against the United States for the payment of which no provision has been made, Henry George's "Standard" makes answer by asking if any private corporation would "ever acknowledge that it had any surplus revenue if it possessed an unlimited power of levying taxes on sixty odd millions of people." If Mr. Atkinson were not as blind as Mr. George himself to the wickedness of this power of taxation, he would doubtless retort with the question: "Would any highwayman ever acknowledge that he had any surplus revenue if he possessed an unlimited power of robbing travellers with impunity?"

A California friend sends me a copy of the "Weekly Star" of San Francisco containing an article which, if a tenth part of it be true, shows that city and State to be under the pestilent control of a band of felons. At the end of the article, the writer, regardless of the fact that this state of things is the direct outgrowth of the government of man by man, proposes to add to the powers of this government the exclusive management of the telegraph system, of the banking system, and of corporate enterprises, as well as a vast new field of judicature. To this political servant who has not even the grace to hide in the earth the talent entrusted to

him, but insists on using it as a scourge upon mankind, the editor of the "Weekly Star" says: "Thou hast been unfaithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things." I am not surprised to find from another column of the same paper that the editor looks upon Anarchists as pestilent mischief-makers and noisy blatherskites.

Abram Hewitt, who was elected mayor of New York in 1886 to "save society," now confesses, not only that he has failed to save it, but that there is no hope for it in the old method of salvation. It is impossible to be honest in administering public affairs in New York without destroying forever one's chances of political advancement. No one is more bitterly persecuted than an official who tries to fulfil his duty and refuses his sanction to the all-pervading rascality. In making these charges Mayor Hewitt seems to imagine himself superior to and more virtuous than his brother "saviours," but when he says that he was well aware of this prior to his nomination and election, and only accepted office because, having entertained no political ambition, he had no occasion to fear possible regrets, he really proves himself to be far worse than the rest.

The striking Anarchistic definitions of the many familiar things given elsewhere in the paper under the heading "From the Dictionary of the Future," are reproduced from the K. of L. paper, "Journal of United Labor," where they appeared together with many others (of an indifferent nature), without a word of reference or explanation, under another caption. I take it that no editor or contributor or supporter of that paper is to be suspected of being the guilty father of these heretical definitions. Supposing them to be the illegitimate offspring of some wretch as shameless and remorseless as those who write for the atheistic and Anarchistic organs, I still cannot account for their reproduction in such a devout and "conservative" organ as the "Journal of United Labor." To say nothing of seriously countenancing such blasphemous treatment of the sacred institutions of government, marriage, taxation, etc. (which would be simply the most heinous of offences), even to smile at such profanity is unpardonable and impossible in a truly moral and religious soul. Let the "Journal" hasten to explain and apologize, or there will be a damaging doubt thrown upon its innocence.

At last the New York "Truth Seeker" has declared for Anarchy. It says editorially: "There is altogether too much of this 'paternal guidance' spirit manifested today, and the newspapers are among the chief sinners. The women make rules for the children, the men enact laws to govern the women, the educational boards assume the right to teach us religion at public expense, the Prohibitionists want to manage our stomachs, the churches desire to control our actions on Sundays and our beliefs on all days, the municipal government won't let us hang a sign on our own premises, most States won't let us denounce the Bible, the federal government makes laws to regulate the morality of our reading, and the 'Brooding Buddhas' of the 'great' daily newspapers superintend the whole lot. The poor, weak individual, as Bill Nye would describe him, stands a mighty poor chance of doing anything of his own volition. The present tendency is diametrically opposed to Jefferson's clearly stated doctrine that that government is best which governs least, but, instead, regards that government best which governs most.

Let's get back to Jeffersonian principles and let every body alone until he or she injures some one in person, property, or reputation." This is Liberty's platform exactly. I hope the "Truth Seeker" will have consistency and intelligence enough to advocate voluntary taxation for the maintenance of the institutions necessary to properly punish crime (injury of person, property, or reputation), and Lysander Spooner's ideas of conducting trials of alleged criminals.

Anarchy's Surprising Growth.

[New York Letter in Galveston News.]

It is a singular fact that, if you pin Most down to what he really believes, — or rather what he thinks that he can support by argument, — you will find it to be the doctrine which is really making the most important progress in this country, — namely, individualism. Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker of Boston, the great apostle of scientific Socialism in this country, is at sword's points with Most and Most with him, but for all that the editor of "Freiheit" has always fallen back very nearly to Tucker's position in his conversations with the writer, although he will inconsistently advocate the most utterly diverse notions. It is scientific Socialism — Anarchy properly so-called — that is making real headway. It is to be found among doctors, among lawyers, among journalists, and even in the pulpit. It would surprise anybody to know how many intelligent people refrain from voting because they disbelieve in government. But these cannot be counted because there is no organization of them. The main fact about them is that they are men and women of powerful and well-trained minds.

From the Dictionary of the Future.

Law — A trap baited with promise of profit or revenge.
Lawyers — The heirs of intestates.
Taxes — Periodical bleeding as prescribed by government.
Debt — The example set by a Government to its people.
Prison — An oven, into which society puts newly-made crime to harden.
Army — A body of men kept a thousand days to be used on one.
Family — Matrimony doing penance.
Jealousy — The homage paid by inferiority to merit.
Success — A veneering that can hide all baseness.

BATYUSHKA.

[Harper's Magazine.]

From yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set,
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet aerial midnight chime —
"God save the Tsar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the grim citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth —
"God save the Tsar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery —
"God save the Tsar!"

In his Red Palace, over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies? —
"God save the Tsar!"

Father they called him from of old —
Batyushka! . . . How his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourged men
Rise in their awful might, and then —
God save the Tsar!

T. B. Aldrich.

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

Continued from No. 128.

"Good! that's the right sort of talk, at least. Here is a word for Mme. Gavard. All ready!"

It was Louise Didier's turn.

"This is the first time that you have been here, isn't it?" said Mme. Gripon; "then pay me sixty cents for your registration. It is the custom of the house."

Louise handed her her dollar, which the old woman kept in her hand.

"What do you want to do?" finally asked the latter.

"I do not know," confessed the widow. "This is my situation. I have just lost my husband. I am left alone with my little girl, and I am a seamstress without work."

"Ah! you have a child," interrupted the agent. "That is embarrassing. Never mind, go on."

"I should like to get sewing to do at home. It is impossible to find any immediately, and I cannot wait. So I should have to work at a shop. But there is Marie."

"Yes, the little nuisance."

The old woman gave her victim a piercing look.

"It is not at all easy to find a situation for you," said she, pocketing the coin.

"I could be a housekeeper," ventured Louise.

"And the child?"

"I could put her in charge of some one else for a few hours. Undoubtedly some neighbor would take care of her."

"On that point consult Mme. Gavard, on the floor above. Perhaps she can be useful to you. She is a sensible and obliging woman". . .

"The midwife?"

"Yes; she would relieve you of the little one. Who knows? She might even make it an object for you."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, that's all right; she will explain all that to you better than I can. Let us talk of our affairs. I will give you an address. The charge is forty cents. Does that suit you?"

"Since that is what I came for. What is it?"

The agent turned over the leaves of a thick, greasy book, mumbling:

"I hope that you will not play the prude. Money has no odor. I am going to send you to Mlle. Sophie, a ballet-dancer or something of that sort. You were not born yesterday, I take it. It is No. 24 Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette . . . and *des Lorettes*,* you understand?"

Mme. Didier remembered the girl with the cashmere, and revolted.

"No, Madame, give me another address."

The old woman was nettled at this refusal, and a wicked smile crept over her lips.

"As you please, my dear lady. You talk sensibly. But you will have to pay me, not forty cents, but two dollars. Then we will see about getting you a place in some higher sphere."

"Two dollars!" exclaimed the widow, in the same tone that she would have said two hundred dollars.

The agent understood.

"That ends it, then; good day."

"And my dollar?"

"Costs, my beauty. Registration, sixty cents; address, forty cents; total". . .

"It is a robbery."

"Ah! do not repeat that, or I will have you shut up. The operation is legal, under the authorization and protection of the police."

Mme. Didier, in consternation, turned her back to quit this den in which she left Jean's savings, her last coin and her last resource.

The old Gripon, reconsidering, recalled her.

"Listen," said she "You are too silly altogether. Do people return money? What is good to take is good to keep," says the proverb. Now that I think again, I have a place for you. A marvel. Rich people who are temporarily diminishing their retinue. A place as cook or head-servant". . .

The widow snapped at the bait.

"Alas! I have nothing left," said she.

"Nothing at all? Really?"

"Not a cent!"

"Not even a pawn-ticket? My husband would take that of you. You could redeem it within a month. Ten per cent. interest, or a little more, as at the Mount of Piety."

"I have this," said Louise, taking out her certificate of seizure.

"Oh! bad! very bad!" exclaimed the old woman.

And, pretending a sudden sympathy, she added:

"But never mind, I will take it of you. To tell the truth, I am interested in you. I pressed you only to test you. We will get back your articles. We are licensed; that will be sufficient. I give you, or rather M. Gripon lends you, two dollars on this paper. There, sign that."

Louise hesitated, and then signed.

The greedy old woman took two dollars from her cash-box and showed them to her.

"I keep this money and find you a place; is it agreed?"

"Thank you. But when and how shall I again get possession of these articles, which I prize?"

"Tomorrow, if you like, by paying two dollars and ten per cent. for the week. You understand?"

"It is well. And the place?"

"In a moment."

And the agent, adjusting her spectacles, looked at her attentively.

"You have an intelligent air," she said. "Wait."

Then she turned over the leaves of her book of addresses, and her eyes rested upon three lines written in red ink.

"Let me read once more this police note," said the agent, aside.

The note read as follows:

* *Des Lorettes*, of the Lorettes. *Lorette* is a term applied in Paris to a woman of pleasure occupying a position between the grisette and the kept mistress. Many of them live in Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. — Translator.

"Learn from the servants for whom you may find employment there all that goes on in this house, where many liberals are received."

After reading this, she closed her book.

"Say," said the Gripon, "you will come to see me often, will you not? We shall soon be two friends, and you will see that I will enable you to earn a great deal."

And, to trap her more surely, she added:

"Your little one shall lack nothing."

"Ah! so much the better," said the poor mother.

The agent imposed silence upon her with a gesture.

"Here is the address. . . . A godsend! . . . Upon my word, two dollars is nothing for it; I lose by the transaction."

Louise was all ears.

"Berville mansion, Rue du Louvre," read the Gripon.

"Oh! never, not there," cried Louise Didier, in a tone of mingled repugnance and fright.

"Ah! but this is too much," exclaimed the Gripon, rising in astonishment and indignation.

"No, not there! I do not want that place," repeated the widow, energetically.

"Not there!" cried the agent, containing herself no longer. "Why, you confounded ninny, you don't know what I offer you. It is more than silver, it is ingots of gold. You would be in the service, not only of the banker, but of the police, of the government. Idiot, there is a fortune to be shared."

She stopped, choking with anger and already regretting having said too much, and then continued:

"You will die of hunger, beggar, you and your". . .

But Louise, without hearing more, had run out of the little closet into the hall and thence into the street, away from the Gripon-Gavard, Jew and Christian den, authorized and honored by the State and stigmatized by the People in three words with this brand: *Canaille & Co.*

CHAPTER IX.

IN PARADISE.

The furious Gripon, stammering and grimacing, was still threatening the widow with her fist, when the door opened again before a woman dressed in puce-colored silk, a white apron, and a lace cap.

In this frightful three-story house, with a crime for every story, where for no other cause than hunger and thirst for gold, *auri sacra fames*, without preference of faith or race, circumcised and baptized, saviour of the damned and massacrer of the innocents, with leave and even on account of the Rue de Jérusalem, crime mounted, grew, and increased, spy, robber, and assassin, from the first to the third, there, we have said, at the top, at the very summit of this three-fold commerce, the midwife was proudly located, nearest to Heaven for which she labored all day long, by the day and by the job, at home and in the city, undertaking at a fair price anything that had to do with her profession.

She was another Gripon, younger, her pupil, a second edition, augmented, not corrected but aggravated, Mme. Gavard, the "maker of angels," the outfitter of Paradise, a monster prosperous, perfect, and patented!

"Well?" said she, in a tone of interrogation and surprise. "What is the matter with you?"

The old woman was choking.

"What is it?" again asked the Gavard.

"A horror . . . an abomination. . . Ah! my poor sister. . . You see. . . it is enough to disgust one with the profession."

"So serious as that?" exclaimed the midwife:

Mme. Gripon, calming her exasperation, was able at last to explain her professional mortification.

Raising her hands toward the ceiling, she said:

"Would you believe that I have just pitched a goose out doors". . .

"Without plucking it?" said the midwife.

"No," replied the other.

"Oh! that's all right, then; I was going to say". . .

The employment agent continued, hissing like a viper rather than speaking:

"A sort of widow, a pauper . . . more stupid than her hands . . . a good-for-nothing . . . would you believe it? I offered her a place at the Bervilles', an address recommended by the prefect of police . . . a real *chopin*, and we were to share". . .

"And she wants the whole?"

"Oh, no. She refuses."

"Ah! Madame is honest!"

"Yes, too silly to accept," cried the Gripon, with redoubled rage.

"Pshaw!" said the midwife, trying to quiet her with a gesture. "Imbeciles are a necessity; without them, my God, how should we live?"

"Yes, but there is no need of too many of them. . . . To be imbecile to such a degree as that! She, the only one of the lot whom I did not want to victimize. That will teach me! Fortunately I shall get her watch and ring. With those I shall secure my revenge! She will find herself in a fine fix. I shall not let her off for less than ten per cent."

"Ten? That is the usual rate. You treat her as a friend," said the Gavard. "But let us leave her case for another and better one, that of the girl whom you sent up to me; I have come down in regard to her."

"Ah, yes, I had forgotten her."

"What are we to make out of her?"

"A good thing. Listen. Placed with *bourgeois*, in a family of magistrates, she is with child by the son of the house". . .

"And we could threaten them with a great scandal?"

"Exactly."

"You believe it will succeed?"

"Why not? They are pious and rich. They will be frightened and will shell out. Be easy, I know these people. We have only to go and say to the papa: 'Monsieur, your young man, the State's attorney's substitute, is going on at a great rate, my faith! But for us you would be the subject of a scandal that would pull everything down about your ears. Your former servant is with us, and wishes to give publicity to the story with which you are familiar. Enough said. Pay, and the mother will keep quiet, and so will the child.' And thereupon, without being seen or known, we pocket the money, and good evening!"

"Well, well!" observed the midwife, "but these are magistrates. We shall have to look out for ourselves."

"No danger. Are we going to send in our cards? We are not such geese. Just have your boarder write a word that will be understood, and we will start."

"All right," approved the Gavard. "Who risks nothing". . .

And she went up stairs again.

A few minutes later she came down, holding in her hand a sheet of paper covered with bad writing.

"There, will that do?" she asked her sister.

The old Gripon read attentively:

I declare that it is in consequence of my misconduct with a *valet de chambre* of the establishment that I have been discharged by M. Bardin. My pregnancy is this servant's doing. This is the truth. Anything that I have said about M. Bardin or his son is simply falsehood and calumny, for which I humbly ask pardon.

"A little too correct, but that's nothing. It will do as it is, and we shall get fifty dollars, at least."

"No more than that?" said Mme. Gavard. "We shall see."

The two women went out quickly.

As they passed by Abraham Gripon's shop, they opened the door, and the young woman said to the old Jew, with a wink:

"We are going out on urgent and profitable business. A first-class case of confinement. You will look out for matters up-stairs, will you not?"

"All right," said the usurer, "I will keep the house with Ismaël. The child will repeat his four rules."

"Two and two make five," cried Ismaël, "and two from four leaves three."

And the family burst out laughing.

As they walked along, the two women began to talk like the two good sisters that they were.

"Let us agree carefully about our facts," said the Gavard, lowering her voice. "Shall we send the child to the Board of Public Charities? Or". . .

"That will depend upon the *bourgeois*. We will give them to understand that foundlings may be found again, while". . .

"Yes, but then it is more expensive."

"Undoubtedly. We must push the matter to the extremity," insisted the Gripon. "And with the Italian whom you took the other day". . .

"I have a market for my products; you are right. Paolo has made a bad stroke at the Hotel d'Italie. I have confessed him a little. I hold him. Each day makes its 'angel.' Things are progressing famously now, and I am overrun with business; frankly, I needed somebody."

"Then it is agreed". . .

"In Paradise!" said the Gavard.

"Hush!" whispered the employment agent. "There is my widow."

Louise Didier was in front of them, sinking upon a step under her load of sorrow, fatigue, and want, reduced to the last extremity.

The Gripon pointed her out with a gesture of contempt.

"It is good enough for you," she said. "Die or beg!"

And she passed by, leading the midwife after her, who approved her words with a wicked smile.

"Beg," repeated the exhausted widow, when the two knaves had passed. "Truly, I cannot die here and leave Marie alone, her father dead. Oh, bread! bread! No false shame! That would be pride. Yes, for my child."

At that moment a fashionable lady, holding a schoolboy by the hand, approached. It was Mlle. Gertrude de Berville and the young Camille, seeming rather to be fleeing from this populous quarter than returning home after the performance of some good deed.

It must be stated here that Jean, who followed the widow like her shadow, nevertheless had left her to find the honest Brémont and induce him to help the wife and child of the deceased.

"I saw that you were afflicted as I was by the death of Jacques," he had said to the cashier, "and I come to ask your aid for his poor family. It is very annoying to me to beg, seeing that it is not my trade, but I can do nothing myself, and it is useless to attempt the impossible."

Brémont, pressing his hand, dismissed him and went at once to recommend the Didiers to Gertrude.

Thus it was that the pious old maid and the hearty child found themselves together at this hour in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine.

"Oh!" said Gertrude to Camille, "I begin to regret my carriage. The idea of going to such a place on foot! But then, we owed a visit to the widow of this poor Didier. She is not at home. So much the worse; our duty is done."

"But suppose she is in want?" said the child.

"We have left her our address. She will know very well how to find us, never fear!"

Louise Didier had heard nothing of this rapid conversation. Not knowing Gertrude and unknown to her, urged by hunger, making up her mind and lowering her head, she advanced in a supplicating attitude with outstretched hand, and said in a low voice:

"Pity, Madame . . . if you". . . and her voice stopped, her hand fell, and her tears began to flow. "I never can," she said.

Gertrude drew back as if frightened.

The child, affected, was already hunting in his purse for money.

Mlle. Gertrude saw his movement, and stopped him.

"No, Camille, we must not encourage begging on the public streets; it favors vice or laziness. Be generous only where you know the circumstances, my child; there lies the merit of generosity. Let us give only to the good poor of our friend the abbé Ventron". . .

The old maid had very hurriedly expressed her doctrine of formal charity, doubling her pace to get rid of the very sight of the poor woman.

Surprised at not being pursued and annoyed, she looked back and saw the wretched woman sinking back upon the stone, overcome by shame and despair.

Retracing her steps, though not her doctrine, and without contradicting herself by the gift of an obolus, she nevertheless had a pharisaical word for the satisfaction of her conscience.

"If you are in need, why do you not apply to your parish-church or to the Board of Public Charities?"

And, believing herself acquitted of responsibility by this good advice, she passed on, leading Camille after her.

Unconvinced and mutinous, remembering the bread tickets, the child repeated: "Poor woman! Oh! it is not good, Gertrude; no, it is not good. Mother would have given her something."

And he threw back, toward Louise, his little purse, which a *professional* picked up.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE PARISH-CHURCH.

The widow had doubtless shed all the tears in her body, for she wept no more. She gave a dry cough, a long shiver, and a sigh.

"These rich people," said she, "they do not know! Oh! how hungry I am. . . and cold!"

Not a cry of revolt, not a word of hatred.

Before begging, she had tried to borrow at usury, but in vain; then she thought of getting a loan as a favor, but she did not know Dupont's address, and, as for the baker, she was already in his debt. She was in a corner.

"To die or to beg," she continued. "To die! to rejoin my poor Jacques, that would be so good. But no. What would become of Marie? I cannot take her with us into the grave. I have no right to do so. Well! to beg? Yes, but no longer in the street. The parish-church, the Board of Public Charities . . . the lady is right; that is less distressing. Come, courage! to suffer, always to suffer, but bravely, such is my life henceforth."

Feverish, with death in her heart, determined however upon all sacrifices, not for herself, but for the fruit of her love, the noble woman resumed her painful journey from one station to another.

She was in front of St. Paul's Church; she crossed the threshold and made her way into the nave.

They were saying mass.

A Swiss, a burlesque remnant of the temporal power, all covered with velvet and gold, carrying a cane, sword, and halberd, a soldier of the good God of armies, proud of his position and consequently haughty, attracted the attention of the widow.

She advanced toward him, and, with an effort to put firmness into her voice, said:

"I should like to speak to Monsieur the priest."

"To Monsieur the priest," repeated the Swiss, astonished at the enormity of the request.

"Or to a vicar," continued Louise, seeing her mistake.

"For a mass?"

"No; for help."

The Swiss turned upon his heels.

"Speak to the beadle," said he, with a disdain that bordered on disgust.

The widow obeyed, and was sent by the beadle to the sexton, who sent her flying to the church-warden, very busily engaged just then in twirling his silver chain with his fingers.

"Monsieur". . .

"Well?" exclaimed the sexton's subordinate, without raising his eyes.

"To whom should I apply to solicit". . .

"To me, first."

"My husband has been killed . . . I have a little girl . . . no work . . . rent-day is at hand". . .

"Have you your last year's certificates of confession? Monseigneur Quélen's charge requires one every month."

"I received the sacrament only at Easter," ventured Louise Didier, "and". . .

"At Easter! Well! you shall have your help at Trinity."

"But I follow my religion strictly," insisted Louise. "My daughter is baptized."

"The only point left for you to fail in," exclaimed the beadle, with horror.

"In future . . . since it is necessary". . .

"Pshaw! pshaw! we have our poor who come to mass every morning, confess every week, and receive the sacrament once a month at least."

"But, Monsieur, generally I am at work."

"Work, then, and leave the aid for the faithful who do not work. Moreover, you have only to write to Monsieur the priest; he will answer you."

And the church rat, satisfied at having staved off an applicant in accordance with his instructions, resumed his interrupted occupation, twirling his chain with an increasing interest.

The widow went out of this other den, not of Jews, but of Christians, where the Catholic, apostolic, and Roman Gripons rarely lend, always take, and never restore money.

As she reached the portal, she met the Swiss, striking the flagging with his heavy gold-headed cane, before Monsieur the priest who was collecting: *For the poor of the parish, with a very pronounced and very conclusive If you please.*

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE BOARD OF PUBLIC CHARITIES.

Determined to struggle against fate to the end, the widow started for the department of Public Charities, the last station of her cross.

Private and religious charity was refused to her; Louise was about to have recourse to public charity, to civil beneficence, to social and official aid, hoping to finish there her Golgotha of pain and shame.

She inquired the way to the Charity Office, reached there, and was at last admitted into a waiting-room, a Calvary full of the scum of civilization, of a detritus of both sexes or rather of no sex, of shabby and decrepit old people, so old that death seemed to have forgotten them, so ugly that they seemed to have frightened death away.

There Madame Didier again had to wait her turn amid this needy crowd, which, by no means disposed to share and embittered by fear of want, already repulsed her with eyes, gesture, and voice, as a competitor, an enemy, coming to cut down the shares of the *habitués*.

"She is not a *mendigotte*," the word was passed round.

An attendant, a good fellow like his chief, whose duty it was to keep order in the room, noticed the widow as she advanced, trembling and with lowered head.

"A new one!" said he, "and timid. . . Come with me. Silence in the crowd, do you hear, subscribers? Otherwise your incomes will be cut off."

The threat had its effect. Needy and lazy, parasites and pariahs, beggars professional and beggars occasional, all became quiet. The recriminations died out in a sullen growl.

Louise Didier followed her escort toward an office situated at the end of a gallery.

There she found herself before a stout gentleman seated at a double desk. Opposite him was a young secretary, with pen raised and eye attentive, ready to write at his chief's dictation.

The poor woman could not have felt a more poignant emotion in presence of an examining magistrate.

She lifted her eyes humbly upon the man who was about to decide her fate.

The kind face of the chief inspired her with confidence.

"Monsieur," said she, "I come to you in despair". . .

And in one outburst of frankness she told the story of her misfortune, omitting no detail, insisting on her child who was "dying by a slow fire," to use the popular expression. She finished by soliciting immediate aid.

The chief of the department had listened with a certain benevolence.

Continued on page 6.

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., JULY 21, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel." — PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

Census-Taking Fatal to Monopoly.

The makers of party platforms, the writers of newspaper editorials, the pounders of pulpit-cushions, and the orators of the stump, who are just now blending their voices in frantic chorus to proclaim the foreign origin of evil and to advocate therefore the exclusion of the foreign element from American soil, should study the figures compiled by Rev. Frederick Howard Wines from the tenth census reports and presented by him to the congress of the National Prison Association lately held in Boston. Such of these shriekers as are provided with thinkers may find in these statistics food for thought. From them it appears that, though the ratio of crime among our foreign-born population is still very much higher than the ratio among our native population, the former ratio, which in 1850 was more than five times as high as the latter, in 1880 was less than twice as high. And it further appears that, if crimes against person and property are alone considered, the two ratios stand almost exactly on a level, and that the ratio of foreign-born criminals tends to exceed that of native criminals in proportion as the catalogue of "crimes" is extended to cover so-called offences against public morals, public policy, and society. In other words, the percentage of natives who steal, damage, burn, assault, kidnap, rape, and kill is about as large as the percentage of foreigners of similarly invasive tendencies, and the percentage of foreign-born law-breakers exceeds that of native law-breakers only because the foreign-born are less disposed than the natives to obey those laws which say that people shall not drink this or eat that or smoke the other; that they shall not love except under prescribed forms and conditions; that they shall not dispose or expose their persons except as their rulers provide; that they shall not work or play on Sunday or blaspheme the name of the Lord; that they shall not gamble or swear; that they shall not sell certain articles at all, or buy certain others without paying a tax for the privilege; and that they shall not mail, own, or read any obscene literature except the Bible. That is to say, again, people who happen to have been born in Europe are no more determined to invade their fellow-men than are people who happen to have been born in America, but that the latter are much more willing to be invaded and trampled upon than any other people on earth. Which speaks very well, in Liberty's opinion, for the foreigners, and makes it important for our own liberty and welfare to do everything possible to encourage immigration.

But, say the shriekers, these foreigners are Anarchists and Socialists. Well, there's some truth in that; as a general rule, the better people are, the more Anarchists and Socialists will be found among them. This, too, is a fact which the tenth census proves. The ratio of native criminals to native population is as 1 to 949. How about other nationalities? Listen to Rev. Mr. Wines:

From the West Indies, the number of prisoners is 1 in 117 of our West Indian population; from Spain, 1 in 165 of the Spaniards in this country; of the South Americans, 1 in 197; of the Chinese, 1 in 199; of the Italians, 1 in 260; of the Australians, 1 in 306; of the Irish, 1 in 350; of the Scotch, 1 in 411; of the French, 1 in 433; of the English, 1 in 456; of the British Americans, 1 in 590; of the Russians, 1 in 916; of the Germans 1 in 949; of the Poles, 1 in 1033; of the Welsh, 1 in 1173; of the Belgians, 1 in 1196; of the Swiss, 1 in 1231; of the Hollanders, 1 in 1383; of the Scandinavians, 1 in 1539; and of the Austrians (including the Hungarians and Bohemians), 1 in 1936. The Hungarians and Bohemians make the best showing, in respect of crime, of any nationality; this is probably contrary to the popular opinion, which seems to have no better foundation than an unjust prejudice, founded in ignorance.

Now, in what class of foreigners in this country do the Anarchists and Socialists figure most largely. Certainly not among the Chinese or the Irish or the Cubans or the Spaniards or the Italians or the Australians or the Scotch or the French or the English or the Canadians. But these are the only foreigners except the Russians who make a poorer showing in point of criminality than the native Americans. To find in this country any considerable number of Anarchists and Socialists of foreign birth, we must go to the Russians, the Germans, the Poles, the Hungarians, and the Bohemians. The statistics show, however, that the Russians are almost as orderly as Americans, the Germans exactly as orderly, the Poles more orderly, and the Hungarians and Bohemians more than twice as orderly.

Moral: If the defenders of privilege desire to exclude from this country the opponents of privilege, they should see to it that congress omits the taking of the eleventh census. For the eleventh census, if taken, will undoubtedly emphasize these two lessons of the tenth: first, that foreign immigration does not increase dishonesty and violence among us, but does increase the love of liberty; second, that the population of the world is gradually dividing into two classes, — Anarchists and criminals.

Theoretical and Practical Land Reform.

Dr. McGlynn's "scheme for getting city tenants to band together, refuse to pay for their houses and rooms more than a fair building rent, and by their numbers make evictions difficult, if not impossible," Henry George pretends to regard as "ridiculous," "crazy," "demagogic," and even "dangerous." Mr. George is evidently in a great rage. The glib-tongued politician who gets thousands of dollars "for the propaganda" of free trade must needs feel very uncomfortable and ashamed of the no-rent agitation which his former friend and disciple is now carrying on with such energy in New York. But isn't it rather delightfully cool for the cork-screw reformer George to talk about the honest and enthusiastic doctor's "having utterly lost his grasp upon principle"? I think the editor of the "Standard" is relying too much on the primitive simplicity of his readers. To be sure, he has been exceptionally lucky thus far, and his "reform," in all its various transformations, has not failed to be full of material advantages to his person, but even those who have not been led to question his sincerity in abandoning non-popular issues for popular ones will cry halt when he goes so far as to denounce those who do stand by the unpopular issues as crazy and dangerous. When the doings of Mr. George and Dr. McGlynn are contrasted, the suspicion that the former is a labor agitator for revenue only assumes more and more the color of a certainty.

However, Mr. George does not content himself with calling the doctor names. He argues that the tenants have no more right than landlords to the free use of land made valuable by the whole community. He is so conscientious and so loyal to principle that he can't be satisfied with anything short of absolute and universal justice. Believing that land values belong to the community as a whole, he will not substitute one form of injustice for another, — take from the landlords and give to the tenants, — but hopes and prays and strives for that perfect solution which will do justice justly and right existing wrongs without creating or planting new wrongs. Ought we not to kneel down and worship this ideal purity of heart? Why, even

Jesus "brought a sword" to be used against a certain class of men; and all who succeeded him in the task of elevating mankind acted upon the notion that it is not possible for men black as sin to become suddenly white as snow, and that gradual and slow improvement must be the necessary road to the final point of perfection. "No, only those who lose their grasp upon principle can lower themselves to such compromising measures. I fight landlordism, call the landlords robbers, and make the stupid tenants who feed these idle usurpers ashamed of their cowardice and folly; but I will not allow or encourage the tenants to stop paying tribute, for they are a part of the community, not the whole, and the benefit should go to the whole." Thus would Mr. George have us interpret him.

Gladly would we gratify him, but really we must ask him to explain a little difficulty that causes us some uneasiness about his consistency. If we understand him rightly, he favors political methods and believes that his theories about land-ownership and taxation must be practicalized through the enactment of laws by the representatives of the successful majority. Now, if he converts a majority of voters only, and they force his schemes upon the unwilling and protesting minority, how is absolute justice to be rendered to the whole community? Suppose landlords remain in a minority, or both a part of the landlord class and a part of the present tenants, what becomes of the "whole community"? If his political method is just and proper, why is Dr. McGlynn's so obnoxious? It will not do for Mr. George to say that his method is constitutional and legal, while the doctor's is illegal and revolutionary, for, in the first place, Dr. McGlynn claims that he proposes nothing unlawful, and, secondly, Mr. George, as a reformer and Jeffersonian, cannot hold any such obedience to government obligatory or even commendable. Jefferson maintained that citizens not only have the right to rebel, but are bound to do so, whenever government ceases to minister to the public good; and he would despise a man who feared to lift his finger without the permission of constituted authority.

Mr. George will see the necessity of making this point clear. As it is, his violent condemnation of Dr. McGlynn's plan of campaign raises the suspicion that he cares very little about the lot of the landless and would rather resist than help a practical method of relief, bent only on the personal advantages of his position as theoretical reformer and on securing for his writings as wide a market as possible both among landlords and tenants.

V. YARROS.

Liberty and Responsibility in Babyland.

I was intensely interested in reading the views of Victor and Zelm on the domestic relations. Although reared in a most harmonious communal home, and having, for nearly a decade, maintained an equally happy one myself, I have seen enough in these two examples, to say nothing of others, to condemn that system as fatally defective. And in tracing out the logical consequences and corollaries of the principle of individuality, I arrived at the conception of the independent home, or, as I termed it, *the individual's home*, some time before I knew other Anarchists had affirmed it.

The centre of controversy on this question is the relations of parents and children. All plausible arguments urged against the individual home system, and indeed against free-love in its totality, root themselves here. Nay, more, a weapon which sheathes itself here (the argument that, because a child needs government, therefore child-like adults need it too) I deem the sharpest ever drawn against Anarchy.

I am conscious of but one important point of difference with Zelm.

I claim that in the financial support of the child the father is equally responsible with the mother; responsible, that is, first, to the child, to whom the parent owes support until it can support itself, and, secondly, to other individuals that the expense of the child's support shall not fall upon them. My argument is this: Liberty consists in doing as one pleases at one's own expense; therefore no Anarchist can consistently throw the expense of his voluntary act upon another. If I beget a child conjointly with a woman, I must bear the expense of its support (up to the age of its self-support) conjointly with her. If I desert, and throw the expense of my act on her, I act contrary to liberty; if she deserts, and throws the expense of her act on me, she acts contrary to liberty; and if we both desert and throw the expense of our acts upon others who have had no connection with the matter, we act still more contrary to liberty. All this appears to me self-evident, and I affirm it as the line of justice — that is,

of harmony—in the parental relations. Of course I am not considering any variations from this which may be produced by mutual consent,—such as the father's assuming the whole expense, or the mother's doing so, or adoption of the child by a stranger. The father's responsibility is further proved by the fact that any court of equity or arbitration would at once decide, in case of the death or inability of the mother, that he was responsible for the child's support. I am sorry to disagree with any Anarchist on this point, but I see no escape.

I am met with the questions: "To which parent then does the child belong?—to both?" I answer, in the sense of property to neither. The child is not a slave, or a chattel; is not a product which the parent can claim to absolutely own because of repugnance overcome in its production. To assert such property is to deny Individuality. Yet I do not deny that the child belongs to the parent. I admit it. A thing belongs to something else when it goes with it, or is attached to it, in some necessary relation of dependence or cooperation. A child belongs to a parent very much as an apple belongs to the tree on which it hangs and from which it draws nourishment. When the apple falls, it begins its independent career, and is no longer a part of the tree. While the child hangs upon the parent for support, it belongs to the parent, and is really a part of the parent, and is rightfully directed by the parent's intellect, just as the arm and foot of the parent are. This is not government of one individual by another, for the child is not yet an individual, not being self-supporting, self-support being the test and evidence of individuality. So in adult life, if one individual depends upon another for support, he has, to the extent of that support, abdicated his individuality, and become a part or appendage of the one who supports him, and is rightfully controlled by the supporter's wishes. As soon as the sperm-cell has left the father's body, there is no longer any physical connection between father and child. Henceforth, by natural necessity, the child belongs much more to the mother than to the father. For nine months it is inseparably connected with her body, and for many months thereafter it draws its nourishment from her blood in lacteal form. During this time the child naturally and necessarily makes its home with the mother, and naturally and necessarily there is established between the two a magnetic and mental understanding and sympathy which makes the mother's home continue to be the proper home of the child until it becomes fully self-supporting,—an individual. I say fully self-supporting, because I consider the independence of the child a gradual act of progression, of which parturition is the first important step, and the cessation of suckling, learning to walk, talk, etc., are others, consummating finally in "earning a living." As fast as the child becomes an individual, just so fast, and to that degree, it progressively frees itself from the control of the mother, cares for itself, and is responsible to equal liberty. Once fully an individual, it of course establishes a separate home.

In view of all this, I consider that nature decides that, after the initial step of begetting, all active belonging resides mainly in the mother; the father's belonging becoming mainly latent, as it were, only properly to become active in case of the mother's death or inability; and, even then, nature usually compels the father to transfer the child to some foster-mother. Of course there will be nothing to prevent the father's winning the child's love and admiration by whatever care, caresses, and tenderness. He will be equally free with all others to do this, and will have, probably, the advantage of a harmony resulting from consanguinity, and of the affectionate endeavors of the mother that her child should love its father, her lover. As the father conjoined equally with the mother in begetting the child, so he must conjoin equally with her, to the extent of his ability, in supporting it. Bear it in uterus, or suckle it, he cannot; Nature forbids; but he can bear equally any pecuniary expense necessitated by those functions, and this he should do, and also bear his share of all other expenses necessarily incurred on account of the child.

And now it is asked, "what inducement is there for a man to beget a child which he does not own, over which he can, probably, exercise no authority, and from which he can receive no return for his pecuniary investment?" Money advanced to human beings gives no powers of slavery. It is either a gift or a loan. If a gift, the compensation is in the pleasure of giving, and, probably, in love and gratitude returned. If a loan, compensation is to be made in like values, at some future time. Is there not sufficient inducement to beget in the generous thought that you have given life, conscious life, the content of all joys, to one or more human beings? Is there no artistic pleasure in the sculpture of a statue that breathes and speaks? If not, perhaps the world would be no worse off if you refrained from begetting.

If a parent cannot afford to give, or considers it better for the moral development of the child that it should pay its way, then the labor-cost of the child's birth and support can be regarded as a loan. It is the child's first debt, takes precedence of all others, and should be paid as soon as the debtor is able to pay,—that is, as soon as the child can earn a surplus beyond his support. (Note, please, that the child now ceases to be it, a part, and becomes him, a full individual.) It is for the parent to decide whether to give, or lend, or do each in part.

Do you say: "The parent, without consulting the child, placed it in this helpless position, and is bound to see it

safely through without charge"? Your argument is plausible, but I doubt its justice. Applied to the relations of individuals able to consent or refuse, it would be just, but no man is to blame for bestowing a favor where he has every reason to believe it will be welcome, but where the recipient is unable to express desire. If I see a man struck insensible by the sun, and at considerable expense to myself procure his medical restoration, can he escape the debt, if I charge him with the labor-cost, by saying that he did not consent and preferred to die? I had a right to infer, from human nature generally, that he wanted to live, and he has approved my inference by consenting to live; for in these days of cheap and painless death in every drug-store, no living man can consistently say he finds life not worth the living; his choice belies him.

So, if I have found life worth living, and all my living fellows have found it preferable to death, I have a right to infer that my possible child would like to be born. And, if he consents to live after he has found that the door to Death opens with an easy touch, he ratifies my choice and acknowledges his debt. If he denies the value of life and therefore the debt, let him kill himself and escape both.

Still more, so far as the child has any existence prior to conception, it *does consent*. Does not the sperm-cell agitate the whole nervous system of the man for union with the germ-cell?—and is not the germ-cell equally passionate in its clamor to receive it?

It would be a great hardship, under present conditions, to require a young man to pay such a debt, but under Anarchistic conditions, making the labor-cost of child-raising small on the one hand, and the labor-cost of self-support small on the other, it would be a debt easily paid.

I deny government in the right relations of parent and child, just as I deny government in all inter-human right relations, even in the right relations of self with self. Liberty is the line of harmony in human life, and the defence of equal liberty—defendment—alone justifies any individual in compelling another human being, or any part of self, to the performance of undesired action. Only in the relations between human nature and non-human nature do I admit the right of government; everywhere else, when we meet, we fight. Until the child becomes self-supporting,—the age of self-support is the Anarchistic age of majority in which the child becomes socially a man, free, and equal with his fellows,—it is to be reckoned an appendage and part of the mother, is merged in her individuality, and is rightfully subject to the providing care of her intellect, just as her other organs and appendages are subject to it; it being the office of the intellect to preserve the equal liberty of the organs, that is, the self-liberty, or "health," of the organism. She has the right to direct it in matters pertaining to health and education, and to prevent any action on its part calculated to invade itself, herself, or others; in matters pertaining to health and education, because she has undertaken the artistic task of constructing an individual, and is responsible to the child that it shall not be left incomplete, and to others that it shall not be left to their unwilling hands to finish; in matters of defence, because the child is a part of herself, *is herself*, because self-liberty forbids her to invade herself, and equal liberty, to invade others. Those who have rights can rightfully transfer them, and the mother can transfer her rights of control to the father, teachers, assistants, etc. This principle, that a dependent becomes merged in the individuality of the one depended upon, applies to adults, as well as children, in all relations of dependence. For, if I have to depend upon my neighbor for food, I am in so much not a complete individual, and I must eat what he sets before me, and wear what he gives me. If I can compel him to feed me as I wish and clothe me as I please, he is my slave, and Liberty is slain by Charity. And if I dwell in his house, my behavior must be such as he wishes, or I am manifestly an ungrateful usurper, overthrowing his sovereignty and invading his liberty. Only when I earn my own food and clothes, have I the absolute right to say what I shall eat, and what I shall drink, and wherewithal I shall be attired. And only when I possess the home I have earned, may I attest my sovereignty by whatsoever antics and eccentricities I can find delight in.

A criminal who subsists upon the stolen labor-products of another becomes dependent upon that other for support, voluntarily abdicates his individuality, and can no longer ask that it should be respected, or find fault with the robbed one for controlling him. Only when he has made compensation up to the line of equivalence, does he regain his individuality. For protection against invasion from the mother, the child has this resource in Anarchistic society; to declare himself independent at any time, support himself if possible or, if not, to voluntarily become dependent upon his father, or any other individual that consents; all the powers and responsibilities of a parent, or supporter, henceforth, becoming vested in the one chosen. This is the Anarchistic right of secession, by using which every dependent, or associate, defends himself against undesired restrictions. Furthermore, in compensating his parents for his cost, an individual can deduct compensation not only for services rendered them during his dependency, but for injuries received which may make him imperfect as an individual; for those who perform a task must show that the work was well done, if they would obtain the full price.

And a mother, or parent, can refuse to support a lazy child able for self-support. Disputes on these points can be arbitrated, like all others in Anarchy.

And if it were true that the individual naturally and necessarily depended upon the State as a parent and supporter, as a child depends upon its individual parent, "paternalism" (with the right of secession) would be justified. But the individual is parent of the State. The problem is only complex because the child is gradually becoming free. Growth and Education are the parents of Liberty, and these two interlace till they are as one; for education is growth in knowledge, or adaptation, and growth is the result of education, or adaptation. True education is development in liberty in the comprehension, attainment, assimilation, and use of freedom. And growth and education are progressively freeing the child. And this the Anarchistic parent is compelled by consistency to recognize and aid, for the sooner the child becomes free the less the expense to the parent. And the quicker and better the child is educated, the greater will be the man's power to exploit Nature, the cheaper will he support himself, and the more wealth will he be likely to add to humanity's treasury, thus diminishing cost in both directions. And we must never forget that cost diminished anywhere is cost diminished everywhere, for under the beautiful operation of the cost principle every nerve touches, and every throb of joy or pain thrills from world's end to world's end—under it the solidarity of the Grand Man is realized. And so the mother in Anarchy will selfistically—*autoistically*—study to promote the growth and education of her child, will respect its decisions, and permit as far as she may the natural consequences of its acts to fall squarely upon it. And as lovingly as an artist puts the finishing touches on his creation, will she teach it the supreme self-wisdom of the simple lore of equal rights. Where the child's welfare alone seems concerned, where no necessary pain or loss accrue to her, the mother, I think, should not overrule the child's choice. Indeed I question her right to do so. If a boy has two neckties, red and blue, and prefers to wear blue where his mother prefers red, let the mother give way, for the difference in color probably brings her no expense; if it does, she may forbid. I admit that the child is dependent; I admit that in all relations of dependence the supported and the supporter form one, and that one the supporter; I admit that for the child to overrule the mother's choice inverts the natural order of dependence; but I claim that liberty consists in deciding what is best for one's self, and that to teach the child liberty it should usually be permitted to make this decision unless the mother is thereby invaded.

To overrule the child's choice is to intercept the lessons of experience. And if, at any time, the child comes to believe it has been in leading strings long enough, and can now support itself, it has appealed unto Liberty, and must be permitted to try, and if it can support its claim by supporting itself, there is nothing more to be said; ~~HE~~ has ceased to be it, has attained his majority, and is now a free man, albeit a little one, among men, and responsible for his own acts.

A thousand questions upspring, but I have said enough, I trust, to enable the logical reader to answer them for himself. My argument, briefly restated, is this: That a separate home for each individual best maintains liberty. That the man is equally concerned with the woman in begetting the child, and, under the principle of equal liberty, is equally responsible with her to the child for support (up to the period of self-support) and equally responsible, with her, to other individuals that the child shall be no expense to them. That the mother's home is the natural home of the infant. That Nature has placed the child nearer to and connected it more intimately with the mother than the father, and, therefore, the mother has the casting vote in deciding all questions pertaining to it as a ward. That the child does not belong to the mother as a slave, but, first, as a natural appendage, and, afterward, as a naturally dependent but becoming-free individual. That the pecuniary expense borne by the parents on the child's account may properly be regarded as a loan, payable on the ability of the debtor. That the control of the child exercised by the Anarchistic parent is not government, but, first (regarding the child as an appendage), is that *self-liberty* which is mis-called self-government; secondly (regarding the child as a dependent, partial-individual, liable to injure the parent), is self-defence; thirdly (regarding the child as a dependent for whose good behavior the parent is responsible), is both self-defence and defence of others;—is altogether defendment, and can never justifiably extend beyond the defensive limit. And that therefore all analogies drawn from the control of children by parents to justify government by the State are fallacious.

J. WM. LLOYD.

A Requisite of Successful Journalism.

[William Morris in the Commonweal.]

No adventure in this kind of wares [newspapers] has any chance of success if it has more than the merest suspicion of a flavor of literature or thoughtfulness. I will not say that the worse a periodical is the better chance it has of success, but that, if it intends to succeed, it must appeal to habits that are as much akin to the reasonable aims of education as is the twiddling of a bit of string by a fidgetty person.

Continued from page 3.

"Undoubtedly. . . I do not say no. . . Didier? . . . To be sure. . . I read of the crime in the newspapers. But, by the way, why do you not apply to your husband's employer . . . M. Berville, I believe?"

Mme. Didier shook her head without replying.

"Nothing to be done in that direction?" said the chief of the department.

"Ah! that astonishes me. Died in their service!"

The distressed widow cut short these reflections.

"I have neither the power nor the desire to apply elsewhere than to the Board of Public Charities. I am unfortunate. Is not that enough, Monsieur?"

"In principle, yes. In practice, no. We have to deal every day with individuals—I do not refer to you—who positively live on public charity. With them it is a real profession, and a lucrative one, I assure you. I know some who regularly collect their revenues from the parish-church, from the Department of Charity, from a hundred benevolent persons, here and everywhere. We are duped every minute by idlers who know all the tricks of beggary and get a better living at it than any workman. Under these circumstances we are forced to be extremely distrustful and circumspect. Generally the really needy do not ask; the genuinely poor are proud."

"I have a child," replied Louise Didier, wounded by these observations. "It is for her, not for myself, that I . . . beg!"

"Well, it is your right. I wanted to make you understand that you ask an impossible thing. Immediate aid! But you must remember that, even with exceptional celerity, it takes at least a week to go through all the formalities required in such a case."

"What formalities?"

"You do not know, then, that we shall have to write to the mayor of the place where you were born, and then make inquiries at your residence?"

"Why?"

"We shall go to M. Berville's house and yours. Your neighbors, and especially your janitor, will be questioned in regard to you."

"But, Monsieur, I shall no longer be able to take a step in the neighborhood."

"Ah! my lady, we can have nothing without pain. You will have to make up your mind."

"And how much shall I obtain by means of this humiliation?"

"About two dollars a month, or even two and a half. Sometimes we give as high as three, where there is great poverty and a large family."

"Ten cents a day. Well, that would help me!"

"You consent! Do not forget that you will be under our supervision; we are obliged to have a special police by way of precaution. You will have to call here at regular intervals."

"My God! my God!"

"Let us see, where were you born?"

"Near Epinal, Monsieur, at . . ."

"In Vosges! You should have told me that at the start. That department has no treaty with the Paris Board of Public Charities. They would not repay us, and therefore . . ."

"Therefore?"

"We can do nothing for you; beyond giving you a few bread-tickets perhaps."

"Thank you, Monsieur."

"Unless you wish to return to your native place by stages."

"Yes, Monsieur," she said, with proud irony, "thank you for your information; I am in a hurry to return, and am going to take the post. . . for I am hungry . . . a glass of water for me!"

She did not finish, but fainted.

The attendant gave her the glass of water of the Gospel.

The widow recovered her senses and went out, bowing to the astonished chief of the department.

To be continued.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,

AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

MR. GREELEY'S REPLY TO MR. ANDREWS.

Continued from No. 128.

As to the harmonizing of freedom with order, I, too, desire and anticipate it, but not through the removal of all restraints on vicious appetite. On the contrary, I expect and labor for its realization through the diffusion of light and truth with regard to our own natures, organizations, purposes, and that divine law which overrules and irradiates them all. In other words, I look for the harmonizing of desire with duty, not through the blotting out of the latter, but through the chastening, renovating, and purifying of the former.

As to the right of self-government, there is no such radical difference between us as you assert. You, as well as I, find a large class of men who are NOT capable of self-government; for you acquiesce in the imposition of restraint upon the lunatic, thief, burglar, counterfeiter, forger, maimer, and murderer. Where is their "inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"? Ah! you say, "These men are depredators on the equal rights of others." "Very well," I reply, "so are the seducer, adulterer, gambler, and dispenser of alcoholic beverages." Who would not rather have his property wrested from him by robbery than his children enticed into dens of infamy and there debauched and corrupted? Where is the man who does not feel and know that the seducer of his innocent daughter—perhaps a mere child of fifteen—is a blacker villain, and more deserving of punishment (no matter for what end you apply it), than any street rowdy or thief? When you invoke "the sovereignty of the individual" to shield that villain from the law's terrors, you do what no uncorrupted conscience can calmly justify.

As you seem unable to discern the *principles* which underlie my position on this subject, let me briefly state them. 1. Man has no moral right to do wrong. 2. The State ought to forbid and repress all acts which tend, in their natural consequences, or through the principles they involve, to corrupt the morals of the community, and so increase the sum of human degradation and wretchedness. 3. It is wiser, humaner, every way preferable, that crimes should be *prevented* than that they should be *punished*. 4. The great mass of criminals and public pests among us began their downward courses by gambling, tippling, or lewdness; and these are almost uniformly the initial steps to a career of outlawry, depravity, and fla-

grant crime. 5. Sexual love was implanted in man by his *creator* expressly that the race should be perpetuated, — not merely brought into *existence*, but properly nurtured, protected, guided, and educated. All sexual relations that do not contemplate and conform to these ends are sinful and at war with the highest good of humanity. 6. The commandment from Sinai, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," is a part of the natural or moral law, contemplating and forbidding every form of sexual relation except the union for life of one man with one woman, in obedience to the divine end above indicated. 7. Hence (not because of the law given by Moses, but in accordance with the same perception of moral fitness or necessity) the State honors and blesses marriage (which is such union and none other), and frowns upon all other sexual relations.

It is nonsense, Mr. Andrews, to talk of your notion of individual sovereignty as a new discovery, and of our antagonist views as moss-grown. From the remotest heathen antiquity nearly every savage or barbarous people has acted far nearer to your principles than to ours. Polygamy, divorce at pleasure, and still wider licentiousness are all nearly as old as sin, and have very generally gone unwhipped of human justice. It is *our* doctrine—that crime should be dealt with in the egg, and not suffer the vulture to attain his full growth; that it is better to prevent than to punish—that is relatively novel, with its Maine laws, anti-gambling laws, penalties for seduction, etc. The tendency, so obvious in our day, to revolt against all legal impediments to the amplest sensual indulgence is a reaction against this, which is destined to give us trouble for a time, but I have no fear that it will ultimately prevail.

You deem me hopeless of the eradication of murder, and argue that, as we in New York have now no such offences as *lèse majesté*, heresy, spoken treason, negro-stealing, etc., so we may (thus runs your logic) get rid of murder in like manner by no longer visiting it with a penalty or regarding it as a crime. I am not sure of the efficacy of this remedy. I have read with some care De Quincey's "Papers on murder considered as one of the fine arts," and, while I have certainly been enlightened by them as to the more poetical aspects of human butchery, I do not feel that my personal objections to being knocked down with a slung-shot or paving-stone, dragged up some blind alley, and there finished, have been materially softened by his magnificent rhetoric. I still think murderers unsafe persons to go at large, — and so of seducers and adulterers. I think they would do the common-wealth more good and less harm engaged at Sing-Sing than abroad in New York.

You tell me, indeed, that "there will be no seduction, no bigamy, and no adultery when there is no *legal* and forceful institution of marriage to defend." I think I understand you. You mean that, if the legal inhibitions and penalties now levelled at the acts thus designated be abolished, they will no longer be found in the catalogue of offences; but you *do not* mean, as your whole essay clearly shows, that no such acts as are now known by those names will be committed. On the contrary, you glory in the belief that they will be far more abundant than they now are. In other words, you believe that the acts known to our law as seduction, bigamy, and adultery *ought* to be committed and *ought not* to be repressed, — that they outrage no law of nature or morality, but only certain arbitrary and ignorant human interdicts.

I hold exactly the contrary, — that these are acts which God and all good men must reprobate, though the law of the land had never named them. I hold the systematic seducer to be the vilest wolf ever let loose to prey on innocence and purity, and one who offends far more flagrantly against the natural or divine law than any thief or burglar. So of the bigamist, whose crime is generally perpetrated through the most atrocious deceit and perfidy. So of the adulterer — I take up a paper now before me, and read in a Philadelphia letter as follows:

Celestin William, a Polish Catholic priest, eloped from this city some days since with a married woman. It is believed they have gone West.

Henry Schriver eloped from this city last week with the wife of a neighbor, leaving behind a wife and several children.

Here are four persons, all of whom have deliberately broken the most solemn vows heaven was ever invoked to witness, three of whom have deceived and betrayed those to whom they had sworn fidelity in the most important and intimate relation of life, one, at least, of whom has deserted the children he was bound by every tie of nature and duty to support and educate in the ways of wisdom and virtue, yet all throwing themselves on their individual sovereignty and trampling on every dictate of duty in subservience to their own selfish lusts; and what would your doctrine do with them? Nothing, but save them the expense of running away. They might have taken respectively the next house to that they deserted, and there flaunted their infidelity and lechery in the eyes of the partners they had perfidiously deserted, the children they had abandoned. I cannot think this an improvement. On the contrary, so long as men and women will be thus unprincipled and lecherous, I am glad that the law imposes on them, at least, the tribute to public decency of running away.

And this reminds me of the kindred case of two persons in Nantucket who have advertised in the newspapers that they have formed a matrimonial connection for life, or *as long as they can agree*; adding that they consider this partnership exclusively their own affair, in which nobody else has any concern. I am glad they have the grace not to make the State a party to any such arrangement as this. But *true* marriage—the union of one man with one woman for life, in holy obedience to the law and purpose of God, and for the rearing up of pure, virtuous, and modest sons and daughters to the State—is a union so radically different from this that I trust the Nantucket couple will not claim, or that, at all events, their neighbors will not concede to their selfish, shameful alliance, the honorable appellation of marriage. Let us, at least, "hold fast the form of sound words."

I do not care to follow you over a wide area which has no necessary connection with our theme. Suffice it that I regard free trade as neither right nor wrong, good nor bad, in itself, but only in view of its practical issues. It is *always* bad when it tends to throw workers out of employment or diminish the scanty rewards of labor. When the social and industrial condition of the various peoples shall have been so equalized that there will be no temptation to undersell and supplant the industry of one nation with the cheaper products of another, then absolute free trade may work well; but the mere equalization of wages is but one among several conditions precedent to healthful freedom from imposts. The cotton manufactures of India were ruined, and the manufacturers starved, by the far *better* paid labor of England, aided by vastly superior machinery. A wise, paternal Indian government would have prohibited the British cottons until the British machinery could have been somehow secured and set sufficiently to work. Thus efficient protection would have opened the speediest way to beneficent free trade; and so in other cases. But understand me to believe and hold that what you commend as "the free play and full development and varied experience of the *affections*!" is not and never can be a good thing, but will remain to the end of the world a most revolting and diabolic perversion of powers divinely given us, for beneficent and lofty ends, to the base uses of selfish and sensual appetite,—to uses whereof the consistent development and logical expression are exhibited in the harlot and the b'hoy.

To be continued.

The National Banking System.

[A Lecture recently delivered in Chicago by Alfred B. Westrup.]

Concluded from No. 128.

First, then, as to the question of material. There are very few materials that are suitable for money, and, if we confine it to such products as are limited by nature, we thereby fix the limit to the amount of such product, and this, as we shall see when we come to the question of volume, is an objection. Paper, as already stated, is the material which, of all others, contains the smallest quantity of market value. It is the most convenient to carry. Its quantity is without limit. It offers greater protection against counterfeiting than any other material. It costs less than any other material to put it in the shape of money, and the wear and tear to paper money is far less in cost than that which results to coin. We have, then, in paper the best material for money that we know of. Of the items that remain to be considered, it will be found upon reflection that volume, security, and purchasing power, are so intimately related that they must necessarily be considered collectively. To determine volume we must consider security, which is also the basis of its purchasing power. This, I think, can be readily demonstrated. What is it that makes a man's promissory note acceptable to those who sell on credit or have money to loan? Is it not the quantity of security he can furnish? Does the number of promissory notes that have already been issued in the same or other localities in itself have anything to do with the individual responsibility of each? Would not all the goods that are for sale on credit and all the money to loan be immediately disposed of if the price or rate of interest were agreed upon, without any halt in the proceedings on account of the large number of notes, and would not the only question be the same in each case, — namely, *ample security*? Now, if ample security makes the individual's promissory note good, why will not ample security make paper money good? If a certain amount of collateral, differing in quantity as it differs in kind, is good security for one paper dollar for a longer or shorter period, why would not a thousand or a million times that security be a good basis for the issue of a thousand or a million dollars in currency? Indeed, if this relative proportion of security to paper money be observed, why should there be any limit to the issue of currency? If some citizens can get money issued on collateral, why may not all citizens have the same advantage? If paper manufacturers and printers can furnish money for a certain class of security-holders, why can they not furnish money for all security-holders? If they can, why is it prohibited? If they cannot, why can they not? Does the fact that some citizens borrow gold and silver certificates of other citizens on good security in any way diminish the risk of the holder of this kind of State money? Would the issue, direct to the borrower of additional similar currency, on the same security that these citizens are willing to loan their gold certificates on, in any way increase the risk to the holders of these certificates? Can this security be good collateral to loan on, and yet be poor collateral to issue on? Does the security furnished the national bank by its patrons have anything to do with securing the holders of its notes?

Let us summarize: we are considering the volume of paper money in relation to its purchasing power, and the question is: would its purchasing power be affected by the volume issued regardless of the security that is pledged to redeem it, or would ample security maintain its purchasing power regardless of the volume issued?

Let me consider for a moment what is meant by redemption, in order that the question of volume, security, and purchasing power may be fully understood. The term redemption, as it is generally applied, means the exchange of currency for coin. Specie basis means that provision is made for the exchange of currency for coin on demand. This is what it is said to be, but what is it in reality? In reality not more than one in five can obtain such a result; partly because there never is as much coin as there is currency, and partly because of the obstacles intentionally put in the way of accomplishing it. Nevertheless it is solemnly asserted that, unless we have specie basis, the purchasing power of paper money will not remain uniform. No wonder people do not understand the money question. It certainly takes a peculiar kind of intellect to comprehend that the stability of a currency depends upon false pretence!

But redemption of paper money, correctly speaking, means to retire it from circulation by rendering an equivalent for it; and can this not be done with any other product just as well as with gold and silver, if the money system is adapted to that end? The question to determine at this particular point of the discussion is whether redemption on demand is essential. We have seen that in practice it is a delusion, and I repeat that it is impossible; but it is well to go a step farther and inquire if it is at all necessary! Suppose that, instead of redeeming on demand, we redeem periodically. Here the question of security again comes to the surface. If, as I have already suggested, that collateral which is safe to loan money on for a certain period of time is safe to issue money on for the same length of time, and we devise a system that shall issue money direct to all borrowers who can pledge such collateral, we shall have periodical redemption instead of, possibly, no redemption at all; but which goes by

the name of "redemption on demand." Gold certificates are receipts for so much gold that has been delivered to the State for "safe keeping." Would not currency issued on other products of labor which have been delivered for safe keeping, or pledged by mortgage to be redeemed at a specified time not to exceed one year, be practically receipts for other products, just as the gold certificate is a receipt for gold? And if the amount of paper money issued on any particular product did not exceed the amount that money-lenders would be willing to loan on such product in gold certificates, would not such currency be as good a circulating medium as are the gold certificates? The answer that a large number of people are likely to make to this reasoning is that gold does not fluctuate in market value as much as other products do. But such an answer shows a disposition, on the part of the individual who makes it, to avoid the trouble of thinking. Laziness is one of the contending forces of nature, and it seeks the line of least resistance. It is easier to raise an objection without thinking than it is to reflect long enough to know whether the objection is well taken; and if we wish to guard against being in the wrong, we should beware of its tendency. It is supposed that gold does not fluctuate in market value as much as other products; but even if this were true, it would only be an additional argument why currency should be issued on other products as well as gold. If the artificial advantage established by the legal tender act is withdrawn from gold, and all other products (always excepting those that are too perishable) may be made use of as well as gold as a basis for the issue of currency, there can be no fluctuation in market values, except such as is caused by the *uncontrolled* supply and the *natural* demand of each product; and with sufficient margin over the amount of paper money issued to allow for possible shrinkage in value, the fluctuations of any one product can have no effect whatever on either the purchasing power of such currency or the market value of other products, because the manipulation of market values by speculators will be impossible.

We have now considered the question of the volume of currency in relation to its purchasing power and security to those who take it. Its purchasing power is determined by the means of redemption: the borrower is compelled to get the amount he borrowed from the institution that issued it, from those who now hold it. He can do so only by selling something he has that they want, or by accepting it in payment of debt. He cannot depreciate this paper money and get it back on better terms, for that would be the same thing as selling his commodity for more than its market value, and this he is not able to do, if free trade prevails, because of competition; others will undersell him. Moreover, there is no more anxiety about this currency in the minds of those who hold it than there is with money-lenders about the mortgages they hold on good real estate on which they have loaned money only to the extent of one-third of its market value; hence, there will be no effort to get rid of this currency, except in the ordinary course of trade. We are, therefore, justified in concluding, — that in the issue of currency, on ample security actually pledged to redeem it at a definite period, a provision is made whereby it can be redeemed by *compelling the borrower* to return an equivalent for it at the expiration of that period. Therefore, by such a system, the purchasing power of currency can be maintained regardless of the volume issued.

We now come to the question of interest. What is a just rate of interest? In order to answer this question intelligently, we must know something of the cost of issuing currency. We must also have a clear and a correct idea of the nature of the transaction that takes place when currency is issued directly to the borrower who pledges collateral. We will therefore first make some inquiries in this direction. There is the paper and the printing on the paper that is to be used as money; compensation for services to the clerks, officers, and directors of the institution; the rent, fuel, stationery, etc.; and the expense attendant upon taking care of the security. Col. Greene, in his pamphlet called "Mutual Banking," gives it as his opinion that one-half of one per cent. per annum would cover all these items in the system that he proposed. Of course it would depend on the amount issued. An institution that issued one hundred millions of dollars could cover its expenses with one-half of one per cent. better than an institution that issued only one million. In the former it would amount to five hundred thousand, in the latter it would be only five thousand dollars. According to information received from the comptroller's department at Washington, it has cost about one-fifth of one per cent. to make the paper money furnished the national banks for the last ten years.

This fact gives some idea of how far a half million of dollars would go towards paying the expenses of a bank of issue. From the information I have gathered and the calculations I have made, I am willing to risk the statement that a bank that issued fifty millions of dollars could pay all its expenses with less than one-half of one per cent. per annum; and when such institutions as Col. Greene proposed become the source of currency instead of the State, they certainly will issue as much as that in all large cities, and in some many times that much. But the question under consideration not only involves the item of the cost of issuing this currency, but also as to whether the borrower should be called upon to pay more than cost.

Let us analyze the transaction, to see what it is that actually takes place when an individual borrows paper money on good security of which he is the owner. Paper money we have defined to be a representative of wealth. Whose wealth does it represent? It represents the *wealth which has been pledged* to secure those who may take it until it is wanted again by the owner of the wealth in order that he may get his property (wealth) released from pledge by returning it to the institution that issued it. We may define the transaction, then, by saying that the borrower *makes use of his credit*; for he assumes an obligation and pledges his property as a guarantee that he will fulfill that obligation. He obtains printed pieces of paper (which might, not inappropriately, also be called certificates of credit) which are given him in exchange for his promise to pay back the same amount at a definite period, which promise he guarantees he will fulfill by pledging collateral in the form of some product, deposited if movable, or mortgaged if immovable. Now, if the borrower pays the cost of the transaction, he in no way makes use of that which belongs to another; and as no one is entitled to compensation for that which he does not furnish, may we not conclude that a just rate of interest would be the actual cost of issuing paper money?

Finally, we come to the question of impartiality. What do I mean by the issue of paper money with the least partiality? A money system that proposed to issue currency on any product except gold and silver would certainly be regarded as very partial by the bullionists; but why is not the system equally partial which issues currency only on gold and silver? Obviously, impartiality in the issue of paper money means that any product of labor may be a basis for the issue of currency, which would not, from the nature of the product itself, involve a risk to the holder of the currency issued on such product.

Let us now review the various conclusions we have arrived at.

We have concluded that the definition of paper money is, a representative of wealth as regards its nature. That the best system of money is the one that will furnish money made of the most suitable material, that material being paper; that will provide a sufficient quantity, a sufficient quantity being such an amount as will afford a representative of wealth to all those who can pledge wealth as collateral; that will afford the greatest security, such security being only attainable by pledging actual wealth in sufficient quantity, deposited if movable, mortgaged if immovable; that will maintain the most unvarying uniformity in its purchasing power, the paper money that is best secured varying the least in its purchasing power; that will furnish it at a just rate of interest, a just rate of interest being cost; that will issue it with the least partiality, so that, to obtain it, one must pledge collateral in the form of wealth, not through favoritism or influence.

Now compare these conclusions with the present system. The present system, like all its predecessors, fails to provide the means whereby property owners may use their property for purposes of credit without submitting to the tax called interest, imposed by the monied class. A single illustration will demonstrate the truth of this assertion. An individual who has property, but no money, wishes to buy some commodities. If he buys them on credit, he has to pay more than if he buys for cash. If he borrows money giving a mortgage on his property, in order to buy for cash, he is confronted with interest. It is either interest on the merchandise or it is interest on the money; and this interest is enforced by prohibiting the issue of the currency directly on the property mortgaged to secure the money-lender instead of the money-holder.

And now let me point out to you the blunder at the door of which can be laid all the error that has confused the mind of every thinker, puzzled the brain of every financier, and defeated the efforts of every economist to solve the financial problem. It is the failure to recognize the difference between coin and currency. I have shown you that coin is wealth, and currency is but the representative of wealth. When the borrower borrows coin, some one is deprived of the time of that much wealth, and he is entitled to whatever compensation free competition will allow him when he consents to part with his property; but when the borrower obtains currency issued directly on his wealth, he is depriving no one of the use of his property. Therefore, no one is entitled to compensation. The human conscience was right, after all, in its repugnance to interest, for now we see its abolition realizable, not through philanthropy, but through the effect of a principle; and this simple method of making use of one's credit, or obtaining money without depriving any one of his wealth, changes the whole philosophy of political economy through the universal application of that element so obnoxious to our State Socialistic friends, — namely, *competition*!

Before summing up what has been accomplished, at least in theory, by a research deeper than most writers have made into this question; and lest I should be assailed for not providing, or for having overlooked, the supposed necessity for a "measure of value" or "standard of value," I will in a few words give it a passing notice.

If we never had used money and had no conception of what was a common denominator or unit of value, but which is improperly called "measure of value" and "standard of

value," such as the dollar in this country, the pound sterling in England, or the franc in France, etc.; if, I say, we had no generally accepted term by which we could convey the idea of a definite quantity of any commodity, it might be some time before we could all agree and understand how much of any commodity was meant by a dollar's worth, if we should adopt that term, or how much was meant when we should mention whatever term was proposed or agreed upon. We might possibly, under such circumstances, even be compelled to coin pieces of gold and silver, although I am so rash as to think that perhaps some other way might be devised that would involve less labor. But such is not the case. The price of every commodity in this country that can be obtained with money is expressed in, and every individual who has anything to exchange for money uses, the term dollar and its subdivisions, and there is no misunderstanding or complaint as to what is meant. Yet, notwithstanding this, and the fact that for a period of about seventeen years in this country, and at other times for longer or shorter periods, and in England for a period of twenty-five years, and in the same and many other countries for periods of many years at a time, in no place could coin be obtained on demand in exchange for currency at its face value, yet, I say, notwithstanding these facts, it is solemnly asserted by the bullionists, as I previously stated, and also by many of the learned professors, that a stable currency cannot be had unless it is based on gold, or at least on gold and silver. What more need I say than what has been said as to the real object in limiting the circulating medium?

In summing up my criticism of the National Bank System, I ask your earnest consideration to the following points.

I commenced this essay by calling your attention to the extent of the ignorance that prevails in reference to the nature of money by quoting Mr. Esterly's statement of his experience, which corroborates my own for the last fifteen years, during which time I have given this subject constant, earnest, and careful study. The general idea is entertained that, since the ablest men in the world have been occupied with this subject, the present system must be the best that could be devised, and, therefore, to devote one's self to its study is a waste of time. This position is further strengthened by the very absurdity of prevailing notions; being so enshrouded in mystery, impossible of rational explanation, and irreconcilable with common sense, failure to comprehend is attributed to the profoundness of the subject rather than to its errors and inconsistencies. Thus we have ever been deprived of an intelligent popular verdict on this interesting and important subject. The very fact that there has never been any popular discussion of the idea of free trade in money, — which means the entire abolition of all State control, — or of the application of the mutual feature to the issue of paper money, is proof of how far we may yet be from a solution in the adoption of paternalism.

The inconsistency of our political constitution with the philosophy of liberty entertained by the founders of this republic is apparent in contrasting that document with the Declaration of Independence. The one declares the inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness; the other ignores that right by establishing a monied class that controls industry and commerce and denies the right of private property. How can such inconsistency be explained except on the ground of the ignorance that prevailed in reference to the necessity for State interference? It is a monarchical institution, and has no part or lot with a free people. The motive that prompts the thesis of State dictation is clearly *special interests*. The motive that prompts the antithesis is the interests of all. Whichever proves to be the best system of money, the people will voluntarily accept. The best and safest money is always competent to drive out inferior money, if there is enough of it.

I have shown you a glimpse of a system far superior to the present one; yet, lest it should be defective, I want liberty, that others may establish a better. This system would have been tried thirty years ago; but the monied power, ever alert to its own interests, ever able to command the best talent and the weightiest influence in its behalf, knew well how to secure for itself, through legislation, that which free, open, and fair competition will deprive it of, and succeeded in extending for itself a few more decades of supremacy. We profess to despise imperialism, yet we retain its essence, — the very diet on which it fattens and without which it must die a natural death.

When the State ceases to protect the banks in the control of the medium of exchange by prohibiting its issue except on certain commodities and by certain parties, and by "fixing" the value of those commodities by making them a legal tender for a definite amount, then the paper medium of exchange can be issued, as I have shown, directly to borrowers at the cost of the transaction through the mutual bank, just as you get fire and life insurance at cost from the mutual insurance company; then money lending as a speculation will cease, and with it will also cease the objectionable features of boards of trade and stock exchanges. Without you limit currency by an arbitrary money system, speculation is impossible! The right to use one's property for purposes of credit is as unquestionable as the right to sell it. The present system denies that right by compelling you to obtain the consent of a certain class of citizens who are provided by the

State with certain pieces of paper which you are prohibited from obtaining directly through association at an average of one-tenth the cost.

With the greater part of the wealth in the country convertible into available capital for productive enterprise by the issue of paper money thereon, all monopolies would have to reduce profits and increase wages, because of the enormous amount of capital that would enter into competition with them, until at last the capitalist would be compelled to co-operate with labor for mutual good, — the natural result that must follow a surplus of capital instead of a surplus of labor, as now.

The prosperity that would result from the employment of all the people now idle, in addition to those already employed, at constantly increasing wages, would terminate in each getting the exact proportion of what each produced. Poverty would thus be gradually eliminated and crime would cease, panics become unknown, and prisons and poorhouses no longer disgrace our civilization.

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Liberty

NOT THE DAUGHTER BUT THE MOTHER OF ORDER. PROUDHON

Vol. V.—No. 26.

BOSTON, MASS., SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1888.

Whole No. 130.

"For always in thine eyes, O Liberty!
Shines that high light whereby the world is saved;
And though thou slay us, we will trust in thee."

JOHN HAY.

On Picket Duty.

The "Workmen's Advocate" need not have gone to the trouble of declaring, apropos of nothing concerning it, that it had not "even faintly expressed admiration" for Liberty. I am aware of it, and I am glad of it. Praise from that source would indeed be the worst infliction.

The present issue of Liberty concludes the fifth volume, copies of which, bound uniformly with the preceding volumes, will soon be ready for delivery at two dollars each. Those desiring copies will confer a favor by sending in their orders as early as possible, accompanied by the cash.

I have often been asked for an English translation of the French song printed in the early chapters of "What's To Be Done?" A California friend has kindly prepared one for me, which is given in this issue and will be substituted for the French in the next edition of the book.

"There are two things needed in these days," says sagacious Edward Atkinson: "first, for rich men to find out how poor men live; and, second, for poor men to know how rich men work." You are right, Mr. Atkinson; and when the poor men once know this, the rich men will very speedily find themselves out of a job. It will be the greatest lock-out on record.

J. E. Hall writes essays and lectures on Individualism and Anarchism, in which he vainly tries to give profound and philosophical appearance to silly and crude ideas. He evidently has yet to read (or, at any rate, to master) the first Anarchistic book. Meantime let him answer honestly this simple question, which will clear up his confusion of experimentally-proven and voluntarily-accepted scientific truths with individual opinions enforced by majority-made statutes: Why do we not hear of any movement against the tyranny of the absolute rule that twice two is four at the same time that we hear so much against the ideas which he and his friends advocate with such confidence in matters social and political?

"Only the righteous wrath of the people, backed up by physical force, can restore to its owners the stolen wealth," writes Henry F. Charles in the "Alarm." The righteous wrath of the people backed up by all the physical force in the world can never restore the wealth already stolen, because no one knows or ever can know to whom it properly belongs. Nor can it provide that all wealth hereafter produced shall not be stolen, unless it acquires some knowledge of economic law. Possessed of this knowledge, righteous wrath will need no other backing. It will need then only to stand back upon its rights and not budge therefrom. Immediately all wealth held by idlers will begin to drain away from them, and when it is entirely gone, they will have to work or starve. After that there will be no labor question and no need of revolution.

Opposing capital punishment in the columns of the "Christian Register," Edwin D. Mead remarks: "Society would have done much more to protect itself from bombs by sending Spies and Parsons to Joliet than it did by hanging them; and, if the prison is a rational one and not a brutal one, it would have done

much more for their own moral culture." Let me tell you, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, that long before it shall become possible to place prisons under the control of men who have mounted one-tenth the way to the heights of rational and moral culture attained by August Spies and Albert Parsons the necessity for both prisons and gallows will have disappeared, and that, if at that epoch your words have not been forgotten, they will only be remembered to mark the depth to which either ignorance or cowardly hypocrisy can descend in the way of insolence.

The Boston "Transcript" rebukes the New York press for devoting so much attention to the funeral of the late Courtlandt Palmer, and says that men of his stamp "are as common as blackberries in every city of New England." As newspapers go, I hold the "Transcript" in relative respect as an occasionally fair-minded journal, and am the sorrier therefore to find in its columns this bit of New England snobbery. One would gather from the "Transcript's" paragraph that Courtlandt Palmer was simply a man of social standing who rejected the orthodox creed. The editor of Liberty happens to be on an intimate personal footing with a "young gentleman who produces headlines" for a daily newspaper who can inform the "Transcript" that Mr. Palmer was much more than that,—in fact, that he was an all-round radical, holding heterodox views of love and marriage, and even a pronounced Socialist, although a man of great wealth, and that he held the truth which he possessed, not after the fashion of New England *dilettanti* as a pretty bauble for the private admiration of the curious and of no more value than a lie except as a curiosity, but after the fashion of earnest workers everywhere as a priceless possession, growing in value in the proportion that others share it, and therefore to be actively propagated, not that it may be made the creed of a sect, but that its power may be utilized to the fullest for the destruction of social evils and the enhancement of social welfare. If the "Transcript" will point me, not to a whole blackberry crop, but to a single young man, in any New England city, of Courtlandt Palmer's wealth and social position, who affords anything approaching his parallel in these particulars, I will apologize to its editor for dubbing him a snob.

My old friend and associate in the newspaper business, W. Kilby Reynolds, has embarked in the publication at St. John, N. B., of a monthly pamphlet called the "Gripsack" and devoted to the interests of travellers in the provinces. This is a little out of Liberty's line, but, in remembrance of "auld lang syne," and because Mr. Reynolds is one of the brightest men I ever knew, and because he is two-thirds, if not three-fourths an Anarchist, and because the words which I shall quote from his first number regarding the "Gripsack's" patrons apply with equal force to Anarchy's supporters, I wish to say that this pamphlet is published at one dollar a year by Knowles & Reynolds, 107 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. B., and that Mr. Reynold's introductory article, "The Gripsack is Opened," concludes as follows: "The 'Gripsack' has come to stay. Yes, gentlemen, it will stay. Not in any one place, but in many places. It will go where the travellers go. Such patrons as have given their support through personal friendship, 'to help the thing along,' will find that they have not devoted their money to a charity. Those who have reluctantly consented after much time, shoe-leather, and patience has

been exercised on our part, will find that they have builded better than they knew. Those who have become patrons through principle, because they believe the investment a good one, are men of business, who will get just what they expect. And they are in the majority among the advertisers. There is one other class we want to thank. It is composed of those who intend to become patrons, if we make the venture a success without their aid. We thank them for their civility, and will see them later. These are the kind of men who build up a country—after their neighbors have solved the problem of its settlement and destiny."

Liberty and Liberties.

[L'Intransigent.]

A papal encyclical is announced, which, it appears, will make a "great sensation." This dissertation will be entitled "*Libertas præstantissimum bonum*," and, under pretext of celebrating human liberty, will condemn all the liberties which contemporary humanity demands,—liberty to think, liberty to write, liberty to speak. Leo XIII. recognizes only one possible liberty,—liberty to believe. It is a trifle restricted. With this theory of liberty stakes are set up at which to burn those who do not believe. The era of inquisitions is reopened, and we again enter upon a past age.

We do not say more about this document, which is not yet published in Paris and which promises to be a sweetmeat of a pretty length. But I imagine that many people will take the human liberty not to read it,—another liberty of which the sovereign pontiff doubtless will not approve.

CA IRA!

[Translated from the French for Liberty by H. B. P.]

Under our rags we all,
Courageous workers, wait
In hope that science may fall
To man, and a better fate.
So let us study and work,
For knowledge brings force to men;
Yes, let us study and work;
We'll see abundance then.
Ah! 'twill come! it will come! it will come!
Now people united cry:
Ah! 'twill come! it will come! it will come!
Who lives shall see by and by!

And from our ignorance who
Are sufferers, if not we?
Let science, then, come to do
The work that shall set us free:
We are now bowed down with grief,
And yet, by fraternity,
We hasten the glad relief
Of all humanity.
Ah! 'twill come! &c.

Let the union fecund take place
Of knowledge with toil, and O
What happiness to our race,
With love as the law, may flow;
Then, laboring each for all
As brothers and sisters dear,
We'll, loving and learning, call
Life better with every year.
Ah! 'twill come! &c.

Yes, that misery may no more
Be ours, we work and learn;
Earth's paradise, in store
For those who love, we earn:
In labor, and love, and song,
All true good shall be known;
Good!—happy!—taught! we long
To call that day our own.
Ah! 'twill come! it will come! it will come!
Now people united cry:
Ah! 'twill come! it will come! it will come!
Who lives shall see by and by!
Then live!
'Tis coming fast!
'Twill come at last
To those who live!

THE RAG-PICKER OF PARIS.

By FELIX PYAT.

Translated from the French by Benj. B. Tucker.

PART FIRST.

THE BASKET.

Continued from No. 129.

Then, again escorted by the attendant, she passed a second time through the waiting-room.

The beggars, male and female, divined her failure in the confusion which covered her face.

Exclamations of spite and satisfaction were exchanged.

"The blonde is upset!"

"The young woman got left!"

"The beauty is done for!"

The attendant had pity on her, and as she disappeared in the stairway, he recalled her and said:

"Stay, go mingle with the crowd there. Talk with them, and you will find out where soup, linen, and even pennies are distributed, morning and evening, at the houses of the 'good heads,' as they call them."

Then, looking at her with a complacency and an absence of moral sense peculiar to his philanthropic business, he added:

"But no. . . . listen a moment. You are not smart. To beg here is to waste your time, as pretty as you are."

The widow went away, bedaubed with this last insult. A handful of mud after the thrust of a knife.

Thus religious and civil aid, the assistance of Church and of State, of God and of man, one of the two (which of the two?) made in the image of the other, the entire official and officious almsgiving machinery, failed a woman in the most sociable of societies.

Behind the dirty cart of a dirty knacker, drawn by a dirty horse and loaded with a dead jade, its four feet in the air and its neck hanging and bleeding, followed a file of beasts old and valueless, utterly worn out, with nothing but skin on their bones, walking carcasses, some lame in the left foot, others in the right foot, some even in both feet. They walk or rather are dragged to the slaughter-house, whipped toward death, unconscious and docile beasts, who, serving man all their lives, now go to receive the finishing stroke and furnish after their death the leather with which to bridle and lash their fellows.

Sad emblem of the poor man who, in spite of the right professed by modern society, gives all his life to clothe, feed, and defend the rich man, and, dead, gives also to science even his body to cure him.

In the bosom of the Tiber of ancient Rome, on a deserted island, the pagan slaughter-house guarded by Caesar's soldiers, they landed the old and useless slaves, there to die of hunger; but at least after having sufficiently fed them, as horses are fed, during their lives of service, and without subjecting them, as the modern slave is subjected, to the torture of Tantalus, starvation in the midst of abundance, hunger at the doors of Paris restaurants.

Animals, you have no reason to envy the "king of creation"; slaves of Rome, you were tortured less than the "sovereign people" of France!

Even in Rome, when Paganism was at its height, death was only for invalid old age. In Paris as in Pekin, amid European civilization as amid Asiatic barbarism, death even for children!

CHAPTER XII.

AT AUCTION.

Jean, who was neither a deputy, nor a peer, nor a judge, nor a priest, and as little of a deist as a royalist, had kept his oath, faithful to his conscience, to the promise which he had given himself over the body of Jacques.

He drank no more, ate little, slept still less, and worked a great deal, watching incessantly over Didier's wife and child.

"I will do what I can to aid them," he had said to the dying collector.

But what can a rag-picker do for others? Scarcely can he do anything for himself!

He did more than he could. Every night a double basket, beginning early, finishing late, leaving his hole before twilight, returning to it after daybreak, the first and the last of the night-walkers. He went to the muck-heap with the same ardor with which he formerly went to the wine-shop.

Hence, on the night preceding the third day after the murder of Jacques, Jean had gone out and come in twice with two full baskets.

He had gone out a third time.

Having taken quarters in the very house where the widow lived, a benevolent spy, he never abandoned his watch except to help her.

"Poor woman," he continually said to himself, "she has nothing from the banker and what from the rag-picker? If I were rich, if I only had enough to pay the rent and the funeral expenses. What a life, or rather what death! All day on the run! All night on the watch between a corpse and a cradle! And on top of all the rest the police pestering her with their inquests and visits. They would do much better to catch the guilty than to mangle the victims."

He was thus soliloquizing during his third trip, when he had a singular meeting beside a pile of dirt.

An individual, tolerably well-dressed but suspicious in appearance, had stopped there before him and thrown a bundle into it.

Jean, suddenly coming up, thrust his hook into the heap, when the individual, who had started as if to retreat, noticed by the light of the lantern the rag-picker's basket, stopped short, and, seized with an irresistible fit of curiosity, said to Jean:

"Where did you get that basket, I should like to know?"

"That doesn't concern you, friend," said Jean, in little humor for talking, especially on that subject.

And again he plunged in his hook.

"Oh! what's this! an infant!"

His hook had torn open the bundle, which contained a still-born babe.

"Another crime! Police! Police!" he cried with all his might.

Then the individual wheeled about as if to run away.

"What! the coat fits you? Stop!"

And Jean seized him, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Police! Where are they? Sleeping with servants or hidden in doorways? Hurry up; don't be afraid! It's only a dead baby!"

An officer came at last.

"What is the matter?"

"Here, see what I have found," said Jean, still keeping a firm grip upon the individual. "This is the gentleman who threw that there."

"No, no," cried the individual, struggling, gesticulating, and swearing in Italian.

"Your name?" asked the officer.

"Paolo, an employee at". . . .

And he stopped short.

"Where? Tell me, or I arrest you."

"At Madame Gavard's."

"What does she do?"

Again Paolo hesitated.

"She is a midwife."

"Indeed!" cried Jean.

"Well, let us be off, then. To the station-house, everybody," decided the officer.

"To kill a child, there's a crime for you! We know what a grown man is, but a child we cannot know," said Jean to himself, thinking of the little Marie as he carried the poor body to the station-house.

Then he returned to his work, and in a frenzy threw the rags into his basket.

At last, reaching home again, overcome with fatigue, he threw himself upon his pallet, where he slept until late in the morning.

What was going on in his neighbor's room during his morning slumber?

She did not sleep. She had been, not awakened from her sleep, but shaken from her stupor by a veritable invasion of her room.

Janitor, proprietor, process-server, auctioneer, auctioneer's clerk, second-hand dealers, and buyers, who came, in the name of justice, to execute the law!

Ravage followed invasion.

The process-server brought an execution for the last quarter's rent, the payment of which had been delayed in consequence of Louise Didier's confinement.

The auctioneer immediately took possession, sitting down rudely in the arm-chair in which Louise had passed the night and from which she had just risen with a start.

The clerk asked her for the keys to her furniture, opened the different pieces, took out the linen and anything that he found, laying everything pell-mell, upside down, in parcels, on the table, where the auctioneer took note of the lots of the poor establishment.

The proprietor reviewed each article with an anxious eye, coldly calculating whether the whole would suffice to pay the rent.

The public subjected to the same careful scrutiny all the articles to be sold, weighing them, estimating their condition and value, the women especially admiring their cleanliness.

The auction began with the bed coverlet.

The auctioneer picked it up roughly, revealing, stiff upon its couch,—this at least unseizable,—the pale corpse of the bank collector.

Louise, stifling a cry, covered Jacques's face with her handkerchief, the body having been left there for the inquest and now awaiting burial.

"A woollen blanket, very clean, without a hole or a stain, in good condition! A dollar, did I hear that bid?" cried the auctioneer, quickly recovering from his astonishment.

"Dollar ten," said the proprietor.

"Dollar twenty," said an old woman, enviously.

"Dollar forty," cried a second-hand dealer, the Jew Gripon.

"Ah! if Canaille & Co. are here, we are done for," said the old woman to her neighbors. "It's a pity."

"Dollar fifty," rejoined the proprietor.

"Dollar sixty," said the old woman.

"Dollar eighty," answered another second-hand dealer, with an Auvergnat accent.

"One Auvergnat is worth two Jews; there's no hope," said the old woman, in a rage.

And there was silence for a time.

"Dollar eighty," repeated the auctioneer, having an interest, like the proprietor, in getting a high price on account of his percentage; "why, that's nothing at all! don't you see that it's almost new?"

"Dollar ninety," pushed on the proprietor.

"Two dollars," exclaimed the Auvergnat.

"Disgusting!" cried the old woman; "I drop it entirely."

Again there was silence.

"Two dollars . . . no one says a word? Once, twice, going, going, gone!" said the auctioneer, letting fall a black and white hammer with an ebony handle and an ivory head.

Louise had not left her husband's side; she stood erect, petrified, the statue of grief.

The sale went on.

She looked at this crowd in her orderly home, upsetting, depreciating, profaning its chaste and sober interior, everything that she had that was private, precious, and dear in her domestic life, these poor nothings in order which had cost her so much toil and care, these small treasures of her past happiness, these solemn witnesses of happy days, these gifts associated with joyful memories, some paid for by her labor, others surprises of her husband for her birthday, even to her wedding-wreath, the entire museum of her love ransacked, scattered, disparaged, sold at a reduction, at a contemptible price, in presence of herself and her dead husband.

She felt herself becoming mad, unable longer to stand, as if they had torn, sold, and carried away the shreds of her heart.

"A cradle," cried the auctioneer.

At this word she leaped like a lioness toward her child.

"Do not touch," she cried, and, throwing herself upon Marie, she lifted her from the cradle, suddenly awakened by the noise, moaning and wailing in her mother's arms.

"Make your child keep quiet," said the auctioneer, continuing:

"A wicker cradle, trimmed with muslin, very clean. Forty cents. Keep the child quiet, I tell you, or go out; we can hear nothing."

To quiet the child, the mother gave her her breast. Alas! there came from it only a thread of reddish serum. Suffering had turned everything . . . no more milk, nothing but blood!

The child cried with hunger and shook convulsively.

Then Louise Didier, as if impelled by an extreme resolution, went out suddenly with her daughter hanging on her neck.

"Good enough!" said the satisfied auctioneer.

"A cradle, forty cents". . . .

"Fifty," cried a young wife, who seemed to have a pregnant woman's desire for the article. And the auction went on briskly.

Jean, awakened also by the noise of the sale, had come down from his garret to

the chamber; and, seeing the door open and the room full of people, he entered and stood for a moment dumbfounded by what he saw and heard.

"What's the matter? What's this? What! What! An auction here!" he cried at last to the janitor.

"Well, what of it? You see for yourself. You can hear as well as I. We are selling everything to get the rent. What then?" answered the janitor, indifferently.

Still a warm dispute was going on for the cradle.

"And Mme. Didier?" said Jean, alarmed.

"Gone out."

"And the child?"

"With her."

"And where?"

"Faith, I don't know."

"When?"

"Just now."

Jean asked nothing more, but started like a ball, leaping down the stairs and rushing like a madman into the street after Mme. Didier. . . .

"A pretty little cradle," continued the auctioneer. "See, ladies, all white, fresh, and trimmed, at only a dollar. It's no price at all; it's worth double the money."

"Dollar ten," said the young woman.

"Dollar twenty," answered the proprietor.

"But you are a bachelor; you have no need of that."

"Dollar thirty."

"Dollar forty," said the Auvergnat.

"Dollar sixty," said the Jew.

"Are you going to have a baby, like me, old Auvergnat?" cried the exasperated young woman; "and you, old Jew, can your old Rebecca still make little Jacobs?"

"Dollar eighty," answered Gripon, without laughing.

And there was another period of silence.

"Once, twice. Dollar eighty! No more amateurs? For the third time. Dollar eighty! Sold!"

The sale concluded: all the furniture,—clothes-press, chest of drawers, cupboard, table, chairs; all the linen,—sheets, table-cloths, shirts, napkins, handkerchiefs; all the household implements,—shovels, tongs, broom, dustbrush; all the humble utensils of the poor woman's kitchen; all the wearing-apparel,—garments, shoes, caps;—everything passed under the fatal hammer, everything was struck and coined into money for the pocket of the proprietor, the official, and the second-hand dealer.

The spoils were divided in the interest of those three harpies,—property, the law, and usury.

As for the creature who had acquired and accumulated it all by dint of labor and economy, nothing was left for her but her weeping eyes. And as for her sisters in poverty who hoped for bits of her effects, they had to buy them on the instalment plan from the three monopolists.

The proprietor held out against the Auvergnat and the Jew and arranged with them to surrender, in consideration of a premium, all that he had bid in,—in short, he was repaid and more.

The Jew and the Auvergnat, hand and glove together, sold to advantage all that they had bought—coverlet, cradle, furniture, linen, etc.—to the old and young wives, who paid double and triple according to their necessities. Then all was over,—the furniture removed, the room evacuated, the door closed; and each retired, speculating and commenting upon his profits and losses, more or less content.

Meanwhile Jean had overtaken Madame Didier with his eyes, and was following her as if he were her dog.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETURN TO THE BOARD OF PUBLIC CHARITIES.

In the Public Charities building a bare and gloomy room, divided into two by a wooden barrier, was devoted to the reception of abandoned infants.

Unfortunate or degraded mothers, indifferent or constrained relatives, midwives or simple commissioners, came to this human pawn-shop to pledge forever their own children or the children of others.

On this first day of April poverty had driven a number of unfortunates to this ante-room of the hospital for found, or rather lost, children.

The aspect of the room was terrible from the very variety of its phases of despair and shame.

Some of the women, silent or excited, resigned or maddened, with eyes moist or burning, offered for the last time an exhausted and withered bosom to the fruit of their love, while awaiting the supreme and frightful sacrifice of Carthage to Paris.

By the side of the mothers were step-mothers, with eyes dry and hard, sneering at these mute sorrows which condemned them. Some brought their children to save them, others to lose them. These, unfortunate, were no longer able to feed their poor offspring; those, rarer and more miserable, were no longer willing to do so!

"Poverty is not a vice," said Voltaire; "it is much worse." Yes, it is a crime, a social crime! Where were the responsible authors of these miseries? For, when a woman falls, it is because a man has pushed her. In love there is no fault without an accomplice, and the accomplice here is the real author. And the law, as immoral as the prostitution which it creates, maintains, and regulates, prohibits search for the original criminal in forbidding inquiry as to paternity.

Yes, most of these destitute creatures had committed their "fault" perforce, driven to it by poverty! Their babies had no father. . . . No father! O law of nature! O so-called civil code!

On the bench, between two midwives, in a hurry to finish their professional duty, a man in the prime of life, the workingman of the Mount of Piety, dandled an infant feverishly upon his knees. In his whole person there was something tragic, an immense sentiment of tenderness mingled with indignation and even with rebellion.

In front of him a vixen, abominably drunk, was constantly on the point of dropping her offspring, which, all covered with pustules, seemed to have an alcoholic head.

The clerk in charge of this infernal office registered the abandonments, talking to the women in a supercilious and wearied tone. He was in a hurry to get through. . . . and while the mothers stifled their sobs and embraced their crying babies, he looked at the clock and rolled a cigarette.

From time to time he stormed.

"A little silence! Whose turn next?"

The habit of following this diabolical calling had hardened the bureaucrat against emotion. Through handling iron the blacksmith gets callous hands; this clerk had a callous heart. He wrote rapidly, unmoved by the mothers' tears falling under his pen and moistening the fatal registry.

The midwives came first, no one disputing this privilege with them; then the liquor-soaked woman advanced to offer her bud.

"Here's a present I make you," said she to the clerk. "Soon you will have a pair."

The bureaucrat turned away to avoid breathing the odor of brandy which the creature exhaled.

"Pooh!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you keep your child?"

"Can't. My husband drinks disgustingly."

"And you?"

"I, never. Besides, my husband beats me, and my milk spoils. Understand? It is to save the brat."

"All right; hand it over!"

"There you are. Good luck, little glutton, you will suck at the municipal bottle. Don't deprive yourself! get full, like papa."

"And mamma," said the clerk; "she ought to be condemned to water."

"To water yourself! Oh! it's poison. . . . not good even for drunkards."

"Another! and quickly!"

And as the mothers naturally did not hurry, and looked at each other with terror, the clerk hailed the workingman.

"Say, you there, come forward. A man. . . . this is a pretty how-do-you-do!"

The workingman started under the insult.

"Confounded clerk, attend to your scribbling," he cried. "Ah! one of these days, and before long too, we'll give it to you."

"Threats!"

"Until we can do better. To think that we have to pay all these quill-drivers for bullying us!"

"Go on, I hear," said the clerk, "you are a red. . . . or rather a loafer."

"Yes, a forced loafer; I am out of work, and I have only my arms with which to feed my child. I am not in the same case as you, who have enough to feed the child that perhaps you do not possess or that you lay in the nest of others."

"Enough, we know the tune. Your name?"

"Brutus Chaumette."

"Good, the name goes with the principles. You are a spirit of the great epoch, it seems."

"Yes, republican from father to son."

"Well, this shall end the race. We will bring it up differently. It shall be a royalist."

"We shall see."

"You had better take it back. Why leave it with us?"

"Why? Because her mother is dead, and I cannot give her suck, and I wish her to live."

"What is her name?"

"Marianne."

"Oh, that's promising! Here, put your name at the bottom of this sheet."

The workingman signed, kissed the little girl, and then went out, turning back toward the clerk and shaking his fist at him.

The bureaucrat, while filling out Marianne's registration paper, gave a lecture on morality *ad hoc* to the poor women whom he was under instructions to treat harshly in order to turn as many of them as possible away from the budget of Public Charities for the benefit of the budget-eaters, the biggest, fattest, and most insatiable of beggars.

So the official, faithful to this order of exclusion, growled away as he scribbled:

"Ah! I know you, my wenches, and it will be vain for you to deny what I say; only unnatural mothers come here. . . . No excuses! Without work? . . . ta-ra-ta-ta, without work, yes! When people make children, they must keep them. No pleasure without pain. Indeed, that would be too convenient. They come from the country to Paris, believing that larks are going to fall all roasted into their beaks. . . . Think of it! . . . And what happens? They do not work, they allow themselves to be inveigled. . . . they commit a *faute*, as you call it. After the performance comes abandonment. They are left alone. . . . the man goes and the kid comes. . . . Then they whine and cry poverty; and then at the last they bring up here as at "my aunt's." Ah! but, you know, it is not the same to the end. Here they pawn, but they cannot redeem. A child found for the Public Charities is a child lost for the mamma. A warning to such as have hearts. There is still time."

This harangue, ingeniously drawn up and learned and recited by heart, had on this occasion, as it always had, an excellent result for the administration; three or four women, the best of them, rose and went out, taking their babies. But patience: poverty does not lose its rights; mothers and children will be found tonight drowned in the Seine or hanging to some nail or suffocated in their room.

Ah! these suicides are murders!

The pitiless clerk, undoubtedly decorated for this, went on with his task, registering social conditions, passing the abandoned little ones to a woman in waiting, and in exchange handing the unfortunates papers to sign.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the room was empty. The clerk resumed his ease and lighted his cigarette.

"Ah! it's over," said he, stretching his arms carelessly. "No damage. A dog's life. Always the same thing. What a bore! Oh! if there were no perquisites!"

At that moment two new faces appeared in the room. The first, Mme. Gavard, made her entrance superbly with an infant under each arm.

The clerk was as polite to her as he had been rude to the others. A smile spread over his entire face. He even forgot his cigarette.

The midwife advanced straight to the desk, sure of her business and of a cordial welcome, as an *habituée*, even as a friend, almost as mistress of the establishment.

Why? Administrative mystery.

"Here are two for today," said she, depositing her double burden on the table and then extending to the clerk a hand which did not seem empty.

The girl charged with verifying the sex approached complacently and said in a loud voice:

"Male sex."

And, without further formalities, she carried the infants into an adjoining room.

"Just born, at my house, no name, father and mother unknown," said the Gavard, expeditiously.

"All right! sign, please," said the clerk.

The midwife signed, and went to sit down and talk with the examiner, who had come in again.

"No one else . . . no . . . yes, there is! What is it that you want, you there?" cried the clerk.

He had just noticed a dark shadow at the rear of the room, the woman who had entered behind the Gavard.

He went on scolding:

"Ah! you don't hear then? Is your business for today or tomorrow?"

The woman thus appealed to dragged herself toward the desk.

She was hardened to all outrages, and had already, on revisiting this hell, met

Liberty.

Issued Fortnightly at One Dollar a Year; Single Copies Five Cents.

BENJ. R. TUCKER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

Office of Publication, 18 P. O. Square.
Post Office Address: LIBERTY, P. O. Box No. 3366, Boston, Mass.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter.

BOSTON, MASS., AUGUST 4, 1888.

"In abolishing rent and interest, the last vestiges of old-time slavery, the Revolution abolishes at one stroke the sword of the executioner, the seal of the magistrate, the club of the policeman, the gauge of the exciseman, the erasing-knife of the department clerk, all those insignia of Politics, which young Liberty grinds beneath her heel."—PROUDHON.

The appearance in the editorial column of articles over other signatures than the editor's initial indicates that the editor approves their central purpose and general tenor, though he does not hold himself responsible for every phrase or word. But the appearance in other parts of the paper of articles by the same or other writers by no means indicates that he disapproves them in any respect, such disposition of them being governed largely by motives of convenience.

A Confession and a Suspicion.

Discussing the policy of boycotting and the outrageous decisions and action of the courts in relation thereto, the "Workmen's Advocate" arrives at the following disquieting conclusions:

There are two ways of combatting the schemes of the capitalist courts. One is to go into politics upon a radical platform and win; the other is to adopt a system of passive resistance, and boldly continue in the exercise of rights, no matter if the powers that be send committee after committee to jail. When one man is arrested and prevented from doing his duty by his organization, another should take his place; and another and another, till organized labor's forces are exhausted, if need be. Insist upon the right to strike, to boycott, and to prevent a lowering of the standard of the workers by all honorable means. The political plan is not at present feasible. The latter plan is, if the organized workmen have confidence in the justice of their cause and the courage to maintain it.

If the orthodox State Socialist who penned these lines did not appreciate the startling significance of the thoughts contained in them or surmise the important consequences which unavoidably follow a logical extension and application of those thoughts in other matters, he will be sorry to learn that he is one of those who build better than they know—in the interest of the enemy. The Socialistic rank and file should incontinently proceed to fortify itself against this embryonic heresy, which, if not properly dealt with, will endanger their whole position. Passive resistance is essentially an Anarchistic method. State Socialists of every description naturally divide themselves into two parties,—the political agitators and the revolutionists. The first believe that existing wrongs can be abolished by a proper use of the ballot,—that is, by the exploited classes becoming more or less converted to Socialism and determining to delegate governmental powers to none but avowed Socialists. Once in power, the Socialistic majority, so chosen would easily and peaceably make all necessary changes and introduce all needed reforms. Accordingly this school favors independent action and participation in all political campaigns. The revolutionary Socialists discard the ballot, arguing that education and organization of the proletariat are utterly impossible at present; that, the corner-stone of Socialism being the idea that intellectual and moral progress cannot precede, but must only succeed, an improvement in the material condition of men, it is a contradiction to count upon a theoretical acceptance of Socialism by a majority as a means of establishing it in practice; and that, even if the proletariat could be drilled and taught to use the ballot as a class weapon, the capitalist class would not allow them to attempt to do so, but would deprive them of it as soon as it perceived danger ahead. They predict revolution, and submit that there remains nothing to do except to prepare for the inevitable. The victims of the present institutions must rise in their might and wrath and level them down before the So-

cialists can be called upon to engage in constructive work.

The ballot and revolution alike are to be used as offensive and aggressive weapons in behalf of a certain compulsory system. No provisions are made in either case for the liberty and security of those (not of the would-be-exploiting-class) who may not sympathize with the new order of things. Passive resistance, on the other hand, contemplates only defence and self-protection, and is absolutely incapable of constraining or commanding others.

When a State Socialist confesses that "the political plan is not at present feasible," and suggests the plan of passive resistance, it is safe to infer that his mind is also burdened with a suspicion that the revolutionary method is far from being certain and reliable. Successful passive resistance is possible even for a small minority, whereas revolution and politics depend entirely for their issue upon the overwhelming force of numbers. And now, since the State Socialists have discovered a new light, it behooves them to examine with its aid all the other doubtful nooks and corners in their programme. I venture the assertion that they will find the same difficulty everywhere. The abolition of rent, or interest, or political tyranny, or slavery in any form, can only be attempted through passive resistance. "The political plan is not feasible" there, either, and who knows what the much prayed-for revolution, should it come, would bring? Moreover, it is agreed on all hands that we cannot afford to fold our hands and wait for the revolution, but must seek to insure for it chances of victory; and what better system of practical and theoretical propaganda can the revolutionary minority adopt than that of passively resisting injustice and revealing the hideous nature of existing institutions?

At the same time I desire to be honest enough to repeat my warning that passive resistance would lead to the inauguration of Anarchistic association, and not to State Socialism.

V. YARROS.

Does Competition Mean War?

To the Editor of Liberty:

Your thought-provoking controversy with Herr Most suggests this question: Whether is Individualism or Communism more consistent with a society resting upon credit and mutual confidence, or, to put it another way, whether is competition or cooperation the truest expression of that mutual trust and fraternal good-will which alone can replace present forms of authority, usages and customs as the social bond of union?

The answer seems obvious enough. Competition, if it means anything at all, means war, and, so far from tending to enhance the growth of mutual confidence, must generate division and hostility among men. If egoistic liberty demands competition as its necessary corollary, every man becomes a social Ishmael. The state of veiled warfare thus implied where underhand cunning takes the place of open force is doubtless not without its attractions to many minds, but to propose mutual confidence as its regulative principle has all the appearance of making a declaration of war in terms of peace. No, surely credit and mutual confidence, with everything thereby implied, rightly belong to an order of things where unity and good-fellowship characterize all human relations, and would flourish best where cooperation finds its complete expression, —viz., in Communism.

W. T. HORN.

The supposition that competition means war rests upon old notions and false phrases that have been long current, but are rapidly passing into the limbo of exploded fallacies. Competition means war only when it is in some way restricted, either in scope or intensity, that is, when it is not perfectly free competition; for then its benefits are won by one class at the expense of another, instead of by all at the expense of nature's forces. When universal and unrestricted, competition means the most perfect peace and the truest cooperation; for then it becomes simply a test of forces resulting in their most advantageous utilization. As soon as the demand for labor begins to exceed the supply, making it an easy matter for every one to get work at wages equal to his product, it is for the interest of all (including his immediate competitors) that the best man should win; which is another way of saying that, where freedom prevails, competition and cooperation are identical. For further proof and elaboration of this proposition I refer Mr. Horn to Andrews's "Science of Society" and Fowler's pamphlets

on "Coöperation." The real problem, then, is to make the demand for labor greater than the supply, and this can only be done through competition in the supply of money or use of credit. This is abundantly shown in Greene's "Mutual Banking" and the financial writings of Proudhon and Spooner. My correspondent seems filled with the sentiment of good-fellowship, but ignorant of the science thereof, and even of the fact that there is such a science. He will find this science expounded in the works already named. If, after studying and mastering these, he still should have any doubts, Liberty will then try to set them at rest.

T.

Fool Voters and Fool Editors.

Uncle Sam carries one hundred pounds of newspapers two thousand miles for two dollars, and still pays the railroad three times too much for mail service. An express company would charge twenty dollars for the same service; yet some people don't know why all express stockholders are millionaires and the people getting poorer. In fact, some people don't know anything at all and don't want to. It is very unfortunate that such people have votes.—*The Anti-Monopolist*.

Yes, Uncle Sam carries one hundred pounds of newspapers two thousand miles, not for two dollars, but for one dollar, pays the railroad more than its services are worth, and loses about five dollars a trip.

Yes, an express company would charge twenty dollars for the same service, because it knows it would be folly to attempt to compete with the one-dollar rate, and therefore charges for its necessarily limited business such rates as those who desire a guarantee of promptness and security are willing to pay.

Uncle Sam nevertheless continues to carry at the one-dollar rate, knowing that this is a good way to induce the newspapers to wink at his villainies, and that he can and does make up in two ways his loss of five dollars a trip,—1, by carrying one hundred pounds of letters two thousand miles for thirty-two dollars and forbidding anybody else to carry them for less, although the express companies would be glad of the chance to do the same service for sixteen dollars; and, 2, by taking toll from all purchasers of whiskey and tobacco at home and of various other articles from foreign countries.

And yet some people don't know why the thousands of officeholders who are pulling away at the public teats are getting fat while the people are getting poorer. In fact, some people don't know anything at all except, as Josh Billings said, "a grate menny things that ain't so." It is very unfortunate that such people are entrusted with the editing of newspapers.

T.

An editorial in the "Alarm" lays down the following: "With liberty to capitalize all products of industry, in other words, to obtain credit upon labor performed, use would be joined to possession of land, ability to exploit nature would be secured to all, and in the absence of rent and interest nothing else would remain to exploit. Profits are but a sequence to interest and would fall with it." How about this, Herr Most? Is this orthodox Communism or heretical private property? I have understood you to repeatedly tell me that Communism is essential to the abolition of human exploitation, and that to hope to abolish it by liberty of credit is all moonshine, and very antiquated moonshine at that. Yet I find this moonshine streaming forth from your adopted sister organ, the "Alarm." Is it sunshine when it emanates from that quarter? If so, what kind of shine is "Freiheit's,"—that of a star or a tallow candle? Is your right hand aware of what your left hand is about, Herr Most? How soon do you propose to warn your readers against these bourgeois heresies? Ought you not to boycott the "Alarm"? Or do you confess the truth of what I have already charged,—that it is immaterial to you what is taught by any man or paper, your sole test of fellowship with either being the readiness to hurrah for dynamite?

"To secure this healthful action of the units of society," says the "Alarm," "the Anarchist has but two points to lay down, both destructive, it may be, in so far as they propose the abolition of barriers which

deny free course to cooperative effort. These are freedom of access to land and freedom to organize credit. The whole law and the prophets is contained in this proposition." Let me see, Herr Most, how many years behind the times did you say this doctrine is? Or does that which is behind the times when Proudhon and Tucker teach it become abreast and even ahead of the times when Lum teaches it and you urge the people to support him in teaching it? Or have you concluded to get behind the times yourself?

My Explanation.

To the Editor of Liberty:

I was honest in the questions I asked concerning the foundation on which Anarchism is aiming to build. I had thought considerably on the matter, and read in Liberty as it came in my way, and while the ideal was fair to look upon, it seemed to me one must have a loose method of reasoning to suppose its practical realization possible. I also found that those of my acquaintance who favored the idea reasoned from the standpoint of an imaginary, instead of a real, humanity, which left their arguments on the subject of no practical value.

I desired to see what showing you could give, if put to the test. I was ready to become an Anarchist, if Anarchism could be made to appear sensible, though I own I believed you would make the failure you have. In one thing I have been disappointed and pleased. You have had the manliness to face the dilemma in which you found yourself, and published my last question, and my summing-up, subsequently. I will give you credit for straight work, and this is more than I expected to be able to do.

When I wrote my last, I thought I was done, whether you published it or not, and I should have stopped there, if you had not published it, or, if you had published it, and simply made comments thereon, no matter what those comments might have been; but the challenge and threat bring me out once more. I will say on that, that I never thought of finding fault or being displeased with your "Tu Whit! Tu Whoo!" and that I do "relish the admixture of satire with argument" on fitting occasions. I am as much at home in a sea of controversy and irony as a fish is in water, so there is no occasion for your holding up out of sympathy for me. Just give me the intellectual thumps when you feel like it and can, and you need take no pains to have them sugar-coated.

And now for a few words on your last remarks. You accept my statement that it is as proper to enforce one social convention as another, provided there is any satisfaction in doing so. I find the difference between an Anarchist and a Governmentalist is nothing here. If there is any difference in the action of the two, it is not a difference in the principles which control it. There might be a difference in method, and a difference in the kind of social conventions which they wish to enforce. On both of these points I suppose I should have some sympathy with Anarchists like you. But when we prevent another from doing as he otherwise would, we govern him in that particular, and I see no advantage in denying it, or in trying to find another term to express the fact. In my judgment it is better to not attempt to beat around the bush, but to state plainly the social conventions and rights (for such as me who believe in rights) we wish to enforce, and such restrictions as we wish to free the world from, and fight it out above board and on that line.

You say "opportunity for all to take freely from the same cabbage patch is not equal liberty." If all have opportunity to take freely, I do not know how any one can have any greater liberty, and if all have all there is, it looks to me "equal." And further; I maintain that "equal slavery" is equal liberty. It is impossible to make one's slavery complete; and no matter how small an amount of liberty is left, if the same amount is left for all, it is "equal liberty." Equal does not mean much or little, but to be on a par with others. "Equal liberty" is not the phrase to express what you are after, and you will have to try again, or let it go that your ideas are either muddled or inexpressible.

It is also puzzling to know what you mean by "invasion." It cannot be you mean invasion of rights, because you claim there are no rights to invade. But perhaps you are having in view some "social convention" to be invaded. In any case, "equal invasion" is "equal liberty." Suppose you do not "respect another's sphere of action," that want of respect does not limit his liberty; it is not necessary for him to respect yours, and that leaves "equal liberty" in that direction.

I am glad I opened this question as I did, for I think I get from what you have written a clew to your bottom feelings on it; and if I do, we are not so far apart in aim as would appear, and I recognize that you may be of value in the reform world. I certainly hope that you may assist in loosening the grip of Government prerogatives relating to matters purely personal. Here we can work together.

S. BLODGETT.

[I am not conscious that I have shown any special courage or honesty in my discussion with Mr. Blodgett; perhaps this is because I am unconscious of hav-

ing been confronted with any dilemma. If I have been as badly worsted as he seems to suppose, it is fortunate for my pride and mental peace that I do not know it. The "difference in the kind of social conventions which they wish to enforce" is the only difference I claim between Anarchists and Governmentalists; it is quite difference enough,—in fact, exactly equal to the difference between liberty and authority. To use the word government as meaning the enforcement of such social conventions as are unnecessary to the preservation of equal liberty seems to me, not beating around the bush, but a clear definition of terms. Others may use the word differently, and I have no quarrel with them for doing so as long as they refrain from interpreting my statements by their definitions. "Opportunity for all to take freely from the same cabbage patch is not equal liberty," because it is incompatible with another liberty,—the liberty to keep. Equal liberty, in the property sphere, is such a balance between the liberty to take and the liberty to keep that the two liberties may coexist without conflict or invasion. In a certain verbal sense it may be claimed that equal slavery is equal liberty; but nearly every one except Mr. Blodgett realizes that he who favors equal slavery favors the greatest amount of slavery compatible with equality, while he who favors equal liberty favors the greatest amount of liberty compatible with equality. This is a case in which emphasis is everything. By "invasion" I mean the invasion of the individual sphere, which is bounded by the line inside of which liberty of action does not conflict with others' liberty of action. The upshot of this discussion seems to be, by his own confession, that heretofore Mr. Blodgett has misconceived the position of the Anarchists, whereas now he understands it. In that view of the matter I concede his victory; for in all intellectual controversy he is the real victor who gains the most light.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

A Few Words More with Zelm.

No, I am scarcely better satisfied with your restatement than with the original. I think I did not misunderstand your use of the word control. "The establishing and defining, by the mother, for the child, of those limitations which fate sets for us all" is just what I objected to. I admit that children are somewhat more liable to go wrong than are their mothers; but the difference is not so great as to require a separate standard for their respective rights. I deny the exclusive right of Ellen to control the destiny of little Frank. I have seen cases where Ellen was the cruel tyrant, instead of Mr. Brown. Neither of them have any right to control the little one, more than they have to control one another. Nor has Frank any right, on account of his babyhood, to control them. He stands upon the same identical platform with them.

Your position seems to be that, because a child is not qualified to act at his own cost, because he is not qualified to act wisely and justly, he is to be subjected to the will of another. I see no difference between this and the position held by the Czar. If only the wise and just are entitled to autonomy, we should, I think, surrender, at once, and sue for amnesty and absolutism. If we are not individuals till we become fully developed, I fear we all shall need governors, to the end of this life, at least.

I cannot doubt that Zelm, in practice, would respect the individuality of the little one, as truly as I would; but her reasoning does not seem to indicate the fact. Her position I cannot indorse. I believe we are born sovereign. Rights do not depend upon growth. They do not themselves grow, or change, under any circumstances. They are not based on the judgment of our mothers. They are not derived from any power outside of ourselves. This is sovereignty. It cannot be lost or alienated. We do not cease to be sovereign when we are invaded. All are sovereign, even though not equally free. We have the right to freedom, just the same, when not free. As sovereigns we have the right to invade one another; also the right to repel invasion. These are our prerogatives. There is no one over us to call us to account.

There is, however, a law that we cannot evade or ignore. It is the law of reaction. There is a question of expediency, a question of self-interest. What we have a right to do does not always pay. It does not pay to invade, to curtail the freedom of another, not even of the ignorant and weak. The philosopher views this in a different light from that of the mob. The majority honestly believe that it is nice and profitable to do wrong, in a legal and honorable way. This opinion has been inherited, from generation to generation, till the very ideas of right and wrong have become confused. The craving for power over others has become hereditary. Even our loved ones have become our property. Not to own somebody is to be nobody. It cannot be expected that

mothers will be exempt from the universal mania. It requires great moral force and clear moral perception to rise above it. It is not to be wondered at, that woman, herself enslaved and crushed and struggling for freedom, should crave the proprietorship of her own child. Only as she becomes free and strong and self-poised will she feel to abandon this last relic of barbarism. She is under no obligation to abandon it. It is a matter of taste. She has a right to control the father, too, if she can. There is but one question. Does she, on the whole, want to?

A. WARREN.

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.

Monopolies.

[Gramont in L'Intransigeant.]

France is the land blessed with monopoly. Here monopoly flourishes, here it prospers. Here it is respected, loved, protected. Monopoly is at home here and bars the path of progress, with the permission of the authorities and the guarantee of the government.

The Omnibus Company has a monopoly; and any one who might like to put at the disposition of the public, carriages more comfortable and better arranged than those of the Company, faster ones, with axles that would never break, would not have the liberty to do so.

The Gas Company has a monopoly,—the monopoly of lighting the streets of Paris. It uses it to light us inadequately and during a ridiculously short portion of the night. It retards the advent of the electric light, which is manifestly superior. Fortunately this monopoly will have an end, for the municipal council will not renew it.

The Match Company has a monopoly. It uses it to give us bits of wood so amorphous that the most energetic scratching is powerless to overcome their resistance. "You may break us," these incombustible splinters seem to proudly say to us, "but burn us, never!" Much anxiety has been felt of late upon the subject of fires. The Match Company does what it can to avoid responsibility for such a disaster. To pretend that anything could take fire by the aid of administration matches is an idea that will never enter anybody's head.

Nevertheless some bold minds have the audacity to observe that, the duty of a match being to light, if those of the Company do not fulfill that function, for which they are created and put into the world, good citizens should be permitted to have recourse to other means of procuring fire. These are subversive theories, to which the Company replies with severity that the duty of a match is, not to burn, but purely and simply to come from the government, and that the duty of good citizens is to use those matches and no others.

But if you go further and buy and use matches not invested with the government stamp, it will make you smart for it. You become an offender, you fall under the arm of the law, and you will feel its rigor, provided you get caught.

I have even been told that the tinder-box, the ancient and innocent tinder-box, has been prohibited under certain forms and with certain improvements. Recently some one showed me a tinder-box of a new sort. I did not have time to examine the system. All that I can say is that it consists of a needle enclosed in a case; you draw it out and pass it quickly over a bit of tinder fastened in a tube attached to the case, and the tinder lights. I asked where this invention could be procured, and was told that it was not to be found in France, its sale not being authorized because it would injure the famous monopoly.

I have not had the leisure or the opportunity to verify this assertion. But it would not be at all astonishing if it were true. The way in which sellers and buyers of so-called contraband matches are hunted down, the unprecedented searches often made by the Company's agents, are not much more extraordinary. And when one thinks of the vexatious measures often pointed out, he wonders why, when a gentleman in the street, who wishes to light his cigar and has no matches, asks another smoker whom he meets for fire, he is not regarded as an offender. In fact, in so acting, he saves a certain number of matches (for he would certainly have to scratch a dozen before finding a good one), and consequently damages the Company.

But I shall be told that, from the moment a monopoly exists, it is necessary to protect it; else it would no longer be a monopoly. I perfectly agree. I simply point out that, to effectively defend a monopoly, logic leads us to Draconian and perfectly ridiculous measures. For that matter, it is this that assures the continuance of monopolies among us. For he was very much mistaken who said that in France ridicule kills. Very far from killing, it gives life. We see striking proofs of it every day.

A Normal Function.

To the Editor of Liberty:

During the discussion on parentage it occurred to me that many men will certainly desire to contribute to the support of their children without claiming to influence the mother otherwise than by advice. Such desire is normal and healthy; and it is reasonable, kind, and honorable for the mother to allow it proper satisfaction.

TAK KAK.

Continued from page 3.

one insult more as she entered, from the jovial attendant of the charity office, who had said to her in passing:

"Back from Epinal already?"

But she was no longer sensible or conscious of anything except the desperate act which she came to perform.

"I beg pardon, Monsieur," said she, "but". . .

"No buts. We will put this through in two times and three motions. Besides, it is purely an accommodation on my part. Shall we say, then, that you abandon your child?"

"Yes . . . it is necessary". . .

"Naturally. . . And of course it is yours, at least?"

"Oh! yes," burst out the mother; "Marie . . . farewell! I shall die."

"Oh! that's the usual racket; come, pass the child to Madame."

The woman in waiting, the cynical examiner, seated on a camp-bed covered with haircloth, rose listlessly and took the baby, which began to cry, being frightened and hungry.

"Bah! you will see many others," said she, stretching the little one on the hard bed and unswathing her rudely, as one opens a bundle to verify its contents.

The mother had fallen on the bench.

"What's your name, Mam'zelle?" asked the clerk.

"Madame Didier," answered the widow, proudly.

The bureaucrat turned to the examiner.

"What? . . . male?" he asked.

"No, Monsieur, it is a girl," the mother hastened to answer, wounded by this brutal question.

"No one spoke to you," said the clerk; "you saw well enough that I addressed myself to the *searcher*."

"Feminine sex," said the latter, rolling the child up in its linen.

"Oh! you will hurt her," cried the mother, as if she had felt the shock herself.

"That's not your business now," answered the clerk, who went on filling out the registry blanks until he reached the heading: *Motives*.

"Why do you abandon your child?" he said, repeating the question which he had put to the workingman a little while before.

To be continued.

LOVE, MARRIAGE, AND DIVORCE,

AND THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

A DISCUSSION

BY

Henry James, Horace Greeley, and Stephen Pearl Andrews.

MR. GREELEY'S REPLY TO MR. ANDREWS.

Continued from No. 129.

It is very clear, then, Mr. Andrews, that your path and mine will never meet. Your socialism seems to be synonymous with egotism; mine, on the contrary, contemplates and requires the subjection of individual desire and gratification to the highest good of the community, of the personal to the universal, the temporary to the everlasting. I utterly abhor what you term "the right of woman to choose the father of her own child,"—meaning her right to choose a dozen fathers for so many different children,—seeing that it conflicts directly and fatally with the paramount right of each child, through minority, to protection, guardianship, and intimate daily counsel and training from both parents.* Your sovereignty of the individual is in palpable collision with the purity of society and the sovereignty of God.† It renders the family a smoke-wreath which the next puff of air may dissipate,—a series of "dissolving views," wherein "Honor thy father" would be a command impossible to obey,—nor, indeed, can I perceive how the father, under your system, would deserve honor at the hands of his child. In such a bestial pandemonium as that system would inevitably create, I could not choose to live. So long as those who think as I do are the majority in this country, the practitioners on your principles will be dealt with by law like other malefactors; and, if ever your disciples shall gain the ascendancy, we will go hence to some land where mothers are not necessarily wantons, love is not lust, and the selfish pursuit of sensual gratification is not dignified with the honors due to wisdom and virtue.

IX.

MR. JAMES'S REPLY.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

I declined controversy with your correspondent, Mr. S. P. Andrews, not because of any personal disrespect for him, but chiefly for the reason stated at the time,—that his objections to my views of divorce were trivial, fallacious, and disingenuous. I may now further say that his general opinions on the subject in discussion between the "Observer" and myself did not, besides, seem to me of sufficient weight to invite a public refutation. I may have been mistaken, but such was, and such continues to be, my conviction. It is, accordingly, more amusing than distressing to observe that your correspondent's vanity has converted what was simply indifference on my part into dread of his vast abilities. But lest any of your readers should partake this delusion, let me say a few words in vindication of my conviction.

We all know that marriage is the union, legally ratified, of one man with one woman for life. And we all know, moreover, that many of the subjects of this union find themselves in very unhappy relations to each other, and are guilty of reciprocal infidelities and barbarities in consequence, which keep society in a per-

petual commotion. Now, in speaking of these infidelities and barbarities, I have always said that they appeared to me entirely curable by enlarging the grounds of divorce. For, holding, as I do, that the human heart is the destined home of constancy and every courteous affection, I cannot but believe that it will abound in these fruits precisely as it becomes practically honored, or left to its own cultivated instincts. Thus I have insisted that, if you allowed two persons who were badly assorted to separate upon their joint application to the State for leave, and upon giving due securities for the maintenance of their offspring, you would be actually taking away one great, existing stimulant to conjugal inconstancy, and giving this very couple the most powerful of all motives to renewed affection. For, unquestionably, every one admits that he does not cheerfully obey compulsion, but, on the contrary, evades it at every opportunity; and it is matter of daily observation that no mere legal bondage secures conjugal fidelity where mutual love and respect are wanting between the parties. You instinctively feel also that a conjugal fidelity which *should* obey that motive chiefly would be a reproach to the name. You feel that all man's relations to his fellows, and especially to woman, should be baptized from above, or acknowledge an ideal sanction before all things, and that where this sanction is absent, consequently the relation is either strictly infantile or else inhuman. In respect to this higher sanction and bond of conjugal fidelity, you call the legal bond inferior or base. As serving and promoting the former, one deems the latter excellent and honorable; but as ceasing any longer to do so, you deem it low and bestial. Now, I have simply insisted that the legal sanctions of marriage should, by a due enlargement of the grounds of divorce, be kept strictly subservient and ministerial to the higher or spiritual sanction, having, for my own part, not the shadow of a doubt that, in that case, constancy would speedily avouch itself the *law* of the conjugal relation, instead of, as now, the rare exception.

In this state of things your correspondent appears on the scene, professing, amid many other small insolences and puerile affectations, not to be "cruel" to me, and yet betraying so crude an apprehension of the discussion into which he is ambitious to thrust himself that he actually confounds my denunciation of base and unworthy motives in marriage with a denunciation of the marriage institution itself! I have simply and uniformly said that the man who fulfils the duties of his conjugal relation from no tenderer or humaner ground than the law, whose penalties secure him immunity in the enjoyment of that relation, proves himself the subject of a base legal or outward slavery merely, instead of a noble and refining sentiment. And hereupon your sagacious and alarming correspondent cries out that I resolve "the whole and sole substance of marriage into a legal bond or outward force, which is diabolical and should be wholly abolished and dispensed with." Surely your correspondent must admit that, when a man and woman invoke the sanction of society to their union, neither they nor any one else look upon society's action in the premises as a constraint, as a compulsion. Why? Because society is doing the precise thing they want it to do. With united hearts they beg of society to sanction their union, and society does so. Your correspondent can not accordingly be so dull as to look upon society's initiatory action as compulsory? The marriage partners, at this period, are united by affection, and they deride the conception of a compulsory union. But, now, suppose that this affection, from whatever cause, has ceased, while the legal sanction of their union remains unchanged; can not your correspondent understand that the tie which now binds them might seem, in comparison with the pure and elevated one which had lapsed, "a base legal bondage, a mere outward force"? If he can not, let me give him an illustration exactly to the point. I find a piece of private property, say a purse of money, which the law, under certain penalties, forbids me to appropriate. Out of regard to these penalties purely, and from no sentiment of justice or manliness, I restore it to the owner. Hereupon my spiritual adviser, while approving my act, denounces the motive of it as derogatory to true manhood, which would have restored the purse from the sheer delight of doing a right thing, or, what is equivalent, the sheer loathing of doing a dirty one. What, now, would your correspondent think of a verdant gentleman who, in this state of things, should charge my adviser "with destroying the institution of private property, with resolving it into a base legal bondage, and dooming it to an incontinent abolition"? Would he not think that this verdant gentleman's interference had been slightly superfluous? But whatever he thinks, one thing is clear, which is that the realm of logic will not for a moment tolerate your correspondent's notion of "Individual Sovereignty." Whoso violates the canons of this despotic realm by the exhibition of any private sovereignty finds himself instantly relegated by an inflexible Nemesis, and in spite of any amount of sonorous self-complacency, back to the disjunct sphere which he is qualified to adorn, and from which he has meanwhile unhand-somely absconded.

I am sure that it is only this foolish notion of the "Sovereignty of the Individual" which obscures your correspondent's mother-wit. I call the notion foolish, because, as I find it here propounded, it is uncommonly foolish. As well as I can master its contents, it runs thus: That every man has a right to do as he pleases, provided he will accept the consequences of so doing. The proposition is strikingly true, although it is anything but new. Thus you are at liberty, and have been so since the foundation of the world, to eat green apples, provided you will accept a consequent colic without wincing. Or you are at liberty to prostitute, by dishonest arts, your neighbor's daughter, provided you are willing to encounter for so doing the scorn of every honest nature. Or the thief is at liberty to steal, provided he will bear the consequences of doing so; and the liar to lie, provided he will accept the consequences of lying. All these are instances of "Individual Sovereignty." They illustrate the doctrine more than they commend it. For, while no rogue ever doubted his perfect freedom to swindle, on condition of his accepting its consequences, I take it that no rogue was ever such a goose as to view that condition itself as a satisfactory exhibition of his sovereignty. As a general thing, rogues are a shrewd folk, and I suspect you would canvass all Sing-Sing before you would light upon a genius so original as to regard his four irrefragable walls as so many arguments of his individual sovereignty.

To think of a preposterous "handful of men" in the nineteenth century of the Christian era "accepting and announcing for the first time in the world"—and no doubt also for the last—"the sovereignty of the individual, with all its consequences"—however disorderly, of course—"as the principle of order as well as of liberty and happiness among men"! Was ever a more signal proof given of the incompetency of democracy as a constructive principle than that afforded by this conceited handful of fanatics? They are doubtless more or less men of intelligence, and yet they mistake the purely disorganizing ministries of democracy for so many positive results, for so much scientific construction, and identify the reign of universal order and liberty with the very dissolution of morals and the promulgation of abject license! In the discolored corpse they see only the blooming hues of life, and in the most pungent evidences of corruption recognize the flavor of immortality. Your correspondent professes to admire "pluck," but it seems to me that the "pluck" which takes a man blindly over a precipice and leaves him crowing at the bottom over an undamaged scorpion and an unperturbed philosophy necessarily implies the usual accompaniment of sheep's-head also.

To be continued.

* In re-reading my reply, which follows, I perceive that I have made no specific answer to this position. I have only space now to say that, if, upon principle, "the State" can rightly interfere with parents to prevent them from making their own arrangements for rearing their offspring—namely, to carry on their education jointly, assign it to one of the partners, or to a third person—in order "to secure to each child, through minority, the protection, guardianship, and intimate daily counsel and training of both parents"; that, if the State can rightly interfere, and ought to interfere, to prevent the separation of parents on such grounds at all,—then it can also and ought to pass laws to prevent fathers, during the minority of a child, from going to sea, or to a foreign country, as his business interests may dictate, and generally from being absent more than twenty-four hours, or being caught more than thirty miles from home. The principle, as a principle, is just as good in one case as the other.

The fact is that, in nine cases out of ten, children had much better be reared by somebody else than by either one or both of the parents,—in many cases, by almost anybody else. I have yet to learn on principle or by observation that the mere capacity to beget children is any sufficient certificate of competency to rear them properly.—S. P. A.

† This point also requires an answer, which is, simply, that I claim the right for each individual for himself to judge of the purity of society and the sovereignty of God, instead of taking Mr. Greeley's decision on the subject as final. Such is the sovereignty of the individual.—S. P. A.

Freedom and License in Love.

"Honesty is the best policy," we hear men declare, and perhaps it is true; but it strikes me that one would not find it altogether easy to explain why in so many instances those who practically follow this "best policy" receive no palpable evidence of the "goodness" of it, but, on the contrary, fare so poorly that the temptation to try again entirely loses its hold on them.

There are, to be sure, different standpoints from which to survey facts, and each has his own ideas of what is good, better, and best for him. In a question of adapting means to an end, how is it possible to pronounce on the man's good when an accurate understanding of the end is lacking? So there may really be people to whose ends honesty is the policy best suited; but we are not now speaking of any particular class. We are looking at the question from a broad and general point of view.

Probably in no relation of life is the soundness of the quoted adage more discredited than in that of love. If the reader does not share this view, he is either exceptionally fortunate or uncommonly fresh and green.

I am a free lover,—that is. . . really, I am unable to define it better. Can love be otherwise than free? Is there anything more spontaneous, natural, egoistic than love? No one can command love by force. No one can say to one's self "let there be love" in me for this or that person with any prospect of calling it forth. Love, like thought, knows no other condition than freedom. When, therefore, I say I am a free lover, I am making myself ridiculous in my own eyes as well as in the eyes of others who observe life with some intelligence. Anybody who loves is a practical free lover; and anybody who discusses love theoretically with any degree of reason is a believer in free love. Yet the moment I venture to say that, I become socially, politically, and industrially excommunicated. "What! a free lover?" everybody cries in horror and angry astonishment; "we have no room for such cynical and vile specimens of debased humanity in our midst." I am branded as a licentious, impure creature, a libertine, a rapist, one, in fine, with whom it is unsafe to leave a daughter, sister, or young wife for a moment.

Talk, now, I beg of you, about honesty being a good policy! What treatment do I receive at the hands of those to whom I truthfully confess my free-love opinions? Polite society shuns me; the mob would lynch me; liberal and mild-reform gentle folks hasten to disclaim sympathy or fellowship with me; ordinary folks run away from me, regarding me as a dangerous fiend, a sworn enemy of innocent virginity. Even radical and fearless innovators are not without their suspicions. While willing to recognize me on the street and address me as a co-believer in print, they systematically avoid all such relations as would involve the necessity of introducing me to their family.

Who remain? The few unfortunate who think and mourn with me, and, I thought, "Minnie." Of "Minnie's" tenderness I have always confidently assured myself. Is not *she* a free lover—as the world defines free love? Would she think me strange and unworthy of her good estimate? Alas! the other day I discovered my mistake. Having, in a communicative mood, under very delightful circumstances, confided to her my views on marriage and family relations, she languidly expressed her disapproval of what she contemptuously called "my free-love business." Theoretically she was opposed, not only to her freedom without love, but to freedom in and with love.

Thus, whether it is true or not that "all the world loves a lover," it is plainly seen that all the world hates a theoretical free lover.

See now the lot of him who is really guilty of all that the theoretical free lover is falsely charged with. The real libertine and seducer, who knows nothing and cares nothing about love, realizing that honesty is not the best policy for him, never allows himself a light remark about the holy institutions which he secretly undermines. On the contrary, he improves every opportunity to display exuberant admiration for virtues and purity, glorifies the sanctity of marriage, and goes wild at the mention of free love, joining White Cross societies for the suppression of male impurity, and loudly offering his praise of the noble work of Comstock in destroying obscene and indecent literature. His virtue brings him abundant reward. Considered respectable and moral, he has everything,—money, reputation, admiration, and. . . the love of the women to whom he solemnly talks about the sacredness of the marriage view. Piety and eloquent conservatism in the drawing-room grant a free pass into the bed-room.

Everybody knows what favorites ministers are with women. For every sermon about morality and holiness of marriage they demand (and get) object-lessons in the doctrine that "all is vanity," and, when a case of ministerial conduct occasionally comes before the courts, the women are found on the side of the pastor.

"How is it," asked the boy Daniel Deronda of his tutor, "that popes and cardinals always have so many nephews?"

"Their own children were called nephews. . . for the propriety of the thing; as you know, priests don't marry."

Marriage is a "sacrament" in the Catholic faith.

Recently a Protestant divine published a book to show

"Why priests should wed," it being his opinion that, instead of undergoing any privation of the flesh for the glory of the spirit, priests really have the greatest fun without any responsibility or annoyance. Under the circumstances, he thought, there would be more hardship in their marrying than in the prohibition.

This book was soon met by one ("Why should priests wed?") in which it was shown that marriage does not at all interfere with the wide range of enjoyment which ministers have away from home. Is there reason to think that priests, if they should wed, would be better than ministers? Assuredly not.

Such facts, it would seem, ought to carry the conviction to all fair-minded people that the true free lover is the opposite of a libertine, and that the libertine Hyde will always endeavor to play the part of a virtuous Jekyll in society, and not injure himself by avowing principles uncongenial to Madam Grundy. But this feigned horror of theoretical free love on the part of those who practise it in concealment seems to be one of the characteristic shams and conventional lies of our civilization.

R. S.

Love and Ideas, and Ideas about Love.

"Radical and fearless innovators" who avoid introducing you to their families have a curious sort of courage. It is peculiar, doubtless, to radicals who have "families."

Honesty is the best policy in love, because it is the only policy that ever gets love,—love being the sympathy of those who can understand our real selves. You can confidently assure yourself of no woman's tenderness after you have once proclaimed yourself a man in whose nature she can feel no sympathy. If you have won it before revealing your real nature, it never belonged to you, any more than anything obtained under false pretences, any more than the tender sympathy of a child for a beggar who is only feigning blindness.

But perhaps, as you loved Minnie instead of some woman who was a theoretical free lover, you also hate, without knowing it, the impersonations of your theoretical ideas. How comes it that you love a woman who hates your ideas? "Love has nothing to do with ideas," you think? If that is true, how came you to have this conversation with Minnie at all? And why do you now care what she thinks about them?

I believe that love has everything to do with ideas. I believe it is absolutely true that only just so far as there is possible, latent sympathy in ideas does love ever exist between individuals; and that just as fast as a person develops normally and *wholly*, growing, not unevenly, but completely, does his love harmonize with his ideas. Love is a perpetual yearning struggle for sympathy. It becomes a quiet, gentle, normal, life-giving impulse and power only as fast and as far as this sympathy is found and its free expression made possible. It becomes a troubled, wild, anxious, life-destroying fever and madness as fast and as far as this sympathy is lost sight of, or jarred upon, or intercepted in its manifestation. It is one of the finest and the truest of all Tchernychevsky's thoughts to which he gives voice in his words to Véra, asleep "on the first evening of your love." "Love is thought to be a startling feeling. Yet you will sleep as calmly and peacefully as a little child, and no painful dreams will trouble your slumbers; if you dream, it will be only of childish games or dances amid smiling faces. To others it is strange; to me it is not. Trouble in love is not love itself; if there is trouble, that means that something is wrong."

That men are perpetually loving just the women whom no one can understand their loving does not tell against this conception of love in the least. It only *seems* that they are loving their opposites, women utterly unlike them. We are to remember that life is a continual reaching out after, never attaining to, a complete understanding of each other. And if, with their best efforts, lovers go through long lives without ever coming to completely know each other, how can we, who are not lovers, believe that we know any of these natures we so presumingly pry into as we pass? Life is full of mistakes. Human love is full of mistaken conceptions. Ellen is a timid woman, and she loves John, who is full of courage. Nothing is more clear or more conclusive to their friends. "People love their opposites"; so this easy-going world settles the matter. But the world is sometimes wrong. Ellen does not love timidity; neither does John. Allowing a child to be frightened at a critical period may as surely give birth to "the undying habit of fear" as a fall down stairs may make a hunchbacked woman. Ellen has only failed in attaining courage, and that only in one direction. In others she may even excel John; as he, and not we, may know.

"The *erring* painter made Love blind"; the best of ourselves we can never reveal except to those who most tenderly wish to know it.

But Ellen is the soul of honesty, and John, so the world knows, is not always a "square" man. Some people, who have had dealings with him, call him "tricky." If it be so, and Ellen still loves John, one of two things is true. First, and most probably, that Ellen has not discovered this side of John's character. And this may easily be, although we are perfectly sure of its existence. Ellen's point of view is not ours. She can see nothing until it is brought within her range of vision. The second possibility is that, after being manifested to her in such a way that she is forced to believe

it, her intellectual apprehension has not merged itself into a sentiment, and the habit of love goes on. Love does not die in a moment, or easily. A knowledge of falseness or of lesser worth in one we love must force its way against our will, against all the mighty tenderness to which our faith in his integrity has given birth. We cling to every straw of hope, to every suggestion of the possibility that our awakening was the dream, that the dream was the reality. John is cruel and Ellen is tender; but again, and again, and again can he explain to her that his alternative was no less than Hamlet believed his: to be "cruel that I may be kind." There may or may not come the day when she can but see, and then begins—even then sometimes only begins—the death of her love.

It is not quite correct, it seems to me, to say that "anybody who loves is a practical free lover." There are men and women who marry without love and who learn to love. Love comes to us as does thought; but love may be put away, as may a thought; or may be invited and encouraged, as may a thought. To control either absolutely is beyond us, but to surround ourselves with favoring or unfavorable conditions for their growth is in our hands.

R. S. speaks as if free love were only natural, spontaneous feeling, such feeling as all people who had not been—married, for instance, would have. But it is not quite, or only, that. It might be, if we were born free men or women. But we are born tyrants or slaves,—perhaps both. We breathe the air of slavery. We are taught the traditions of slavery. And our natural love is the love of tyrants or slaves. Free love is natural only as Anarchy is natural; both mean revolution. Both mean the overthrow of existing tyranny, and both may mean great and prolonged struggle. We do not become free lovers by simply letting ourselves be. Believing in freedom, we love, and we believe ourselves to be free in that love. We believe that we really and honestly wish to secure all freedom for those we love. What we really wish we can never know until some crisis of life has revealed to us the truth that freedom for those we love may mean such a change in all that has made our life smooth, easy, tranquilly beautiful and pleasant to us, that the new path on which we enter seems like an unexplored country, full of all possible dangers and evils. We must be put into a position where the happiness of those we love no longer depends upon us; where, although fate may have put into our hands the power of destroying it, it is quite out of our power to make it.

And all this is not at all our old dream of love. One may believe in freedom without having a true conception of freedom or seeing where it leads. We all know many honest and true-hearted people who are laboring for the reign of equity and justice in the economic realm, but who are quite likely to be startled almost out of their faith in general principles by some simple and quite correct application of them in a practical detail to which their thought has never reached. Men and women of today, children of the old, need all their strength and all their watchfulness to protect themselves against lapses and mistakes. And if they steadily keep freedom in view and resolutely follow "that high light whereby the world is saved," they will not reach their journey's end without much struggle, much real pain, and a patient abandonment of life's easier joys. There are few landmarks as yet; the fight must be with untried weapons; there will be few who will undertake the strange journey; only "the unfortunate (?) few who think and mourn with us"; and the alleviations and compensations are, as yet, all unknown; only to be found by patient endurance, not assured by the experience of those who have gone before.

ZELM.

[In thanking Zelm for giving Liberty these excellent thoughts about love, I would at the same time ask her to read once more the article by R. S. upon which she comments; for I think she has failed to notice the vein of satire running through it. R. S., in my view, is far from *seriously* disputing that honesty is the best policy and far from maintaining that the "few who think and mourn with us" are *really* unfortunate.—EDITOR LIBERTY.]

They Agree with Henry George.

[Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.]

The straight-laced doctors of the old school consider it improper for physicians to take out a patent on instruments, but they don't hesitate to copyright a book. In this as in many other things they have the faculty of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel.

Now This Thing's to be Settled.

[London Anarchist.]

I was gratified to see somewhat recently that the discussion of this theme [egoism] was taken up in the columns of the Boston Liberty. The Egoists lost their wits, however, and the Moralists their tempers, with the result that the latter refused to abide by the logical conclusions of their opponents' opinions, and ceased to further contribute, thus suiciding in self-defence. I hope to find room to return to the subject in the next issue, when the position of the Anarchist will be unequivocally stated.

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